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BY DAVID OVER.

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WELCOME FILLMORE.

BY W. C. BRIDGES.

The shout has gone forth, it is borne on the
From each mountain re-echo'd, it floats o'er the
The shout of Earth's freemen, oh, list to
Let the faint tremble, it welcomes Fillmore.
From our snow-crown'd mountains, the land of the
See the Sons of the Pilgrims in pow'r come
Like their rocks stern and hardy, as when on the
Their ancestors land'd, they welcome Fillmore.
On the South's sunny waters, we hear the proud
Pour down the steep'd hillocks, and meet on the
In the rivulet's murmur, the sea's surging shore,
Is heard the glad accents, oh, welcome Fillmore!
In the Earth's pent-up cities, by alliance made,
Where blessings are scatter'd, by Commerce
And Trade,
The prayers of the thousands, when labor is o'er,
Are pour'd out, ere sleeping, with welcome
Fillmore!
On the West's flow'ry prairies, where Nature
Imparts
Fresh strength to our muscles, fresh pulse to our
Each free soul existing, shall never deplore,
That his wild voice was raised to welcome FILL-
MORE!
The shout has gone forth, it is borne on the
From each mountain re-echo'd, it floats o'er the
The shout of Earth's freemen, oh, list to
Let the faint tremble, it welcomes FILLMORE.
Philadelphia, August 19, 1856.

For the Inquirer and Chronicle.

MR. EDITOR:—The Locofoco *now* were
us appointed for this place came off yesterday,
and a more miserable-meagre excuse
for a meeting never before assembled here,
or elsewhere. This used to be one of the
strongholds of Democracy, but where is it
now? Alas! how have the mighty fallen!
Their glory has departed like chaff before
the wind! The once vigorous scion of a
party that flourished here in the days of
Matty Van, and Polk, has dwindled into
insignificance, and nought remains of it
now but a shrieking ghost wandering over
dry places up and down the country.
We expected from the preparations that
had been made, to see at least a respectable
gathering, and when the morning arrived,
we looked with eager eyes for the in-coming
of the "faithful," but the hours went
and yet they came not, excepting here and
there a straggling, solitary individual—they
did not as in their palmy days, pour in by
delegations with wreaths and banners, tend-
ing the air with shouts of enthusiasm—not
a death-like stupor seemed to pervade their
ranks, and as they "shook their gory locks"
at each other, they seemed to say—"tis all
up with us!"
But the hour arrived for the speeches—
and, lo and behold! a barn-farm was the
chosen place for the burning eloquence that
was to be poured out to the "remnant of
the house of Israel," and in this fifteen by
eighteen amphitheatre, they were all huddled
together like a parcel of terrified sheep
without a shepherd.
John Cessna, Esq., was the first to arise
before the audience. His address was in
his usual bombastic-spitting style—he
talked a great deal about "Sam and Sambo"
—spoke of old issues that have become an-
tiquated—obsolete, and wound up with a
silly attempt to dissect know-nothingism
and to prove that it and Black Republican-
ism, and all the other ills of the day are
synonymous. What an insult to the intel-
ligence of our audience for a man to try to
draw such silly-lying assertions down their
throats. As well might Johnny have told
them that black was white, or that Monday
and midnight are one and the same thing,
they would have believed him just as soon.
He concluded finally, with an invitation to
"Old Line Whigs" to join in with them in
their very commendable efforts to save the
union," as its preservation depended wholly
upon the election of James Buchanan. Yes!
old line whigs will go in with them with a
vengeance—the vile slanderers of their be-
loved Clay! The day has not come yet for
the "Lion and the Lamb to lie down to-
gether," neither has it come for elements so
foreign to each other as Locofocoism and
whiggery to unite.
The next speaker introduced was Mr.
McGraw, our present state treasurer, I be-
lieve, and in justice to this gentleman, I must
say that his remarks were unattended by
anything calculated to give offence to any
one. What he said, in a mild, gentle way,
without uttering a single word of bit-
terness, and his deportment throughout was

