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The Indiana American.

"THE UNION, THE CONSTITUTION, AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS."

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Hon. John H. Farquhar.

It is refreshing to the Union men of the 4th District, in reading the Congressional reports, to see that they are at last represented in the National Legislature by a man who is alive to the interests of the people and true to the welfare of the Government. We begin to see the fruits of the victory achieved for the cause of the Union in the election of Col. Farquhar. After two years of misrepresentation by the fossil representative of "the four Fathers," and redoubtable champion of the "*corpuses christi*," and four years more by a political trickster and demagogue who stood on both sides of every question, and whose tongue was never still, it is gratifying to know that we are at last represented by a man who is ready to stand by the Union and maintain the integrity of the Government in a straightforward course of action, without consuming the time of the House in senseless quibbles and political harlequinry, as did his predecessor.

Col. Farquhar a few days ago introduced a petition asking Congress to equalize the bounties of the soldiers who fought in the late war. It is well known that the soldiers who were first to tender their services to the Government went at $11 per month, and without any bounty whatever from County, State or Government, and this, too, when they could have made from $25 to $30 per month by staying at home. These were the men, too, who in most cases stood the brunt of the contest. Toward the close of the war large bounties were paid by townships, cities and counties, and also by the General Government. This inequality ought not to be allowed to exist. The Government is amply able to do justice to the defenders of her honor and her existence. She has an abundance of land to make up this inequality, and to give to every soldier who stood by her in the hour of her sore need, and who received no bounty, a home for himself and his children in her broad and rich domains, and she ought to do it; and we trust Col. Farquhar may yet succeed in getting such a measure through Congress.

Again, Mr. Farquhar introduced on the 25th of January, a proposition to disfranchise, in the District of Columbia, all persons who voluntarily bore arms against the Government of the United States in the late rebellion, or accepted or held any office under the Confederate government. This is certainly a blow aimed in the right direction, and one of the best guaranty measures that can be adopted in the reorganization of the entire South. The men who voluntarily threw off their allegiance, and enrolled themselves with traitors for the overthrow and destruction of a Government that was only known to them by the blessings it had showered upon them, and who for four long years sought, under the rebel standard, their hearts full of treason and bitterness, the overthrow of our institutions, are not now fit, and have no right, in reason, to a voice or a part in framing our institutions, making our laws, or shaping our destiny. No man with feelings of treason or hostility to the Government in his heart, or with words of treason on his lips, ought to be allowed a voice in the councils of the nation or a vote at the ballot-box. The wages of treason should be political death. No traitor has any right to complain because excluded from the councils of a Government whose destruction and overthrow he seeks.

The proposition of Col. Farquhar to disfranchise all who were voluntary traitors to the Government, is, in our opinion, much preferable to the negro suffrage proposition; for while it will have the effect to keep the ballot-box free from the influence, at least, of overt treason, and leave it in the hands of loyal men, it does not bring into the political arena the elements of strife and contention and the temptations to corruption and fraud that must necessarily come with the negro in his present condition.

The record of Mr. Farquhar, since he entered Congress, has been made in wisdom, and is heartily approved by the Union men of the 4th District. His constituents may rest assured that his time and energies will be given to the prosecution of these two measures, and may success reward his efforts.—[Rushville Republican.

The Suffrage Question.

Correspondence of the Greensburg Chronicle.

EDITOR CHRONICLE,—In your last issue of the *Chronicle*, I notice in the editorial column an article under the significant heading, 'Sold Out,' in which the Hon. Mr. Farquhar is rather severely criticized for his recent vote in Congress upon the question of Negro Suffrage. In him you profess to find a man who has "betrayed his trust," and one "destitute of manhood and principle."

This is a grave charge, and one that certainly deserves the attention of the constituents of the gentleman thus denounced.

The question of negro suffrage, which certain gentlemen of the radical persuasion seem determined to thrust upon us at this time, is one that ought to be carefully considered. Whether negro suffrage, in the abstract, is right or wrong, we do not propose to discuss at length. So far as a distinction in regard to the exercise of the right of suffrage is based upon a difference of color, it is certainly apparent to every lover of justice and humanity that no such distinction should exist.

