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PRINCIPLES, not MEN.

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For the Republican.
BECERRIA TOWNSHIP, Oct. 17, 1863.
Messrs. Editors:—Since writing you last, events have passed which are almost too disgraceful to be indited—events which came very near driving our peaceful Democracy to the verge of strife; and had not the good people of Becerria possessed that high respect for law and order characteristic of that class of people whom "Niggerheads" style "Copperheads" and "Secessionists," the actors in this drama might have incurred for themselves a vast deal of danger—probably more than they are aware of.

What I am about to narrate is strictly true, without exaggeration or flourish—except where flourish is needed to trim the truth. It appears that, among the many who went to the election on last Tuesday morning was a young man who wore a "badge of Liberty,"—a very respectable and inoffensive man—who went with other Democrats to cast his vote in favor of Woodward, peace, States' Rights, and the Constitution and Union—not to quarrel with niggerheads. And among the followers of Curtin, and advocates of war and despotism, was a man, (or demon in man's form,) who is noted only for his quarrelsome, turbulent and contumelious propensities. He is the hero of the "Slide town" battle, of which you were informed some time ago. He is a man that minds other people's business a great deal more than he does his own, and in carrying out his peculiar personal qualities, stepped up to the young man who wore the "copperhead," when he was not facing him, and made a grab for the "jewel." This attempt at robbery enraged the young man, who immediately gave light, and handled the robber very severely for a little while, when Sneath's (the robber's) friends interfered and saved him from a sound drubbing. The consequence was, the robber had to "quit" and "skedaddle" on a double quick—[Bull] ran home again like a sheep-dog with his tail between his legs. Wonder if he'll ever again attempt to scare "copperheads."

In consequence of Sneath having to leave so abruptly, and without stealing the symbol of Liberty, which he swore so vauntingly to "carry off in triumph"—without committing the robbery he had meditated, raised the "bile" of the "niggerheads," who immediately despatched a messenger—"you lie, 'twas no messenger," my conscience tells me. What was it then?—"Why, fool, 'twas a monkey—an old monkey, with one shoulder up, and one shoulder down—a monkey, not of a high caste, but a very low caste, one with his tail cropped, and his face shaved, wearing a threadbare coat, and dirty shirt."—"Why, conscience, you are wrong, he can't be a monkey, for he talks."—"He don't talk, he screeches, and when he screeches his tongue goes, and you think he is talking." No, no, conscience, 'twas a messenger—"twas John L. McCully. I am right." I hope conscience will not interrupt me again. Yes, Messrs. Editors, a messenger was despatched to Janesville, with the news of the failure of Sneath's enterprise, and about a dozen men, (no, not men, idiots,) who had some "Jersey lightning" than good sense, came fretting, foaming and sweating up to the Cross-Roads, sweating vengeance on "copperheads," and vowing at the same time that they would return to Janesville bearing the "relic of olden times" that the young man wore on his breast, and recover the renown that Sneath had so ignominiously lost, and achieve a victory that the world would certainly be proud of. Yes! they would win back all that glory that our armies lost at Bull Run, Ball's Bluff, Richmond and Fredericksburg; indeed, they were determined to gain a victory that would outshine that won by McClellan at Antietam. After praying fervently for Mars to lead them safely through the gathering storm, they fixed their hopes firmly on glory's bright career, and marched forth to the field of their labor in the holy cause of—whipping "copperheads."

