



The Lehigh Cattle Powder.

It is warranted to be the most powerful...



Warranted to be the most powerful...

It is warranted to be the most powerful...

It is warranted to be the most powerful...

It is warranted to be the most powerful...

It is warranted to be the most powerful...

It is warranted to be the most powerful...

It is warranted to be the most powerful...

It is warranted to be the most powerful...

It is warranted to be the most powerful...

It is warranted to be the most powerful...

It is warranted to be the most powerful...

It is warranted to be the most powerful...

It is warranted to be the most powerful...

It is warranted to be the most powerful...

It is warranted to be the most powerful...

It is warranted to be the most powerful...

It is warranted to be the most powerful...

It is warranted to be the most powerful...

The Attempt to Abolitionize the Methodist Episcopal Church.

A Prominent Layman's Reply to the Clergy.

Address of Hon. D. A. Ogden, at Lima.

The following is the concluding portion of the address delivered at Lima on Wednesday evening last by Hon. Darius A. Ogden, of Penn Yan:

Mr. Ogden said there was one other subject upon which he desired to say a word, and he desired to say it here and now.

Here at Lima, where the great institutions of learning of the M. E. Episcopal Church of Western New York are located—where intellectual power, sound theology, and a correct religious faith are supposed to be expended, here at this centre of learning, and in the midst of the divines of the church who faith I profess and whose policy I admire, I desire, in the exercise of a layman's right, to speak a few plain words, for it was here and by an annual conference of the M. E. church, daily organized and acting in official capacity, that one of the most outrageous acts of bigotry, wrong and injustice was perpetrated a few weeks ago—an insult alike to religion, to the Methodist church, and to every member of that church who, in the honest exercise of his liberty, belongs to the Democratic party. I desire in this matter to be precise, and I here quote the resolution of the Genesee conference held recently in Ives:

Resolved, That it is the decided and unanimous opinion of this conference, that the profane and radical views, which in the present election season are to be met and defied by American citizens at the ballot box, divide the people into two great parties, viz. Patriots and Traitors.

To this follow two other resolutions in the highest degree laudatory of the present administration and pledged to its earnest support.

The meaning of the resolutions is clear and the charge is deliberate, that all who fail to vote for Mr. Lincoln, or support his administration policy, are traitors. In this resolution there is no allowance for honest differences of opinion, no charity such as the gospel inculcates, no toleration such as the Saviour preached and taught, but it is a stern, and I will add, unchristian condemnation of millions of men, who are quite as faithful to their country, to liberty, to the government, and who have shown it by word and deed, and sacrifices and devotion, as those divines, those clerical uncles and judges, who, outside of their calling, outside of all decency and christian charity, set themselves up as political judges, and partisan politicians. They speak of issues but mean to mean to do nothing.

As I have said, I do not mean to do anything but to speak the truth, and to do so in a plain and simple manner, and to do so in a way that will be understood by all.

With scathing madness and low vituperation they trumpet Christian charity in the dust and set the very bad example of indulging evil tempers and uttering wholesale slanders. And yet these men are our pastors, shepherds of the Christian flock. God defend the flock and save the people from the example and teachings of this arrogant fanaticism. Then my weak and ungodly political hucksters, these reverend gentlemen say we seek to unman them by denying to them the right to indulge in partisan discussions. Not at all. We did not ask them to become ministers. They claim to have been called of God. Their vows were self-imposed. They were set apart to the holy work of the Christian ministry by their own consent. It is a

peculiar, special and holy work. Honestly pursued it does impose restraints. And if they have become weary in well doing, tired of their work, and long for the politician's work, and desire to become stump orators and partisan political preachers, let them, like honest men, doff their robes and enter the list, and take the rough and tumble of the strife. They have no right, like cowards, to skulk behind the pulpit, put on sanctimonious airs, and then utter their anathemas against all in the pew or church who differ with them in political opinion. Such is not gospel preaching either in spirit or word. Such was not the import of their ordination vows. Such was not the holy work to which they were solemnly dedicated and set apart, and would be to them if they leave the Master's work for this other work. Their opinions are their own, their ballot within their own keeping, and far be it from me to condemn the free exercise of either. The act of this that I complain, but of their insufferable intolerance, their distasteful bearing, their abnegation of all charity, their wholesale slanders. Why, they charge treason, one of the highest crimes, upon all men and women in the church or out, who belong to the Democratic party, and who in this election support George B. McClellan.

