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NEW SERIES—VOL. 1, No. 9.

Brevities.

Select Poetry.

Miscellaneous.

There is a young lady living in Saratoga, who has visited the grave of a sister every morning for three years.—A more touching sight we have seldom seen in this inconstant and forgetful world, than this devout maiden kneeling to place flowers upon the green coverlet of a sister's "narrow bed" and to repeat her morning prayers, where none but God can hear them. There is fanaticism of the affections which we cannot but reverence; and the scene we have alluded to makes the love for woman holy even to those whose skepticism has become chronic.

"Joseph, are you a philanthropist?" said a gentleman to our colored *genman*, yesterday. "Lord, yes, Massa! Lobs every body has an affection for the whole human race, all mankind in particular."

The latest case of absence of mind is recorded of a lady about "whip up" some eggs for sponge cake, who whipt the baby and sang Watt's erable hymn to the eggs.

An Irishman's description of making a cannon. "Take a long hole and pour brass around it."

An Irishman was challenged to fight a duel but declined on the plea that he did not wish to leave his old mother an orphan.

Recently a lady stopped at the Madison House Covington Ky., with her husband and thirty-two children. She was about sixty years of age, but looked young and hearty. It is this can be beaten, we are ready to chronicle the fact.

The Ohio State Fair has been very successful. The Cincinnati *Gazette* says that twenty-five thousand passengers passed over the Hamilton and Dayton railroad in one day.

Thomas Ballou, of Watertown, N. Y., as we learn from the *Journal*, lost in the space of eighteen days, five bright stout, and healthy children by scarlet fever.

Miss Sophia Granger, of Butler, Pa., while out berrying slipped from a high bank, fell into deep water below, and was drowned.

A man, named Hiram Cole, is under arrest at Garrettsville, Geauga county, Ohio, for the murder of his wife.

The Georgia *Sentinel* urges the Hon. A. H. Stephens for the Speakership of the next House of Representatives.

The Jewish population of France has, since 1808, doubled, and now amounts to 100,000 souls. The Jewish population of Paris, which in 1808, amounted to 2,755, counts now 8,000 souls.

Mr. Grips, the usurer, to whom a sixpence always looks as large as a cartwheel, is in the habit of holding his breath while the tailor measures him, so that his garments will require the less cloth.

The tongue was intended for a divine organ, but the devil often plays upon it.

Miss Hannah W. Brinton, M. D., a graduate of the Female Medical College of Pennsylvania, has located in Lancaster. The *Express* says: Miss B. is a native of this county, of a highly respectable and widely connected family, and thoroughly educated in the various branches of medical science.

A despatch from Leecompton, Kansas, states that the Constitutional Convention consumed a week in organizing, and adjourned until the third Monday in October.

A great demand for mechanics exists at present in Memphis, Tenn. Bricklayers and carpenters especially, are in great request.—The city is growing rapidly, demand for labor is great, and remunerating prices are paid.

According to the most recent French styles for ladies' dresses, it will take 22 yards to make anything like a pattern. Who is going to get married at this rate?

"Ah," said an Englishman, "I belong to a country upon which the sun never sets." "And I," said a Yankee, "belong to a country of which there is no correct map; it grows so fast that surveyors can't keep up with it."

Washington Irving is gathering the materials for a life of Kit Carson.

The experiments recently made with the Chinese sugar cane have resulted so favorably that it is not unlikely it will become a staple plant of the country.

There is a great demand for building material in St. Louis. Bricks have gone up to \$8.50 per thousand. One brick maker there is clearing \$100 per day by his operations.

It has been satisfactorily ascertained that ducks enter the water for *diners* reasons, and come out for *sundry* motives.

What is more beautiful and poetical than the child's idea of ice—"Water gone to sleep."