But, viewed from the stand point of present surroundings, the bestowment of the gift of universal suffrage, is certainly a question of doubtful utility. *Universal liberty* and *equal rights* are words dear to the heart of every true philanthropist; and yet, it often becomes necessary to restrain the *so called* liberties and rights of the people.

Upon what groundwork should this question of suffrage be based, in order that governments may be firmly established and properly administered? Reason, the history of the past, would teach us that an intelligent suffrage, alone, can secure these great ends. Would it not, then, be wisdom in us to wait, at least a short time, before we confer this great boon, and commit this high trust to the ignorant mass of recently liberated slaves? Protect them in the sacred rights of property and person. Educate and refine them, and thus, by elevating them in the scale of morals, they will become fitted to take their places upon the great arena of political strife.

Now, in regard to Mr. Farquhar's vote upon the question in the District of Columbia. If, as the friends of negro suffrage claim, it was designed to make that bill an entering wedge or forerunner of a general proposition to amend the constitution, and force negro suffrage upon an unwilling people, then, instead of condemning, we heartily endorse that vote. More than that, we firmly believe, if the question was to be decided by the voice of the people that elected Mr. Farquhar, they would heartily endorse that same vote.

While the absurd doctrine of the right of a State to secede, has, we trust, been settled for all time to come, there are, nevertheless, certain rights that ought to be reserved to the several States. Prominent among these, is the right to say who shall constitute the qualified electors of the States.

Two prominent Republican States, during the past year, spoke out their sentiments upon this subject. Their vote was yet fresh in the memory of Congressmen. Shall we force upon others what we esteem odious to ourselves? If the issue were to be made to-day, in Indiana, are we prepared to advocate universal suffrage?

"Let us remove the beam from our own eye, then we may see clearly to remove the mote from the eye of others." Perhaps if such an issue were forced upon us, *others* might be found ready to "betray their trust."

But I must close, promising that you shall hear again from one who is not the "squire" of Mr. Farquhar, or anybody else.

B. F. R.,
Wilmington, Ind.

From the Scientific American of Feb 3.

The Cholera Coming.

Next Summer we are to have the cholera. Its course so far has been just the same as its course in previous visitations, and next Summer it will be due in this country. Thousands of the inhabitants of New York will be in the full vigor of health one day, and the next will be hastily borne to their final resting place. A universal panic will seize upon our people; all who get away will flee from the pestilence; business will be prostrated; and general gloom and stagnation will take the place of our present prosperity.

And yet, all this can be prevented.—There is no necessity for the prevalence of the cholera in this city next Summer.—While the causes of diseases are hidden from knowledge, the cause of cholera has been positively ascertained. It is filth. The proof of this is conclusive. The progress of the disease in its several epidemics has been carefully watched and faithfully recorded; its history is remarkably full and minute; and without exception, it has attacked filthy cities only, and it has prevailed only in the filthy portions of the cities which it has attacked.

We have before us a report made to the Citizens' Association of New York, by the Council of Hygene and Public Health, on the subject of the cholera. This council is composed of the leading physicians of the city—men of the very highest position for learning and character—and their report treats the subject with the masterly ability which was to be expected. It traces the progress of the cholera in each of its visitations, and shows that in all places the one cause of its prevalence was want of cleanliness.

The following are a few among the numerous facts cited in proof of this:

"In the city of Buffalo, where there was fearful mortality from the epidemic of 1849, its principal ravages were witnessed in the filthy and undrained sections of the city, and in the purlieus of poverty, vice, and fevers along the canal. In Sandusky, where nearly one-third of the resident population died in a single month, Dr. Ackley states that a stench pervaded the streets. At Louisville, Ky., the centers of the epidemic were associated with filth, malaria and crowding. In Cincinnati, where the epidemic killed 5,314 persons, out of a population of 119,108, it was first associated with local filth and crowding. In St. Louis, 4,557 inhabitants perished out of 50,000. Dr. McPheeters reported that the epidemic elected as its chief centers the crowded tenant buildings, the streets and dwellings alongside the stagnant ponds and open ditches that then abounded in that city; also that seven-tenths of the mortality was among the German and Irish population. In New Orleans, when the epidemic appeared, the streets and gutters were filled with filth so that even the Board of Health declared that "the elements of putrefaction had accumulated fearfully in every direction, until the atmosphere was polluted by poisonous exhalations in which a sickly acid smell predominated."