That is the monstrous anti-Christian spirit manifested by the conference of divines, and it deserves condemnation and must receive the reprobation of fair minded honest Republicans, as well as Democrats. Since a spirit and such language is not religious, but bigotry; 'tis not the gospel nor its preaching, but the lowest form of fanaticism and the most dangerous kind of devilry. Its only tendency is to breed contention, animosity, hatred and civil war. Men are not to sit tamely down and be sent to the pit as criminals by a conference of ministers because they cannot, in the discharge of their duty, vote for Mr. Lincoln. They will and must resent this insult; it is not in human nature to bear it. We, as Democrats, are honest in our politics; our opinions are seriously and religiously formed. We believe, religiously believe, that the highest and best good of the country demands a change of administration. To this end we work as patriots. We see in this course the only sure way of our national troubles; the only certain and safe path to honorable and lasting peace. We seek to save and perpetuate this government. To this end we support and intend to vote for General McClellan. In all this we were sincere, earnest, honest; and then are we to be told by your holy priests that we are all traitors? No. A conference who will thus resolve are beside themselves. They have fallen from grace, turned aside from their righteous calling, and allowed their political partisan zeal to master their christian charity. They are no longer a religious body, and no longer entitled to respect as such. They are a Republican caucus or convention, and have substituted for their tender and teacher "Our Abraham," as one of the number calls Mr. Lincoln.

An Iroquois: do I exaggerate; do I bring into contempt this body of ministers, and overstate their position, their policy and wrongs? Read again the resolution of their exact position. There is no evading it, they resolve, in conference without specifying any thing but opposition to Mr. Lincoln's re-election, that millions of their fellow-citizens of the loyal States are vile criminals, traitors liable to death. And if honest, can these gentlemen stop here? Can they make these grave charges and then stop if they are sincere and honest? They must arraign every Democrat who belongs to their churches; try every one opposed to Lincoln and expel them as traitors. To this it must come at last, if these men speak the truth and mean what they say. Nay, more, they must prosecute them in the courts, indict, try, and hang them as traitors.

These men are like Saul, as fired with zeal he went from Jerusalem to Damascus. In his view all the followers of Jesus were traitors, deserving of chains, prison, death; and his party sent him out on his errand of destruction, but he was then a Christian minister; then he was a partisan of the Jewish Sanhedrin—he was beside himself with fanaticism—he was following an administration, bowing down to power; and although he might have been very honest, he was certainly very wrong; and when the High and Lofty One touched his heart, and when the scales fell from his eyes, and he saw the truth and became imbued with the temper, spirit and faith of Jesus, he acknowledged his error and made confession of his sin, and low unlike was Paul, the Christian, here and

minister, and Saul, the bitter, unrelenting partisan and bigot. Again let, these ministers of the Genesee Conference contrast their own harsh resolution with their Master's Sermon on the Mount, and see if in their partisan zeal they had not forgot the teaching, the example and spirit of Him "who speaks as never man spoke."

I have no doubt these mistaken men will blush with shame, confess in sorrow, and repeat when the excitement of the canvass shall be over, and when religion, reason and right thoughts shall resume control over them, and that their folly will appear as it is and they will ask the Great Head of the Church to forgive them. They will mark that my complaint is not that these men are Republicans—that they vote for Mr. Lincoln—that is their privilege; but it is their departure from all decency, Christian courtesy and charity, and their wholesale miserable slanders and denunciations of men as honest as themselves and whose only offence is a difference in political opinion.

I am often met by this class of clerical politicians with the assertion; why you are contending for slavery; you seek to uphold a stuporous system of moral wrong, and we can but denounce your course! Honest as these men may be in this, they are entirely mistaken; they mistake and mistake the real issue—as we understand it. We contend not for slavery—we wage no political campaign for it; supporting to support General McClellan with no intent to uphold slavery or give it aid and comfort. We strive for the maintenance of the Government of our fathers—for its continuance with all its blessings to us and our posterity, we fight its political battle and go so earnestly into this election. We see in the election of Gen. McClellan hope for our country, through a change of administration. We expect to restore the Union, to stay the ravages and suffering of war, and give back to all our people law, order and constitutional liberty, with peace and prosperity. And for this we are denounced as traitors.