indication of good sense, a commodity very
scarce amongst Locofoco orators.
Succeeding Mr. McGraw, came that
great champion of Democracy, the redoubt-
able "General," the voracious Bowman him-
self. He mounted the rostrum and after a
few commendatory remarks, school-boy fash-
ion, on the speakers who had preceded him,
saying "that they had argued the great na-
tional questions at issue" so well that he
could add nothing to them," and so on, he
said he would confine his remarks nearer
home, to our own country matters. He com-
menced in his usual style, by a tirade of
bilgewater against the "Dark Lantern Or-
der," and denounced the "midnight conspira-
tors" in unmeasured terms. He spoke of
their having gulled Democrats into their
order, who were now honest and bold en-
ough to come out openly and denounce
them. Among others of this class, he re-
ferred to Henry Nicodemus, Jack McCan-
lin, Judge Hartley, and Judge Daugherty.
"But where," he asked in exultation, are
they now? Back again in the Democratic
ranks more ardent and devoted than ever!"
He then said, "I see one of these fearless
men before me now, there sits Henry Nico-
demus who was not afraid to expose their
shameless doings!" And there he sat sure
enough, and a more god-forsaken looking
specimen of humanity I never saw in my
life. Poor soul! he pined him, he looked
irritation sitting on a monument smiling
at grief; he felt mean, guilty and down-
cast, and 'tis no wonder.
What an honor the general did these
Simon judges place them in the catagory
of pliant sycophants to the American
party. But Bowman was not satisfied with
abusing and vilifying the Americans but in
his vulgare-like rapacity, he even attacked
the venerable Dr. Schumaker, of Gettys-
burg, a man before whom the talents of such
a man as Bowman would sink into an ob-
scure depth than the depths of Lethe
itself. But the shafts from such a source
of depravity are harmless, and the Doctor
unscathed can look from his proud and joy-
ful position, in contempt upon the miserable
worm that would spit its venom upon him.
Mr. Jordan, also, as usual received his
share of abuse. When his harangue was
nearly concluded, the vulture, like his il-
lustrous (?) predecessor Cessna, attempted,
too, to identify Americanism with Black
Republicanism, and with him, too, called
upon Old Line Whigs to join their stand-
ard. Is there an Old Line Whig in Bed-
ford County who would join hands with a
party having for its leader, this defamer, not
only of the living, but of the dead also?
But what was our surprise, when about
to conclude, Holy Heaven! to hear him
make the astounding assertion that he did
not come here to abuse any one, and then
actually merged into a regular Camp Meet-
ing sermon. We thought the man mad,
but then reflected that it was Bowman.
Oh! how pathetic he got—we really felt
like shedding tears over—prostituted hu-
manity. We thought of Pollock's descrip-
tion of the hypocrite, and thought, also,
how *appropos* to the case before us.
The General said "what is the use of wrang-
ling, and quarreling! We are here to day
in this barn, and to-morrow our heads may
be in a level, friend and foe, in the dark
and silent grave." We thought he would
wind up the concern with prayer, but no,
another orator was yet to come; no less a
distinguished (?) personage than Oliver E.
Shannon, Esq. If any poor devil deserved
sympathy, he did. He got up, stroked up
his hair, hemmed and hawed, pulled up his
breeches, threw out his arms, and made the
most ludicrous attempt to be witty, we ever
witnessed. He reminded us more of a new-
ly fledged "Biddy" on a dung-pile attempt-
ing to crow, than anything else we could
compare him to.
His remarks were principally low slang,
and personal abuse of prominent Americans
in the county—and of the American Order
—said they met in cellars, pig-styes, and
privies, and related the most disgusting
blackguard anecdote in the connection, we
ever heard enunciated in the presence of a
moral people. But such is Locofocoism.—
He talked of the "Woolly Horse" and the
"Woolly Heads," of Amalgamation and Pre-
mont—"But oh!" said he, in a burst of
eloquence that nearly jerked him out of his
boots, "I dare not speak of Fremont, for
when I do I get so angry and excited, I feel
that if I had Fremont to one hand and Fred
Douglass in the other, I would, but their
heads together until I knocked their brains
out." We think the prodigious effort Mr.
S. made to get up a laugh, has so prostrated
his energies that he will not appear before
the public soon again.
However, we may be mistaken. Assur-
ance is a plant of sturdy growth, and he
has any amount of the article. His speech
originated in nothing, was bred in nothing,
and of course amounted to nothing.