The report then cites numerous proofs that by proper attention to cleanliness, the pestilence may be avoided. We select two of these:

"In various towns and cities of England, the actual benefits of preventive measures, the sanitary works of cleansing, drainage and ventilation have been fully tested. For example, the city of Worcester, on the river Severn, having been twice scourged by cholera, undertook to avert the latter epidemics by means of effectual cleansing and efficient sanitary regulations. The result was, that while the pestilence swept through the neighboring cities and villages, the populous city of Worcester escaped, and the destroyer of uncleanly cities made a passover with the people of Worcester, for on every lintel and doorpost was written, 'cleanliness, cleanliness.' Not a house was entered, and the town was saved in the midst of the most frightful desolation."

"In Philadelphia the cholera broke out and made some progress in the districts of Moyamensing and Southwark, where the work of cleansing was incomplete. But the citizens had anticipated the coming pestilence by the most comprehensive and energetic effort to effectually purge their city of all nuisances, and all the known causes that produce or localize disease.—2,970 privies were cleansed; 340 houses were cleaned by authority; 188 ponds were drained; 66 rag and bone shops were closed, etc.; and in all, the city removed upward of 6,000 separate sources of nuisances and disease. Cholera sent but 474 persons to their graves in Philadelphia, while in the city of New York it claimed 4,071 dead."

Is there not in this energetic community sufficient energy, is there not among this provident people enough provident spirit to arouse us to take hold of the work, and avert this awful pestilence when it surely can be done?

Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

Two brown heads with laughing curls,
Red lips shutting over pearls,
Bare feet, white, and wet with dew,
Two eyes black and two eyes blue,
Little girl and boy were they,
Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

They were standing where a brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Flashed its silver, and thick ranks
Of green willow fringed its banks;
Half in thought and half in play,
Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

They had cheeks like cherries red;
He was taller—most a head;
She, with arms like wreaths of snow,
Swinging a basket to and fro
As she loitered, half in play,
Chattering to Willie Gray.

"Pretty Katie," Willie said—
And there came a dash of red
Through the brownness of his cheek—
"Boys are strong and girls are weak,
And I'll carry, so I will,
Katie's basket up the hill."

Katie answered with a laugh,
"You shall carry only half,"
And then tossing back her curls,
"Boys are weak as well as girls."
Do you think that Katie guessed
Half the wisdom she expressed?

Men are only boys grown tall,
Hearts don't change much, after all;
And when, long years from that day,
Katie Lee and Willie Gray
Stood again beside the brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,

It is strange that Willie said—
While again a dashing red
Crossed the brownness of his cheek—
"I am strong and you are weak;
Life is but a slippery steep,
Hung with shadows cold and deep.

"Will you trust me, Katie dear,—
Walk beside me without fear?
May I carry, if I will,
All your burdens up the hill?"
And she answered with a laugh,
"No, but you may carry half."

Close beside the little brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Washing with its silvery hands
Late and early at the sands,
Is a cottage where to-day
Katie lives with Willie Gray.

In a porch she sits, and lo!
Swinging a basket to and fro—
Vastly different from the one
That she swung in years agone;
This is long and deep and wide,
And has—rockers at the side!

"The Ladies' Man."