If the admission be made even that slavery was indirectly if not directly the cause of the war, it by no means follows that it is or can be the legitimate object of the war. Mr. Lincoln got up no such pretence in the beginning—it is a State not a National institution; it is hateful to me, to us all; we dislike it—we desire its overthrow—will do all that is consistent with the Constitution of our country to abolish it; but we must take things as they are, allow reason and common sense to apply. I cannot consent to overthrow all the guarantees which secure liberty to white men in a bootless crusade against slavery. If in the struggle to uphold the Constitution, to maintain the Government slavery be incidentally or accidentally killed, I shall rejoice; but when I see a great people plunge into a hopeless, exterminating war for abolition, the Constitution set aside, the legitimate objects of war perverted, and with all, no good, even to the black man, promised, I think it is time to pause, examine the change, if we can, this policy so destructive of the future of our country, and with no promise of permanent advantage to the black man.

A Remarkable Hoax.

A singular hoax was played upon the Missouri Legislature recently. Mr. Wolfe of Platte county, a member of the House having gone home, a despatch was received by one of his fellow members announcing his death. The despatch bore the name of a prominent gentleman, and no doubt was entertained of its genuineness. Accordingly the announcement was formerly made known both in the House and Senate.

The customary eulogies were pronounced and resolutions adopted, and both branches of the Legislature adjourned, the House having previously ordered the hall in which it sits to be draped in mourning. This occurred on Thursday, the 21st. Judge what the surprise of the members must have been when, on Saturday afternoon—two days later—Mr. W., in his own proper person, entered the chamber and took his seat!

The funeral hangings of the room were soon removed, and the members were quite as prompt in tearing off the crepe which they had resolved to wear for the period of thirty days. Of course Mr. Wolfe was much gratified to see and read of the cessation in which he was held, but he was still better pleased with the consciousness of his continued existence. Nothing has transpired with reference to the author of the hoax.

Tho's. F. Meagher on McClellan.

On the evening of the 27th of Oct., Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher, delivered an address at Nashville, Tenn., in support of Lincoln and Johnson, in which to the delight of a large number of soldiers and Democrats present, and to the infinite disgust of the Lincoln men, including the correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, from whose report we quote, he passed a glowing eulogy on McClellan. We commend it to the attention of the "Loyal Leaguers" and General McClellan's slanders generally. Gen. Meagher said:

"Pronouncing in favor of the Baltimore Convention and its nominees, as a matter of course I pronounce against the Chicago Convention and the nominations emanating from it. [Hear, hear, hear.] This I sincerely regret compelled to do for I widely differ from those who assert that General McClellan personally is unworthy of occupying the Presidential chair—[Lead cheers for McClellan.] Highly cultivated, refined in manner as in mind, deeply imbued with a reverence for all that is virtuous, wise and heroic in the history of the Republic, proud of his nationality and sensitively jealous of the honor of his country, I am satisfied that no man could bring to the discharge of the duties of the Presidency a better spirit, nor to the position itself, exalted as it is, a more appropriate gracefulness, manliness and dignity. [Lead and continued cheering.]

In his truthfulness, in the goodness of his heart, in his disposition to serve the country faithfully and earnestly, whether in civil life or in the field, to the utmost of his ability, I have the fullest faith. [Lead cheers:] and this faith not only respects but respects the imputations against his loyalty and courage in which those who do not know him have seen fit to indulge. [Lead cries of hear, hear.] The firm gentleness with which he has borne these imputations, contrasts in my mind the belief, that a temperament so well disciplined as his, a nature so magnanimous, a demeanor so chivalrously decorous, qualify him personally, in a superior degree, for the highest office in the gift of the people. [Lead cries of bravo Meagher, and enthusiastic cheering.] As to his evasion of the dangers of the battle-field, all I can say is this—that if General McClellan was not under fire at Fair Oaks and Malvern Hill, neither was the Irish brigade, (tremendous cheering) and this I should have said before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, had I been examined by that Committee. [Long and loud continued cries of hear, and deafening cheers.] An upright and exemplary citizen, an accomplished and judicious soldier, true to his flag, (hear, hear, hear) nothing, I repeat, can with any serious force be justly urged against him personally in derogation of his claims to the Presidency. (Enthusiastic cheering and cries of well done Meagher.)

