

THE BEDFORD GAZETTE
 IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
 BY B. F. MEYERS,
 At the following terms, to wit:
 \$1.50 per annum, cash, in advance.
 \$2.00 " " 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 offence.
 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.

Bedford Gazette.

VOLUME 58. Freedom of Thought and Opinion. WHOLE NUMBER, 3014
 NEW SERIES. BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 25, 1862. VOL. 5, NO. 51

Rates of Advertising

One Square, three weeks or less	\$1.00
One Square, each additional insertion less than three months	.25
3 MONTHS, 6 MONTHS, 1 YEAR	
One square	\$2.00 \$3.00 \$5.00
Two squares	3.00 5.00 9.00
Three squares	4.00 7.00 13.00
1 Column	5.00 9.00 15.00
1/2 Column	3.00 5.00 9.00
1/4 Column	2.00 3.00 5.00
One Column	12.00 18.00 30.00
	18.00 30.00 50.00

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 handing them in.

Original Sketch.
 For the Bedford Gazette.
Side Glances at the Fashionables.
 No. 2.

Man is a gregarious animal. He is fond of the society of his fellows. From his advent in Eden down to these latter days of Mormonism and Sebesion, his history is written in the chronicles of families, tribes, societies and nations. It is his normal condition to be social, for solitude is a penance to his spirit that is endurable only when some greater evil drives him from the companionship of his brothers. But this normal condition of the human mind, like a young tree full of sap, has its exuberances of growth, which blacken in death, when the flush of the unnatural causes which produced them, passes away. Such are the prejudices and animosities which spring up between religious sects and political parties. They are the offspring of unnatural excitements, drawing tense, for a time, the bonds which hold together particular societies, but perishing at last, leaving nothing but ashes and dust to crumble in the grasp of those who once slung to them fondly. Such are the fanciful freaks of fashion, whose hints are the status of modern sociality. Such are the lines of distinction drawn between the rich and the upright poor; between the descendants of wealthy and aristocratic ancestors and those who are denominated *parvenus* by established respectabilities. Such are many of the rules and usages which govern the arrangement and management of social parties, and which seem to be particularly the speciality of the little village in which I live.

It is not long since that I found myself standing bolt upright in a room "filled to overflowing" with other persons, of both sexes, also standing. Room for locomotion there was none. In fact you could scarcely find space enough to straighten up one knee when preparing the other for its relaxing rest. The people in the room talked and laughed, and laughed and talked, the ladies at the piano sang and played and played and sang, the silent folks in the corners, mused and stared and stared and mused, and it seemed that the chief purpose of the assemblage was to ascertain how much standing up could be done, in a given time, in a common sized village parlor. Of course I enjoyed myself hugely. Cross-eyed people always do. But as they answer those who speak to them without apparently looking at them, and, as their eyes seem to be glancing everywhere in general and nowhere in particular, it is always hard to tell, from their physiognomy, on what particular subject, or in what particular manner, their thinking apparatus is employed. For my own part, my enjoyment, on the occasion referred to, did not consist so much in any indulgence in the general source of amusement, viz: standing on one foot and resting the other, as in the absorbing sense of wonderment which seized upon me at what I saw and heard. I wondered that some men and some women could be so vain and weak as to believe themselves the wittiest and most intelligent persons in the room. I wondered that any person should come there for the purpose of having her faultless neck and shoulders (that one day must be shrouded, whatever fashion may say) made the gossip of sarcastic and wanton tongues. I wondered that the human voice, tuned by the hand of God himself, should, for fashion's sake, be affected into squeaks and quiverings, like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh. I wondered that lady should vie with lady in richness of apparel, when her fellow-creatures are suffering for want of bread, and when her husband or father owes poor men debt he cannot or will not pay. I wondered that in society thus composed, the yearnings of the heart should be utterly stilled, the lover for the sake of propriety, keeping aloof from his love, the husband playing the agreeable to the wife or daughter of his neighbor, and the wife smiling languidly upon some other cavalier than the lord of her bosom. Filled with astonishment as I reflected upon these things, my consciousness fell into a trance, from which I was awakened by a sharp pinch in the region of the fifth rib. I looked, and beheld the standing committee had resolved, itself into a committee of the whole on the state of the supper table, with leave to stand again after supper, and were now elbowing their way with all possible speed, toward the dining-room. I was about to exclaim with the preacher of old, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!" but when I beheld the multitude with which the kindness of the host and hostess, had prepared their table, how scrupulous and assiduous were their attentions to their guests, and how kindly and generously all this was intended, I could only excuse the lavish extravagance, and say to myself, "Well, it's the fashion!"

