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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 Methodists. 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 professed respect and the kindest feeling for his honored father, vote for his Democratic son?

cannot now support a party which has favored Slavery and Rebellion. That preacher is a brave, 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 said that a number of Methodist preachers, in view of securing their votes for the Democratic Candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania, are now riding on the railroads on free passes. Surely this must be false. No Methodist preacher certainly can be brought like a sheep in the shambles. His desire for the good opinion of his brethren would prevent this. So brought his brethren could never trust him again in any place of responsibility. But Methodist preachers are controlled by higher motives than the good opinion of their brethren, and this report must be a slander; it must be only an instance of the fact that strange things are sometimes said about the best and purest of men.

A METHODIST PREACHER.

For The Post. European Correspondent.

LETTER NO. 4.

The Land of Scott.

There are few places in Europe which have been visited by more people or have been often or better described than Melrose Abbey. Happily any one of the slightest literary pretensions can be found who cannot recall a picture of it from some point of view. Probably there are not more than three or four ruins in all Europe which can compare with Melrose in interest. While it is a complete ruin, it is uncompleted and without a roof even, it is yet in so perfect a state of preservation as to show its wonderful architecture, and to give a good understanding of what its 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 banishes and despoils of the ordinary ruins are entirely wanting, and from the dead past seems to have sprung a joyous and living present.

The structure whose ruins are so much admired, was announced in 1325, although a building devoted to 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 enjoined 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 buildings whose ruins are now found all over England and Scotland. There is no 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, plants, and curious and grotesque figures, with which both the outside and inside of the church was covered. Much of this work yet remains, that even after the storms of hundreds of years have beaten upon it shows 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 ruins. On the right is a long corridor which is filled with curious old monuments, most of them so worn by time that their inscriptions cannot be read. Passing partly through this and turning to the right we enter the cemetery 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 old 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 weathered. The venerable and aged face, as it were just dropping into the tomb, needs no inscription of *tempus fugit* to impress on us the fact that time flies. Passing around to the east side we see the east window which is a marvel of beauty as it stands in the ruined wall. It is 57 feet high by 28 broad and is divided into five parts by perpendicular mullions, and these were subdivided into a large number of smaller sections by delicate stone work much of which remains until the present day. On the extreme right the massive corner is entirely covered with a wonderful growth of ivy, which completely obscures the stone work and falls in gracefully sweeping curves toward the ground. On the ruins at the left grass and flowers are growing, and on a corner of the wall a rose bush was in full bloom fifty feet from the ground, while birds were merrily singing and flying back and forth from their nests in the ivy and shrubbery on the ruined walls.

From within the ruins are equally striking and impressive. Although the sky is now the only covering of the Abbey one cannot look down its vast length and see what must have been the majestic spring of its grand vaulted ceiling, without feeling a thrill of admiration as he catches, in imagination, a glimpse of what must have been the beauty of the building when it was complete. In accordance with the Romish custom of the period in which the Abbey was built, the church is in the form of a Latin cross, with a length of 258 feet and an extreme width of 137.

Within the church are buried many men who were noted in their time. Here was interred Robert Bruce's heart, and here are the remains of the brave Douglas, the hero of Chevy Chase. Here is also the tomb of Scott's "Wizard of the North." Many of the inscriptions are very quaint, both in subject and expression. The best of a few are supported by the figures of monks with flowing robes, and on the fillet of one and beneath the other are the following nearly obliterated inscriptions, in abbreviated Latin: "Going whithersoever he would," and "When Jesus came the age of darkness ceased." Above the door of a stairway is a shield with a compass and this inscription: "As the compass goes straight around So does truth and loyalty, without doubt, Look to the end, quoth John Murro."

On a small stone in the form of four horse shoes fastened together, is the inscription, "Pray for the soul of brother Peter, the treasurer." Whether "brother Peter" had discovered the modern process of "hypothecating" the funds of the treasury and was afterward smitten with deathbed repentance, we do not know, as this is all the record he has left us.

