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Original Poetry

OLD MEMORIES.

My youthful love, do you remember
When we sat 'neath the linden tree?
'Twas early in a fair September,
Then all the world was bright to me.

There oft we met when stars were glowing
O'er our heads in evening sky,
While at our feet the river flowing
In gentle ripples murmured by.

The old tree seemed to smile with pleasure,
When we were 'neath its ample boughs:
The golden moon from heaven's azure
The only witness of our vows.

But soon the light of love was clouded
And sorrow took the place of joy;
Our early hopes in gloom were shrouded
And life was but a sad alloy.

Since then long years of pain have vanished,
The leaves are stripped from off that tree,
Our early griefs have all been banished,
And once again our hearts are free.

The future still is bright before us,
Its clouds roll back before the sun,
The present hangs its banners o'er us
And we'll love on till life is done.

Original Tale.

THE INFIDEL'S TOMB.

BY DR. C. N. HICKOK.

There now stands, or did a few years ago in the days of stage coach travel, beside the great State road leading from the city of P— to that of C—, about four miles from the literary village of N—, in the "Buckeye State," an edifice, if it can with propriety be so termed, to which the eye of the passing traveller is often directed, on account of the singularity of its construction, as well as the no less singular story associated with it.

The "tomb" is enclosed by a high and massive wall, built of bricks, with abatments and cappings of stone, and an entrance through a gateway of iron, securely set between two of the ponderous abatments, with which each corner, and the centers of the intermediate stretches of masonry are braced.

If the enclosure presents a singular and antique appearance, the architecture of the "tomb" itself does not tend to diminish the effect which the view of its surroundings creates at first sight. It is built of a light gray stone, peculiar to that region, in that grotesque form, which the union of the Doric with the Gothic style always presents. The main part of the structure is a simple, oblong square, relieved on the ends, corners and sides, by disproportionately heavy pilasters, resting upon a broad foundation of heavy stone, and surmounted by one entire slab of huge dimensions. From this surface there arise five pyramids, or obelisks, each being one solid block of stone, starting wide and square at the base, and gradually decreasing in size until it terminates in a point. One of these much larger than the rest, stands in the center of the table; the others being placed upon either corner. Upon the central one is carved in bold, rude characters, simply the name and age of the occupant.

In the latter part of the summer of 18—, I started out on an excursion of pleasure, during a college vacation that was too brief to permit me to visit my far distant home. It was near the close of a hot, sultry afternoon. Nearly all my fellow stage passengers had yielded to heat and weariness, and I were napping it away most lustily. I was just on the point of following their example, when we were all aroused by an exclamation from my next companion, a real, original yankee, who had fully proven his claim to the title, by his volubility during the day. It was the "tomb" that attracted his attention.

"Look'e thar, young man," he said, "I guess you never hearn tell on a curious lookin' cussan than that is yander. That thar thing they call the infidel's tomb, and the old filler that's buried thar was more'n a hundred year old, and as wicked as sin, and he bilt all that ar big pile o' stun his self, and put that ar big, gaingily lookin' wall be'out it, I've hearn say, jest to keep the devil out."

This speech, although I was inclined to make full allowance to the author for that love of the marvellous, so characteristic of his race, which would naturally lead him to omit nothing that was wonderful, in his description of the object, to which he directed my attention, excited my curiosity not a little, and when I tell my reader that my own ancestors, at no very remote period, were yankees, and that very little of their "provincial virtue," curiosity, had been lost in its descent to me, and moreover that I was a youth, at the novel loving age of sixteen, he will not be surprised that I, with mouth, eyes and ears wide open, eagerly listened to what my companion said concerning this curious structure.

Who was he?—What was his name?—Where was he from?—Where did he die?—Did he really build that tomb?—Can't you tell me all about it? were the questions I asked in quick succession.

Any one but a yankee would have found it impossible to answer all my interrogatories, but he went about replying to them, as systematically as if there were but two, or as if an hundred would have been as readily answered as a half dozen.

