

Farmers Department.

LET US RAISE GOOD STOCK.

Why is it that on so many of the farms throughout the country, farms of which no person need be ashamed, and which in most every particular except this one, show the unquestionable sign of good farming, the stock exhibits the unmistakable evidence of neglect and inattention in breeding? There is no doubt that it is generally the result of carelessness, or that it arises from the mistaken idea often entertained by farmers, that "it will not pay" to devote more attention and expense to this branch of their business.

How very much mistaken are those who indulge in this idea, for that it will cost no more to keep a well-bred animal than one of an inferior quality is an undisputed fact and very often it is the case that that breed of animals which is particularly distinguished for some excellent quality, consumes less than those which are their decided inferiors. Hence it follows from this, that it is possible to keep more well-bred animals upon a certain quantity of food than those of an inferior quality.

Having thus proved that it is poor economy, in relation to the quantity of food consumed, to keep an inferior animal, I shall now speak of some of the other advantages which well-bred animals have over inferior.

Take, for example, two oxen, one of which is well-bred and well cared for, the other an ill-bred, ill cared for, inferior animal, and notice the vastly greater ease and celerity with which the former will do his work in comparison to the latter. In like manner take two cows and notice the difference in the quantity and quality of their milk. Also, in relation to fattening qualities, observe how much quicker and with what greater facility the well-bred animals may be fattened, and to what greater weight they may be brought than those which are inferior to them.

Such a method as this would benefit only those who raise their own breeding stock; but those who buy their stock and sell the young, generally run a risk of obtaining some inferior animals.—Garnantown Tel.

RAISING PIGS.

One of the most important requirements in raising swine is to procure a thrifty docile breed, and such as will fat readily, requiring but little food, and at the same time large in natural size, and early in maturity. The food of a sow when rearing a litter of pigs, should be varied—dry corn and cold water are not sufficient. Nothing is better than slops from the house with some milk and corn meal. It is advisable, if the sow does not have range of a field, to give charcoal and a little salt and sulphur every few days. The breeding sow should not be closely confined. She should, at least, have the liberty of a yard, besides her sleeping pen, so that she can get at the earth. Do not by any means change her quarters just before she is going to have her young, nor disturb her nest. Give plenty of clean water, arrange the bed to her own liking. If charcoal, vegetables, salt and a little fresh meat, is fed to the sow about the time she is going to have her young; there will be no danger of her eating her progeny.

When the pigs get old enough to go to the trough and eat, they should be fed by themselves. Make a pass-way for them, into another apartment, where the mother cannot go, and feed them with milk containing a little boiled and mashed potato. The trough is best made of two boards, nailed together in a V shape, with cross staves once in four or five inches, to keep the pigs from getting into their feed.

The best of the litter should always be selected and kept for breeders, and different breeds of the first order brought together for exchange. It is reasonable to believe that in-and-in breeding deteriorates the race, yet we know farmers who have practiced it for a number of years, and without any apparent deterioration.

HAMS.—After hams have been smoked, take them down, and thoroughly rub the fleshy part with molasses, then immediately apply ground pepper, by sprinkling on as much as will stick to the molasses, when they must be hung up to dry. Hams treated in this manner will keep perfectly sweet for two or three years. This must be done before the fly deposits its eggs, for after that is done nothing will stop their ravages. The above has been practiced in our section for twenty years. No soaking is necessary. One pint of molasses and one and a half or two pounds of black pepper are sufficient for any ordinary family.

The grain crop of California this year will be immense. At least 20,000,000 bushels of wheat have been harvested. The grape crop is also above the average.

For the Ladies. Serving a Meal—Influence of a Good Wife.

The farmer has all the advantage in the world to have a good meal, substantial, neatly served. The caterers of the hotels he is not expected to have, and he does not want them; he is brought up to a different fare; he prefers his own fare. Look at his potatoes, fresh dug from the ground; his eggs fresh from the hen; his garden stuffs; his wheat newly ground; butter fresh from the churn; and milk—you get the true extract, foaming, from the udder.—What do you get that is not fresh and good?

A snow-white cloth to spread, and dishes to match; a fresh, healthy atmosphere; flowers upon the table to ornament, but particularly to add their fragrance; then if cheerfulness crown the whole, as it ought, and as it is likely to do, what more is wanted in the culinary line? No more, if the cooking also has been done well, as it is apt to be with the rest in order.

Such a meal, what does it do? It encourages a man. It draws him to his family—to a happy reunion. This is the pitch of life—a happy state in the family.