It is something strange to us that in all
that was said on the occasion, though Bu-
chanan was lauded to the skies, and Fre-
mont sunk to the opposite place, Mr. Fill-
more's name was scarcely mentioned. It is
because they could not say one word against
the pure statesman, Reckless and deprav-
ed as Locofocoism is, its lips are sealed—her-
metically sealed in respect to him. They
know that he was one of the best Presidents
we ever had, or ever will have, yet they
have not, though by their silence they vir-
tually admit it, the manliness to say so.—
And he will be our next President as cer-
tain as the idea of November will roll
around, in spite of all the miserable factions
that oppose him. But I will close, Mr.
Editor, with one more remark, and that is
that this meeting has benefited us consid-
erably. Moral men and Christians cannot
go with, or adhere to a party whose leaders
not only assail ministers of the gospel in
their pulpits, but who would fain, if they
could do so, pull down "high heaven" to ac-
complish their purposes.
Yours &c.
MAVRCORDATO.
Schellsburg, Aug., 21, 1856.

BUCHANAN ALREADY DEFEATED.
However incredulous even many of our
own political friends may have been, and
some of them still be, to the fact, that the
present Presidential contest is between
Millard Fillmore and John C. Fremont, and
that the issue will be entirely between
these candidates when the day of election
arrives, we are nevertheless well satisfied,
and have been for some time past, that such
will be the case. How can it be otherwise?
Look at the facts as they are.
Grant that Mr. Buchanan might get the
entire electoral vote of the South, and he
would only give him 120 votes, and he
would still need 29 votes to insure his elec-
tion. Where is he to get these? Admit
for argument's sake, and we admit it only
for the sake of presenting the strongest
possible case in his favor, that he may get
California, Indiana, and New Jersey, not
one of which he can get, and these are the
only free States that there can be any hope
even of him getting, he would still have to
succeed in Maine or Pennsylvania, or be
defeated. Now what are his chances in ei-
ther of these States? In Maine the State
election takes place in September, and the
result, we are now satisfied, will show that
there is no earthly hope of securing the
electoral vote of that State for him. In
Pennsylvania, the State election comes off
in October, and the result will be such as
to show that he and his friends are in an
overwhelming minority in this State, and
fully satisfy the entire South that he cannot
obtain the electoral vote of a single free
State.
Satisfied of this fact by the result of the
State elections in Maine and Pennsylvania,
he will be abandoned North and South, and
the direct issue will be between Fillmore
and Fremont, and of the result, in that
event, we have no doubt. Millard Fill-
more will then be our next President as
certainly as the day of election shall ar-
rive.
In view of this condition of things, and
the aspect of political affairs, it is already
admitted by all who are not blinded by the
prejudice of party, and who can see things
as they really are, that Mr. Buchanan's
chances are gone, and that his case is per-
fectly hopeless. None but those who fol-
low blindly the teachings of partyism, re-
gardless of consequences, pretend even now
that there is any hope for him at all. The
conservative Union loving men of the North
will vote for Mr. Fillmore, while a large
number of the Free Soil Democracy have
gone over to Fremont and Black Republi-
canism, and those who yet hold on to the
fortunes of old Buck will forsake him as
soon as his inevitable defeat develops itself
a little plainer. It is already conceded that
he will not get a Northern State, unless it
be those we have named. The September
election in Maine, and the October election
in Pennsylvania will show that he can get
neither of these States. These results,
along with his open avowal of Filibuster-
ism against Cuba, and of squatter sov-
ereignty, reduces his chances in the South
to just nothing at all. This is seen by re-
cent developments. Virginia, which was
considered one of the most strong Buchan-
an States in the Union, has recently given
evidence that she will go for Fillmore and
Donelson. The false cry at first raised by
the Democracy, that there was no chance
for the American ticket has ceased to be
uttered, or, if uttered, is regarded as a
humbug even by thinking members of the
Democratic party.
Thus, we may perceive that the Fillmore
and Donelson ticket is the only ticket for
the lovers of the Union to rally upon. It
is the only beacon light of hope to which

