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COMMUNICATIONS.

The Chinese Question.

BY D. AUGUSTA STRAKER.

Undoubtedly the late and extensive immigration of the Chinese to America has monopolized public sentiment, and not even does Napoleon's menaces to Spain and Prussia divert attention from the subject: Shall Chinese immigration to this country be peremptorily arrested? Shall they be admitted to citizenship, upon the broad views of humanity and equality, even when they are eligible?

What has America to fear of a surplus of population when she has such a vast extent of unpopulated country in the South and West? What has America to fear in her labor department? Why shall the Chinese not work where and at what they can, so long as they return labor equivalent to wages, which is the equity and policy of the political economy of labor? To argue that the multitude of Chinese in this country must necessarily reduce the rate of wages, is but an askant view, and no argument at all. Supposing it should reduce the rate of wages, will it not promote industry and thwart the monopoly of the few to the general welfare of the many? This is what it will ultimately do, as may be seen in like events in past ages. Imagine for a moment a country, with a vast extent of unpopulated land raising a hue and cry against the immigration of an industrious class of people, because of their creed, worship, or number. But I am reminded here that not only the labor question is to be settled, but the influence the Chinese must bring to bear upon American citizens by their creed and worship. But this is a strange apprehension. Does it ever appear that the minority so influences the majority? Has Christianity ever borne the scar of infidelity by coming in contact with a few unbelievers? Or does she not, by her single-handed missionaries, convert nations of infidels? Why, then, cannot a nation of Christians convert a handful of infidels?

We do ourselves no credit to be sending across the Atlantic to ask Stuart Mill to solve a problem which ought not to be the *prous assemorum* of civilized America.

But I am again reminded that the Chinese cannot become citizens of America, because they cannot be made to swear by the form prescribed by Christians, and in consequence of their belief in the transmigration of souls, (so says history.) Granted. Yet they undoubtedly hold themselves responsible to some superior, and in this belief keep their oaths invio lable. But are there no Chinese converts who believe in God? If so, are not all susceptible to the same change? At Howard University, where christianity is the basis of training, there are three Chinese. Ask the most advanced in his education in whom does he believe and trust, he will tell you God, who made all things. These Chinese have not been in this country one year.

HOWARD UNIVERSITY, July 20, 1870.

Colorphobia.

BY WILLIAM E. WALKER.

I see in a number of papers the fact stated that the colored cadet, J. W. Smith, at the West Point Military Academy, has been snubbed and treated with the greatest indignity by the white cadets at that institution.

Republican papers usually denounce the young men, those that have any independence and liberality of sentiment; but the fault is not to be ascribed to them, for they but reflect the principles and feelings of their professors and tutors. Let the professors but be held responsible for its exhibition, and the difficulty will cease. If the fountain-head be impure, the stream will also be impure. If, then, you remove the cause, the effect ceases. This is a lamentable evil, and effects both church and State throughout the length and breath of the country. Prejudice is a feeling you cannot reason with. It is like ignorance. Ignorance is so blind it cannot see. Prejudice is so blind it will not see. It renders the person possessing it oblivious to all right feelings, right impressions, and right thinking. It is the necessary product of a low class of *mind*. No well balanced, well regulated, educated person is capable of such feeling. The gifted, talented, true and noble mind will have the magnanimity to look with sympathy upon those who, by reason of their color or any other cause, are despised and treated with contempt, and by kind looks, kind words, and kind acts, make them feel that they are their equals—that he is a man and a brother.

The fourteenth Constitutional amendment has so excited the ire of some of these *Aristocratic Naboths* that they are bent and determined on preventing, if possible, any competition with their boasted superiority. What cowardice. Thirty-eight to one—not one—against one. What a commentary! Afraid of his carrying off the palm. It is no longer, then, a question in their mind that the negro is an inferior, all other things being equal. It, then, has a deeper significance—not so much the color, but his rivalry.

The law enforcing the fifteenth constitutional amendment is another eye-sore. It is rather a nauseous pill to swallow—it gnaws, it goads, it grinds the very vitals of the psuedo Democracy, and milk-and-water, weak kneed Republicans. The equality of the colored man in these United States is not only made so by law, so far as his civil and political rights are concerned, but in less than twenty years it will be demonstrated to on absolute verity, in every point of view of which we can conceive, for, as the Hon. Caleb Cushing would denominate it, "it is a fixed fact."