By his air and gait, the ultra fashionable style of his clothing, the kiling curl of his moustache, the "look and die" expression of his simpering face, his stream of small talk, and sundry other signs and tokens of a plethora of vanity, and a lack of soul and brain, you may distinguish at a glance the individual who plumes himself a "ladies' man." His belief in his own irresponsibility is written all over him. And to say the truth, your ladies' men have some grounds for their self-conceit. It is indubitable that girls do sometimes fall in love, or what they suppose to be love, with fellows who look as if they had walked out of tailors' fashion-plates—creatures that by the aid of the various artists who contribute to the "make up" of human popinjays, have been converted into superb examples of what art can effect in the way of giving man an unmanly appearance. The woman who marries one of these flutterers is to be pitied; for, if she has any glimmerings of common sense, and a heart under her bodice, she will soon discover that her dainty husband has no more of a man's spirit in him than an automatic figure on a Savoyard's hand organ. But a woman worth a true man's love is never caught by such a specimen of ornamental hollow-ware. A sensible woman is, in fact, a terror to "ladies' men," for they are aware that her penetrating eye looks through them, and sounds the depths of their emptiness. She knows the man, indeed, from the trumpery counterfeit, and has no touch of the mackerel propensity to jump at a fleshy bait, in her wholesome composition. The ladies' man should be permitted to live and die a bachelor. His vocation is to dangle after the sex, to talk soft nonsense, to carry shawls and fans, to astonish boarding-school misses, to kindle love-flames as evanescent and harmless as the flax of a squib. If, however, he must needs become a Benedick, let him be yoked with some vain and silly flirt, his natural counterpart. So shall the law of fitness not be outraged.

The Bangor Advertiser tells a good story of a Yankee who was refused a dinner at one of the taverns down East, until he had shown the landlord his 'pewter.' Boniface then did his best, and at the sound of the bell in walked the Yankee, and taking a general survey of the table, turned to his host and said: 'Mister, you've seed my money, and I've seed your dinner—good-bye.'

Mr. Nasby Taketh Heart—He Sees a Future for the Democracy.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS (wich is in the Stait uv Kentucky.) January 6, 1866.

I see a lite. Democrisy is not that ded karkis its enemies hoped for and its friends feared. My noomerous friends here insisted that ez I wuz growin into the seer and yaller leaf, I shood abandon Democrisy and flote with the current. I can't. Ez troo ez the needle to the pole so am I to Dimocrisy. Young wimmin flock to marryins, middle aged ones to bornins, and old ones to buryins, which show conclusively to the most limited intelleck what the mind uv each class runs upon. So it is with me. To me Dimocrisy is wife, mother and child.

I hev di-kivered many things sence I hev bin in Kentucky—things wich elevated my deprest heart ez yeast does dough, wich filled my shrunken soul ez wind does a bladder.

The people uv Kentucky wuz all loyal. Dooriu the horrible fartrisidle war wich hez rent the proud temple uv liberty in 2 twain, they preserved a proud nootrality. I held a conversation with wun old patriarch who assured me that he hed never taken sides.

Upon his honor, he assured me that after battles he rifled the corpses uv both armies, impartially. "Good any boddy be more nootraler than that?" he asked. "My sons," sed he, "wuz in the confedrit army." This fact wood have turned the affections uv a weak minded man in that direction, but when I thot uv the boys I alluz thot also of that gellorious star spangled banner, under wich I hed whipped my niggers and sold their children, under whose shadder I hed men servants and made servants and home made servants, born unto me. That banner hed bin my shield. Ef my niggers run off, who so prompt in their pursoot ez the Dimocratic marshals, wich alluz returned em to me of it wuz possible. The instooshun wuz guaranteed to me by solemn compermises wich we cood hev ez often ez we desired. Compermises wuz our best hold. Whenever we wanted any thing, all we had to do wuz to ask for it. The Ablishnists wood objeck—the Democrisy wood draw up a compermise wich inklooded, ez a rool, twice or 3 times wat we asked, and pass it to save the Union. Sich a Union wuz worth havin, and I opposed all efforts to dissolute it. Died the South succeeded I shood hev gone with em, for Kentucky alone—the only negro State in the North—would hev bin helpless.—Scaldin tears hev I shed when contemplatin the horrors uv war, but I cood do nothing to avert it. Kentucky wuz loyal but neotral.

I find down here that the loyal citizens of Kentucky who hev returned from the Confedrit service, are not at all discouraged; on the contrary they are hopeful. Sed one to me—(I believe he wuz a Kernal under General Forrest—indeed I think he told me he participated in the glorious victory at Fort Piller.)

"Why art thou cast down. Things are workin eggsackly to our hand."