the true patriot can now turn his eyes in
this time of his country's peril. Though
nominated by the American party, it has
become the ticket of the conservative of all
parties. Old line Whigs throughout the
entire country have endorsed it, and Old
line Democrats, who regard the good of
the country more than the keeping up of
a party organization, will vote for it. Thus,
it may be seen that our cause is onward,
and victory is destined to perch upon our
standard. It is a glorious thing for our
country that we yet have a Fillmore to
command the respect and confidence of the
patriotic lovers of the Union and Constitu-
tion.—Daily News.

GOOD ADVICE FOR THE IRISH.
Some months ago a meeting of Irishmen
held in New York, sent a complimentary
written address to Wm. Smith O'Brien, one
of the Irish patriots of 1848, who would
have been denounced as a pirate and bandit
if his rebellion had occurred in Italy or
Hungary. By some means his reply to
this address did not reach this country and
find publication till December last. We
extract from it the following portion, and
comment it to the serious attention of his
riotous countrymen, who, when at home,
were so ready to offer "five pounds for
the sight of an Orangeman's face."
"There is no point connected with the
recent emigration from Ireland to America
respecting which I have felt so much solici-
tude, as the maintenance of harmony be-
tween the native citizens and those of my
fellow countrymen who have adopted the
United States as their home. I trust that
the Irish will never forget that, when they
fled in myriads from their own country in
order to escape the manifold disasters that
awaited them there—when they fled from
famine, from excrement, from misgovern-
ment, from proscription, they found in the
United States a land of refuge, and were
received with fraternal welcome. I trust,
therefore, that they will not only evince loy-
alty to the government of the Union—that
they will not only endeavor to deserve the
title of useful and orderly citizens, but that
they will even avoid every proceeding which
can awaken unfounded jealousies or unwor-
thy prejudices."
To the mass of the Protestant Irish, this
advice from Mr. O'Brien was unnecessary.
The Irish Papists as a general rule, will
take no heed of it whatever. They estab-
lish their Irish papers and dab them in the
Irish American, the American Celt, and
any other name necessary to keep up their
separate nationality, and their feet are
securely warm on our soil, before they
claim the right of ruling us, and demand
admission into all our public offices. Though
at home, they had been seafaring for years
in favor of the right of Irishmen to rule
Ireland, and would use their shillaboo free-
ly upon the heads of any foreign intermed-
dlers in their elections, as they intermed-
dle in ours, the most violent opposition to
Americans ruling America, comes from
them. Under their influence, a polluted
and shameful press once applied the ob-
probrious terms of dark lantern conspira-
tors, midnight assassins, and women roas-
ters, to all who advocate American prin-
ciples—and it is from the ranks of their chil-
dren that the bands of lawless ruffians
which seek to carry our elections against
Americans by violence, are mainly recruit-
ed. But they will not be allowed to domi-
near over Americans here as they were
wont to do over Orangemen at home, when
they could fall upon the latter five to one.
If they are so full of rioting and fighting,
this is not the place for them to indulge in
it. They profess to owe England a great
gratitude. Therefore, they should return
to Ireland and expend their valor in endeavor-
ing to liberate their country from British
rule. When in Ireland, they will be loud
mouthed Know Nothings, and clamorous
for the right of Irishmen to rule Ireland.