Everything, as they passed, seemed to give them homage. The trees reverently bowed their tops, as if they were striving to stoop to embrace and bless them; the birds chaunted their lively lyric strains, which the heroes, in their heated imaginations, construed into "Dony o'er the Alps," and "Washington's March;" the little squirts came hopping to the roadside to salute them, and then scampered away into the wood again; the zephyrs, sighing through the tree-tops, they thought, was the spirits of Generals Lyon and Reno, whispering courage in their ears, and urging them on to victory; the gently rippling waters of Muddy Run sounded like the magic voice of an invisible hero animating them to energy and hope; their uniforms (for they were mostly discharged soldiers) assumed a deeper hue than even the azure arched firmament above them; even the sun itself bowed, and smiled upon them. By the time that this long train of thoughts had rolled through their minds, and all had passed their opinions about affairs in general, and particularly the "Guerra a Course," they had arrived almost at their destination, and they looked over the crest of the hillock, behind which they had hidden themselves, into the crowd that had gathered at the poll, their eyes caught the stately forms of Hindman, Robison, Lightner, Washburn, Bear, and other sturdy Democrats, and their courage almost failed them; their hopes, that were so bright, of a glorious victory, almost vanished before the sweeping cloud of despondency that was now drawing its murky wings in sombre aspect around their respective "temples of fancy" (temples of reason they had none.) Meantime, where was that monkey messenger that strode away so gallantly after "reinforcements?"—Ah! ah! yonder he is at the head of that Spartan band. [What! Spartan, did I say? Why, Spartan heroism was sunk in obscurity when this band left Janesville on its triumphant march.] Yes, the

messenger was at their head, exerting great influence in arousing the spirits of the heroes which had been so suddenly checked—but checked only to rise again with renewed vigor. With the assistance of a quart of "Jordan's best," they were induced to a lance—but with the most friendly demonstrations towards the "copperheads."

Now commenced the war—not upon "copperheads," oh, no! the time had not arrived for the commencement of open hostilities upon them—but oh, horror! a war of extermination was waged upon the inanimate objects that were strewn around and were incapable of resisting the mighty powers that were swayed so furiously against them. They first wreaked their vengeance on a wheelbarrow unnoticed by decent men, but which was handled without mercy by the Janesville "corps de arriere;" next their patriotism (?) was practiced upon an old flour barrel; and then they attacked the little blocks and chips which lay around (of course saying "nothing to nobody!") then—oh! oh! (indeed I cannot describe the bloody scene, and—words fail me—) but 'twas too hot to drop the glorious (?) subject when I have just arrived at the heat of the contest.—Suffice it to say, they continued the struggle so long as there remained a fence-rail, shingle, lath, block, edging, stick, or in fact anything which they could pick up and dash down again without fear of being hurt in return. Thus proving to the world—what every body doubted—that "Niggerheads" could fight, and bravely, too! Yes, they always said that they were the bravest people in the world; but the fact has been hidden for the last century or two. But since these acts have been witnessed by many of Becerria's noble sons, we must come out boldly and acknowledge the fact that in personal courage they are not behind the age. Though they aided the British in the war of 1812-14, and opposed the Mexican war, we must give them credit for attending to "matters" on last Tuesday; and, if I was to go back to the days of yore, when we, our fathers, rather, were struggling for Independence, or a little back of that period, I might point them out to you parading the streets of Boston in martial style, bearing the effigy of Oliver, the British Stamp distributor, in triumph; and, if I mistake not, they mustered courage enough to enable them to behold it before Oliver's own door! Messrs. Editors, you will not agree with me, that they are brave and patriotic? You certainly will when you read that, by the time they had conquered this host of blocks and fence-rails, their courage had all oozed out at the palms of their hands, and after giving three "roarings" of faint screams for Curtin, they retreated in haste, leaving all the dead and wounded on the field; and we thought we were relieved of this dread enemy, when lo! they made their appearance again, marching directly for the battle-field.