In a mournful tone I retorted that I failed to perseeve it.

"I kin," sez he. "Lookye, my venerable friend. Is the Northern Democrisy still troo?"

"They is," I replied, "wat few remains But alas! war, cruel war, has decimated our ranks five times."

"How so?" sez he, "none uv your kind uv Dimocrats jined in this unholy croosade and fell afore our deth-dealin swords, did they?'

"Not any," sez I, "But Kanady and Montana took em afore each draft. That wuz why we wuz so beet at the elekshuns. For one week-kneed Abolitionist we scared into our ranks we lost two by emigration, and unfortunitely wun half that emigrated starved to deth, and tother half is distributed in the various States prisons in them lands uv refuge."

"Still," sez he, "it matters not. Yoo hev deestricts you kin carry in most uv the States. The Five Points deestrick in Noo York is ours. Noo Gersey will go back to her allegiance. The new gold States, where so many uv our friends fled, will send up Democrats to Congress. Ohio hez 2 devoted to us, Pennsylvania, hez several and the most uv the Northern States will send one or two, and them from the North kin be dependid on to go any measure we say. "Then," and he slapped me on the back highlariously, 'the nigger is free!'

"Well," sez I, not seein wat cause for highlarity that was.

"Well?" sez he, "them niggers is not NOW OTHER PERSONS! We alluz counted five uv em for three, in making up the Congressors we wuz entitled to; now they count as white men, wich increases our delegashuns to sich an extent that ef yoo Northern men do half yoor duty we'll have a majority in Congress. Then, good Lord! The pleasant crack of the whip shall agin be heard on the plains uv the sunny South. The niggers won't be re-enslaved, but our Legislaters will speedily reduose em to their normal condishun. We shell observe the Constitushnel Amendment strickly and in good faith. The African shel be free, but the good of society demands that he shall be under proper guardianship. He won't be allowed to change his location, and the laws uv the States will define his duties, and give us the power uv enforcin em. He won't be allowed to hev arms, so he can't resist. Ez he can't leave a plantation, he will hev to submit quietly to such rools ez the high minded planter makes for him, or be shot on the spot, or be turned out to die uv starvashun, akordin to circumstances. Ef the planter is a unrejencrated child uv damnashen, he will shoot him—of he is a saint who hez southern hope uv immortality beyond the grave he'll restrane his anger and turn him out to die uv hunger, onless he repents and comes back humble. Then, they bein free and responsible for theirselves we ain't obleged to take care uv the sick, the aged or the infirm, so it will be really better than it wuz before. I see a gellorius future before us. Thro the thick clouds uv gloom, the brite sun uv hope cheerfuly breaks. Say to the Northern Democrisy be uv good cheer. Agin they shel lick our hands—agin they shel eat the crumbs that fall from the National table.

'Thank God for the Northern Dimocrisy, with the other blessins He hez givin the South. With niggers to do our maunal laber for nuthin, with Northern democrats to do our votin at almost the same price, we are trooly a favored people. Bless the Lord for the nigger and the Dimocrat, wich is both useful to us, each in his speer."

I drew encouragement from his remarks. The deep vane uv pious thankfulness wich run through his discourse, was nateral to him. He is a trooly pious man, and wuz just back from the meetin uv the Synod uv one uv the Southern churches, wich still persists in quotin Quesimus and Hayger. I feel encouraged. O, Dimmycrats uv the North, let us

"Gu-vi-gor renoo,
And our journey pursoo."

And I feel shoor that success will at last crown our efforts.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Lait Pastor uv the Church uv the Noo Dispensashun.

Negro Suffrage.

A short time ago Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, in his place in Congress, referred to some expression of opinion by the President, that had been published by the papers, and declared the President was guilty of a usurpation such as, two hundred years ago, would have cost a British king his head. The President does not seem much alarmed by the violence of this Congressional Thersites, and, as occasion comes, appears to think and act as if the Constitution guaranteed to him some rights that a white man is bound to respect. To the delegation from Montana he intimates his determination to do all in his power for the peaceful restoration of the country; success in which he declares will fill the measure of his ambition to overflowing. Then, if any one thinks his office very desirable, he is ready to make the best bow at his command, and to retire. He has no plans, and favors no organization that contemplates his re election, and is content day by day to do what presents itself as his duty, according to the light he has to guide him.

