

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 as 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 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 everything 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. Wicket 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. Mr. B. F. MEYERS.—SIR:—Having a leisure moment, I employ it by writing a few lines for your worthy paper, which I hope will be of some interest to some of your readers. We are still quartered on our old camp ground, half a mile back of Beaufort, on which ground we have been encamped since the 27th of July last. The boys of our entire regiment, are in good health at this time, and they would all like to have another "whack" at the rebels who they had on the 22d of October, at Pocotaligo, and I think we could give them just as many minie balls as we did then, and I believe, by the way things are moving, that we will give "Mr. Rebel" another call pretty soon. We are now well prepared for winter (should any come to S. C.) in every respect. We have plenty of fire wood, consisting of live-oak and pine, which is the principal timber of this island, and we don't spare it in taking it in. We have also a very pretty burying-ground to bury soldiers. It is neatly fenced in and made to look very pretty compared with what some of the "soldiers" burying grounds are. This island is of a very sandy soil; the wind blows the sand into our tents just like it does snow in the North. This island suits the barefooted negroes very well, for the sand is soft and pliable to their feet. This morning there was quite an excitement among the negroes of this little city. They were going on a boat to the negro encampment, about four miles from this place, to have a speech made to them by General Saxton (Military Governor of this island) about their freedom, and they appear to be as happy as so many mice, and they are all sure that this is their "birthday into freedom." I asked one of the negro men, this morning, why he did not go to hear the speech, to which he replied, "I am a free man, now, and I think we I go to do speech, massa Saxton would put me in colored company and den I must fight. So I stay at home and do what I think bin right, ease I'm a free man." We have about 3,500 colored folks on this island at this time, and they are just as saucy and stinky, as the rebels themselves. If you want to buy a chicken of them, or ask the price, they will tell you to pay 50 cts. or leave the chicken, and if you want a dozen of eggs you must pay 50 cts. per dozen. We have still our share of picketing to do on this island, and a good exercise of drill each day, with squad inspection every morning, and company inspection every Sunday morning, and that is the chief duty which we have at this place. Soldiering is a trade which we are all getting tired of, and we all long to see this murdering rebellion coming to close; but it appears that there is something holding it back. In nearly every battle which we have in Virginia, the reinforcements are always kept back until it is too late, and by that way our brave men are oftentimes defeated in the very best laid plans; at any rate I think there is a spoke out of the wheel somewhere. We have now been in South Carolina one year and 20 days, to-day, and you may easily imagine, how tired we are of this sandy country. I was at negro church, a few Sundays

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."

EDUCATE THE HEART. An Essay read before the Bedford Union Institute, January 10, 1863, by Miss Maggie O'Connor. As this is my first connection with an Institute, I very naturally feel some diffidence in preparing an essay to be read before its members; and were it not for the hope that they will kindly overlook its many imperfections, I would gladly petition to be excused and resign the task allotted to me; especially as the theme naturally leads to moralizing, accompanied by comments, which may not prove agreeable or suitable. For, to comment well, requires much experience, and an intimate knowledge not only of books, but of human nature, a knowledge which, I am sorry to say, I possess very slightly, and therefore would have preferred a subject disconnected with education, either moral or intellectual; had I not been impressed with the idea that the members of the institute preferred educational topics, and as the proper training of the mind has so frequently formed the burden of other essays, I concluded to vary mine by adopting as my subject, the training of the heart in preference to that of the mind. It is generally admitted that true and proper cultivation of the heart will inevitably produce good morals; and moral worth, accompanied by a highly and well developed intellect produces what all must admire; a perfect being.—Now as purity of heart; and not perfection of intellect is our true and only passport to heaven, does it not seem just, right and reasonable that our hearts should be our first care in preference to our minds, since on the state of our hearts will depend our eternal election to happiness or misery. I have often asked myself the question, what is the true course to pursue in order to attain that perfection of heart which produces such happy results, by making us so cheerful whilst here below, and fitting us at the same time to be citizens of a better and brighter world? To my frequent queries, I have never received any other answer than this: a strict and steady compliance with the laws laid down by God, combined with a cheerful submission to the will of those whom he has placed over us as guides, in the form of our Pastors, Parents and Teachers. If a larger proportion of persons, and particularly the young, could be induced to view their pastors in the true light, how smooth would the way appear which now, perhaps, seems dark and drear, and instead of slumping those duly appointed guides, they would listen to their voices, how differently would they feel. To them they would become as beacon lights placed on a dangerous coast to warn the unwary and inexperienced traveler of the perils of his path, directing and guiding him into safely over the shoals and sandbars of life, into an eternal haven of rest. Since, then, we owe so much to our pastoral guides, let us reflect well upon the nature of our duty towards them, and in future resolve to practice it. If children owe implicit obedience to their parents, in compliance with the law laid down—Honor thy father and thy mother—how great must be the responsibility of parents towards their children, and how criminal the neglect of those parents who seem to be perfectly indifferent to the task assigned them, or else perform it in a murmuring unchristian manner. Upon mothers, especially, devolve the onerous duty of developing our first ideas, and making those holy, tender impressions which cling to us so tenaciously after life; no matter how far we are departed from the beloved parents, who labored so zealously for our improvement, we can never forget them, but will always remember their uniring care, their practice of self-denial, which is not only the great characteristic of every good mother, but of every true woman; find her in whatever sphere of life you will, she is ever characterized by the love of duty and right. To no particular station in life is this impulse confined, as we see it diffused amongst the lowly, as well as amidst the more highly gifted ones of earth. And oh! were it not so, how cheerless and bleak would the homes of the poor become, if maternal love and watchfulness were the offspring of education and refinement, or a well tutored intellect, in place of the warm hearts which God gives to each and every one of us if we pervert them not from their original design. Too great a degree of refinement, or in other words an overstrained and misguided education, sometimes tends to weaken this natural impulse, but in no instance have I ever heard that a want of educated culture had impeded its growth or weakened its course. No, the love which begins with our birth ends only in death, exalting ever afterwards a sweet remembrance of the loved and lost, who, from

Table with 4 columns: Rates of Advertising, One Square, three weeks or less, One Square, each additional insertion less than three months, One square, 3 months, 6 months, 1 year, Two squares, 4 00, 5 00, 9 00, Three squares, 5 00, 7 00, 12 00, 1 Column, 6 00, 9 00, 15 00, 1 Column, 8 00, 12 00, 20 00, 1 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, \$2.00 if more than a square and less than 20 lines. Extras, \$1.25, if but one head is advertised, 25 cents for every additional head.

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 tha hav tu hav in our arms tu keep our fellers from pichin in to the enema frontwards. "Rere Guard"—this is a gard tha hav tu keep our fellers, when tha are surrounded, from pichin in to the enema backwards. "Awl quiet on the Poterauek"—this shows what perick subjeeshun our fellers 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. "Stratega"—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, tha 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 fah 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 maid 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 my parents; sell him and hand the money 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," she replied, "but I will sell you the horse and 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.