The reason of this mysterious reappearance of these inevitable visitors was, as near as I can guess, about this: After marching away, out of reach of the missiles which they imagined the "legions" of fence-rails would hurl after them, they came to a dead stand. When they discovered that they had not said a word to the "copperhead," and that their struggles had been entirely against "dogs that couldn't bite," their courage began to "rise," and they again thought of the "relic of olden times," which was still shining on the breast of the young man. Just at this juncture a lack-bird flapped its wings over their devoted heads, and sang out "conquer-ee—a conquer-ee," then, thinking this a good omen of an easy victory, they wheeled to the "right about" and marched to the "bloody (less) battle-field, where [never] a hero fell," and, (surprising fact!) one of these "mole catchers" humbled himself by casting his garments to the dust, and threatening to whip a "copperhead," when, to his dismay he found the "copperheads" were all "there," and ready to resent an insult.—Then for the first time he thought himself better fitted for making excuses than for making war; told the "copperheads" that he "didn't mean Democrats—but copperheads!" They were then politely told that the words were (now-a-days) synonymous, when they shook hands with the Democrats and again fell into a disorderly retreat; but not without another "grab" for the little "bijou," and another failure—this time by the monkey-messenger, who received a blow from the young man which made him howl gently.

With martial pomp they tread the earth—
Like Bony's legions from haughty France—
They quit their homes—leave joy behind—
They've sought to cheer their troubled mind—
Yes, they leave the lord's land of their birth,
And into war's bloody fields advance.
The soil's made sacred where'er they tread,
Whether Scotia's hills or Ireland's bays;
Where fell the hero's upon the plain—
Thrice sacred the ground where they were slain
Blessed by Mars. Those who on the field have bled
Were patriots and heroes—not McCully and his dogs!

Who went about killing "copperheads," and failed to accomplish their heinous design.
Wicked hearts are always scheming, and cowardly souls are always failing.—But I must end my long epistle by calling upon "copperheads" to stand firm. The hour is not far distant when these fanatics will be made ashamed of their devilish career. Yours with respect,
YOUNG NESTOR.

Postmaster General Montgomery Blair, in a late speech, asks: "Where are we going under radical lead?" Well, judging from appearance, we should say that you are going pretty fast to the devil, if you are not already there.
Artemus Ward says there is no daily paper published in his town, but there is a ladies' sewing circle, which answers the same purpose.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH AND SLAVERY. BISHOPS HOPKINS AND POTTER.

In 1861 Bishop Hopkins, of the Diocese of Vermont, wrote a letter containing a "Bible View of Slavery," which sustained the institution as one sanctioned by the Bible. More recently the letter was extensively republished, and the attention which it attracted aroused the Church party hostile to Bishop Hopkins' views to the pitch of controversy. Bishop Potter, of the Diocese of Pennsylvania, and a number of clergymen and laymen, published in September, a protest against the "Bible View of Slavery" in the following words:

"The subscribers deeply regret that the fact of the extensive circulation through this Diocese of a letter by John Henry Hopkins, Bishop of the Diocese of Vermont, in defense of Southern slavery, compels them to make this public protest. It is not their province to mix in any political canvass. But as ministers of Christ, in the Protestant Episcopal Church, it becomes them to deny any complicity or sympathy with such a defense.

This attempt to apologize not only for slavery in the abstract, but to advocate it as it exists in the cotton States, and in States which sell men and women in the open market as their staple product, is, in their judgment, unworthy of any servant of Jesus Christ. As an effort to sustain, on Bible principles, the States in rebellion against the Government, in the wicked attempt to establish by force of arms a tyranny under the name of a republic, whose 'corner stone' shall be the perpetual bondage of the African, it challenges their indignant reprobation.

Philadelphia, September, 1863.

In October Bishop Hopkins replied to this protest as follows:
A Warning against Infidelity in the Church—Pastoral Letter of the Right Rev. Bishop Hopkins, Bishop of the Diocese of Vermont, Presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.

To the Right Rev. ALONZO POTTER, of the Diocese of Pennsylvania, and the Succeeding Clergy of Philadelphia:
I have seen, with great amazement, a protest against my letter on the "Bible View of Slavery," signed by you and a long list of your clergy, in which you condemn it as "unworthy of any servant of Jesus Christ," as "an effort to sustain, on Bible principles, the States in rebellion against the Government in the wicked attempt to establish by force of arms a tyranny in the name of a republic, whose corner stone shall be the perpetual bondage of the African," and as such you say that it challenges your "indignant reprobation."