I look forward with joyful anticipation (should I live that long) to see the whole of that broad Southern belt of country occupied chiefly by the colored American, and its vast resources developed by them, when large shipowners, and millionaire merchants, and bankers, and manufacturers, and eminent physicians and lawyers will be as common among the colored as among the whites, and occupying all the positions of honor and trust that are now occupied by our white countrymen. This is no wild chimera, no visionary dream, no utopian scheme that cannot be realized; ambition, education, and wealth will accomplish it. Upon this basis my opinion is formed. Twenty years hence no white man in this country but what would be ashamed to acknowledge that such a fact existed, that a colored youth of unexceptionable character, possessing all the necessary qualifications for admission, was snubbed at one of our "national institutes" for no cause whatever than that he was colored. We shall then realize the true import and meaning of that sentence, "that all men are created free and equal;" for all invidious distinctions on account of color or caste will have ceased—churches, academies, colleges, schools of all kinds, and institutions, both State and national, will be open alike to all. The pride and glory of the Republic will then be consummated.

TRENTON, N. J., July 15, 1870.

LECTURE ON TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

BY CAPTAIN B. M. PIATT, U. S. A.,
Of General O. O. Howard's Staff.

Delivered at Washington City, June 26, 1870.

MY FRIENDS: It is impossible, as well as distasteful, to me to make a long speech upon any subject; but if there is one of sufficient importance to justify me in talking, and you in listening to me for hours, surely it is the one that has called us together this evening.

"I am no orator as Brutus is," and can only express myself in plain, unvarnished language, easily spoken, easily understood. The cause in which my voice is raised must plead for me, as well as I for it, and when I have done I shall feel proud indeed if even one man comes forward and places his name upon the honored roll that proclaims him once more free from the shackles of intemperance—that proclaims him once more determined to be a loving father, a dutiful son, or an affectionate, faithful husband. I have been called fanatical on this subject, but let me tell you, my friends, I desire no more complimentary term, if to be courageous and firm enough to abstain wholly from intoxicating drink is proof of fanaticism. I have seen so much evil, and so little good, resulting from the use of intoxicating liquor as a beverage, that, in my opinion, there is no real safety except in total abstinence. Perhaps, for the sake of argument, we may admit that there are individuals so organized that the appetite does not grow by what it feeds on, and for them, as individuals, there is comparatively little danger; but I still claim, and always expect to hold, that liquor does them no good, and their example is far worse and more dangerous than that of the poor abandoned creature who ends daily in the gutter. The few exceptions only prove the rule, and convince me the more firmly that the only true safety is in total abstinence, and that those who are even the most secure always have a risk to run in drinking.

This being my earnest belief, you will be at no loss to understand my exact principles upon this subject. And, again, I say, that I shall feel proud and happy, no matter how hard I may labor, if I am the instrument of saving even one man, woman, or child from the evils and horrors that invariably follow in the footsteps of drunkenness.

In the law-books we are taught that there are two kinds of insanity. The first is "involuntary insanity," produced by some cause or influence over which the victim has no control, and for offenses committed while under its effects he is not responsible. The second is "voluntary insanity," or such as is produced by some act of the party himself, such as eating opium, drinking intoxicating liquor, or some other cause not forced upon him. Of the first it is not necessary to say anything further, except that, according to law, no person can be punished for any act, however horrible, that may be committed while under its influence. The second kind of insanity, such as produced by some act of the party himself, as above set forth, is no excuse for crime, and cannot be used even as a palliating circumstance, except in such cases as require the full and perfect use in every particular of all the mental faculties. I have been in court where men were on trial for crimes that, but for the baneful effects of intoxication, they would not have committed for all the wealth of the Indies. I have met young men with the beard of manhood scarcely visible upon their faces, and have heard them swear and use other language with which they would not have stained their lips for worlds but for the wild and wicked thoughts and feelings engendered by the accursed bowl. I have seen poor unfortunate women reeling along the streets, blubbering filthy oaths from their filthy mouths. How horrible to think of their present condition compared with that of guileless childhood, when—

"Rocked by the beating of a mother's heart,"

they sank to the innocent, peaceful slumber known only to the trusting babe.

As a rule, we may safely say that voluntary insanity is an aggravation of the offense. Is it a crime, then, to get drunk? Most certainly it must be. If it is a crime to get drunk, is it not demanded of us by our Creator that we abstain from that which *may* intoxicate? Surely an affirmative answer is equally applicable to that question. "But," some one will say, "it is not necessary for a man to make a beast of himself by drinking till he is totally intoxicated. He can make a temperate use of opium, whisky, wine, brandy, or whatever he may be pleased to use, as a stimulant, without going so far as to wallow in the mud, or become the legitimate prey of the gutter."

This I dispute, and here really the issue begins; here the foundation must be laid for total abstinence as the basis of temperance; and the firmest groundwork of a life of sober habits, honor, and virtue. I do not believe that any man can make a daily use of intoxicating liquors, as a beverage, without running the risk of ultimately falling a victim; without running the risk of becoming reckless and debauched; without running the risk of ultimately losing his mental and physical strength; without, in fine, running the risk of being a failure here, and lost forever in the great hereafter, beyond the tomb!

