

**Advertising Rates.**  
 One column one year, \$30.00  
 One half column one year, 15.00  
 One column one month, 1.50  
 One square (lines) 1 insertion, 75  
 Every additional insertion, 50  
 Printing of Business cards of not more than 5 lines, per year, 5.00  
 Auditor, Executor, Administrator and Assignee Notices, 2.50  
 Editorial notices per line, 15  
 Advertisements for a shorter period than one year are payable at the time they are ordered, and if not paid the person ordering them will be held responsible for the money.

**METHODISM AND REPUBLICANISM.**

I am a Republican in principle, and I wish to see this party succeed in our State this Fall. I desire this among many other reasons, because I honestly believe that it saved the Union in the dark hour of the Rebellion, and because the welfare of our Country, for years to come, can alone be committed with safety into its hands.

Is there any danger of its defeat? Suppose that I believe there is, what would patriotism call upon me to do? Ought I not to sound the alarm as far as my voice will reach? No one certainly will deny me this right, and I look upon it as a duty. Personally, I have nothing to gain or lose by the success of either Party. Voluntarily, therefore, unbought by any price, or unswayed by any selfish motive, I write this paper.

I glory in my Church, in regard to the Rebellion. Certainly there is no brighter page in our Country's history than that furnished by Methodism. No Church did more to sustain the cause of the Union than she, pouring out her treasure abundantly, and sending hosts of her sons to bear the brunt of the battle, and to shed their blood to defend our Flag.

And I know that in my own immediate region, throughout the great State of Pennsylvania, and all over the Land, there are hosts of Methodists, especially in the Ministry, who believe, without doubting, in the sound principles of the Republican Party, and there is no price large enough to buy them from their allegiance.

Is there any attempt to swerve Methodists, and especially Methodist preachers, from their devotion to a great cause? It is said that there is, and that the attempts will be continued more earnestly up to the very eve of the Election.

Upon the belief that this report is true, I write and urge my brethren not to be false to their principles and allow no unsound reason to influence them to vote for any man whose association, if not his record, proves that he holds views utterly antagonistic to those of the great Republican Party.

The reason has been urged, it is reported, and will be urged, it is supposed, again and again, especially upon the Methodist preacher,—“Vote for the Hon. A. H. Dill for Governor, because he is the son of a Methodist preacher.” So is another man the son of a Methodist preacher, and yet that same man was a Rebel in the South during the War. Suppose he was here now, and running for office, and that this reason was urged why Methodists of every class should vote for him, because he is the son of a Methodist preacher. Is there a Methodist layman or preacher who would not scorn such a plea, who would not regard any man urging it as insulting him, and who would not say to him—“No, sir, I can never cast my vote for a Rebel.” Is Hon. A. H. Dill a rebel? I do not say so. If he had been in the South during the war would he have acted as his brother did? I cannot tell. I can tell that at the North the Democratic Candidate for Governor did act with a party who sympathized with the South, opposed the war, and denied that the soldiers had the right to vote. How can any Methodist preacher, who is a Republican, though he has profound respect and the kindest feeling for his honored father, vote for his Democratic son?

But Senator Dill is a member of the M. E. Church, therefore vote for him. Simply because a man is a Methodist is that a sufficient reason why some great public interest should be entrusted to him? Is it not possible for a Methodist to be right in heart but wrong in head? To have principles so false and pernicious that following them no interest would be safe, and with them fully in the ascendant the Ship of State would be forced on some Scylla or stranded into some Charybdis. Vote for A. H. Dill because he is a Methodist! That reason is slyly hinted at in one of our Methodist papers which says: “The State of Pennsylvania has never had a Methodist Governor.” And I suppose if the writer of this sentence had presented his reasons plainly he would have said “Pennsylvania ought to have one a Methodist Governor—here is now a chance—vote for Mr. Dill.” Why vote for him because he is a Methodist? The foolish notion may possibly enter the minds of some that a Methodist Governor would bring great honor to the Church and in some way build up her interests. The Church, when true to herself, seeks not her honor from men but from God, and her interests depend not on any political party but the presence of Christ in the midst of her. But even could a Methodist Governor of our State bring honor and aid to our Church, is the Methodism of Mr. Dill of that type to assure us of such results? If it be, it certainly has improved greatly of late years, for there were times when he paid no attention to the Church of which he was a member in name; not even attending his worship nor visiting his pastor with common civilities of life. Now