Now, my Right Reverend brother, I am sorry to be obliged to charge you, not only with a gross insult against your senior, but with the more serious offence of a false accusation. My letter was first published in January, 1861, more than three months before the war began, at a time when no one could anticipate the form of government which the Southern States should adopt, or the course which Congress might take in reference to their secession. And when I consented to its publication, I did not suppose that it would be used in the service of any political party, although I had no right to complain, if it were so used, because the letter, once published, became public property. But in its present form there is nothing whatever in it which bears on the question of "rebellion," or of the "perpetual bondage of the African," or of "tyranny under the name of a republic," of which slavery should be the "corner stone." On the contrary, I referred, on the last page, to my lecture published in Buffalo in 1850, and to my book called "The American Citizen," published in New York in 1857, where "I set forth the same views on the subject of slavery, adding, however, a plan for its gradual abolition, whenever the South should consent, and the whole strength of the Government could aid in its accomplishment!"—"Sooner or later," I added, "I believe that some measure of that character must be adopted. But it belongs to the slave States themselves to take the lead in such a movement. And meanwhile their legal rights and natural feelings must be respected, if we would hope for unity and peace."

With these facts before your eyes, I am totally at a loss to imagine how even the extravagance of party zeal could frame against me so bitter a denunciation. The whole object of my letter was to prove, from the Bible, that in the relation of master and slave there was necessarily no sin whatever. The sin, if there were any, lay in the treatment of the slave, and not in the relation itself. Of course it was liable to abuse, as all human relations must be.—But while it was certain that thousands of our Christian brethren who held slaves were treating them with kindness and justice, according to the Apostles' rule, and earnestly laboring to improve the comforts and ameliorate the hardships of the institution, I held it to be a cruel and absurd charge to accuse them as sinners against the Divine law, when they were only doing what the Word of God allowed, under the Constitution and established code of their country.

I do not know whether your band of indignant reprobationists ever saw my book, published in 1857, but you read it, because I sent you a copy, and I have your letter of acknowledgment, in which you dissent from some of my conclusions, you did it with the courtesy of a Christian gentleman. In that letter there is nothing said about my opinions being "unworthy of any servant of Jesus Christ,"

and nothing of "indignant reprobation." But, *tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illa.* Yes! the times are indeed sadly changed, and you have changed accordingly. For many years you have met in brotherly council with these Southern slaveholders. You invited them to the hospitalities of your house, and paid them especial deference. The new light of Eastern Abolitionism had not yet risen within our Church, and if you then thought as you now think, you took excellent care that no man amongst your Southern friends should know it. Moreover, your favorite Theological Seminary, only three years ago, was the Virginia school at Alexandria,—a slaveholder,—and I am very sure that nothing at variance with my Bible View of Slavery was ever taught in that institution. Yes! we may well say of you, as of many others *quoniam mutatus ab illo!*—How changed is the Bishop of Pennsylvania in three years from his former course of conservatism, peace and spiritual consistency!

But the word of God has not changed; the doctrine of the Apostles has not changed; the Constitution of our country has not changed; the great standards of religious and real civic loyalty remain just as they were; and I remain along with them, notwithstanding this bitter and unjust assault from you and your clergy. I do not intend to imitate your late style of vituperation for I trust that I have learned, even when I am reviled, not to revile again. I respect the good opinion of your clergy, and am not aware that I have done anything to forfeit it. I respect your office, your talents, your personal character, and the wisdom and success with which, for many years, your Episcopate has been conducted. But I do not respect your departure from the old and well settled rule of the Church, and from the Apostolic law of Christian fairness and courtesy. I do not believe in the modern discovery of those Eastern philanthropists who deny the divinity of our Redeemer, and attach no importance to the Bible except as it may suit themselves. I do not believe that the venerated founders of our American Church were ignorant of the Scriptures and blind to the principles of Gospel morality. I do not believe that Washington and his compatriots, who framed our Constitution with such express provisions for the rights of slaveholders, were tyrants and despots—sinners against the law of God and the feelings of humanity. But I do believe in the teaching of the inspired Apostles, and in the Holy Catholic (or universal) Church, which you and your clergy also profess to believe.—I know that the doctrine of that Church of slavery for eighteen centuries together; and on that point I regard your "protest" and "indignant reprobation" as the idle wind that passes by.