Again, when Fred. Douglass and his colored associates present themselves, the President is equally explicit. He thinks the colored race have had a vast benefit conferred upon them in the abolition of slavery, and that it is a wrong to white and black to force upon unwilling communities the exercise of suffrage by the negro.—These are his opinions, and it is for such opinions he is denounced as a usurper and pointed to the block on which Charles the First lost his head. There is something touching in the words of this man, who has borne outrage and insult, incurred loss of property, and risked life and limb for the Republic, when he says he does not like to be arraigned by men who can turn neatly rounded sentences and brandish the harmless weapons of rhetoric, but who have never risked their estates or persons in the cause of the country.

It is difficult to suppose that a practical and common sense people will allow themselves to be influenced by such a leader as Thaddeus Stevens. He has reached an age when most of the passions that disturb the human mind are cooled by the influence of time and experience; and when, if ever, a large knowledge of men and affairs has yielded the fruit of a broad and wise charity. But he is in his seventieth year, as savage, relentless, uncharitable and insulting as if his amiable nature was boiling with the heated blood of youth. He tears and tramples upon all that come in his path—his fellow-members and the President have no claims upon his courtesy or respect. While denouncing usurpation, he is the impersonation of that crime, and in his language, as he probably would do in fact, if he had the power, he consigns the victims of his abuse to the headsman, and to hell, with the easy assurance of a dispenser of fate. To him, as there are no courtesies in life, so there are no conditions in society that should mitigate or delay the application of principles that he professes to believe are abstractly just. It is abstractly true that a man's color should make no difference in his place in society. This is only the affirmation of an absolute, elementary truth. Then, says Mr. Stevens, let the negro vote. Let him vote at once. Secure him his rights by provisions of law and constitution. Are we to wait until men overcome their prejudices? And this is the guide and leader of a great nation at the most perilous period of their history! This is the Moses who is to bring us into the land of promise!

Unless we mistake all the signs of the times, this violent effort to enfranchise the negro is utterly distasteful to the American people. They have condemned slavery. They will secure to the colored man the protection of the law, and access to the courts of justice. These are great steps. That the future is full of promise for the negro, we do most earnestly believe. We hate, with unspeakable hatred, that infinite meanness which disparages his race, and denies to them a future advancement and elevation. There is no language strong enough to condemn as it deserves that arrogance which, while it shuts the door to the negro's improvement, affirms that he is incapable of it. So we rejoice at his freedom. We rejoice that he is in some courts allowed to testify; and shall rejoice when he is permitted to all. We are for the repeal of the disabling acts against him that exist in Indiana. Open the schools to him. Give him the chances of a fair field. But when good is to be done we are willing to do it in those ways that are possible and accessible; and have no relish for beating out our brains against the locomotive of public opinion. We take the community in which we live—we take the State of Indiana—and consider what is the prospect for enfranchising the negro here. Are the people prepared to say the negro shall vote with us? Are they prepared to say—and the one is the natural corollary of the other—the negro shall be voted for among us? Such absurd old tyrants as Stevens may bluster and threaten, but it does not affect the matter. It still remains that when the negro is admitted to vote and hold office, it is *by the act of the people*, and not as the result of any amount of rabid declamation. And as certain as the planets move in their orbits, just so certain it is that the people of Indiana, if called on next October to vote on the question of negro suffrage, would vote overwhelmingly against it. The very attempt, by any party, to force them into it, would be the heaviest blow that could be given to the comfort and happiness of the negroes who are domiciled among us.

Now, suppose the Constitution, it was in the power of Congress to force the people of Indiana to admit the negro to the polls. What would be the result? They are few in number, not naturally earnest in asserting their rights, and accustomed to defer to the whites.—How many of them, in point of fact, would vote? Would there be any broken heads and bloody noses around the polls? Or, would they not, conscious that those prejudices that control public opinion are stronger than law or constitution, stay away from the polls? If, then, the people of Indiana have so little disposition to admit to franchise the few and comparatively intelligent blacks domiciled here, why should it be supposed that they would expect *to restore* the country by forcing the suffrage by negroes upon the late slave States, where their numbers are very large, and when generations of ignorance and servitude have unfitted them for its exercise? Would there be any sort of justice in the attempt?