CROSS EYE.
 Purity in those who rule must ever keep a proportionate place with the progress of knowledge in those who obey.
 It isn't so bad to be too young for dignitaries as too old; time will destroy the first objection, but confirm the second.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

CAMP NEAR JAMES RIVER, July 6, '62.
 SIR:—All has been excitement with us for the last two weeks on account of Gen. McClellan making a strategic movement, and changing the front of his army.

On the 23rd of June, (Monday) McClellan engaged the enemy on the right and drove them in, when he commenced changing his position before Richmond. He had three days hard fighting. There was great loss on both sides. When the army fell back over the Chickahominy river, we made another stand, and had two days heavy fighting there, while the main army was still moving on across the White Oak Swamp where we were encamped. This point was on the extreme left wing of the army. On Saturday, the 28th, our division got orders to move across the swamp. All was ready. We moved off, for the other side of White Oak Swamp, in the direction of James river, on the Charles city road. We were marched about three miles the other side of the swamp where we were thrown off the road into camp, to await the coming on of the balance of the army, as we were to be the rear guard of the army from this point. "Not the rear guard of the imperial army of France," but the rear guard of the grand army of the Potomac. We passed the night quietly, excepting the tramp of troops moving, Sunday morning came and with it was a little excitement for Sunday morning. A squadron of cavalry had gone down the road a piece, reconnoitering, when they were attacked by 400 rebel cavalry which brought them into camp "a jumping." They came up the road after our fellows like a pack of fiends, yelling and hallooing until they rode on a snag that was in the way. We had two masked batteries planted down the road a piece, and just as the last of our fellows got past them and the front files of the rebels came up, the cannoneers let loose on them with grape and canister among them. It made "a scattering," you better believe. They killed about 25 and took 18 prisoners. Among the prisoners was one major and several other officers. The major was leading them. The major was wounded so badly that he died shortly after he was taken. The balance of the day was quiet, except fellows looking through regiment after regiment for friends and relatives as they passed along.

The reserves came up at last, and I had the pleasure of taking by the hand Adj. G. Gaither, of our town, as they passed along. He is a fine fellow, and was slightly wounded in one of the fights before Richmond. He looks well, and makes a good appearance as an officer.

On Sunday night, about 11 o'clock, we took up our line of march again toward the James river. We were all night and until 9 o'clock next morning, making a march of eight miles. Our progress was so slow on account of getting the heavy artillery along, together with the baggage train.