Drunkenness is a thing so baneful in its influence, and so widely disseminated in its action that it is utterly impossible, even for the most careless, to contemplate its effects without seeing every day more than sufficient to cause the cheek to grow pale, and the heart to almost cease to beat. Through its terrible consequences myriads upon myriads of crimes have been committed; helpless wives and children have been neglected until death's cold hand has released them from their sufferings and sorrows; fathers and mothers have had their gray hairs brought down in sorrow to the grave; while brothers and sisters, mortified beyond the power of tongue or pen to express, have been forced to hide their faces in shame and grief; to seek the privacy of their closets to pray upon bended knees for the reformation of the loved and lost, asking that the once steady step may be restored, and the lustre returned to the eye now rendered red and dim, evasive and wild, by the use of the damning, deceitful bowl, at whose bottom lurketh the unrelenting and ever-watchful demon, that in the end "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

It is an evil which carries with it dread and terror throughout the length and breadth of the land, among the lofty and the lowly, the rich and the poor, the civilized and the uncivilized. You can trace it from the kingly throne of an Alexander to the hut of the untutored savage, from prince to peasant throughout the world. Have we not seen men occupying the highest positions in our land carried to the grave, stricken down by the effects of this terrible scourge? Have we not seen the wild Indian rendered yet more savage by the "fire-water" procured from his white brother? and lastly, have we not seen the poor negro slave, ere the shackles were stricken from his limbs, endeavoring to drown his griefs and sorrows in the forgetfulness of intoxication?

It is an evil confined to no particular walk in life; to no particular age or locality. The young, the old, the middle aged, the inhabitants of town and country, the male and the female, are everywhere victims to this dread monster, all beginning perhaps by small quantities, but at last, overcome by the tempter, weak and irresolute, and with sensibilities blunted, satisfied with nothing short of utter unconsciousness. How more than careful, then, should parents be to impress upon their children the absolute necessity of totally abstaining from this evil; of never giving way to it for a single moment at any time or place.

The conflict with ardent spirits, if we drink at all, although at first well maintained on one part must at last be decided against us, our organizations being such that if we stimulate we are weakened in like proportion when we have exhausted the exhilarating influences of the stimulant. If we eat opium the most beautiful and enchanting visions and dreams take possession of our being, but alas! how fearful the reaction! how far below our usual condition do we find ourselves when ill-used and insulted nature, ever faithful, endeavors to resume her sway and dispels these deathly illusions! In a state of intoxication all our feelings are exaggerated and unnatural: we live in a world entirely unreal, thinking ourselves everything but what we actually are. In that condition we pave the way to the lowest depths ever reached by a human being. You may ask the murderer who ascends the scaffold to meet his doom: the thief or robber as he clanks his prison chains, or the gambler sighing over fortune and innocence long since vanished, where he first began his downward career, and there is but little doubt that in nine cases out of ten he will tell you his first step in crime was taken while his poor brain was crazed by intoxicating liquor.

Who can contemplate, without a shudder, the pale wife sitting by her lonely hearth, watching anxiously, yet fearfully until far in the night, for the return of him who promised before high heaven to be to her a loving protector? And when he does return with wild, glaring eye, and loud drunken curse, who can describe the chilled and broken heart, never to know happiness again? Do you love your sisters? Do you love your daughters? Reason and my own heart tell me that you do, and with that view I ask the question is there a man within the sound of my voice who would not rather see his sister or daughter borne to the grave than united for life to one addicted to intoxication? Is there one who would not willingly see his only son wrapped in his winding sheet, rather than tottering through the streets a sight of shame, the garb of decency torn from his back, the light of reason driven from its throne, the nerves all trembling and weak, refusing to perform their functions, unable to resist delirium and destruction?

There has been published within the last few years a little volume by James Parton, entitled "Smoking and Drinking" in which I think he treats his subjects in a most able manner. In his article entitled "Will the coming man drink Wine?" he says: The coming man I am firmly persuaded will not drink wine nor any other stimulating fluid. If by chance he should be sick he will place himself in the hands of the Coming Doctor, and take whatever is proscribed. The impression is strong upon my mind after reading almost all there is in print on the subject, and conversing with many physicians, that the Coming Doctor will give his patients alcoholic mixtures about as often as he will give them laudanum, and in doses of about the same magnitude, reckoned by drops."