**The**  
**VOL. 16. MIDDLEBURG, SN**

principles and vote for him. Pshaw! “Something is rotten in the State of Denmark.” And it looks very much like methodism of the Democratic Candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania is all put on for the sake of winning the gubernatorial race. How can Republican Methodists vote for Mr. Dill? Simply for the reason that he is a Methodist, and a Methodist of such a doubtful kind, hoping if he be elected that he will bring honor and help to the Church? Can any loyal Methodist preacher vote for him? Can any loyal Methodist preacher vote for him? Can that one do it who pled so eloquently his Country's cause at the opening of the Rebellion, asking, with an emotion the most intense, the question—a question that thrilled the audience in the Church of God and stirred patriotic hearts to their profoundest depths—“Who will go?” and was answered by the universal shout of men: “In the name of the Lord God we will go.” Can that preacher do it, who, when his Country called, obeyed the call, rushed to the front, bared his breast to the bullets of the enemy, and now carries a wound received in the glorious battle for the right? Can any patriotic Methodist vote for him when he believes that our Republic without the great Republican Party, would have gone down, broken shattered and ruined, and without party controlling the vessel it cannot be said confidently:—

“Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!  
 Sail on, O Union, strong and great!  
 Humanity, with all its fears,  
 With all its hopes of future years,  
 Is hanging breathless on thy fate.”

It may be said that this is a personal attack on Mr. Dill. Not at all I have nothing against him personally, and really wish him well in his legitimate calling. I cannot be regarded as an enemy of his family. I am friendly to his brother, who is a useful one in the gospel ministry, and therefore a grand one, and who now, on this account, wears his gray hairs as a crown of honor. But because I wish the candidate for Governor well, am a friend of his brother, and have a profound reverence and a sincere love for his father, is that any reason why I should cast my vote for Hon. A. H. Dill? Should I place my good wishes, my friendship, my love for another, above my love for my Country? Who will dare to urge a reason why I should lay aside my conscientious political principles and vote for a man who is diametrically opposite to me in politics? Who will dare approach me with such a plea? With my views, I could not vote for my own brother if he stood in the place of Mr. Dill.

It may be said in my opposition to Senator Dill, I am dragging up a dead and buried issue—the spirit that gave birth to the costly and bloody War of the Rebellion. Is that spirit dead and buried? No. Visit the South and see everywhere proofs of this fact. An intelligent Northern lady, on a recent visit to the South said: “No one surrendered but General Lee.” And that is true. Look at the Democratic Party in Congress when the power was again in its hands. We heard again of the fatal doctrine of State Rights. The impudent Southern claims upon the Treasury of the United States for the indemnity for losses in the rebellious War of the South, and other political views—the very basis of our prosperity, if not of our existence as a Nation. We have the most fraternal feeling for our brethren of the South. We are ready to do all we can for their welfare, to pour out our treasure, for instance, to aid those who are suffering from that terrible scourge, the Yellow Fever; but we do think that the time has not yet arrived when men who, if they had received their just deserts, would have died as Traitors, ought to be trusted with power. Nor should we be willing to trust with power the men of the North who gave “aid and comfort” to those who fired on the Flag of the Union, and did all they could to destroy the best Government on the face of the earth. It is impudent in Southern Traitors and in their Northern sympathizers to ask so soon for the trust of political power. Let them wait for long years till the Country is fully satisfied that their repentance for the loss of vast treasures and seas of blood in their dreadful attempt to destroy the Union, is sincere, and then ask humbly to be restored to places of honor and trust in the Government of the Country. And the Country may then hear and heed their request, but it ought not to do it now.