"Wall, neow; young man, that's more'n I kin tell you; I never could larn who he was, nor whar he cum from; I've hearn say that he was a Frenchman, and of high birth, an' had a fuss with his family an' left 'em. Some folks talks 'bout his bein' a Spanisher, and bein' in the wars. Some sez he was an old robber; others blam'd him for bein' a darn'd old pirate. Some sez one thing, some somethin' else, and arter all, I reckon nobody don't know nuthin' 'bout him 't all, no more'n I dew myself. I guess though he war'n't any better'n he ort to be. Reckon he was somethin' big in his time. He died 'bout tew year ago, though he bilt that ar consarn, a half dozen year afore that. He lived in that curious beehive on the hill yander, this twenty year'n more. He was as ill-nater'd to his wife as old Satan himself. She was an angel of a critter, though she hadn't no peace with him, and arter leadin' a was'n a dog's life, she died of a heart break. Nobody could'n git the hang on him; he was as cross-grained and ugly as an old bull dog. They say he did die in orful agony; shouldn't wonder if he did, though I don't know nuthin' 'bout it. Nobody wunt live in his house, case they say its haunted; shouldn't wonder if it was. I wouldn't stay all night by his grave for nuthin', the old critter's spirit might git riled, and then he wouldn't be a darn'd bit tew good to lide down on tew a feller and gin him pertickler Jehosophat."

Is that all you can tell me about him? I asked. "I dunno nuthin' more'n he was an orful unbeliever. He thought thar war'n't no God, and that thar wouldn't never be no judgment no more'n nuthin'. I've hearn say, he put all that ar big pile o' stun on top uv him, jest to smash him, and keep him from risin' at the judgment, ef thar should happen tew be sich a thing.—Thar's no knowin'; meb-be the pesky old sinner did git a lesle mite skeer'd arter all. Wall he'd ought tew be. I tell you, young man, it'll take a mighty sight bigger stun pile'n that to lide the old cuss and keep him from comin' when he's sot fur. He ain't the first old fool, nor young fool neither, that's got sick uv his unbelief, when he begun to feel the devil gittin' a hold tew him, and he wunt be the last, I reckon, by a tarnation sight."

Finding that I could learn no more of this extraordinary character from the yankee, I expressed my determination to find out all about him, soon as I could.

"I ruther guess you'll be puzzled the darndest to find out more'n I tell you," he replied, "ef any body know'd, I ort to. I've been tryin' to larn about him this dozen year'n more, and dun't no as much as I did at first. I tell you, young man, you might jest as well gin it up."

Just then the coach stopped, and my companions alighted and I saw no more of him, nor heard again of the mysterious occupant of that singular burial place (although I visited it during the next autumn) until chance some time after threw his history in my way.

It was early in March of the ensuing year, that I had occasion to ride in the mail coach from C— to S—. It was just such a bleak, blustering day as might be expected, early March being the catwaker. There were some six or seven passengers in the coach. The curtains and windows were all closed, and each one selfishly trying to hide from the cold, was buried in furthest possible recess of robe, overcoat or cloak. Little conversation was held among us, as though we were all afraid to speak for fear the least mention should render us more vulnerable to the cold.

Upon the seat farthest removed from me, sat an aged, venerable looking, and well dressed individual, apparently a foreigner, if we might infer anything from his countenance and costume. Of his speech we could judge nothing, for if we talked little, he less; for as yet he had not spoken even a word.

It was not until the middle of the afternoon, when we had been thawed before the hospitable fire of "mine host" of a relay house, and had brought the "inner man" under the cheering influence of a hearty dinner, fixed in situ by "a little fourth proof," that any of us were disposed to all toward conversation; and then for a while we chatted together with a volubility that one who might have witnessed our taciturnity in the morning, would hardly have supposed us capable of. It has passed into a proverb, that "travelers by stage cannot long be strangers to each other," and we proved no exception to the general fact, for soon our anecdotes and jests flew in rivalry with the speed of our wheels. From mirth we finally subsided into "telling wonders," and each of my companions had an

account to give of some curiosity that had come under his observation. I, of course, had my share to communicate, and among other things gave a description of the wonderful "tomb" that had so much occupied my thoughts.

When I mentioned the name that was inscribed upon it, the old gentleman I have referred to, started quickly and exclaimed: "Mon Dieu! vat you tell me! Is zat de name? You sure zat de name? Tell me, sare, vere zat is—Is he near dis?"

I told him that it was within forty miles, and named its locality. He then relapsed into silence which was uninterrupted for several minutes. My curiosity, as well as that of my companions, was excited by the manner of the old man, and as I now had some hopes of having the mystery connected with the "tomb" unraveled, I could not resist my desire to have that curiosity satisfied.

The mention of the name upon the tomb appears to interest you sir, I said; would you deem me impertinent were I to ask the cause of your emotion?

"No sare! no sare! I do not refuse to tell you. You sall know de reason. I hearn mon Fatre talk of von man by zat name, zat left de home, many, ver many year, and vos not mosch hear from; arter vile vos not hear from vonce—vos gone altogether. I tink dis mos be de same; it iss de name; it mos be de same von: 'Two nantes would not be von like de oder.'"

The old gentleman expressed his determination to visit the "tomb," and then at our request went on to tell of the man who had disappeared, and from his narrative, and from facts subsequently obtained of the last days of the "Infidel's" life, I have gleaned that which I now lay before the reader.