Mr. McLoskey, a gentleman worth some \$150,000, dying in Paris, left \$6,000 to a niece in Dubuque, Iowa. The niece or legatee died on the same day as the testator. If the hour of her death preceded his, the legacy lapsed; if it succeeded his, the legacy is vested in her. (The time of their decease was so nearly identical that it is supposed it will have to be determined by the difference between solar and true time.)

At St. Louis on Saturday, a crop of choice Missouri barley, some 2,500 bushels, was sold by sample, for future delivery, at \$1.25 per bushel.

It is stated that one firm in New York will sell this Summer \$80,000 to \$100,000 worth of blackberries.

An honest farmer thus writes to the chairman of an English agricultural society: "Gentlemen, please put me down on your list of cattle for a bull."

Do not anxiously expect what is not yet come; do not vainly regret what is already past.

THE COTTAGER AND NAPOLEON.

Can any one read the following stanzas, translated from Beranger, the greatest lyric poet of the nineteenth century, and wonder why France, from cottager to king, mourns the death of her sweet ballad-singer?

Amid the lowly, straw-built shed,
Long will the peasant seek his glory;
And when some fifty years have fled,
The thrush will hear no other story.
Around some old and hoary dame
The village crowd will oft exclaim—
"Mother, now till midnight chimes,
Tell us the tales of other times.
He wronged us; say it, if they will,
The people love his memory still;
Mother, now the day is dim,
Mother, tell us now of him."

"My children—in our village here,
I saw him once by kings attended:
That time has passed this many a year,
For scarce my maiden days were ended.
On foot he climbed the hill, and nigh
To where I watched him passing by;
Smell his hat upon that day,
And he wore a coat of gray.
And when he saw me shake with dread,
"Good day to you, my dear!" he said
"Oh! and mother, is it true?
Mother, did he speak to you?"

"From this year had passed away,
Again in Paris streets I found him;
To Notre Dame he rode that day,
With all his gallant court around him—
All eyes admired the show the while,
No face that did not wear a smile;
See how brightly shines the sky!
'Tis for him! the people cry:
And then his face was soft with joy,
For God had blessed him with a boy."
"Mother, oh! how glad to see
Days that must so happy be!"

"But, when o'er our province ran
The bloody armies of the strangers,
Alone he seemed, that famous man,
To fight against a thousand dangers.
One evening, just like this one here,
I heard a knock that made me fear,
Entered, when I opened the door,
He, and guards perhaps a score;
And seated where I sit he said,
'To what war I have been led!'
"Mother, and was that the chief
Mother, was he seated there?"

"Dance, I am hungry!" then he cried:
I set out wine and bread before him;
There at the fire his clothes he dried,
And slept while watched his followers
o'er him.
When, with a start, he rose from sleep,
He saw me in my terror weep,
And he said, "Nay, our France is strong;
Soon I will avenge her wrong."
It is the dearest thing of mine,
The glass in which he drank his wine."
"And, through change of good and ill,
Mother, you have kept it still."

SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS.—A wealthy epicure applied to an Arabian doctor for a prescription that would restore his body to health, and give happiness to his mind. The physician advised him to exchange shirts with a man who was perfectly contented with his lot. Whereupon the patient set out on a journey in pursuit of such a person. After many months spent without accomplishing his object, he was told of a certain cobbler of whom every one had spoken as a model of contentment and happiness. Pursuing the direction given, the traveler was at length rewarded with the sight of the cobbler enjoying a comfortable nap on a board. Without ceremony he was aroused from his slumbers, and the important interrogatory whether he was contented with his lot was answered in the affirmative.

"Then," said the seeker after happiness, "I have one small boon to ask at your hand. It is that you exchange shirts with me, that by this means I also may become contented and happy."
"Most gladly would I accede to the request," replied the cobbler, but—
"Nay, refuse me not," interrupted the man of wealth; "any sum that you may name shall be thine."
"I seek not thy wealth," said the cobbler, but—
"What?"
"But the truth is—I have no shirt!"

HUMAN ELEVATION.