OUR CANDIDATE FOR CONGRESS.
The Gettysburg Star and Banner recom-
mends the following flattering recommendation
of JOSEPH PUMROY, of this county, the
Anti-Administration candidate for
Congress in this district:
"In Mr. PUMROY, the opponents of the
policy of the Pierce & Douglas dynasty have
not only an unexceptionable candidate, but
one around whom we all can rally earnestly
and heartily. He is a plain substantial
Farmer of Juniata county, enjoying an
enviable reputation for honesty, integrity,
and practical talent. In 1840, he repre-
sented Franklin in the State Legislature,
was marked by a strict devotion to duty,
and an intelligent and an intelligent and ac-
ceptable participation, in Legislative duties.
For the last six or seven years he has resided
in Juniata county. His representation
as a candidate by the citizens of that county
is evidence that the reputation acquired in
Franklin county has been approved in
Juniata. Four years ago he was in the
Congressional Conference as a Conference from
Juniata, and manfully voted on every bill,
for the candidate then presented by Adams
county—a fact that is worthy of being re-
membered by our friends, now that Mr.
Pumroy himself is a candidate."
Mr. Pumroy, aside from the qualifications
to which we have alluded, is a through-go-
ing earnest opponent of the Slavery-Exten-
sion policy recognized by the Buchanan
party. His voice and vote in the National
Legislature will be unflinchingly on the side
of Freedom. We have reason to know that

he has not solicited the nomination. That,
however, will not detract from his merits.
We cordially commend the nomination to
the voters of Adams county as one "fit to
be made," and feel satisfied that they will
unite in swelling the majority which will be
given to him in the balance of the district."
JOSEPH PUMROY, ESQ.
JOSEPH PUMROY, of this county, the
Union Nominee for Congress in this dis-
trict, though not a public speaker, is emi-
nently qualified to represent this district in
Congress—a man of large, varied, and
successful business experience, he could not
but have a practical knowledge of the wants
of a large majority of his constituency. If
elected he would occupy his time, in attend-
ing to the real interests of the people, in-
stead of preparing and delivering vapid
speeches in hackneyed political themes,
that could be of no practical advantage to
the people of the district generally. He
has had some experience in legislation, hav-
ing represented the county of Franklin in
the State Legislature. In the course of a
long and active political life, he has borne a
decided testimony against the measures of
the so called Democratic party. He is now
unflinchingly opposed to the slavery aggressive
policy, the only measure for which the Bu-
chanan party are now contending. He de-
sires to have slavery undisturbed where it
is; but never will be content to extend it to
territory now free. He is opposed to crowd-
ing Foreigners into office, almost before they
have resided in the country long enough to
be naturalized, to the exclusion of native
born and better citizens. In short Mr.
Pumroy is a man from among the people—
identified with the interest of the people,
and is the People's Candidate.—Juniata
Sentinel.

How They Deceive Them- selves.

Our opponents really imagine that, be-
cause the Fillmore men throughout the
country are not bellowing like wild bulls of
Bashan, he has no strength. In this they
will find themselves entirely mistaken.—
The Fillmore vote of the country is com-
posed, in a great measure, of conservative
business people, who never join in noisy
demonstrations, but will be on hand when-
ever there is voting to do. It is true that
Saw's Sons—God bless them!—make them-
selves felt as well as seen heard and occa-
sionally, and will do so, more effectually,
when the day of battle comes; but the steady,
middle-aged working men of our party have
no taste for such demonstrations. They
prefer to take care of their families, and
when the day's work is over, to be at home
with their wives and children. You will
not find them about groggeries and lager
beer dens besotting themselves with drink,
so as to be unfit for the next day's duties.
But when the trial comes, then you may
look out for these hardy sons of toil, with
their brawny arms and manly forms, in all
the pride of European freedom. Then the
spawn of European jills and misanthropes
must stand aside and make way for the sons
of the American soil, who will certainly
make themselves heard and fall if necessary.

Fillmore in Kentucky.