Monday, the 30th day of June, our rear guard, or rather part of it, the division behind us, was attacked, when a severe battle took place again. The rebels followed us up. They could travel much faster on account of having no baggage trains or any thing to bring with them. We were all run into line of battle again and kept standing all day. The fight was awful to listen to. The gun boats got a range off of the river and just belched shells and canister into their ranks. There was a perfect slaughter of them. That night our company was sent out on picket. We had only 15 men with Lieut. Conley, Sergt. Lawrence and myself. There were two other companies sent out at 10 o'clock that night to support us, but nothing occurred. The next morning there was a whole brigade sent out to us. The place was on a big road into which a great many other roads led. It was a splendid place for a flank movement, if it had not been watched closely. About nine o'clock we were drawn quietly off. There were only two regiments left in the rear from this point—ours and the 85th New York. During this time it had rained very hard, and the mud was knee deep. We had nothing to eat for 48 hours, but two crackers. The teams were sick in the mud when we caught up, and we had to heave out crackers, salt, pork, sugar and every thing else to get them along to keep the teams from being cut off by the enemy. Some places they could not get the empty wagons along. When we came up to where all the trains were, we halted. The 85th was in our rear when the enemy came upon them and began to throw some shells, whereupon they got up and "skedaddled." The next thing we knew was Gen. West's role up and ordered the 101st back to take their place. They were just making the mud fly in their "skedaddle." Capt. May, who is acting Colonel of our regiment, in absence of the Lieut. Col. and Major, left faced the regiment, and marched us back again through the mud about one mile, where we formed our line of battle along the road. While we were marching back an artillery officer rode up to our Col. and wanted to know what regiment that was that ran. Said they would have let the enemy take his battery of two guns that was supporting them. We had to stay there all that day and that night and the next day until 9 o'clock at night. We could see the enemy all the time, in shooting distance, but were not allowed to bring on an attack. Gen. West was in a great sweat about us, to know how we would get out of the snap we were in, and he was afraid to send up reinforcements for fear of bringing on an attack, and did not know how to get us out, for we were surrounded on all sides except one corner where we had to come out under cover of night along a fence where the mud was knee deep. Gen. West gives our acting Col. great praise for getting us out of the snap. Captain May makes as good, if not better Col., than we have ever had. I would sooner follow him than any other officer that has ever tried to handle the regiment. He is no slouch, I tell you.

I don't think we lost many wagons and mules in this strategical movement of McClellan's drawing the rebels away from Richmond. The provisions that were thrown out, were generally picked up by the rear guard. So they did not get much in the eating line. I saw mules that were hitched to wagons driven into swamps over head and ears, and, of course, left. It was lucky if the drivers got out in all cases. Every thing that they could not get along was burned up in piles—officers' trunks and everything else. A great many regiments burned their knapsacks in piles, with all except what was on their backs. I suppose you have heard of the death of Col. Samuel W. Black, and most of the officers in his regiment. The Colonel was shot in the hollow of the eye and nose. McClellan has given them an awful raking since the commencement of changing his front.

THE ADJOURNMENT OF CONGRESS.

The first session of the XXXVII Congress ends to-day. The country may be congratulated on the abatement of this nuisance. No Congress assembled since the foundation of the Government has reflected less honor and brought more disgrace upon the nation.

When this Congress assembled in extra session on the 4th of July, 1861, at the call of the President, the civil war was just beginning, the country anticipated that the rebellion would be subdued before another anniversary of American independence. The immense resources of the loyal States, the unanimity of the Northern people, and the unlimited supply of men and money freely placed at the disposal of the Government, inspired unbounded confidence in the speedy downfall of the rebel confederacy. But dark clouds have overcast all these bright prospects. Our military strength has been frittered away, our money squandered, our hopes dimmed. Disaster and defeat have followed close upon the heels of blundering mismanagement. Rebellion has grown in strength and acquired the prestige of victory, and worse than all, that patriotic enthusiasm which one year ago inspired the masses to volunteer in defence of the country, has sensibly diminished.

This gloomy state of affairs is directly attributable to the insane and reckless course pursued by the majority in Congress. Their acts seem to have been intended to strengthen rebellion and disgust the loyal Union and Constitution-loving people of the Northern and Border States. When Congress met in extra session, party and sectional ideas were for the moment forgotten in enthusiasm for the Constitution and the Union. The purposes of the war were declared in a resolution adopted with remarkable unanimity. Banishing all feeling of mere passion or resentment, the announcement was solemnly made that this war is not waged for any purpose of conquest or subjugation, or purpose of overthrowing or interfering with the rights or established institutions of the Southern States, but to defend and maintain the supremacy of the Constitution and to preserve the Union, with all the dignity, equality, and rights of the several States unimpaired; and that as soon as these objects are accomplished the war ought to cease. A hundred times has Congress ruthlessly trampled under foot this solemn pledge to the nation. It was scarcely given before the abolitionists commenced their machinations for its overthrow, and the rebellion of a few

months. Departing from the national platform, they have left nothing undone to produce discord and division among the people, and to strengthen the rebel cause in the border States. Every question which has caused discussion at the North, and interrupted the harmony and unity conspicuous at the commencement of the war, has been raised by the abolitionists in Congress. Nearly every disaster to our arms is traceable to their meddling interference. Their "On to Richmond cry!" produced the disaster at Bull Run. Their jealousy of McClellan caused the recent repulse before Richmond. Their unceasing agitation of the negro question has strengthened the rebellion in the rebel States, and weakened the Union cause in the border States.