For my part, if any man, in my presence, dare call General McClellan a traitor or a coward, I will not stop to argue with him—I will at once knock him down. I will answer such assertions only with a blow—and an Irishman's blow at that!"

"Butler is in favor of proposing peace and offering an amnesty."—Chicago Tribune.

Why not "shoot him" as a traitor then? No "Copperhead" ever proposed any thing more or worse than that. It is claimed that the re-election of Lincoln is a condemnation of "peace" and "amnesty"; so the quaker Butler, with such notions, is hustled out, the better. "Peace," indeed! Wasn't it asserted a hundred times, before the election, that the only peace commissioners that would be sent should be such as Grant, Sheridan, and Sherman? What right has slavery to be on the Chicago platform? GET OFF IT AT ONCE!

Over five hundred Union soldiers who were prisoners in the South, and have been in rebel custody over a year, becoming weary of their confinement, are said to have joined the rebel army, and been sent out to Hood.

Postmaster General Dennison's son was a lieutenant of volunteers when his father went into the Cabinet, and now he is a brigadier general!

Illinois.

The Bishop of Illinois, in a letter to Judge Lawrence upon matters of local interest in which his "loyalty" had been questioned, thus concludes:—

I know nothing in which I have failed in my obedience and demonstrative loyalty as a Bishop in the Church of God.—These things at least I have done. I may have left many undone in the estimate of individual feeling, and if questioned by that, I might be obliged to answer as the good Bishop Griswold once did to a rude inquiry in a stage coach, "Whether he thought he had religion?" "Not much, sir, to boast of."

But I have felt more and more in times like those through which we are passing, that for the present and the future, there was a growing necessity to guard with more vigilant reticence the conservatism inherent in certain orders of society, which constitute the great reserve force of order and equity, truth and love, when society is tossed by the demands and impulses of a temporary convulsion. Leading in this solemn reserve force is the Judiciary and the Church, and I am grateful to find my own humble conviction sustained so fully by the prudent agreement of your learned bench. What you feel as a Judge, I feel as a Bishop, and on the same principle have I urged the same on my clergy. I have charged that our vows and offices and the sacred claims upon us should deepen our sobriety, clothe our influences, separate us more from the world in manifested consecration to the cure and love of souls. I have felt that the "still small voice" of the pulpit in the midst of the exhausting din without of the "fire, the earthquake, and the storm," should be that of the pure, simple, tender, all applying Gospel. That the House of God should be a Sabbath refuge for the weary and tossed, the excited and intense, where the depressed might find peace, and the agitated find repose; where all may be drawn in quietness and strength to its "shadow as that of a great rock in a weary land." As the impulse of patriotism became our common air; as the great topics of national duty, anxiety and partisan strife have been so popularly discussed, as the passion of the worldly nature as well as the principles of the true, have been triumphantly secured for the systems of relief which benevolence has contrived for the woes of war, I have felt that still less was there need that the pulpit should be absorbed in the popular impulses. I have craved more and more a devout seclusion, and that the Church should stand, even if lonely and reviled, the intercessor with God, the comfort of the harassed, the teacher of all the Christian graces, to subdue waywardness and restrain excess, bow in penitence and inspire with truth; and be the living model through the upheaving and dissolution of the conventional and temporal, of the kingdom and laws which are eternal.

In the Scotch Church in by-gone time, it was made the duty of its clergy to preach during the year some sermons on the times. In the Convocation, all present on a certain session reported the fulfillment of this duty except Leighton, and when rebuked for the neglect, he contented himself with the reply: "If all the good and talented are preaching for the Times, one poor brother, at least, may be permitted to preach for Eternity."

Remain, with high consideration, your obedient servant. HENRY J. WHITEHOUSE, Bishop of the Diocese of Illinois.