We have cheering news from "Old Ken-
tucky." The whole State is alive with en-
thusiasm for Fillmore and Donelson, and
mass meetings are taking place daily. At
a Fillmore barabecue, recently held in
Clark county, ten thousand persons were
in attendance, and the utmost enthusiasm
was manifested. "The ladies in large num-
bers, greeted the occasion with their smiles
and patriotism. In one of the delegations
there were thirty-one lovely girls, each
bearing a banner, upon which was the name
of one of the States of the Union. This
Union band of enthusiastic and beautiful
young ladies were in four cars, each drawn
by four horses. The Louisville Journal
speaks with entire confidence of the Fill-
more prospect in Kentucky, and says that
his friends are at this moment stronger by
many thousand that they were last year.—
Fillmore will carry Kentucky as certain as
the election takes place.

A Great Fillmore Meeting was held at Rome, Georgia, recently.

Several thousand persons attended, and the proceedings
throughout were characterized by much en-
thusiasm. Everywhere throughout the State
the people are rallying for Fillmore and the
Union. The Southern Watchman, publish-
ed at Athens, Ga., says:—"Mr. Fillmore is
ten or fifteen thousand votes stronger in
Georgia than was the American party at the
last election." A rousing Fillmore meeting
was held at Pensacola, recently, and the
greatest enthusiasm prevailed. All right in
Georgia.

THE BARGAIN AND CORRUPTION STORY.

Here is an extract from a letter written
by James Buchanan to Duff Green, editor
of the Telegraph, dated October 16,
1856, and we ask our readers to read it,
and then say, if they can, that Mr. Buchan-
an did not give his countenance to the in-
famous falsehood against Mr. Clay.
Extract.—"The facts are before
the world, that Mr. Clay and his particular
friends made Mr. Adams President, and
that Mr. Adams immediately thereafter
made Mr. Clay Secretary of State. The
people will draw their own inferences from
such conduct, and the circumstances con-
nected with it. They will judge of causes
from the effects."

WAS GEN. JACKSON A LIAR!—The Buchanan men say, undertake to prove, that he is.

HENRY CLAY called upon Gen. Jackson
for his authority in giving circulation to the
Bargain and Sale story; the latter promptly
replied by naming JAMES BUCHANAN as
the author. Mr. Buchanan and his friends
now say that Gen. Jackson was guilty of
falseness in making this allegation—that
not only did he fabricate the Bargain and
Sale slander himself, but lied in laying the
blame upon Buchanan!
Gen. Jackson is dead, and now there
seems scarcely one of his old friends ready
to defend him against these base attacks
upon his reputation. We learn, however,
that FRANCIS P. BLAIR, that stanch old
Republican and bosom friend of Gen. Jack-
son, is preparing a reply to these assaults
upon the old hero's character, and we have
no doubt it will be a conclusive one. The
Democratic party has both abandoned Jack-
son and is assailing his character with bit-
terness; and it is left to a Maryland Re-
publican to vindicate the character and hon-
esty of the man whom the Democratic party
once delighted to honor.
What do the old Jackson men say to
these things? They loved him while living,
will they stand by unconcerned and see the
Buchanan men thus ruthlessly assail him
when dead?
The Richmond Whig thus hints at a
possible movement on the part of the Slave
States to be re-annexed to England: "The
time is not so remote but that it lingers in
the memory and traditions of our people,
when England was familiarly and endearing-
ly spoken of as home. If the worst came
to the worst—and we cannot find peace,
justice or safety with our Yankee brethren
—that time may come again!" The Whig
evidently has never heard of Jamaica—the
famous decision of Lord Mansfield, that
Slavery cannot exist under English law—
or of Exeter Hall.

A TEN CENT JOKE.—The Lebanon Courier tells us that an omnibus bearing the name of "James Buchanan," ran between that place and the camp-meeting grounds, last week, and put the fare at TEN CENTS. It went well enough for a time, but pretty soon the name and the price began to excite comment, and the remarkable fitness of the two was admitted all round, with a titter.— Some of the followers of the Ten-Center society that the thing was exciting too much attention, called the bus man aside and af- ter a few minutes whispering, he returned and proclaimed that "the fare is now twelve and a half cents." Our Buchanan friends were a ghastly smile whenever ten cents are mentioned. The coin should be abol- ished.