"I know," says Channing, "but one elevation of a human being, and this is Elevation of Soul. Without this, it matters nothing where a man stands, or what he possesses; and with it, he towers, he is one of God's nobility, no matter what place he holds in the social scale. There are not different kinds of dignity for different orders of men, but one and the same to all. The only elevation of a human being, consists in the exercise, growth, energy of the higher principles and powers of his soul. A bird may be shot upward by a foreign force, but it rises, in the true sense of the word, only when it spreads its own wings, and soars by its own living power. So a man may be thrust upwards in a conspicuous place by outward accidents, but he rises only as far as he exerts himself, and expands his best faculties, and ascends by a free effort, to a noble region of thought and action."

An Irish counsel being questioned by a Judge, to know for whom he was concerned replied, "I am concerned, my lord, for the plaintiff; but I am employed by the defendant."

Doubt and distraction on earth—the brightness of truth in heaven.

DOGODOLOGY—A NEW SCIENCE.

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL LESLIE COOMBS.

Although a veteran of the war of 1812, and one of its bravest, General Coombs still retains the sprightliness of youth; his head is erect, his back straight as a pine tree, his eye bright as a game cock's, and his laugh as cheerful as the carol of a bird in nesting time. All these qualities are doubtless owing to an internal well spring of wit and humor, as certain to keep the outer man fresh and vigorous as the spray of a fountain will keep its borders in perpetual bloom. One day the General was traveling in a stage coach with one of those unhappy philosophers who bestow more attention upon the bumps on their skull than on the findings thereof, except phrenologists. Of course, everybody in the stage was bored by this professor, until the General drew him into an unlucky ambuscade. "Sir," said Leslie, "I used to be of opinion that this science was neither correct, nor founded upon proper grounds, although I had never given the subject the attention I now find it merits; but I am convinced, from your very able discourse you have given us, that your theory is a just one, and of no little consequence when we need to make an estimate of the characters and dispositions of men. But although I had no great faith in it, yet I was sometimes struck with the resemblances in its leading features to a science with which I am familiar, and by which I am in a great measure guided in my intercourse with strangers."

"I presume," interrupted the professor, with a smile of self-satisfaction, "you allude to physiognomy?"
"No, sir," replied the General, "my science is dogology."

"Dogology?" echoed the Professor, aghast.
"Dogology," said the General, with a winning smile, "I can always tell, sir, by the appearance of a dog, what sort of a man his master is."

"Sir," replied the phrenologist, drawing himself up stilly, "I see your intention is to cast ridicule upon my science."
"Pardon me," said the General, with the most amiable expression of countenance, "I will convince you to the contrary. At the next town where we stop for dinner, and which I have never visited before, I will tell you from the dogs in the street what sort of men their owners are. And if I fail to do so, I will forfeit the drinks for the whole stage-load of passengers."
"Oh, yes," said the General, "I can readily make up a fanciful character for that of the master of every dog. I have tolerable good reason for believing. But how am I to tell whether you are correct or not? I am a stranger here as well as yourself; said the wary professor.

"We will leave the decision to the landlord of the tavern where we stop. He must know every person in the place," replied the General.

"Agreed," said the phrenologist, winking at the other passengers, and regaining his self-satisfied air; "I agree to that, and will forfeit the drinks if the landlord's account tallies with your descriptions."

On arriving at the tavern, dinner was speedily discussed, the passengers being anxious to enjoy the exhibition of this novel science. The General beckoned the landlord out of the bar room. This drew all the others with him, so that with them and the passengers there was a tolerable large group in front of the tavern, and of course this attracted other persons to see what was going on; so that by the time the landlord had been made acquainted with his duties as arbiter, quite a respectable audience was collected, in numbers, at least.

"The owner of that dog," said the General, as a fine pointer, with a steel chain collar around his neck, passed, "is a gentleman of education and property. He lives well, dresses well; has a fine house, (the best house in town, quoth the landlord,) enjoys himself rationally, is fond of society, a sportsman, (that he is,) is generally popular, and on good terms with his neighbors. How is that, landlord?"
"True as a die," said the landlord, "the very man."