Now a meal has much to do to bring about this state of things. Let it be neglected, hadly cooked, and worse arranged—let there be a slovenly look about the room, and an atmosphere of vulgar scents, vermin, etc., accompanying in various ways—and who is delighted with such a state of things? Can it produce the desired effect, which we above tried to describe? It certainly does not. There are too many such families; and are they not more or less unhappy, living like the heathen, often the brute, and associating with him.

Happiness delights in tidiness; it will have it; it must have it. So the tree is clean, the grass, the sky, even the ground. The beasts of the field are not an exception, nor the insects, the reptile, a snake, a toad if you please, the sleek panther, and the bird on its limb, or in the air clearing the pure atmosphere. Man alone seems to be beneath all these, rational, the elevated above them all, allied to angels and to Deity.

Now, as such he ought to enjoy his privileges. He is to be a Christian.—He cannot be a Christian in the dirt. He will not be a good citizen. He will be shunned; it is right he should be; and he always will be, an outcast, "ave with those of his kin—a kin to him in filth.

But the cleanly, the chaste, the sweet-flavored—these are inviting, as the outside world in its beauty is inviting, and is healthy and happy. A neat parlor, a neat kitchen, cellar and attic ditto; the scoured floor, the white spread table and bright furniture—these are desirable. They begot good words, smiling faces; they make—home. Here you desire to be; here you are contented.

Let us then teach our daughters neatness; teach it by example—the best schooling in the world—a good example, influencing, taking hold of us whether we will it or not—winning us. Then we are sure of our object. We cannot be otherwise.

Ah, here is a beauty in a good example—in a cleanly, well-arranged house—in the wheel of industry—the hum of the wheel (if but in imagination,) as well as the hum of bees, the symbols of industry—and the cheerful air of the household. This is her sphere, the house, the domestic board. She is lord, or queen of the domain; it is her business, the man only providing for her. If he can also aid, so much the better. This will lighten her task, and the thing will be still more cheerful and harmonious.

Here, in such a household, is the place for poetry, for seduction, for enjoyment. The wife does it, mostly at least. She is qualified for it, and better than the man. She adds her grace, her feminine softness and attraction; she does it—how she brings up her children by her example—how she encourages her husband, making his home a preferable place to any other, and, therefore, the place where he is found. Such a wife makes herself happy in her family—makes the family's happiness.

MAKE THE HORSES WORK.—Horses were designed as beasts of burden to relieve mankind of fatiguing drudgery. It does not hurt them to work hard, if they are treated kindly. It is not the hard drawing and ponderous loads that wear out horses, and that make them poor, balky and worthless; but it is the hard driving, the worrying by rough and inhuman drivers that uses up more flesh, fat and muscle than all the labor a team performs. Consider the ponderous loads that many teams are required to carry every day, and several times a day, and yet they appear to grow fatter and stronger every year. They are treated kindly. On the contrary, other horses, that do not perform half the labor, soon grow poor and give out, and the next we hear of them is they died with the harness on. Hard work does not kill them. But the fretting, worrying and abuse did the job. Horses will do all the mowing and reaping on a large farm, through the grain, pitch the hay, turn the grinders, saw the wood and perform almost all the heavy labor that farmers have been accustomed to do, and grow fat, if they are not worried and jerked, and kicked about as if they were a living football.

The farmers near Philadelphia think it pays to haul manure 15 or 20 miles, at an expense of \$5 to \$7 per ton.

The Life of a Newspaper.

WRITTEN BY ITSELF.

My life is shortly told. My first impression was the sensation of a tremendous but short squeeze, which instantly awoke me into life and thought. I was now spread out to the light, and a glow of intelligence completely pervaded me. My ideas were at first new, multifarious and confused; and, as respects rights, are, and speeches, merchandise, fights, feasts, deaths, marriages, ditties, poetry, &c., &c., made up all my thoughts, which were various and mixed. I lay in a silent state of wonder and great amazement.

I soon found that I was but one of a very large family, that was ushered into this curious world at the same time. Our whole family was laid in regular order in a pile; my situation, being one of the first born, was particularly uneasy, damp and uncomfortable. I had a silent, intuitive longing wish to get into the world, which was at last gratified.

Morning came, and I was carefully folded and laid, Moses-like, in a basket, by a boy, who was called the carrier, and borne into the street. The said carrier, I soon found was an object of interest and desire. He was soon accosted by an elderly looking man, with threadbare, rusty breeches.

"Have you a spare paper this morning, boy?" "No, sir," was the short reply, and he nudged on with us, muttering,—"Not as you know on, old Gripes, you are the same chap that promised me some coppers for the paper the other morning, and hasn't paid me yet; you are too stingy to take the paper; you won't get another from me, I guess?"

