

The Sharpe Rifle a Better Moral Agent than the Bible.

At a public meeting recently held in the church of Henry Ward Beecher, for the purpose of promoting emigration to Kansas...

Such talk as this, coming from a distinguished divine of the 19th century, when science and religion are shedding their resplendent rays on every hand...

Mr. Beecher would not have the trouble in Kansas settled by law. If the Abolitionists could not carry the day by fair means...

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ally welcomes Mr. Buchanan. Her men of business, her merchants, manufacturers and artisans, feel that they can look with confidence and esteem on a veteran statesman whose very experience makes him practically conservative...

The "North American" Denouncing the Pundcrers.

A WORD TO TAX-PAYERS.—The election of Tuesday next, is, locally, of more than usual importance; and, as it fortunately involves no great question of either National or State politics, it can be determined on its local merits alone...

For the Executive Departments of the Municipal Government, three distinct sets of candidates are presented—Republicans, Democrats, and Know Nothings. The Republicans who have been placed in nomination are very proper and respectable men...

They reiterate the principles that constituted the Whig creed—they asperse the Whig name—they have assumed out-bound obligations utterly irreconcilable with the generous and liberal sentiments that have always inspired Whig action...

But there are graver and more important questions than any of mere personal preference, to be settled by the coming contest. The future welfare of our city is involved in it. The interests of all classes are to be affected by it. It will determine whether that system of profligate expenditure and loose administration which has brought us to the verge of bankruptcy...

Nor is it alone in regard to the finances that a change is desirable. The wilful negligence—the criminal apathy, indeed, which listens to the complaints, however loud, and heads no remonstrance, however urgent—which has characterized Highway Department, has imperilled the health of the city...

On the morning of the 13th, by the Rev. H. Benedict, Mr. JOHN SPROAT and Miss SOPHIA SELLERS, daughter of Maj. Joseph Sellers.

Accompanying the above notice we received a large and elegantly iced Bride's Cake, which had not been despoiled by the knife, an evidence of the fine taste and judgment of the Bride...

ach to our party and our position. Mr. PORTER'S SPEECH. Mr. Porter, on presenting himself, was also received with much applause. He said that if he were the most unamiable of men, he could not feel otherwise than well towards his fellow citizens on such an occasion as the present...

As for myself, I asked no man to vote for me, nor made no promises, and I will make none now, preferring to act rather than promise. For the present, I only ask you to follow citizens, for the generous support you have given the ticket...

CLARKSVILLE, BETLER CO., IOWA. April 19, 1856. Dear Sir—I have frequently been addressed with various interrogatories from my friends in Bedford county, respecting this far west...

My remarks, therefore, will be confined entirely to Butler county. This county is situated in the West of the State, about 120 miles west of Dubuque, and 110 miles North West of Iowa City. It forms part of the lovely valley of the Cedar...

Progress is the characteristic of the west; it is particularly so of our county. With her energetic citizens and natural advantages, she is determined to become one of the first agricultural counties in Iowa...

Mr. Buchanan's Popularity. If any man is so far behind the times as to believe that Mr. BUCHANAN could not command more than his own party's vote, let him read the following from the Philadelphia North American...

The retrospect of his public life, criticised as it may be—and we have often had occasion to dissent from his opinions—shows no act, or word, or thought of infidelity to the Constitution or the Union, threatened as it sometimes seems to have been, in various quarters...

At about 11 o'clock the different delegations, headed by Hon. RICHARD VALEX and Wm. A. PORTER, were at the Merchants Hotel, wended their way to that quarter of the city, and were addressed by those gentlemen, as follows:

Fellow Citizens—Your congratulations are most agreeable to me, because they assure me that the thinking and independent voters of the city have acted on their convictions of right...

GREAT DEMOCRATIC TRIUMPH.

The Character of Philadelphia Redeemed. The Know Nothing Horde Driven from their Last Fortress.—The Birth Place of Know Nothingism its Grave.—The People have Spoken—Corruption and Impedibility Rejected—Truth, Justice and Equality Vindicated.—The Slately Stepping of the Democracy Toward a Great National Victory, with the Proper Candidate.

Yesterday was a glorious one for the city of Philadelphia. Full of hope and enthusiasm, our forces were early marshalled for the battle, and the result of their exertions has been a decisive victory. The haughty and boastful enemy of equal rights now lies prostrate at our feet, and awaits our magnanimity for a decent burial...

Few robbers have been more successful than SAM. He not only deprived men of their rights and reduced them to slavery; but continued to rob them after they had become slaves. He established an Epitaph more impressive and selfish than that of the Spartans, with not a tittle of the modesty of that ancient tribunal. The members of the latter were often poor, and as they dared not enjoy wealth openly, they were more careful to conceal that which they had acquired unlawfully...

Yesterday was a light and sunny day, and cheerful hearts beat victorious music. The smile that played around the countenances of our friends, as they manded the Polls, begat the Know Nothings an Epitaph more impressive and selfish than that of the Spartans, with not a tittle of the modesty of that ancient tribunal...

Friends of civil and religious liberty, raise the excellent shout, for the foe of republican institutions is prostrate in the dust, panting with exertions. Ye who regard the welfare and character of Philadelphia, rejoice in the overthrow of a secret enemy, whose embrace insured destruction. Lift up your hands, ye valiant sons of equality, and show the world that you have established your freedom...