The same writer also gives a most entertaining account of an experiment by Dr. Beaumont. He says: "Once, and only once, in the lifetime of man an intelligent human eye has been able to look into the living stomach, and watch the process of digestion. In 1822, at the United States military post of Michilimackinac, Alexis St. Martin, a Canadian of French extraction, received accidentally a heavy charge of duck-shot in his side while he was standing one yard from the muzzle of the gun. The wound was frightful. One of the lungs protruded, and from an enormous aperture in the stomach the food recently eaten was oozing. Dr. William Beaumont, U. S. A., the surgeon of the post, was notified and dressed the wound. In exactly one year from that day the young man was well enough to get out of doors and walk about the fort, and he continued to improve in health and strength until he was strong and hardy as most men of his race. He married, became the father of a large family, and performed for many years the laborious duties of an officer's servant at a frontier post. But the aperture into the stomach never closed, and the patient would not submit to the painful operation by which such wounds are sometimes closed artificially. He wore a compress arranged by the doctor, without which his dinner was not safe after he had eaten it. By a most blessed chance it happened that this Dr. Beaumont, stationed there in the outskirts of creation, was an intelligent, inquisitive human being, who perceived all the value of the opportunity afforded him by this unique event. He set about improving that opportunity. He took the young man into his service, and at intervals, for eight years, he experimented upon him. He alone among the sons of men has seen liquid flowing into the stomach of a living person while yet the vessel was at the drinker's lips. Through the aperture, which remained 2½ inches in circumference, he could watch the entire operation of digestion, and he did so hundreds of time. If the man's stomach ached, he could look into it and see what was the matter, and having found out, he would drop a rectifying pill into the aperture. He ascertained the time it takes to digest each of the articles of food commonly eaten, and the effects of all the usual errors in eating and drinking. In 1833 he published a thin volume at Plattsburgh, on Lake Champlain, in which the results of thousands of experiments and observations were only too briefly stated. With a mind unbiased, Dr. Beaumont, peering into the stomach of this stout Canadian, notices that a glass of brandy causes the coats of that organ to assume the same inflamed appearance as when he had been very angry, or very much frightened, or had over-eaten, or had had the flow of perspiration suddenly checked. In other words, brandy played the part of a foe in his system, not that of a friend; it produced effects which were morbid, not healthy. Nor did it make any material difference whether St. Martin drank brandy, whiskey, wine, cider, or beer, except so far as one was stronger than the other. "Simple water," says Dr. Beaumont, "is perhaps the only fluid that is called for by the wants of the economy.

The artificial drinks are probably all more or less injurious, some more so than others, but none can claim exemption from the general charge. Even tea and coffee, the common beverages of all classes of people have a tendency to debilitate the digestive organs. The whole class of alcoholic liquors may be considered as narcotics producing very little difference in their ultimate effects upon the system. He also says "that the use of ardent spirits always produces disease of the stomach if persisted in; that water, ardent spirits, and most other fluids are not affected by the gastric juice, but pass from the stomach soon after they have been received." There is certainly very little encouragement or comfort for drinkers in this theory of Dr. Bearmont, and Mr. Parton goes on to say that the microscope and dissecting knife afford no countenance. All results yet "ascertained of the effects of alcohol by the dessection of the body, favor the extreme position of the extreme teetotalers. A brain alcoholized the microscope proves to be a brain diseased. Blood which has absorbed alcohol is unhealthy blood—the microscope shows it."

In the same volume Mr. Parton also published a most valuable and instructive article entitled "Inebriate Asylums, and a visit to one." He divides drunkards into two classes, viz: the "regular" and the "occasional." Of the regular drunkard he says: "The daily life of one of the steady drunkards is like this: upon getting up in the morning, after a heavy restless drunkard's sleep he is miserable beyond expression and almost helpless. In very bad cases he will see double and his hands will tremble so that he cannot lift to his lips the glass for which he has a desire amounting to mania. Two or three stiff glasses of spirituous liquor will restore him so far that he can control his muscles and get about without betraying his condition. After being up an hour, and drinking every ten or fifteen minutes he will usually be able to eat a pretty good breakfast, which, with the aid of coffee, tobacco, and a comparatively small quantity of liquor, he will be able to digest. After breakfast, for some hours, he will generally be able to transact routine business and associate with his fellows without exciting their pity or contempt. As dinner time draws nigh he feels the necessity of creating an appetite, which he often accomplishes by drinking some of those infernal compounds which are advertised on the eternal rocks and mountain sides as Bitters,—a mixture of bad drugs with worse spirits. These bitters do lash the torpid powers into a momentary, morbid fierce activity which enables the victim to eat a superabundant dinner. This calls for an occasional drink for three or four hours, after which the system is exhausted and the man feels dull and languid. He is exhausted but he is not tranquil: he craves a continuation of the stimulant with a craving which human nature, so abused and perverted, never resists. By this time it is evening when all the apparatus of temptation is in the fullest activity, and all the loose population of the town is abroad. He now begins his evening debauch and keeps up a steady drinking until he can drink no more when he stumbles home to sleep off the stupefying fumes and awake to the horror and decrepitude of a drunkard's morning."

How much in need of charity and kind words must the unfortunate man be who, from long habit, is forced to remain in this terrible and slavish condition, wasting the talents which God has given him, and running the risk of losing everything in this world and the next. With what care should the first step be guarded against by all of us that we may escape the merciless toils by which the drunkard is surrounded, and which finally destroy both soul and body.