Just then a little wiry Scotch terrier darted from under a garden gate, opposite, and rushed up street after a flock of chickens. "The owner of that dog," said the speaker, "is a boy about fourteen or fifteen years of age. A sly little rogue, always about some mischief; he is a spoiled child; perhaps the only one, he and the dog are constant companions, and neither are happy unless engaged in some scrape; and the neighborhood is no doubt in trouble all the time with their pranks."

"By jolly," said the landlord, "there's something in this dogology. That boy is just such a boy as you say he is, stranger!"

"The owner of that dog," continued the General, as a pug-nosed bull-dog, with great wrinkles on his cheeks, short, bilgeerent ears, heavy, thick eyes, broad chest, bandy fore-legs, and a tail that looked as if it had been drove up, made its appearance, "is an uneducated man. In disposition he is suspicious and obstinate; very wrong-headed; not likely to have many friends, if any, men like himself, not apt to take much interest in public affairs; close in his dealing, and not given to talk much."

"By thunder," said the landlord, "you've got him again. The owner of that bull-dog is a him again. The owner of that bull-dog is a dutch butcher. He don't talk, for he can't speak English good; he don't take no interest in speak English good; he don't take no vote, and he's public matters, cause he can't vote, and he's obstinate as a mule, as I know, for he always gets more pounds of meat on his bill than there is in his weight, and he won't take off a cent neither."

"That dog," said General Leslie, "elevating his voice, for he was very much elated—with success so far, and he saw a capital specimen of the bull terrier coming up the road—a union of ferocity and cunning—heavy-headed, lank-bodied, broad-breasted, eyes like coals of fire, ears and tail drove in for rough and tumble fighting—

that dog, gentlemen, is owned by a man who is probably the worst man in this town, if not in the State of Kentucky. He is destitute of honor and principle, and would not hesitate to take the life of any man for the sake of a few dollars.

Here he was interrupted by a voice in the crowd:
"Look here, stranger, you're making a little too free with my character, by God! That dog belongs to me!" and the speaker pushed his way through the crowd, and confronted the dogologist.

"My friend," said the General, calmly, pushing the hair back from his high forehead, "I want to ask you a question—where did you get that dog?"

"I raised him!" said the man.
"Then," said the General, "I've lost the drinks. I was only betting on dogology, and my friend, you have swept me. Come in," said he to the phrenologist, "I want you to feel the bumps of this gentleman, and I hope the rest of the crowd will join me in a drink to old Kentucky."

Any person who has seen the Great West will know how cheerfully this last sentiment was approved of by the crowd generally.—*Cozen's Wine Press.*

THE AIR OF YANKEE DOODLE.

During my residence in London, several years ago, the following letter came into my possession, and thinking that it might prove of some interest to your many readers, I enclose you a copy for publication in *The Press*.—Whatever may be the origin of the air of Yankee Doodle, it has become to us an entirely national in its character, that any information in relation to it cannot fail to be received with great interest by the American people. The writer of the letter, Dr. Reinbault, is an eminent professor of music in London. He has devoted many years of his life to the collection and preservation of the popular airs of England and other countries, and his thorough acquaintance with the subject about which he writes renders him high authority, and enables him to throw additional light upon the origin of our most popular national melody. The letter reads as follows:

LONDON, July 21, 1854.
Dr. Reinbault presents his compliments to you, and regrets very much that owing to his being away from London, your letter has remained so long unanswered.
With respect to the air of Yankee Doodle, the earliest copy which Dr. Reinbault has found is a *Waltz* of the year 1750, where it is printed in 6-8 time, and called "Fishers' Jig." This is very interesting, because for more than half a century the air in question has been sung in our nurseries to the verse.
"Lucy Locket lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it;
Not a bit of money in it,
Only binding round it."