I wish you, therefore, to be advertised that I shall publish, within a few months, if a gracious Providence should spare my life and faculties, a full demonstration of the truth "wherein I stand." And I shall prove it that book, by the most unquestionable authorities, that slaves and slaveholders were in the Church from the beginning; that slavery was held to be consistent with Christian principle by the Fathers and Councils, and by all protestant divines and commentators, up to the very close of the last century, and that this fact was universal among all Churches and sects throughout the Christian world. I shall contend that our Church, which maintains the primitive rule of catholic consent, and argues all novelties, is bound, by her very Constitution, to hold fast the only safe and enduring rule, or abandon her Apostolic claims, and descend to the level of those who are "driven about by every wind of doctrine." And I shall print your "indignant reprobation" with its list of names, in the preface to my book, so that if I cannot give you fame, I may, at least, do my part to give you notoriety.

That the nineteenth century is a century of vast improvement and wonderful discovery in the arts and sciences I grant as willingly as any man. But in religious truth, or reverence for the Bible, the age in which we live is prolific in daring and impious innovation. We have seen professedly Christian communities divided and subdivided on every side. We have seen the rise and spread of Universalism, Millerism, Pantheism, Mormonism, and Spiritualism. We have seen even our venerable Mother Church of England sorely agitated by the contagious fever of change, on the one hand towards superstition, and on the other toward infidelity and rationalism. And we have heard the increasing clamor against the Bible, sometimes from the devotees of geological speculation, sometimes from the bold denials of miracles and prophecy, and, not least upon the list, from the loud-tongued apostles of anti-slavery. We have marked the orators which cry "Down with the Bible, if it maintains the lawfulness of slavery." We have marveled at the senatorial eloquence which proclaimed that "it was high time to have an anti-slavery Bible, and an anti-slavery Bible." We have heard the Constitution of our country denounced as a "covenant with death and hell." We have heard the boasted determination that the Union shall never be restored until its provisions for the protection of slavery are entirely abolished.—And what is the result of all this philanthropy? The fearful judgment of God has descended to chastise these multiplied acts of rebellion against his divine Government, and what the final catastrophe shall be is only known to Him who seeth the end from the beginning.

After forty years spent in the ministry, more than thirty of which have been passed in the office of a Bishop, I can look back with humble thankfulness to the Giver of all good for this, at least, that all my best labors have been directed to the preservation of the Church from the inroads of doctrinal innovation. At my ordination I promised "so to minister the occurrence and sacraments and discipline of Christ, as the Lord hath commanded, and as this Church hath received the same"—and certain it is that "this Church" had not received the doctrine of ultra-Abolitionism at that time, as I trust she never will receive it, because it is contrary to the Sacred Scriptures. I also promised "with all faithful diligence to banish and drive away from the Church all erroneous and strange doctrines contrary to God's Word," and I made these promises in the true sense, which the venerable Bishop White, my Ordainer, attached to them—I believed then as he believed, that our Southern brethren committed no sin in having slaves, and that they were men of as much piety as any ministers in our Communion. I believed, as he believed, that the plain precepts and practice of the Apostles sanctioned the institution, although, as a matter of expediency, the time might come when the South might prefer, as the North had done, to employ free labor. Those promises I have kept faithfully to this day—and if, when I am drawing near to the end of my career, I am to be condemned and vilified by you and your clergy, because I still maintain them to the utmost of my slender ability, be assured, my Right Reverend Brother, that I shall regret the fact much more on your account than on my own.