It occurred to me while conversing with the old gentleman, that he might be some relative of the man of whom he spoke, but this may have been imagination, for he did not say so; and from motives of delicacy I did not ask him.

In the year A. D. 1734 and for a number of years subsequently, there lived in a province of Italy, remote from its metropolis, in a retired mansion, built as its architecture denoted, several centuries anterior to the time when my tale commences, Signor Leon Del Favaro and his family, consisting of his Lady and their two sons, and an orphan niece whom they had adopted as their own child. The Father Antonio, an aged priest who had officiated in the chapel of the old mansion, ever since he had taken holy orders, while the Signor Leon was yet a child, still resided with them, beloved as a spiritual father and revered for his piety and wisdom. The old steward and a few servants completed the household.

The Signor was a younger member of a noble family, descended from an illustrious ancestry. Although himself untitled, his wealth, which was considerable, and more especially his high and honorable character, gave him great influence among the titled nobility. Respected by the rich and great, he was loved by the poor and humble for his invariable kindness, generosity and condescension to them.

Not was the Lady Elvira less loved than her noble husband. She had been beautiful in early life, and time and care had dealt lightly with her. The loveliness which had been the charm of her girlhood, lost none of its attraction by being united with the dignity and matronly bearing which were hers at the period of which I write. If those who were her peers in rank, loved her, much more did the children of penury learn almost to adore the kind being who was to them a guardian angel and constant friend.

Blessed, thrice blessed are they who have a home in the hearts of the poor, and fully could Del Favaro and his Signor realize this truth, as they retired to their meditations after a day spent in doing good. Unambitious, and blessed with more than a competency, they had no desire to seek after the honors of the world; but in the pious counsels of the good old Father, they lived secluded and happy, spending their time in superintending and aiding in the education of their sons and niece as it progressed under the tutorage of the Father Antonio. And never, judging from the promises of their early childhood, could parents have better reason to hope for good results, as the reward of their labors and solicitude. Never did the eye of parental pride rest on two nobler boys than were their sons Leopold and Alphonzo. Leopold was two years the senior of his brother. They were equally attractive, and yet they were the antipodes of each other in form and feature. The form of the young Leopold was robust and thick set, while that of Alphonzo was tall and slender. The features of Leopold were of extraordinary boldness of outline, though extremely handsome. His complexion was even a shade darker than the olive that characterizes the "sons of sunny Italy." His hair was crisp and curly, and of the hue of a "raven's plume," and his black brilliant eye was shaded by a brow of the most classic curve. His lip arched haugh-

tily, betraying in the least movement, teeth of exquisite regularity and pearly whiteness.

The features of Alphonzo, on the contrary, were so delicate and fair, that one not aware of his Italian birth, would have identified him with the inhabitants of northern Germany. His wavy auburn hair, and mild blue eye, shaded by its long silken lash, and his mouth that wore a constant smile, formed a tout ensemble in striking contrast with that of his dark featured brother. In fact, when in repose, and unmoved by any emotion, it would have been impossible for the observer to have decided which were the handsomer, or upon which of the two nature had more strongly impressed the seal of nobility.

As they were the opposite in form and feature, so as their passions and inclinations began to develop themselves, their anxious guardians began to discover how equally diverse were those minds and hearts, which they were striving to form alike in the same mould of virtue and loveliness.

Alphonzo was ever of a buoyant, gentle and forgiving disposition. His ringing laugh and merry step; shed cheerfulness around. If the Father Antonio, or the Signor, or the Lady Elvira found occasion to chide him, his fair cheek might flush for a moment, it is true, or a tear suffuse his gentle eye, but it would pass as quickly as it came, and with the drops of contrition on his cheeks, and words of confession on his lips, he would throw his arms around the reprover's neck, and beg to be forgiven.

The disposition of Leopold was just the reverse. Even from his early youth, he was dark and cruel, and took pleasure in tormenting and giving pain to some creature; and this character "grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength." Of a cold, sullen temper, he was scarcely ever moved, but by anger and a revengeful spirit. A reproach from his parents would mantle his eye with fire, and cause his cheek to burn, his proud lip to curl, and his teeth to set in fierce passion; and at such times his face would have something so fearful in its expression, that his gentle mother would tremble.

As he grew older, he became proof alike to kindness and severity. For whole days after some supposed offence, would he remain moody and morose, wandering from the house, and remaining in the forest, which formed part of the parental domain, by himself, communing with his own dark thoughts, and nothing but the stern, decisive command of his father, could induce him to return until his humor left him.