We have made a clean sweep of the City—Mayor, Solicitor, Council, Board of Taxes and City Commissioner—and the birthplace of Know Nothingism has become its grave. The country owes this victory to the Democratic party; but it is due conservative Whigs to say that they acted in perfect harmony with the Democracy, for they both now stand on identical positions, upon the same political platform...

Up to the Tenth Ward, we go with an unbroken chain, not a single link lost. The Tenth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Eighteenth then intervene to deprive us of a unanimous result; but even these have reduced majorities. How contemptible must a party have become, whose successful position has entirely changed places within two short years?

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THE BEDFORD GAZETTE.

Bedford, May 16, 1856. G. W. Bowman, Editor and Proprietor. FOR PRESIDENT, HON. JAMES BUCHANAN.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET. Canal Commissioner, GEORGE SCOTT. Auditor General, JACOB FRY, JR. Surveyor General, TIMOTHY IVES.

DEMOCRATIC STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE.—The Democratic State Central Committee will meet at the St. Charles Hotel, in Pittsburgh, on Monday the 25th of this month. A full attendance is requested on business of great importance.

The First Quarterly Meeting of the M. E. Church of Bedford, for the present Conference year, will commence on next Saturday evening at the usual hour. It was postponed two weeks on account of the illness of the Pastor, Mr. GIBSON, who has recovered from his attack. The Presiding Elder, Mr. COLLIS, will not be present, owing to official engagements elsewhere...

The Lost Children Found. By a note from Col. F. D. BEZELLE, dated May 8, we learn that the lost children of Mr. Cox were found on the morning of that day, near the saw-mill of John Conrad, Esq., under a tree, both dead, and supposed to have been dead for several days.

The finding of these children has materially damaged the capital of certain KNOW NOTHINGS, who had industriously circulated a report, which we have no doubt, was believed by many of their deluded brethren, viz.—that they had been kidnapped by a Catholic institution in Cambria county, with the view of converting the boys into NUNS!!!

Political Temperance Exemplified! Mr. JORDAN, the Senator from this District, who, for years, has been the leader of the cause of PROHIBITION, voted for a License Law, last Winter, which authorizes the sale of Liquor by the glass, and which re-establishes Ale and Beer Houses...

Col. T. A. Boyd resigned the office of District Attorney for Bedford County on last Friday afternoon, and on Saturday morning the Court announced the appointment of G. H. SPAHR, Esq., to fill the unexpired term, who took the oath of office and entered upon his duties. Mr. Boyd intends to locate in the West, where, we hope, he will meet with success commensurate with his abilities as a Lawyer, and his department as a gentleman.

Coming Out! During last week, a gentleman of high character, a resident of Bedford County, informed us that he had been deceived into the Know Nothing ranks, but that he had left them forever, satisfied that the whole thing is a fraud upon the Democratic party, and a gull trap to deceive unsuspecting men.

Elegant Cloths, Cassimeres, &c. We have made an examination of the Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Stocks, &c., advertised by Mr. C. LOVER in the Gazette of today, and have no hesitation in saying that they embrace the most elegant assortment and styles ever brought to Bedford. He can certainly find out either a man or a boy as handsomely as any establishment in Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. Give him a call.

The "Memoir of JAMES BUCHANAN," commencing on the first page, should be carefully read and preserved for future reference by every Democrat in Bedford County. It is from the pen of Col. JOHN W. FORNEY, and is a paper of great merit. Read and hand it round.

of those classes of citizens who look for a wise and judicious Administration of the Federal Government, and which has also gathered around him the warm and generous sympathies of the constituents who confide in his progressive instincts, as illustrated through all his long and illustrious career.

There is not now to be found a reasonable man in any part of the Union, who does not believe that Mr. Buchanan's nomination would be succeeded by his certain and triumphant election. To the South he presents no record inconsistent, even in the slightest degree, with that which induced the southern delegates to vote for him so long and so steadily in the Democratic Convention of 1852.

During Mr. Buchanan's absence of nearly three years, while politics raged at home, he proudly abstained from interfering with the struggle for the Presidential succession. From the time he set foot on English soil, he wrote back to his friends, that in no contingency would he place himself in the fields as a candidate for the Presidency. There was nothing of grief in this resolve, nothing of disappointed ambition. It was the calm and deliberate judgment of a mind, which, having looked carefully over the political past and future, had come to the conclusion that the day for the scramble for Presidential honors had passed away, at least with him, and that he was determined to apply himself to other pursuits.

Volcanoes. A correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce, writing from on board the U. S. frigate Congress, off the coast of Greece, gives the following graphic description of the volcano on Stromboli, one of the group of eight islands in the Mediterranean Sea, known as the Lipari or Eolian Islands.

Knowing that we should pass Stromboli, one of the group, late at night, I requested the officer of the deck to call me as soon as the flame of this wonderful volcano came into view. I knew that sailors had for many years called it the "light-house" of the Mediterranean, that for two thousand years past, at least, its eruptions had been uninterrupted for a single day, and that to-night the flames would glare upon the waters over which we were so rapidly sailing.

At three o'clock in the morning I was summoned on deck, and for the first time in my life saw a mass of flame rising out of the bowels of the earth. Stromboli was now about twenty miles distant, its conical peak 2,809 feet in height, standing out in strong relief against the Southern sky, and a volume of fire rising in majestic splendor at intervals of five and ten minutes, from its centre.

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The prospects of a fine harvest were never more flattering than at present.