Had Congress acted with common patriotism and honesty, how different might now be our prospects. Had it adhered faithfully to the national platform and conducted the war to the sole end of suppressing rebellion, maintaining the Constitution and restoring the Union, instead of wasting its energies upon emancipation, confiscation, negro brigades, homestead bills, the conduct of generals in the field, and other irritating questions, which weakened the Northern people by introducing discord and to the same extent encouraged rebellion—had Congress ignored these topics and resolutely excluded from its deliberations everything except what related to furnishing the Government with the means necessary to put down this rebellion, the nation might not now bewail disasters in the field and look with sorrow upon a beleaguered future.

But the majority instead of cultivating unanimity and confidence have done everything to destroy both. The most reckless partisanship and corruption have characterized their proceedings. They have studied to insult Northern conservatives. They have devoted much of their time to carrying out that wretched summary of sectionalism, the Chicago platform.—They have wasted the public lands and stolen the public money. They have squandered funds needed for the prosecution of the war, in purchasing and maintaining gangs of worthless negroes. They have encouraged the inundation of the Northern States with fugitive slaves. They have patronized corruption and winked at fraud when the wrong doors happened to be "friends of freedom." They have done what they ought not to have done, and left undone what they ought to have done, and there is no health in them. The best act of this Congress is that by which it terminates its wretched existence.—*Patriot & Union, July 16.*

WHAT THURLOW WEED SAYS.

The ensuing extract is from the Albany Evening Journal, the accredited organ of William H. Seward, edited by his fast friend Mr. Thurlow Weed. It is a fact which Democratic journals have often set forth, and have as often been assailed for so doing by Republican newspapers all over the country. If Thurlow Weed is a secessionist and a traitor for speaking as he does, so be it; he is no doubt able to take care of his own head. But listen to what he says: "The Chief Architects of Rebellion, before it broke out, avowed that they were aided in their infernal designs by the ultra Abolitionists of the North. This is too true, for without such aid the South could never have been united against the Union. But for the incendiary recommendations which rendered the otherwise useful Helper book a fire brand, North Carolina could never have been forced out of the Union. And even now, the ultra Abolition press and speech-makers are aggravating horrors they helped to create, and thus, by playing into the hands of the leaders of the Rebellion, are keeping down the Union men of the South, and rendering reunion difficult, if not impossible."

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

Jeems, my lad, keep away from the gals. Ven you see one coming, dodge. Just such a critter as that young 'n cleaning the door-step on 't'her side of the street, fooler yer dad, Jimmy. If it hadn't been for her, you and yer dad might have been in California hunting dimes my ses."

Some ingenious musical wag wrote the following novel "catch" which was set to music in such a way as to make the audience laugh out loud. It is quite romantic to read, but ludicrous to hear sung:
 "Ah! how Sophia, can you leave
 Your lover, and of hope bereave!
 Go fetch the Indian's borrowed plume,
 Yet richer far than that your bloom;
 I'm but a lodger in your heart,
 And more than one, I fear am not."
 The music of these lines was so arranged as to make one voice cry out:
 "A house a fire! fire! fire!"
 While a second chimed in:
 "Go fetch the Engines! fetch the Engines!"
 And a third called out:
 "I'm but a lodger! but a lodger!"

The reader will easily see how this ludicrous pronunciation was produced. It was quite as good as a comedy.

Preserving Fruit—Best & Cheapest Way.