If Alphonzo seemed a being created to love and be loved, so did his stern brother appear a creature to hate, and be hated.

The young Pauline I need not describe. Suffice it for me to say, that her rare beauty was exceeded only by her lovely and gentle disposition. I will leave the reader to imagine eyes of black, hazel, or blue; hair jet, blonde, or golden; cheeks of "rosy blush, or lily white;"—to clothe her in whatever similitude may be best pleasing to himself.

It is not important that I dwell longer upon the early days of my heroes, save to say, that as they verged toward manhood, the unhappy spirit of Leopold acquired more and more the mastery over him. The anxiety which a perverse childhood and early youth caused his parents, gradually gave place to habitual and hopeless sorrow, as with the passing years, that once tranquil home became more frequently the theater of passion, until finally its peace was constantly disturbed. The consciousness that his was not a character to be loved, although he could not but be sensible of the cause, instead of leading him to strive to master his unhalloved temper, but maddened him, and urged his malignant heart into the commission of fresh deeds of wickedness.

Often would his kind father in the most affectionate terms entreat him for his own well being and happiness, and for the sake of those whom nature had bound to him in such tender ties, to strive to subdue his ill-natured disposition. Often would his mother, in loving accents, and with streaming eyes, implore him not to break her heart; and often would his reverend tutor spend whole nights before the altar in the chapel, engaged in prayer to the Immaculate One, that the heart of his Leopold might be melted, and his nature subdued by the sweet influences of the dew of heavenly grace. Often would he by the mildest reasoning, for it was not in the heart of the good old man to be harsh or unkind, strive to convince him of the "error of his ways;" but it was all in vain. The reproofs and entreaties of his father only roused him to madness, and caused new outbursts of his unholy passion. The tears of his mother might as well have hoped to melt the "nether millstone," for if the sight of those tears brought, perchance, a flush of shame to his cheek, the consciousness of that shame, and its betrayal, only produced a fresh ebullition of his ill-nature. The prayers and mild reasoning of the pious Antonio were alike unheeded and despised.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

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."

RETROSPECTIVE AND PROSPECTIVE.

The advocates of a broad system of popular education, having at heart the prosperity of Pennsylvania, and wishing to see her people elevated to their true position as members of a great agricultural community, have observed with no common interest the progress of the educational reform begun in 1854-5 through the influence of the law establishing the County Superintendent. Previous to that time the only school for the training of Teachers in the state was the Female Normal School of Philadelphia, and its influence scarcely reached beyond the corporate limits of the city in which it was established. There was no union among the teachers' no rallying point around which they could collect, no head to teaching, whether considered as a trade or as a profession; and no one viewing it from a philosophical standpoint, had attempted to trace it back to first principles and investigate its foundation in order to ascertain what claims it has to rank as a profession. The public looked upon Teaching, particularly in our common schools, as no more professional than laying brick, shoveling the plane, or wielding the hammer of the blacksmith; and it is a lamentable fact that this opinion was not without foundation.

Since that time two State Normal Schools, one at Millersville, the other at Edinboro, have been organized under the act of '55, and they are now sending out their graduates as thoroughly and carefully trained to Teaching as the graduate of a law school is to the law. Private Normal Schools have sprung up in many parts of the state; teachers' associations have been organized and a professional feeling aroused among their members; a livelier and more general interest in common schools and a deeper sense of their importance has been awakened in the public mind; and lastly and most important of all, much progress has been made in reducing Teaching to a science and placing it on a firm scientific basis.

When we reflect that all this has been accomplished during the past six years of financial revulsion and hard times, and that the results must have been more flattering in times of ordinary prosperity, we feel like being satisfied with the past and hopeful of the future. And yet, we cannot but regard the profession of Teaching not as one that is but as one that is to be. The dignity of any profession will depend upon the importance of its effects on society, upon the moral rectitude of its members, and upon their mental culture. With respect to the first we may well claim equality with any other; excluding the pulpit, we should probably not suffer in a comparison of the second; but unfortunately for us we can not say the same with respect to the last; and herein do we call an indispensable auxiliary in elevating our profession. No profession can elevate and dignify the man, but the man must elevate and dignify the profession. You can not build a strong ship of rotten timber. You cannot build up a great profession whose members are mentally disqualified to hold a high position among their fellow men. Again, who are our standard authors on the science of Teaching, and what are its technical terms? True, we have plenty of books on methods but very few on principles and perhaps none that may be quoted as undeniable authority. Method has been the bane of our calling long enough; we want the principles underlying the methods—principles on which the human mind can be developed and strengthened without the terrible risk of withering and cramping its energies by blind method. And who, I repeat, are the writers upon these principles who have established our profession on principles eternal as truth itself, as has been done with medicine and law?