According to a set of old engravings of London characters, (probably by Holier,) published in the reign of Charles II, Kitty Fisher figures as a courtesan of that period. This seems to send the time back a long way.
It has been said that the air of Yankee Doodle dates still further back, and that the verse
"Yankee Doodle came to town,
Upon a little pony;
He stuck a feather in his hat,
And called it macaroni,"
relates (with the alteration of Nankee for Yankee) to Cromwell. The lines are said to allude to his going into Oxford with a single plume fastened in a knot, called a macaroni. But this is all conjecture; all that we know for certain is that the air in question was known in England the first half of the last century as "Kitty Fisher's Jig." Dr. Reinbault has all the popular music of England from the earliest time, but finds no trace of the air of Yankee Doodle (in print) before the year 1750.

In connection with this subject, I also learned, when in London, that about the middle or towards the close of the last century, there was a musical clock attached to a church in the City proper, somewhere in the neighborhood of the famous Bow-Bells, which daily, at the hour of twelve among other melodies, played the air Yankee Doodle. I endeavored to trace the story to its foundation, and ascertain if possible the exact locality of the edifice that contained the clock. But the labor was in vain. Nothing definite could be learned, and no vestige of the building could be found. The simple story that such a thing had been, was all that time, in its ravages, had permitted to come down to the present. Yet, whether it be true or false, there can be no doubt of the fact that the air of Yankee Doodle was composed and sung long before the American Revolution. English mothers had taught it to their children, little dreaming that the day would come when from their loins would spring a generation of men who would take that strain, and blending it with a nation's glory, make it echo along the whole earth's surface. And now it has become the song of a great people.

Wherever "civilization spreads her luminous wings," Yankee Doodle may be heard mingling with the morning breeze and lingering in the evening air. Simple and touching in its melody, it has a magic influence to stir up old memories in the patriot's heart, whether he be in his own native land, or on some distant foreign shore. And it will continue to thrill with its resistless power the people of our Union, as long as we preserve the land our fathers left us undivided and an unbroken heritage.

Faithfully your friend,
HERMAN LEIGH.

"In short, ladies, and gentlemen," said an overpowered orator, "I can only say—I beg leave to add—I desire to assure you—that I wish I had a window in my bosom, that you might see the emotions of my heart." Vulgar boy from the gallery: "Won't a pane in your stomach do this time?"

VIDOCQ'S LAST EXPLOIT.

In our last, we mentioned the death of Vidocq, the celebrated Paris detective. The following in relation to him we cut from the Paris correspondence of the New York Daily Times:

Vidocq's period of glory was the Restoration.—He was the creator of the popular *Brigade de Storde*, of which he was a long time the chief. His memoirs, which he published, I believe, in 1829, in four large volumes, have been translated into English, German, Italian and Spanish. For a long time he was the hero, the mystery, the god of the Parisians. Himself a thief, he came out of the chain gang to enter the police. If a robbery or an assassination was committed, the first question was, "Is Vidocq after the malefactor?" Or if the malefactor escaped, everybody exclaimed, "That's because Vidocq was not in the affair!" Finally Vidocq fell into the exclusive business of watching for hire, infidel wives and husbands, a highly lucrative and amusing occupation at Paris, but certainly not very reputable. Even in his later years so great was his renown in his business that his aid was frequently sought by wealthy people. His last exploit was the following:

A rich merchant went to him to consult on a deficit of 150,000 francs which he found on his books. Vidocq demanded—

"What is the age of your cashier?"
"Twenty-five. But I am as sure of him as of myself; he has also been robbed; he is a victim like myself."

"Are you married?"
"Yes."

"How old is your wife?" Is she handsome? Is she honest?"
"Oh, Sir, my wife is virtue itself—honorable, attached to me, above—"

"Never mind all that; your cashier is 32; is your wife handsome?"
"Since you insist upon knowing, she is handsome, but—"

"But! but! no matter about the but! You wish to find your money, don't you, and you have confidence in me?"
"Of course I have since I am here!"