The cemetery attached to the Abbey, which is now part of a sheep pasture, contains many half buried, half worn out monuments, and among them one tomb stone of an late date as 1858. On one of these ancient stones is this curious inscription: The earth goes on the earth Glimmering like gold; The earth goes to earth Sooner than it would; The earth builds on the earth Castles and towers; The earth says to the earth All shall be ours.

Probably there is not one traveler in a thousand who is able to take Sir Walter Scott's advice to visit Melrose "by the pale moonlight, and indeed it is stated that he never made such a visit himself, but it can be readily seen that under the favoring light of a mid-summer moon the ruins would have a peculiar beauty, and call forth all the romantic and poetical in a man's nature. Melrose Abbey is one of those places where one would like to spend days instead of a few hours, and drink the inspiration which comes from its contemplation. Examine it as often as you please or return to it after an absence of years and you will always find some new beauty in it.

It is customary for us to look upon the time from the 8th to the 13th century as the "dark ages," and we think of the people of that time as but half civilized and engaged only in war and plunder, but when we see the ruins of the grand cathedrals and castles scattered all over Europe, we can but respect the rude energy of those ages, which spent itself partly in building and decorating these wonderful monuments of their industry. The more we see of the world and what has been done by those who have lived before us, the less conceit we have for our time and the more respect for those who have lived hundreds of years before us.

From Melrose a drive of three or four miles along a pleasant English road bordered with hedges, brings us to Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott. Its castle-like towers do not come in sight until we are close to it as the building is situated on low ground. The structure is a curious compound of castle, and residence and was built, or at least rebuilt to its owner's wishes. There are four or five rooms to which the public are admitted at twenty-five cents per person. Indeed it is as bad in Europe as at Niagara Falls—you cannot get a sight of any thing worth seeing without first paying some one a fee. We were first shown the library, a room at least fifty feet long, which contains books on all sides from floor to ceiling, some 20,000 volumes in all. Here is the large leather covered arm chair in which Sir Walter sat and the plain table at which he wrote. Joining this is a little study, with one small window, just large enough to comfortably hold a chair and table. In this room the great novelist did much of his hardest work. Connected with the library is the reception room which contains many portraits and curiosities presented him. Next to this is a room used as an armory which contains a fine collection of weapons. Among the

notable: Roman spears; Montrose's sword; a pair of pistols taken from Napoleon's carriage at Waterloo; the armor of one of the kings of Scotland; the rusty keys of the old Tolbooth at Edinburgh, and a fine collection of modern and middle age arms from all over the world.

The exterior of the house is decorated with several memorial slabs from places of historic interest. The grounds are prettily laid out and are ornamented with statuary. A fine effigy of Scott's favorite dog Maida is particularly noticeable. In front of the old part of the house is the stone foundation of the old cross at Edinburgh which in former times on festival occasions flowed wine instead of water.

Language can hardly portray our thoughts as we lingered in these rooms so familiar to the great novel list whom we all admire. When we can see the books he read, the place where he studied and wrote, the mementos and weapons which he seemed to weave into his wonderful stories, it seemed as if we had been into the workshop of Vulcan and seen the material of which Jove's thunderbolts were forged. It brought home to us with more force than ever that the true genius to which the world owes so much is not the spasmodic offerings of some inspired mind, but what Dickens claimed as the sum of his genius, the genius for hard work. With this visit to Melrose and Abbotsford, and with our love for the novelist greatly increased, we bid adieu for the present to Scotland.

O. R. BURCHARD.

A BAD TEMPER.—There are few things more productive of evil in domestic life than a thoroughly bad temper. It does not matter what form that temper may assume, whether it is of a sulky kind that maintains perfect silence for many days, or the madly passionate, which vents itself in absolute violence. Ill temper at any age is a bad thing, it never does anybody any good, and those who indulge in it feel no better for it. After the passion has passed away one sees that he has been very foolish, and knows that others see it too. Bad temper in the aged is, perhaps, the most trying of all. It is, indeed, a pitiable sight to see the wrinkled cheek of an old person aflame with anger and passion. Since anger is useless and an unspeaking misery to its victims, why should it be indulged in at all?