Answers to these questions reveal the barrenness of our science, and drive us to the conclusion that we are not yet ready to put on professional robes. But give us works on Teaching which shall be to it what Blackstone and Kent are to the law; and then, indeed, can we claim for it the dignity of a science. Such works are the great educational want of the present time, and those who write them will lay the foundation of a fourth learned profession.

And why not have such works, and such a profession? Are there not principles as grand and immutable underlying the development of mind as those on which the professions of medicine and law are founded? And are there not men who can develop these principles and lay the foundation of another profession, as was done long ago for those already in existence? Assuredly there are and the experience of each year demonstrates more clearly the possibility and necessity of establishing Teaching on such a basis, if we would place it on a level with medicine and law.

We want contributions to our educational column. Teachers and friends of education, will you aid us in pushing on the work in which we are engaged? Give us your thoughts on any of the thousand topics connected with schools and teachers, and you will be heartily welcome to a place in our columns. Give the benefit of your experience and reflection to your co-laborers. We should have one or more correspondents in every township in the county. Discuss the many profitable and interesting questions relating to the principles and the practice of teaching. This will interest teachers. Or select educational topics of a general nature and they will doubtless be generally interesting. We should also like to have brief accounts of examinations and exhibitions throughout the county. Or if there are any who cannot please themselves in the wide range of topics suggested, let us have discussions of mooted points in English grammar, and solutions of knotty problems in arithmetic and algebra. Send on your contributions.

Two problems in Mental Arithmetic have been handed to us, with the request that we should print a solution.

1. A tree is 60 ft. high which is five sixths of six sevenths of the length of its shadow, diminished by 20 ft.; how long is the shadow?

2. A gave away some money and then found 10 cts., which is one half of what he then had, and one fifth of what he at first had; how much did he give away?

Who will send us solutions? we will print two or three of the best we receive. It may be proper to say that good Arithmeticians differ as to the answers.

We have several communications which we do not print, because we have not the real names of the authors. If contributors wish to go into print under assumed names, they are of course allowed to do so; but the Editor must know the real names of the writers.

An examination of some of the classes in the Principal's dept. of the Bedford Union Schools, took place on Friday, the 21st ult. The presence of weather and the election, which took place on that day prevented a large attendance. The pupils acquitted themselves creditably in the several branches.

We have no definite information as to the fate of the proposed amendments to the school-law now pending in the legislature. We will print them if they pass.

ASHAMED OF THEIR PARTY.

The Republican journals every where in the North are preserving an unusual silence in relation to the enormous frauds and corruptions, which have been reported to Congress. They neither publish the reports nor make any allusion to them.—They are ashamed to expose the rascality of their own party. Ashamed to let their readers know how they have imposed on the public by preaching honesty, retrenchment and reform, while they were laboring to elevate to political power the most profligate and corrupt body of men that have ever been known to the nation. Come you boasted, self-constituted patriots, who have such a pious regard for the welfare of the negro population of the South, tell the public how much love you have for Uncle Sam's coffers. Tell how much has been squandered in rewarding political favoritism, and how much you have put in your own pockets.—Pottsville Standard.

A NEW "HOOP" DISEASE.—A new disease has made its appearance since the introduction of hoops. It exhibits itself only in cold weather, and then it is only discoverable in cities where the buildings are warmed with furnaces. Two ladies were standing over a register the other day, talking and laughing, when one endeavoring to sit was suddenly attacked and screamed violently. The other also tried to sit, and was attacked in the same manner. The explanation is that by standing so long over the register, their metallic hoops became heated to such a degree that when they attempted to be seated, it was like sitting on a hot grilliron. Of course they were not a great length of time getting up again, and naturally enough uttered screams—all of which would be very mysterious to a looker on, unacquainted with the mysteries of hoops.

MARRIAGE.—"I never," says Mrs. Childs, "saw a marriage expressly for money that did not end unhappily. Yet managing mothers and heartless daughters are continually playing the same unlucky game. I believe men more frequently marry for love than women, because they have free choice. I am afraid to conjecture how large a portion of women marry only because they think they will never have a better chance, and dread becoming dependent. Such marriages do sometimes prove tolerably comfortable, but a greater number would have been far happier single."

Some wag has resurrected the following jokes upon names:
Wallach, of the Washington Star, says: "There is a place in Pennsylvania, called Young-woman's town. What a deuce of a place it must be for fellers! There is a place in Pennsylvania, called Youngmanstown, and is one of the greatest places for ladies this side of purgatory."
When is a man truly over head and ears in debt? When he has not paid for his wig.