Of the occasional drunkard he says: "The occasional drunkard is a man who is a teetotaler for a week, two weeks, a month, three months, six months, and who at the end of his period is tempted to drink one glass of alcoholic liquor. That one glass has upon him two effects—it rouses the slumbering demon of desire, and it perverts his moral judgment. All at once his honor and good name, the happiness and dignity of his family, his success in business, all that he held dearest a moment before, seem small to him, and he thinks he has been a fool of late to concern himself so much about them. Or else he thinks he can drink without being found out, and without its doing him the harm it did the last time. Whatever may be the particular delusion that seizes him the effect is the same—he drinks, and drinks, and drinks, keeping it up some times for ten days, or even for several weeks, until the long debauch ends in utter exhaustion or in delirium tremens. He is compelled to submit to treatment; he must needs go to the inebriate asylum of his own bed room. There, whether he raves or droops, he is the most miserable wretch on earth; for, besides the bodily tortures which he suffers, he has to endure the most desolating pang that a decent human being ever knows—the loss of his self-respect. He abhors himself and is ashamed; he remembers past relapses and despairs; he wishes he had never been born, or had died in the cursed hour, vividly remembered, when this appetite mastered him first. As his health is restored his hopes revive; he renews his resolution, and resumes his ordinary routine, subdued, distrustful of himself, and on the watch against temptation. Why he again relapses he can hardly tell, but he always does. Sometimes a snare in business perplexes him, and he drinks for elucidation; sometimes melancholy oppresses him, and he drinks to drive dull care away; sometimes good fortune overtakes him on an enchanting day in June or October attunes his heart to joy, and he is taken captive by the strong delusion that now is the time to drink and be glad. Often it is lovely woman that offers the wine, and offers it in such a way that he thinks he cannot refuse without incivility or confession."

This picture is little less horrible than that of the regular drunkard; and I trust in God not one of us here may ever be tempted to violate our pledge, no matter what influences may be brought to bear upon us—be they the depressing cares of earthly reverses, or the bewitching smiles of the fairest of the fair.

"Dr. Day has once had the opportunity to examine the brain of a man who, after having been a drunkard, reformed and lived for some years a teetotaler. He found to his surprise that the globules of the brain had not shrunk to their natural size. They did not exhibit the inflammation of the drunkard's brain, but they were still enlarged, and seemed ready in the instant to absorb the fumes of alcohol, and resume their former condition. He thought he saw in this morbid state of the brain the physical part of the reason why a man who has once been a drunkard can never again, as long as he lives, take one drop of alcoholic liquor. He thought he saw why a glass of wine puts the man back instantly to where he was when he drank all the time. He saw the citadel swept and clean, free from the enemy, but undefended, incapable of defense, and its doors opened wide to the enemy's return; so that there was no safety except in keeping the foe at a distance, away beyond the outermost wall."

This shows how important it is to guard against relapse, the brain of the drunkard having lost, never to regain its normal condition—the condition given it by the Almighty Father when first organizing the human form in His own image.

In my school days I had a playmate whom I loved, a bright intelligent boy, who is now no more. In early youth he sought the wine cup, and in its intoxication was borne along resistlessly until a few years ago, harassed beyond endurance by remorse of conscience, having become a confirmed drunkard and gambler, he committed suicide in a distant land far from friends and relations.

Another whom I knew was one of the brightest ornaments of the legal profession, who spent many honored years upon the supreme bench of his State, and whose lips uttered some of the most eloquent and beautiful sentiments ever spoken by man; whose decisions are now part of the common law of our country. Although having a beautiful and accomplished wife to journey with him, who loved him with devotion, he so far forgot himself as to "tarry long at the wine;" so long that his brilliant intellect became clouded, and his moral nature steeped in debauchery. Neither prayers nor tears availed to reclaim him, and after years of unutterable pain and misery brought on by dissipation, he died, and was buried among strangers.

"No eye hath rained its sorrows on that mound,
No loving hand hath clipped a single lock."

He was born

"The applause of listening senates to command,"

But the tempter, once in possession of that peerless mind, held it with iron clutch, till the wild shouts of revelry struck only upon

"The dull, cold ear of death!"

Another, almost as gifted in intellect and eloquence, one of the finest orators our land has ever given us—who arose by industry and study until selected to fill one of the proudest offices within the gift of the people of the State in which he lived—became so addicted to the use of intoxicating drinks that all his virtue and goodness were lost; his name became a by-word and a reproach; and a few years ago, although comparatively a young man, he died, so disfigured and changed in appearance that his most intimate friends could scarcely have recognized in the bloated mass before them the handsome, bright companion of the past.