Sayings from the Chinese.

1. Dig a well before you are thirsty.
2. The ripest fruit will not fall in to your mouth.
3. Great wealth comes by destiny—moderate wealth by industry.
4. The pleasure of doing good is the only one that does not wear out.
5. Water does not remain in the mountains, nor vengeance in great minds.
6. Let every one sweep the snow from his own door, and not busy himself about the frost on his neighbor's tiles.
7. Every to-morrow has two hands. We can take hold of it by the handle of anxiety or the handle of faith.

A love-smitten youth closed his letter with, "I send you ten thousand kisses, darling." If "darling" had had experience in such matters, she knows that one kiss on the lips is sweeter than ten thousand on paper.

When placed under a microscope the sting of a bee presents a polish of dazzling beauty, but when placed in the end of a man's nose it takes on the semblance of a rat tail file dipped in vitrol.

Man proposes—woman disposes—of his loose change.

How to get ahead—Steal into a cabbage patch.

The Bible.

It is the book of Wisdom, to show the right and wrong. It is a book of Wisdom, that condenses all fully and makes the foolish wise. It is the book of Truth, that detects all errors. It is the book of Life, that shows the way from overliving death. It is the Most Comprehensive book in all the World.

It is the Most Authentic and entertaining History that ever was published. It contains the most antiquities, remarkable events and wonderful occurrences. It points out the most heroic deeds and unparalleled wars. It describes the Celestial, Terrestrial, and Lower Worlds. It explains the origin of the Angels, Myriads and Devilish legions. It will instruct the most accomplished Mechanic and profoundest Artist. It will teach the best Rhetorician, and exercise every power of the most skilled Arithmetician. It will puzzle the wisest Anatomist and the nicest Critic. It corrects the vain Philosopher, and confutes the wisest Astronomer.

It exposes the subtle Sophist, and drives Diviners mad. It is a complete Code of Laws, a perfect body of Divinity, an unequalled Narrative. It is a book of Lives. It is a book of Travels. It is the best Covenant that ever was agreed to, the best deed that ever was sealed. It is the best Evidence that ever was produced, the best will that ever was made. It is the best Testament that ever was signed. It is wisdom to understand it; to be ignorant of it, is to be awfully destitute. It is the King's best copy and the Magistrate's Rule. It is the Housewife's best Guide and the Servant's best Instructor. It is the Young Man's best Companion.

It is the Schoolboy's Spelling book. It is the Learned Man's Master-piece. It contains a choice Grammar for a Novice and a profound Mystery for a Sage. It is the ignorant Man's dictionary and the wise man's Directory. It affords knowledge of witty inventions, and it is its own interpreter. It encourages the wise, the warrior, and the overcomer. It promises an eternal reward to the excellent, the Conqueror, the warrior, the prevalent. And that which Crowns all is that the Author, without partiality, without Hypocrisy, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.

Is GOD.

New Shoes.

When a woman has a new pair of shoes sent home she performs altogether different from a man. She never shoves her toes into them and yanks and hauls until she is red in the face and all out of breath and then goes stamping and kicking around, but pulls them on part way carefully, twitches them off again, to take a last look and see if she has got the right one, pulls them on again, looks at them dreamily, says they are just right, then takes another look, stops suddenly to smooth out a wrinkle, twists around and surveys them sideways, exclaims "Mercy! how loose they are," looks at them again square in front, works her foot around so they won't hurt her quite so much, takes them off, looks at the heel, the toe, the bottom and the inside, puts them on again, walks up and down the room once or twice, remarks to her better half that she won't have them at any price, tilts down the mirror so she can see how they look, turns in every possible direction and nearly dislocates her neck trying to see how they look from that way, backs off, steps up again, takes thirty or forty farrow looks, says they make her feet look awful big and never will do in the world, puts them off and on two or three times more, asks her husband what he thinks about it and then pays no attention to what he says, goes through it all again and finally says she will take them. It's a very simple matter.