ITALIAN TRAGEDY—The Italian papers give an account of a terrible tragedy at Turin. Two lovers, finding an obstacle to their union, resolved to sacrifice. The young man wrote a letter to his mother and a letter to his sweetheart, Rosita, and then blew out his brains. Rosita determined to share her lover's fate. Her family entreated her to be calm; she seemed to yield to their prayer, but a day afterwards she contrived to be alone, and then putting a pistol to her heart, she instantly ended her life. Her mother hastened to her daughter the moment she heard the pistol's report. At the sight of her bleeding, dying child, the poor woman's senses fled from her by emotion, and she is now in a mad house. Rosita's young sister was so struck by this tragic scene, she attempted to heap foremost from the window, and was with the utmost difficulty restrained.

At the late Presidential election in one of the wards in Cincinnati, one ballot was found, a straight Abolition ticket, with "God forgive me for this sin" written on the back of it.

A Contented Farmer.

Once upon a time, Frederick, King of Prussia, surnamed "Old Fritz," took a ride, and copied an old farmer plowing his acre by the wayside, cheerfully singing his melody.

"You must be well off, old man," said the King. "Does this acre belong to you on which you so industriously labor?" "No, sir," replied the farmer, who knew not it was the King. "I am not so rich as that, I plow for wages."

"How much do you get a day?" asked the King. "Eight groschen" (about twenty cents) said the farmer. "This is not much," replied the King. "Can you get along with this?" "Get along and have something left."

"How is that?" The farmer smiled and said, "Well, if I must tell you—two groschen are for myself and wife; two I lend away and two I give away for the Lords sake." "This is a mystery which I cannot solve, said the King. "Then I will solve it for you," said the farmer. "I have two old parents at home who kept me when I was weak and needed help, and now that they are weak and need help I keep them. This is my debt toward which I pay two groschen a day. The third pair of groschen which I lend away I spend for my children, that they may receive a Christian instruction.—This will come handy to me and my wife when we get old. With the last two groschen I maintain two sisters whom I could not be compelled to keep. This is what I give for the Lord's sake."

The King, apparently well pleased with the answer, said: "Bravely spoken, old man, Now I will also give you something to guess. Have you ever seen me before?" "Never," said the farmer. "In less than five minutes you shall see me fifty times, and carry in your pocket fifty of my likenesses." "This is a riddle which I cannot unravel," said the farmer. "Then I will solve it for you," said the King. Thrusting his hand into his pocket and counting his fifty bran new gold pieces into his hand, stamped with his royal likeness, he said to the astonished farmer who knew not what was coming. "The coin is genuine, for it also comes from our Lord God, and I am his paymaster. I bid you adieu."

An officer down in Georgia tells the following story: One night Gen. —, was out on the line, and observed a light on the mountain opposite. Thinking it was a signal light of the enemy, he remarked to his Artillery officer that a hole could easily be put through it. Whereupon the officer turning to the corporal in charge of the gun, said: "Corporal, do you see that light?" "Yes, sir."

"Put a hole through it," ordered the Captain. The corporal sighted the gun, and when all was ready he looked up and said: "Captain, that is the moon." "Don't care for that," was the captain's ready response, "put a hole through it, it's the General's order."

A Short time since, as a well known master in a grammar school was censuring a pupil for the dullness of his comprehension, and consenting to instruct him in a sum in practice, he said—"Is not the price of a penny bun always a penny?" when the boy innocently replied—"No, sir; they sell them for two-pence when they are stale."

A friend gives us the information that Gen. Lew. Wallace arrested a druggist in Baltimore, the other day, for advertising a certain kind of "quack" medicine which he recommended as being "good for the Constitution."

FRESH ARRIVAL OF Fall & Winter Goods AT Miller's Store.

THE subscribers have just returned from the City with another large and select assortment of FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

THE subscribers have just returned from the City with another large and select assortment of FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

THE subscribers have just returned from the City with another large and select assortment of FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

THE subscribers have just returned from the City with another large and select assortment of FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

THE subscribers have just returned from the City with another large and select assortment of FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

THE subscribers have just returned from the City with another large and select assortment of FALL AND WINTER GOODS.