For several years past we have been trying to abolish the old mode of preserving fruits, viz: the addition of pound for pound of sugar, and stewing them down to an indigestible mass in order to make them "keep." Our efforts in this direction have been in a measure successful; the high price of sugar this year will do much towards the adoption of the newer and better mode. All kinds of fruits can be preserved for a year, or more, with the use of little or no sugar, and at the same time retain nearly all of their natural flavor. The process is not more difficult, and is less costly than the stewing process, while the fruit is far more delicious and healthful. The whole operation depends upon simply heating the fruit through, and then keeping it entirely free from the access of air.

From the American Agriculturist.
 During the past year we have kept several bushels of fruit of different kinds, always in good condition, and the portion now unused is almost as fresh and delicious as when first picked. For keeping, we have used all sorts of glass bottles and jars, holding from a pint to two quarts each—including several of the patent jars with caps of various patterns. Among these were a dozen glass jars with India rubber rings expanded by a compressing screw, of the common pattern, and the fruit was lost. Of lost ones—These, it is hardly possible to over-form that can not be turned to account for preserving fruits—even junk bottles, soda-water bottles, jars, etc., etc. The best form is a wide-mouthed quart bottle or jar, the neck drawn in to give a shoulder for the cork to rest upon. For the larger fruits wide necks are needed; for the smaller, berry fruits, narrow necks answer perfectly.

PREPARING THE FRUIT.—Our method is to put the fruit in a preserving kettle of some kind—a glazed iron kettle, or even a tin one, or a tinpal will do—and sweeten it with just sugar enough to fit it for the table. The sweetening is added in the form of a syrup made by boiling from one to three pounds of sugar (usually 2 lbs.) with one quart of water. The more juicy fruits, such as strawberries, require less syrup while pears and quinces require more. The fruit is heated with the syrup just long enough to scald it through. Some prefer to use less sweetening and add more when the fruit is to be used. Others use no sugar; they think the fruit keeps just as well, and preserves its aroma better without any sugar. We prefer to use all the sugar that is to be needed, believing that the fruit will probably keep more certainly and it is then always ready to pour out at once upon the table. The fruit to be preserved should be in good condition—ripe but not over-ripe, nor containing any decayed portions. Tomatoes are peeled, and then cooked down one-half, as this makes a better sauce, and requires less bottle room.

To BOTTLE THE FRUIT.—The bottles or jars are thoroughly cleaned, and each one fitted with a stopper. For these, soft corks are best; but they may be made of soft dry wood. For each bottle or jar we provide a little tin "patty-pan," (fig. 1.) costing 1/2 to 1 cent by the quantity. Tea-saucers will answer. For cement we heat together in an old tin basin or iron kettle, one pound of rosin, and 1 1/2 to 2 ounces of tallow. This may be mixed in quantity, and melted from time to time as wanted. We formerly used a little over 1 ounce of tallow to one pound of rosin, but further experience is in favor of a softer cement, when the fruit is to stand in a cool cellar.—While the fruit is being heated as above described, the bottles are well warmed by setting them near the fire and frequently turning them; or better, by setting them in cold water in a wash-boiler and heating to the boiling point. The fruit being barely scalded through, it is dipped hot into the heated bottles, through a funnel if the bottle necks are small. This is done carefully, so as not to mash the fruit. The bottles are filled up to where the bottom of the stoppers will come; they are then jarred a little to make the air bubbles rise, and more fruit or syrup added if needed. The tops and necks are then wiped clean, inside and out and the stoppers put in, and sunk to a level with the top. The cement being warmed in the mean time, a little is dipped on over the stoppers to close them tightly. The bottles are then turned necks down and the little patty-pans, or saucers, (fig. 2.) and a quantity of cement dropped in to completely enclose the stoppers and necks. When cold the bottles may be set either side up, (fig. 2 or fig. 3). The cooling will shrink the contents so as to create a strong inward pressure, but the patty-pans prevent the stoppers from being pressed in, and the cement shuts out air.