CAUTION.

Notice is hereby given that the following articles have been purchased by the undersigned at Constable's Sale and left in possession of Emanuel Sassaman during his pleasure, all persons are cautioned not to meddle or interfere with the same: 3 Tables, 2 Bedsteads, 2 Cupboards, 4 Bedsteads and Bedding, Flour Chest, 9 Chairs, 4 Barrels, 3 Meat Stands, 2 Cheats half a barrel of Salt, lot of Crocks, Stand, Clock, Looking Glass, lot of Carpenter Tools, 2 Rinks and 1 unsharped, 3 Tables unsharped, Carpenter Bench, 2 Bath tubs measure, mangle for 6 Wood Chests, 2 Grind Stone, Wood Saw, Shovel, Grubbing Hoe, Wheelbarrow, Saw, 5 Shovels, Iron Kettle, Gun, 2 Tubs, lot of Potatoes and Garden Vegetables.

JOHN KESTER, Sept. 19, '78.

GOVERNMENTAL DIRECTORY.

UNITED STATES. President—Rutherford B. Hayes, Ohio. Vice President—William A. Wheeler, New York. Secretary of State—William M. Evarts, New York. Secretary of the Treasury—John Sherman, Ohio. Secretary of War—George W. McCrary, Iowa. Secretary of the Navy—Richard W. Thompson, Indiana. Attorney General—Charles Devens, Massachusetts. Postmaster General—David M. Key, Tennessee. Secretary of the Interior—Carl Schurz, Missouri.

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JUDICIARY. United States Supreme Court. Chief Justice—Morrison R. Waite, of Ohio. Associate Justices—Clifford, of Maine; Swayne, of Ohio; Miller, of Iowa; Field, of California; Strong, of Pennsylvania; Bradley, of New Jersey; Hunt, of New York. Recorder—Wm. Todd Otto, of Indiana. Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. Chief Justice—Daniel Agnew. Associate Justices—George S. Sharswood, Glynnes Meeker, Isaac G. Gordon, Edward M. Paxson, Warren J. Woodward, John Trunkley.

Twentieth Judicial District. President Judge—Joseph C. Bucher. Associate Judges—Hiram O'Neil, Samuel B. Schuck. COUNTY. Sheriff—D. Eisenhart. Prothonotary—Jeremiah Crouse. Register and Recorder—James M. Vandusen. Treasurer—Henry Baner. District Attorney—J. H. Arnold. Coroner—A. M. Smith. Commissioners—Joel Row, John Romig, Moses Krebs. Surveyor—George B. Benfer. Auditors—George Helfenbach, Ner B. Middleburgh, W. A. Glass.

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LEVI RELLER Sellersville, April 18, 78-11

PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

Trains leave Sellersville Junction as follows MAIN LINE—WESTWARD. Pittsburgh Express 1 00 a. m. Pacific Express 1 20 a. m. Way Passenger 1 40 a. m. Mail 1 50 p. m. Fast Line EASTWARD. Philadelphia Express 12 30 a. m. Pacific Express 1 00 a. m. Johnston Express 1 20 a. m. Mail 1 40 p. m. Atlantic Express 1 40 p. m. The Fast Line, Way Passenger and the Pacific Express run daily. Way trains leave stations in Mifflin county as follows:

	WESTWARD.	EASTWARD.
	a. m.	p. m.
Oranville	10 55	4 57
Anderson's	11 27	4 29
Longfellow	11 51	4 10
McVeytown	12 15	3 54
Manlyville	11 25	4 27
Vineyard	11 50	4 13
New Hamilton	12 15	3 57

The Pacific Express went on as flagged at McVeytown at 6 a. m. and the Atlantic Express east at 8 25 p. m.

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