Another, whom I knew, was one of the favored sons of fortune. His father set him up in business, and for several years prosperity seemed to attend him. But time brought its changes; he was surrounded by false friends; they invited him to drink, and at last wrought his ruin. His business was neglected, debts accumulated which could not be met, and finally he gave up in despair. He is now a wanderer, a professional gambler, and his wife and children are dependent upon her father for bread.

Another, whom I knew, was the son of a rich merchant and distiller, who always kept liquor in his house, and made a habit of drinking wine, both at home and abroad. He allowed his son to drink, and also gave him permission to have wine for his young friends who visited him in their leisure hours. In the course of time the health of the father was broken down; his business naturally devolved upon the son, but he was by that time so confirmed in his habits of drinking that he was entirely unfit for a charge of so much importance. His dissipated friends gathered about him, and ere long the estate was squandered; his mother and sisters were left with scarcely a roof to shelter them, and he, who should have been to them a prop and stay, became an abandoned wretch, a consort of the lowest and vilest of gamblers and drunkards, and finally sank into the grave a victim to delirium tremens.

I could name without difficulty scores of similar instances, but surely these are sufficient to warn all who hear me against trifling with this monster; against allowing it to come about their houses where their children may get at it. The rattlesnake or copperhead is no more venomous—nay not half so venomous, for the sting of the serpent injures none but the unlucky being who is bitten; but the victim of intoxicating liquor is not only lost himself, but by his terrible conduct, and violent passions, carries terror and desolation wherever he puts his foot.

Do you see that poor old creature staggering along with wild eye and loud drunken curse? Know you not that in a few days in some cheerless room, upon a couch of straw, perhaps, he will be bidding his last farewell to this world? His friends, the philanthropists, may gather about him with kind words and kind deeds, but he will know them not. To him they will seem so many demons ready to marshal his fleeting soul to eternity. You will see no rumseller there, for that is a scene in which he plays no part.

It is too late now for tempting drinks mixed by his skillful, but O! how criminal fingers. The dexterity with which he handles his glasses and the promptness with which he sets out his bottles are not needed now! The money with which these things might be purchased is gone now, and no persuasion could avail to get one drink to revive the dying man's spirits, or smoothe his road to death!—and so in the kind keeping of those whom we mock at in our prosperity, whom we despise in our iniquity, but who always find us in adversity, the poor victim of the rumseller, (that agent of Satan to dispense poison to our unhappy race) is left to struggle with imaginary foes. His writhings increase—his shrieks of distress carry horror to every heart; his eyes seem starting from their sockets; every straw beneath him seems a venomous reptile, with forked red hot tongue, ready to drive its fangs into his very brain! An unnatural power seems given him, and numerous hands can "scarce control his strong flesh-rending fingers." But at last, with rigid limbs and black distorted features his poor body dies! the soul wings its flight; whither I dare not think, but it is gone. And so he is dead and soon to be forgotten by all save the kind ones who ministered to him in his last moments, and carried him to the unpretending spot where the conqueror worm is whetting his teeth for the coming feast.

Mild gentle spring may come, and the sweet balmy breezes of June may softly play above that pulseless breast, but that is all you may know of him who rots beneath. The "drunkard's grave" is the opprobrious designation by which it is pointed out, and no one will care to inform you who he was, or where or how he died.

The picture is terrible indeed, but none the less true, as so many of us know from actual observation. The bright haired boy that now with radiant, smiling face meets you when you return from your daily occupations, is no more beautiful to you, no more innocent, good, and lovely, than once, to his father and mother, was the being I have endeavored to describe. How carefully, then, should we guard every treasure given us by Him to whom we are to account at last. How particular should we be in our walk and conversation, bearing ourselves honorably, soberly, and modestly before our children, willing and anxious for them to be like ourselves; that they may not become "regular drunkards" to pass a life of slavery and degradation too pitiable to behold without tears of bitter sorrow; that they may not become "occasional drunkards" to throw mortification and regret over the household, to "resolve and promise and weep and pray," and yet seek again the lurking place of the venomous worm; that they may not become yet another class far more dangerous than any, namely: "sober drunkards," who, although never seen to stagger or commit an indiscretion, are yet always under the influence of liquor, setting a fearful example to young and old, laughing at the teetotalers and philanthropists as old fogies, hypocrits, and fanatics, and jeering at the poor "regular" or "occasional" when his money is gone, and the barkeeper has kicked him from his vile den to the gutter to die or not, as the case may be.

In conclusion, let me beg of you, my friends, to wage a relentless warfare against this dread evil. We must not only "scotch" the snake, but "kill" it. Unfurl the banner of total abstinence and hang it upon your outermost wall; let it float grandly aloft upon the pure free breezes of this happy land, and when called to your eternal home, leave it as a priceless legacy to your children!