In conclusion, I have only to say that I feel no resentment for the grossly insulting style of your manifesto. The stability and unity of the Church of God are the only interests which I desire to secure, and I am too old in experience to be much moved by the occasional excesses of human infirmity.
JOHN H. HOPKINS,
Bishop of the Diocese of Vermont,
BURLINGTON, Vt., Oct. 5, 1863.

ABOLITION MURDERS.

The Killing of Three Democrats by the Abolitionists—Appraisal of the Murderer of Mr. J. E. Bollmeyer in Ohio.

It will be remembered by our readers that on the last day of November, 1862, Mr. J. E. Bollmeyer, editor of the Dayton *Enterprise*, a Democratic paper, was wantonly assaulted and murdered in cold blood in the streets of Dayton, by a brawling Abolitionist, by the name of Henry M. Brown.—Brown was arrested and committed to prison in Dayton, and so great was the excitement and indignation, that a mob was raised, which endeavored to take the rascal from his cell and lynch him on the spot. But through the exertions of the Mayor of the city and others, they desisted, under the promise that Brown should receive the punishment due for his crime at the hands of the law. By the management of the murderer's counsel, and the action of the Court, the trial was removed out of the county to Miami. The trial came off in September just past, and what was the result? Day after day, while it was progressing, a large crowd of sympathizing men and women were in constant attendance, and were permitted by the perfidious Court, to mingle their sympathies with the prisoner and use their influence with the jury. The Judge upon the Bench, never once, from the beginning to the end of the trial, spoke to or of the defendant as "prisoner" or as the "defendant," but always as "Mr. Brown." He permitted these Abolition women to present the murderer with bouquets, in open court in the presence of the jury.—Every possible influence was brought to bear upon the jury, whose minds were, as the facts show, already poisoned with political hate before the trial. The murder was clearly proved, and then some half dozen Abolition hounds, who owed the murdered man a grudge, were allowed to testify that Bollmeyer was a fierce, dangerous, and quarrelsome man, when the facts were exactly the reverse, and that Brown was quiet, innocent and peaceable, when he was a notorious villain. Of course he was acquitted, and on the announcement of the verdict, the Court House rang with loud shouts for John Brough, the Abolition candidate for Governor of Ohio. We record these as the actual proceedings of an Abolition Court in Ohio, as we find them in substance in an Ohio paper.

The next case is that of Mr. Bellinger, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. We have just been a notice of the case are worthy of being put on record. Peter J. Bellinger, Esq., of Milwaukee, a promising young business man, a gentleman courteous in manners and reserved in language, was on a visit to New Lisbon, where he engaged in political conversation with an acquaintance, Dr. Secor. The latter, not in an unfriendly manner, called the former a "copperhead," and some soldiers overheard the remark. They immediately justified against Bellinger, pushing him several times into the gutter, and calling him "copperhead."—Mr. Bellinger in return denounced their violence, and starting to go to his hotel for a revolver, threatened that he would shoot his assailants if another attack was made upon him. He procured a pistol, loaded it, and then went about his business, going into the store of Mr. Both, a personal friend. We take the remainder of the relation bodily from the Milwaukee *News*: The party of soldiers followed him in, clamoring for his arrest on the ground that he had threatened to shoot them.—Mr. Both assured the soldiers that if they would go out and let him alone their desires would be gratified. He got the soldiers out, when to protect Bellinger from further insult or injury, he extinguished the lights and went out himself, locking Bellinger up inside, alone. The soldiers, not thus to be foiled, then repaired to the rear of the store and broke in, whereupon Bellinger broke through the front show-windows and ran for the Georgia House, pursued by the soldiers. The door being

fastened, he could not get into the hotel before the soldiers caught him.