The whole process is simple and quickly performed. After the fruit is prepared, two persons will heat it, and put up 50 to 100 bottles in half a day. We prefer quart bottles as these furnish enough for once opening. If cork stoppers are used, they are rendered soft and pliable, and may be crowded into a small orifice, by first soaking them in hot water.

A FEW PLAIN QUESTIONS.

- Who denounced Democrats as Union Savers, because they advocated the right of all the States under the Constitution?
 Republicans.
- Who preferred a dissolution of the Union rather than a continuance of slavery and sustained personal liberty bills which contravened the Constitution?
 Republicans.
- Who openly nullified the acts of Congress, and counseled armed resistance to the enforcement of them?
 Republicans.
- Who nullified the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States and appealed to the higher law?
 Republicans.
- Who would have allowed the negro an equal vote in the Government with the white man?
 Republicans.
- Who "loath and detest all laws which give or withhold political right on account of color?"
 Republicans.
- Who are "proud to live in a Commonwealth where every man white or black, of every clime and race, is recognized as a man standing upon the terms of perfect and absolute equality?"
 Republicans.
- Who destroyed Democratic presses within one year?
 Republicans.
- Who robbed and plundered the Government in a single year of a larger amount, to use Mr. Dawes' language, a Republican member of Congress, than the previous administration had required to conduct the Government for four years?
 Republicans.
- Who incarcerated hundreds of men in forts and prisons for months in defiance of law?
 Republicans.
- Who for seven years have hated the South and slavery more than they have loved the Union?
 Republicans.
- Who, years ago, advocated the dissolution of the Union?
 Republicans.
- Who is superior, who "proposes to wait until time shall develop whether the white race shall absorb the black, or the black absorb the white?"
 Republicans.
- Who advocated the irrepressible conflict?
 Republicans.
- Who four years since inscribed on their banner "the States must be made all free, and under it we will march on to victory, after victory, conquering and conquering?"
 Republicans.
- Who are in favor of an anti-slavery Constitution, an anti-slavery bible and an anti-slavery God?
 Abolitionized Republicans.
- Who declare the Constitution to be "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell?"
 Abolitionized Republicans.
- Who justified the John Brown raid, and proclaimed him "a hero true to his conscience and true to his God?"
 Republicans.
- Who, to achieve the freedom of the slave, "would not hesitate to fill up and bridge over the chasm that yawns between the hell of slavery and the heaven of freedom, with carcasses of the slain?"
 Republicans.
- Who denounced slaveholders as more criminal than common murderers?
 Republicans. (See Helper.)
- Who, six years ago, denounced our "government as worse than that of old King George?"
 Republicans.—*Allegheny Democrat.*
- The Pennsylvania Reserves.
 "All accounts concur," remarks the Philadelphia Bulletin, "in saying that the dauntless bravery of the division of Pennsylvania Volunteers commanded by Gen. McCull, usually called the Reserve Corps, really saved the army of the Potomac. They were in the very front, and were attacked by superior numbers, during five successive days. But they always met the enemy bravely, fighting like veterans, and even when reduced to half their original strength and worn out by the battles of five days, they still showed no signs of flinching. With any less determined division than this in the front, our army might have been wholly destroyed or captured."
 These Pennsylvanians have covered themselves with glory; ten thousand strong when first attacked by "Stonewall" Jackson, they now number less than one third that number. The slaughter of, and the courage exhibited by, the Old Guard at Waterloo did not surpass that of the brave sons of the Keystone in the series of battles just terminated on the Peninsula, in Virginia. In this intrepid division of the army our own county is nobly represented.
- A northern editor predicts that "wool will be king." Prentice wants to know whether he means wool on the back of a sheep or wool on the head of a negro.
- General George A. McCull, reported killed on Monday near White Oak Swamp, is not dead, but wounded and a prisoner.
- The farmer is a conqueror who wins victories upon important fields—at the point of the plough-share.
- Read not the writings of an egotist, if you would not come under the influence of the evil I.
- Idleness, timidity, or shame, may keep you within the bounds of duty; and virtue runs away with the honor of it.