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The Hungarian Government is credited with having advertised the Pope that it will sanction no suspension of the bishops who vote against infallibility, while those who vote for it are threatened with the loss of their temporalities if they attempt to promulgate in their sees a dogma which interferes with the supremacy of the local government.

The past year the government grants to the Protestant schools in the Province of Quebec have been materially cut down, while those to the Catholics have been increased. All grants in Montreal to Protestant schools are to be withdrawn after this year, and those to Catholic schools still further increased. The Protestants are in a small minority, but pay a large share of the taxes.

A great Lutheran assembly met in Leipsic the first part of June. It pronounced strongly in favor of unity of doctrine, and insisted on the right of the disciplining those who entered upon marriage without a religious ceremony. At the same time, they allowed the real force of civil marriages.

The populace in Peking has risen against the French Catholics, destroying the French cathedral and Government buildings, and killing some priests and sisters of mercy. The Russians have also suffered to some extent. We do not hear that the Protestants have been involved, though it is not improbable. The Imperial College, of which Dr. Martin is president, is under official protection, and has probably escaped.

A ritualistic wedding in St. John's church, East Hartford, Conn., makes some small stir. The Eucharist was administered; the wedding-ring blessed, and the sign of the cross made over it and over the elements when administered; a procession was headed by a crucifer with a silver cross; lighted candles were employed, and white satin crosses and embroidery decked the ushers and rector.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Guardian* says that at the meeting between Dr. Dollinger and Pere Hyacinthe, who spent three weeks visiting at the former's house, there was much discussion of the position to be taken if the Council should decree infallibility; and that the decision was, not voluntarily to quit the Church, but to make no secret of their repudiation of some of its doctrines, and await the issue of tolerance or of excommunication.

The *Interior* has a table giving the strength of the Presbyterians in various states. Over one half of the churches (2,671) are found in the 4 states—New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois. New York has 730, Pennsylvania 712, Ohio 580, Illinois 446, Indiana 310, Iowa 286, New Jersey 214, Missouri 158, and Michigan 150; making, with smaller amounts, a total of 4,100. Of the cites, Philadelphia has 63, New York 39, Brooklyn 23, Chicago 16, Newark 15, Cincinnati 16, Baltimore and San Francisco 11 each, and Washington and Pittsburg 10 each.

The rumor gathers force that the Marquis of Bute will soon leave Rome for the Church of England. They say that reading Disraeli's "Lothair" converted him. There is a hitch in the purchase of property in St. Giles, which the Marquis intended to buy for a Roman Catholic cathedral. He has paid only the deposit money, and hesitates to carry out the project. Recent proceedings at Rome have compelled several other late converts to reconsider their position, and very likely they will go back to the English Church.

An extraordinary sale has just taken place at Saragossa, in Spain. The Roman Catholic archbishop of that city, having been anxious to restore the celebrated cathedral of "Our Lady of the Pillar," and being short of funds for that purpose, hit upon the expedient of selling by auction a portion of the votive offerings of the pilgrims to the cathedral during the past century. Among the lots offered was a beautiful pendant by Cellini, which, after severe competition between an English and a French gentleman, was knocked down to a native for a sum of about $5,000. An enameled watch presented by Phillippe IV, diamond pins by Marie Christine de Bourbon, and some splendid specimens of *cinque cento* work secured high prices. It was the first public sale ever held in the south of Spain.

Catholics are excited over the conversion, in St. Petersburg, to the Orthodox Greek Church, of an American Catholic, Father Bioering, once Professor of Theology in the college at Baltimore. Before leaving this country he protested, in a very remarkable letter, against the Council and the doctrine of Papal Infallibility. Upon his arrival in Russia he applied for admittance to the pale of the Greek Church, was regularly ordained, and will soon found a congregation in New York. He recently celebrated mass in the Ecclesiastical Academy before an assemblage of the most distinguished Russian nobles.

Resolutions to the following effect were offered at a recent meeting of advanced ritualists in London: "That in view of the religious condition of mankind, of whom over two-thirds are still heathen, and of the grave scandal and difficulties caused by the unhappy divisions among Christians, this meeting desires to record its conviction of the paramount importance of the reunion of East and West round the primacy anciently recognised by both alike, as well for securing the integrity as for promoting the dissemination of the Christian faith. That the only adequate remedy for the social and religious dangers of England, and the surest guarantee for the future of English Christianity, lies in her restoration to visible unity primarily with the churches of the Western Patriarchate, and then with the Eastern churches also."