In this note of warning am I only putting up a man of straw? No, I am not. This boast has already been made: “There are thousands of Methodists, formerly Republicans, who will vote for Hon. A. H. Dill, and their votes will elect him.” Several prominent Methodist preachers of Republican proclivities have publicly declared their purpose to vote for him. Others, it is believed, intend quietly to do the same. Recently a presiding elder was approached on the subject of his vote, and he was told if by a certain time he indicated his purpose to support Mr. Dill, such an indication would be greatly to his advantage. “When the time came he wrote this reply:—“I have never supported the

I cannot now support a party which has favored Rebellion and Rebellion.” That preacher is a very true man. His brethren can safely commit their appointments into his hands, and trust him in any place of responsibility, for he never will betray their interests. And it is sad that a number of Methodist preachers, in view of a similar vote for the Democratic Candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania, are now riding on the roads on free passes. Surely this must be false. Methodist preachers certainly are brought like a sheep to the slaughter. His desire for the good opinion of his brethren would prevent this. He bought, his brethren would not trust him again in any place of responsibility. But Methodist preachers are controlled by higher motives than the good opinion of the brethren, and their report must be slander; it must be only an instance of the fact that *Angelo* things a sometimes said about the best at present of men.

**A METHODIST PREACHER.**  
 For THE POST.  
 European Correspondent.  
 Letter No. 4.  
 The Land of South.

There are few places in Europe which have been visited by more people than Melrose Abbey. Happily one of the slightest literary pretensions can be found who cannot see a picture of it in some point view. Probably there are not more than three or four ruins in all Europe which can compare with Melrose. While it is a complete ruin for it is unoccupied and without roof even, it is yet in so perfect a state of preservation as to show wonderful architecture, and to give good understanding of what beauty must have been before it was wantonly and wickedly destroyed. It has the additional charm of having its ragged and crumbling walls covered with ivy, that beautiful mantle of nature, that the harshness and desolation of the ordinary ruins is entirely wanting, and from the deep past seems to have sprung a joy and living present.

The structure whose ruins are much admired, was commenced 1323, although a building devoted some form of religious worship had occupied the same place in the immediate vicinity for eight hundred years previous. At first the Abbey was a very small building, costing no more than two thousand pounds of the money of that period. It was occupied by a community of Cistercian monks, who were bound by the rules of their order to constant and faithful labor. They therefore engaged in agriculture in transcribing and illuminating manuscripts, and particularly in the construction and ornamentation of the great building whose ruins are now found all over England and Scotland. There is a better picture of patience and perseverance, than these painstaking monks laboring faithfully year after year, with their own hands wielding the mallet and slowly cutting out those wonderful ornamental carvings of flower, plant, and curious and grotesque figures, with which both the outside and inside of the church was covered. Much of this work yet remains, though even after the storms of hundreds of years have beaten upon it, showing the wonderful delicacy and beauty it originally had.

Entering through an iron gate on the west side of the grounds we are at once in the midst of the ruin. On the right is a long corridor which is filled with various ornaments, most of which were built at a time that their descriptions cannot be read. Passing partly through this and turning to the right we enter the choir by a narrow doorway under the south window. The whole south front is the best preserved side of any of the building and although weather worn and decaying is grand in its proportions. On one of the towers can yet be seen a part of the face of the clock, with part of one of the hands yet remaining. The paint has long since gone from its face and the boards even are cracked and weather worn. The venerable and aged face, as it were, are dropping into the tomb, needs no inscription. *Tempus fugit* is inscribed on the fact that time flies. Looking around to the east side we get the east window which is a marvel of beauty. It stands in the thin wall. It is 57 feet high by 21 feet and is divided into five parts by perpendicular mullions, and these were subdivided into a large number of smaller sections. The delicate stone work much of which remains until the present day. On the extreme right the massive tower is entirely covered with a wonderful growth of ivy, which completely obscures the stone work of the tower. The ivy fully sweeping curves toward the ground. On the ruins at the left grass and flowers are growing on a corner of the wall. A rose bush was in full bloom fifty feet from the ground, while a few more were from their nests in the ivy and shrubbery on the ruins.

From within the walls of the Abbey and its interior. Although the sky is now clear, the atmosphere is