"Very well, then; go back home, make her believe that you are going on a journey, and introduce me into the house."

This was done. The merchant left home, and Vidocq hid himself in a closet near the chamber of the lady. Breakfast was served, a young man was shown in, and was thus addressed by Madame:

"Very well, Arthur, he is gone, but he suspects us, and we are lost."
"Don't be alarmed, Madam; I have a plan. I will trade of love and desolation, concluding with these words:

"Only one road is left open for us; let us take what remains and embark for—"

Vidocq stepped out of his concealment. Grand tableau.

"My children—be calm, or I'll break both your heads," said Vidocq. "We understand each other I suppose? Now, tell me where is the stolen money?"

"We have only 100,000 francs left," replied the woman.

"Are you telling the truth?"
"Oh, I swear it."
"Very well! Give it to me." The money was given over.

"Now, then, let this affair be forgotten; never speak of it to your husband, and he shall know nothing. As for you, Sir, give me your delicate little thumbs." He placed handcuffs on the gentleman, conducted him to Havre, put him on a ship bound for America, and left him with the French adieu, "Go hang yourself elsewhere."

Vidocq came back to Paris, handed the 100,000 francs to the merchant, saying, "Your cashier was the thief, but he had spent 50,000 francs of the money with a *dansuse*. I embarked him for New York. Afterwards no happier family was ever known than that of the merchant."

"DON'T STAY LONG."

It is rarely, indeed, that we have read anything more truthfully pathetic than the subjoined waif, which we find floating among our exchanges.

"Don't stay long, husband," said a young wife tenderly, in my presence one evening as her husband was preparing to go out. The words themselves were insignificant, but the look of melting fondness with which they were accompanied spoke volumes. It told all the whole vast depths of a woman's love—of her grief when the light of his smile, the source of all her joy, beamed not brightly upon her.
"Don't stay long, husband," and I fancied I saw the loving, gentle wife, sitting alone, anxiously counting the moments of her husband's absence—every few moments running to the door to see if he was in sight; and finding that he was not, I thought that I could hear her exclaiming, in disappointed tones, "not yet."
"Don't stay long, husband," and I again thought I could see the young wife rocking nervously in the great arm chair, and weeping as though her heart would break as her thoughtless "word and master" prolonged his stay to a wearisome length of time.

O! you that have wives to say "don't stay long," when you go forth, think of them kindly when you are mingling in the busy hive of life, and try, just a little, to make their home and hearts happy for they are gems seldom to be replaced. You cannot find amid the pleasures of the world, the peace and joy that a quiet home, blessed with such a woman's presence will afford.

"Don't stay long, husband!" and the young wife's looks seemed to say, "for her, here, in our own sweet home, is a loving heart, whose music is hushed when you are absent; here is a soft breast for you to lay your head upon and here are pure lips unsoiled by sin, that will pay you with kisses for coming back soon."

The spontaneous gifts of Heaven are of high value, but the strength of perseverance gains the prize.

MAD ANTHONY WAYNE.

Gen. Wayne was a great favorite with all who had served under him, and when it was known that he was to command the expedition against the Indians of the northwest, hundreds of his revolutionary comrades flocked to his standard and enlisted under his orders. There are those still living among us who remember Gen. Wayne when he took this post. He was very partial to those who served under him in the Revolution, and they could always approach him with more familiarity than others could. Among these old pets was a somewhat antiquated dragon, extremely averse to labor. He refused to do any service in time of peace, and had no other ambition in days of quietness than to keep his horse's feet ready for the fight, and his sword bright and sharp. The General was subject to attacks of the gout, and at such times was cross and petulant, and it then required no slight degree of courage to approach him. But the old dragon was never daunted by the General's temper. On one occasion when the General was particularly ill-natured from a severe attack, the old dragon had some favor to ask; approaching his room, he peeped in at the door, exclaiming—"Mad Anthony!" The General looked up and angrily ordered him to "be off sir!" Off went the dragon. In a few minutes he returned looking to the room and shouted, "Mad Anthony, I say sir!" The General looked up at him and said, "Be off, you rascal, and don't trouble me!" Away went the dragon. In a few minutes he returned, looked into the room and shouted, "Mad Anthony, I say, sir, it is as hard getting a glass of grog out of you as it was to get into Stony Point with you!" This appeal told. "Walter," said the General, "give that—rascal a glass of brandy and send him off." The old dragon tossed off the liquor, and retired until he should again be in want of a drink of the General's brandy.