The utterances of various pulpits on the occasion of the death of Charles Dickens have been the occasion of the decussion of the matter in the regular weekly meeting of the Baptist ministers of Boston and vicinity, which is reported at length in the *Transcript*. Mr. Fulton introduced a preamble and resolution strongly affirming the faith in reference to the future state of those who, "having rejected the Gospel, are suffering the penalties of a violated law, the wrath of an avenging God." Drs. Neale, Peck, Mason, and Murdock opposed the resolution, and thought Mr. Fulton had acted unwisely in his reflections on Mr. Dickens. Mr. Fulton's resolution was tabled by a vote of 30 to 10; and Mr. Murdock's resolution reaffirming unshaken belief in the "final retribution of all who die in impenitence and sin," after the suggestion that "eternal" be substituted for "final," was withdrawn; and another received a tie vote, affirming unshaken belief in "the *future* punishment of all who die in impenitence and unbelief," and also reaffirming the liberty of the pulpit. The opposition to this was mainly on the part of those who thought doctrinal points needed no reaffirmation.

The Charges Against Gen. Howard.

The Committee on Education and Labor, to whom was referred the charges made against Gen. O. O. Howard by Hon. Fernando Wood in the House of Representatives on the 7th of April last, yesterday presented majority and minority reports. The majority report is signed by eight members of the committee, and completely exculpates General Howard from the charges made against him. The committee speak thus of the Building-block Company—charges four, five, and six:

There is no denial of the assertion that the university and hospital were built of patent brick, furnished by D. L. Eaton & Company, in the fourth charge misnamed the American Building-block Company. But there is no proof that General Howard was a stockholder in, or in any way connected with, the company at the time the materials for those buildings were furnished. The evidence shows that the company organized with General Howard as a stockholder. It was a private business transaction at its organization, wholly disconnected with the university or with the administration of the affairs of the Bureau.

The patent brick was brought to the attention of the trustees of the university, and its claims as a building material urged upon them. Although it came to them highly recommended, not only by distinguished scientific men, but by able architects and experienced builders who had used it, they did not adopt it until they had themselves subjected it to severe tests. They finally decided to adopt it, and upon that decision General Howard, to avoid even the appearance of evil, withdrew from the company, disposing of his stock at its precise cost.

The committee further state that General Howard, in order that no suspicion might be attached to him that he was interested in the earnings of the company, sold his interest therein at a pecuniary loss.

The report denies that General Howard belonged to any "ring," as charged against him.

In speaking of the ninth charge, that General Howard drew three salaries, the committee state:

If General Howard has drawn his salary as a brigadier general in the United States army and another as Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau, the fact could easily have been ascertained by inquiry at the Treasury. If he had drawn a salary as head of Howard University, the fact could have been immediately verified by examining the records of that institution. A charge, the truth or falsity of which could so readily have been ascertained from easily accessible sources of information, would never have been preferred by any person who desired rather to adhere to truth than to poison the public mind by reckless and unfounded slanders. So with the charge that General Howard and his brother were interested in the purchase and sale of the Barry farm as a private speculation for their own pecuniary benefit. The transaction took place in the face of day. Its details were well known to men high in office, and high in character. The Chief Justee of the United States was an adviser to it. The prices paid by the freedmen for their homes were known to every one of the three hundred and fifty families for whose benefit the farm was acquired and divided. And so, in fact, with nearly all the charges.

Has the Bureau Been a Success?

Success! The world can point to nothing like it in all the history of emancipation. No thirteen millions of dollars were ever more wisely spent; yet, from the beginning this scheme has encountered the bitterest opposition and the most unrelenting hate. Scoffed at like a thing of shame, often struck and sorely wounded, sometimes in the house of its friends, apologized for rather than defended; yet, with God on its side, the Freedmen's Bureau has triumphed; civilization has received a new impulse, and the friends of humanity may well rejoice. The bureau work is being rapidly brought to a close, and its accomplishments will enter into history, while the unfounded accusations brought against it will be forgotten. There is a day and hour when slander lives not. When the passions of men subside, and when the dust of time has well fallen, then comes the hour of calmer judgment. Many-tongued scandal has the briefest of existence:

A wandering night-moth,
Allured by taper gleaming bright.
Now busy, now all darkling,
She snaps and fades to empty air.

Evil is quickly forgotten; truth alone is abiding.

In conclusion, the committee find on the whole case, that the charges are utterly groundless and causeless; that the Commissioner has been a devoted, honest, and able public servant. The committee find that his great trust has been performed wisely, disinterestedly, economically, and most successfully. If there be anything in the conduct of the affairs of the bureau which could excite a suspicion, even in the breast of partisan or personal hate, it is owing to the fact that General Howard, conscious of his own purity, intent on his great work, has never stopped to think of the appearances which men of less conscious integrity much more carefully regard.

Who is the inventor or instigator of these charges it is not the purpose of the committee to inquire. Mr. Wood, as has already been stated, disclaims all personal responsibility for them. The evidence which he adduced was not evidence tending to establish the accusation, but was, nearly all of it, merely experimental—an inquiry by the person calling the witness into the details of transactions of which he seemed to have neither accurate knowledge nor information. While the examination was going on, with closed doors, under a pledge of secrecy imposed on the committee, counsel, and parties,