The President knows as well as any man in the country what is the relation between the two races in the South, and does not hesitate to assert that the gift of suffrage to the liberated slaves would lead to a war of races. We are just out of one war, and have no need of getting suddenly into another—especially a war between masters and their emancipated slaves. We need not dwell upon a topic so disagreeable.—Surely those who are actuated by sentiments of christian philanthropy do not wish to expose the colored races to the consequences of a struggle for power with the whites of the South. Is there no room for christian effort but by setting two races against each other in unextinguishable hate? The field seems ample to our vision. 1st. Educate the North up to the point at which the men of Indiana and Connecticut can emancipate themselves from their prejudices. 2d. Give the Southern people an opportunity to observe in their midst the happy working of free institutions.—3d. Let some amount of education, experience and independent effort teach the former slave to rely on himself and to value the rights of his free condition. Here is a magnificent opportunity for men who do not evaporate all their philanthropy in commonplace rhetoric, to serve God and bless mankind. They will be doing the noblest work under the sun; and, as they pray to their Maker, "Thy kingdom come," they may hope for the answer; not in storms of fire and blood, but in those blessings which fall upon and elevate both black and white and confer true happiness upon both.—[Ind. Journal.

The Billiard Mania.

Carme has beaten Kavanagh. This simple announcement in the city papers one morning aroused more interest in the mind of many a young man than all other items of news, whether from Washington, New Orleans, San Francisco, Paris or London. There is no more exquisite foolery of our day than the mania for playing billiards which has developed itself in this country within the last five or six years.—In fact, the United States can boast of a greater quantity of well-made billiard-tables, and a larger number of silly young men who waste valuable time over them, than any other nation. * * * The associations which are inseparable from the practice of it in public, and the fascination which it exercises upon the minds of its devotees, alike deserve stern reprobation. We defy any one to enter a billiard-saloon without being impressed by the vacuity and silliness which mark the countenances of the young men who spend their evenings there. The peculiarity of the game is that it calls into exercise none of the reasoning faculties. The talent it requires is purely mechanical, all that is needed is a judgement of distances, weights, and the force of blows. Nor does it appeal to the sentiments, still less to any of the higher qualities of manhood. It draws the young men away from the home circle, and slowly, but surely, uproots those attachments which have proved the salvation of many a person when pressed by temptation. * * * Those who have frequented great billiard-matches must have observed the peculiar countenances of the so-called champions. The high cheek-bones, the stolid features, the low-bred look and air, betray themselves in spite of the fine clothes that, thanks to the folly of the public, these men are able to wear.

"You may dash and bedizen the man as you will,
But the stamp of the vulgar remains in him still."

It is noticeable, too, that, with hardly an exception, all the eminent billiard-players are Irish, with now and then a stray French adventurer. * * * It is quite time that our young men were read a lesson on this matter of playing billiards. We are sure that no person with a good home to which he feels attached can spend night after night in a billiard-saloon without feeling that he has thrown just so much time away, and outraged the better feelings of his nature.

Public opinion must reach the point in relation to this matter that it has in regard to card-playing. No man can engage in the latter in public without running the risk of being taken for a gambler. And so a person who displays in public an extraordinary skill in playing billiards should be open to the suspicion of having been originally a setter up of ten-pins in a bowling alley, or a marker in some popular billiard-saloon.—[The Round Table.

Keep the Best Stock.