The above was communicated to the writer, by an old resident, and one familiar with scenes of Indian and frontier war.

PREPARE FOR DEATH.

A Young Man in the vigor of health, was thrown from a vehicle, and conveyed to the nearest house, in a state of alarming danger. A physician was called. The first question of the wounded youth, was, "Sir, must I die? Must I die? deceive me not in this thing." He was told that he could not live more than an hour. He waked up, as it were at once, to a full sense of the dreadful reality. "Must I then go into eternity in an hour! must I appear before my Creator with no preparation? God knows that I have made no preparation for this event. I knew that impatient youths were sometimes thus cut off suddenly, but it never entered my mind that I was to be one of that number.—And now what shall I do to be saved? He was told that he must repent and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. "But how shall I repent and believe?" There is no time to explain the manner. Death will not wait for explanation. The work must be done. The whole business of an immortal being in this probationary life is now crowded into one short hour—and that is an hour of mental agony and distraction. Friends were around, and running to and fro in the frenzy of grief. The poor sufferer with a bosom heaving with emotion, and an eye gleaming with desperation, continued his cry of "What shall I do to be saved?" till, in less than an hour, his voice was hushed in the stillness of death.

STILL ANOTHER BLACK REPUBLICAN ANGEL FALLS.—Can it be possible that the fact of almost every clergyman who lent himself to the Fremont disunion scheme, in 1856, having fallen in crime and iniquity, will fail to open the eyes of every honest Black Republican to the fact that their conduct is abhorred by the Almighty, and that for their apostasy, He has given them over to unbelief and hardness of heart? These men who had dedicated themselves to the service of the great Jehovah, who could not fail to see that the election of Fremont must inevitably lead to a dismemberment of the Union, forsook their holy calling, and devoted themselves to the service of their country's enemies.

Now we see the result of their apostasy. We can scarcely open an exchange but the account of another clergyman falling into crime stares us in the face. This should be enough to convince every unprejudiced man, that the cause of Black Republicanism is an unholy and God-abhorred cause, and that the displeasure of high Heaven sooner or later overtakes those who understand its evil tendencies and embarked in it. The clergymen who enrolled themselves under the disunion banner of Black Republicanism are, one after another, being exposed, and consigned to the infamy their crimes and misdeeds entitle them to. The Mercer County (Ohio) *Standard* of the 3rd inst., says that Rev. Wesley Brock, who is one of the loudest Black Republicans in the north-west, an old minister and recently presiding elder of the district, has been guilty of the crime of seduction, and that the lady whom he has ruined has commenced legal proceedings against him. The *Standard* in noticing the matter, says:

We do not give publicity to this debasing crime of Mr. Brock with any intention of injuring the church. Far from it. Our sympathies have always been with the denomination of which he has been a leading but now fallen star. But we have always thought, and still believe, that so long as the church permits its preachers to dabble in politics to the neglect of their religious duties, it is sinning against itself in not silencing the renegades immediately. By such a course the church would soon regain the ground lost in the past few years, and confidence amongst the people. So long as political preaching is allowed, it will continue to suffer.—*Springfield Register.*

The *Union Telegraph*, has an article headed, "Why Old Maids Multiply." This is something new. It has always been understood that they are just the ones who do not "multiply, and replenish the earth."