It is the unanimous belief that at this time Bellinger believed that his pursuers meant to kill him, and for this there was sufficient ground for apprehension. Bellinger was violently seized, when a struggle commenced, the whole party of assailants attacking him. Bellinger drew his revolver while he was in the actual grasp of one or more of the soldiers, and while struggling in vain to get away. He fired apparently at random, exploding every cap on the pistol, discharging four of the barrels, killing one and wounding three others. He was so lamped that he could not have controlled his aim had he so intended. In the terror of the moment occasioned by firing the pistol, Bellinger retreated himself and got into the hotel.—The soldiers followed. By this time, several of the leading citizens had come to the rescue, and placed themselves in front of Bellinger for protection, he standing behind them. In this brief interval Bellinger seemed to realize that there was little hope for his life. He apparently had no confidence in the power of the citizens to protect him. He stood trembling and terror-stricken, and his assailants were infuriated. He hastily drew from his pockets all his personal effects, including his watch and purse, and handed them to a personal friend. The struggle for his protection between the citizens and soldiers continued for an hour.—At a critical moment during the conflict, one of the girls employed at the house nobly threw herself between the victim and the soldiers, and declared they must kill her before they killed him. At last the assailants extinguished all the lamps, seized the citizens by the feet, dragging them down. Bellinger was then mercilessly dragged into the streets, his head beaten with clubs and left for dead. One of them, not satisfied, remarked that he would "give him another blow." Bellinger at this moment rose to his feet, apparently delirious, exclaiming, "I am not yet dead!" At the same instant he struck a terrible blow at the soldier before him, felling him to the ground, and ran fifteen rods directly against a wood pile, as if blind or crazed, and fell. Here the crowd of soldiers rushed upon him and beat his brains out. His last words, uttered at this time were "Don't lynch!—Oh, dear!"

A few days since, Mr. Phillip Armstrong, a citizen of Miami, Ohio, was on his way from a political meeting in his neighborhood, and passing through New Carlisle, was brutally murdered by an Abolition mob. It seems from the accounts we have, that Jacob Armstrong, a brother to the murdered man, was passing through the town and hurried for Valandingham, when a crowd of Abolitionists rushed at the carriage in which he was riding, knocked him out, and commenced pelting him with stones. Phillip, who was in a carriage a short distance behind, hastened to rescue his brother, when the mob turned upon him, and one man struck him on the back of the neck with a corn-cutter, and another struck him on the head with a stone, smashing in his skull and killing him instantly.—Mr. Armstrong was a peaceable, honest farmer, loved and respected by all who knew him. He was about thirty-four years old, and leaves a wife and small children to mourn his fate. This adds one more to the black and damning crimes of Abolition. How long are an outraged people to wait, before they drive this dastard monster into a deep, dark, everlasting grave?

ROUGH ON THE CHAPLAIN.—In a private letter from a regiment which we take occasion to remark is not from Northern Ohio, we find the following doubtful compliment to the Chaplain of the regiment:

"You want to know if there is not employment in the army which would suit you. Well, I don't know. You might make a good Quartermaster or a Chaplain, but I hardly think you are qualified for the latter position. In order to be a Chaplain a man must be a good judge of whiskey, and be able to hold his own drinking. He must be an expert poker player, and a mighty good horse stealer. A man with these qualifications will make an excellent army Chaplain. We've got one in our regiment that has not preached a sermon or offered a prayer since he's been with the regiment, except once, when he prayed for a dead man."—*Cleveland Herald.*

ONE ENOUGH FOR HIM.—A middle-aged farmer and his wife enjoying a winter evening cozily together, when the conversation turned upon religious matters, as described in the Bible, which the man had open before him.

"Wife," said the farmer, "Pee-boo, thinking what happy society Solomon must have had in his day, with so many wives, etc., as is represented."—"Indeed!" replied the wife, somewhat miffed, "you had better think of something else, then. A pretty Solomon you would make—why you can't take proper care of one wife. What a figure you would cut then, with a dozen wives, and all of them as spanky as I am!"

The farmer took his hat and went to the stable to feed the cattle for the night.

Why is ambition like a weath-ercock? Because it is a vain and glittering thing to a spire.