An exchange truthfully says: Some farmers are in the habit of selling their best live stock, and keeping the poorest to breed from. This is bad management. If a farmer has a good cow, she is worth as much to keep as to sell. The same applies to all other stock. The rule should be, *keep the best* and sell the poorest. We will illustrate a case as follows: Farmer A has a cow that gives 20 quarts of milk a day, from which 9 lbs. of butter are made in a week, worth 50 cts. per pound. He also has a cow that gives but 10 quarts, from which 4 pounds of butter only can be made in a week. One cow he values at $80 and the other at $40. He sells the $80 cow and keeps the other for his own use.—Now, let us see how the account will stand in regard to the profits from these cows.—The best cow produces 9 lbs. of butter a week, say from May 1st to December 1st—30½ weeks—274½ lbs., at 30 cts.—$82,35. The other cow produces in the same time 122 lbs. of butter, at 30 cts., amounting to only $36,60, which is $45,75 profit less than the best cow affords. It costs, in this case, the same to feed each cow, and it is safe to say, that advantage in keeping good cows over poor ones is not improperly shown in the above statement. A farmer actually throws away from $25 to $40 each season, when he sells a first-rate cow and keeps a poor one in her place.—[Rural New Yorker.

Old Letters.

Never burn kindly written letters; it is so pleasant to read them over when the ink is brown, the paper yellow with age, and the hands that traced the friendly words are folded over the hearts that prompted them, under the green sod. Above all, never burn love letters. To read them in after years is like a resurrection of one's youth. The elderly spinster finds in the impassioned offer she foolishly rejected twenty years ago, a fountain of rejuvenescence. Glancing over it she realizes that she was once a belle and beauty, and beholds her former self in a mirror much more congenial to her taste than the one that confronts her in her dressing-room. The "widow indeed" derives a sweet and solemn consolation from the letters of the beloved one, who has journeyed before her to the far-off land, from which there comes no message, and where she hopes one day to join him. No photograph can so vividly recall to the memory of the mother the tenderness and devotion of the children who have left at the call of Heaven, as the epistolatory outpourings of their love. The letter of a true son or daughter to a true mother, is something better than an image of the features; it is a reflex of the writer's soul. Keep all loving letters. Burn only the harsh and cruel ones, and in burning them, forgive and forget them.

Little Children.

I think them the poetry of the world, the fresh flowers of our hearths and homes—little conjurers with their "natural magic," evoking by their spells what delights and enriches all ranks, and equalizes the different classes of society. Often as they bring with them anxieties and cares, and live to occasion sorrow and grief, we should get on very badly without them. Only think—if there were never anything to be seen anywhere but grown-up men and women, how we should long for the sight of a child! Every infant comes into the world like a delegated prophet, the harbinger and herald of good tidings, whose office it is "to turn the hearts of fathers to their children," and to draw the "disobedient to the wisdom of the just." A child softens and purifies the heart, warming and melting it by its gentle presence; it enriches the soul by new feelings, and awakens within it what is favorable to virtue. It is a beam of light, fountain of love, a teacher whose lessons few can resist. Infants recall us from much that engenders and encourages selfishness, that freezes the affections, roughens the manners, indurates the heart. They brighten the home, deepen love, invigorate exertion, infuse courage, and vivify and sustain the charities of life.

A Graceful Compliment to a Wife.

The following neat and beautiful reply was made by Daniel O'Connell, in response to a toast given in compliment of his wife, who was the object of his long and affectionate attachment. It was given at a political meeting. The English language could furnish nothing more touchingly tender and graceful:

"There are some topics of so sacred and sweet a nature, that they may be comprehended by those who are happy, but they can not be possibly described by any human being. All that I shall do is to thank you in the name of her who was the disinterested choice of my youth; who was the ever cheerful companion of my manly years; and who is the sweetest solace of that 'sear and yellow leaf' age at which I have arrived. In her name I thank you; and this you may readily believe; for experience, I think, will show to us all that man can not battle and struggle with the malignant enemies, unless his nest at home is warm and comfortable—unless the honey of life is commended by a hand that he loves."

"If you happen to be an honest and diligent young man; if you possess the respect of your associates, and have taken a fancy in your head to get rid of industry and your laundry; to lose the respect of your friends and the good opinion of your mates; I will tell you how you may manage the matter in a very little time, and with very little trouble—learn to drink rum.

Herodias is said to have been like a Fenian organization, because she had a head sent her (head center.)

A marriage is thus noticed by one of our cotemporaries: "Married, last week, John Cobb to Miss Kate Webb. Look out for little spiders."