My brethren were now fast leaving me, deposited at their proper destination; at length my turn came, and I was tucked into the crevice of a shop door. The first sample of the kind was not at all alluring. I had not been long in my new situation, when a reluctantly early comer, swinging a key in his hand, wisely eyed me, and casting a look about him, feloniously seized me, and thrust me into his pocket. My rightful owner—by virtue of advance pay, being in sight, hailed and arrested the pilferer, and I soon found that I was the first object of his attention. After hastily drying me by the fire, in which progress I narrowly escaped conflagration, he ran over me, and fixed his eyes upon sales at auction, advertisements, &c. I was then more particularly examined, and dismissed with condemnation.

"Nothing but foreign news—Congress and Cabinet—love stories, and accidents by food and field. A newspaper should be a commercial report one side at least, should be devoted to prices current." I was then pettishly thrown upon the counter, but was soon in requisition. A boy came in, with "Please to lend me your paper for a few minutes, just to look at the ship news?"

The request was reluctantly granted, with something about the plague of paper borrowing, and a determination to stop it. I was soon borne to a neighboring house. The good old woman, whose husband was at sea, eagerly sought the ship news, but was disappointed in her search.

"How negligent and careless these printers are," said she, "not a word of intelligence of the Wind Bird; they print of Poland and poetry, and fill their papers with advertisements and that is all they care about." Miss, now took her turn. She sought the stories, poetry and marriages, which, in half an hour were all devoured with a "wonder that they put anything else in the paper." An elderly lady now took me, who, adjusting her spectacles, surveyed me a little while, and declared me a "terrible interesting paper; hardly a column of deaths and not more than fifteen or twenty murders and accidents."

In this way I passed through all the hands of the family, and after being well soiled and somewhat torn by the little ones, was sent home. For three whole days I got no rest, but was occasionally borrowed and abused. At the end of this period I was supplanted by a new face, and was then discarded and thrown aside like all servants when they have become useless. I was, however, again resuscitated, and employed as a wrapper to some merchandise, and sent into the country. There I again became the object of interest, and was the rounds of the neighborhood, and was a "nine days' wander."

I am now quietly hanging up in a shattered condition, in a farmer's kitchen, from which I have written this brief memoir. I have seen much kind and unreasoning and ungrateful, and that, in a world of great variety of tastes and wishes, it is impossible to please all—so I have come to the conclusion, finally, to please myself, regardless of what the world may think or say.

—The actual debt of the State of Pennsylvania at the end of the fiscal year, November 30th, 1866, was thirty-three millions two hundred and eighty-six thousand nine hundred and forty-six dollars and thirteen cents—a reduction of some ten millions during the Republican administrations of Governors Curtin and Geary, besides paying five millions more for war expenses. A continuance of Republican rule for a few years longer will result in the total extinguishment of the state debt.

RADICAL RECONSTRUCTION.

By Rev. Alexander Clark, A. M., Pastor of First Methodist Church, Pittsburgh.

Text—Righteousness exalteth a nation. Proverbs xiv. 34. Righteousness, with a syllable left out, is rightness; and, with still another syllable left out, is right. Right is root. Right refers to relations. Rights are always relative. Recognition of and respect for rights, are the roots of which righteousness is the growth. Righteousness is radicalism in impulse and character. A righteous man honors the rights of his fellows, regardless of condition or circumstance. And a nation is measured here as a man. The same principle which makes an individual right will make a nation righteous.—There is no such thing as a high standard for a man and a low standard for a nation. The measure must be honest from end to end, and all the inches between must be equal. A nation is an individual many times multiplied. The law of the one is the law of the other.—Whatever cultures, honors, refuse and elevates a man, will, of course, produce a like effect upon a nation. The glory of a person is the glory of a people.

A nation is not great because of its area of miles, its climate, its wealth, its population, its armies, its science, its architecture, or its learning. These are not primary elements of greatness or glory. You must come in through all materialities, in to the hearts of living men, and test this whole question by a moral principle. This is what makes God great—this is what exalts him high over all—his righteousness! It is so in a man, and in a nation of men. This is the only uplifting element in all the universe of thoughts and things. Education exalts only as it centers in God. Art elevates only as it portrays God. Military achievements lift up a people only as they tramp down the enemies of God.

The late civil war was a stupendous power, million-muscled and powder-impulsed, under the foundations of this republic, and as an earthquake heaves up by fire and flood a new island in the sea, so uplifted the war this nation to a new atmosphere of liberty and light. But not by the heroism of loyalty, not by the iron energy of Government, not by the blood of our suffering brothers, nor by the conquests of land and sea. The triumph came not out of these; not "by might nor by power," but the jubilent victory which made all true hearts leap and thrill sprang from the righteousness of our cause. The final success was not so much that of the flag as of the cross, not so much that of the United States as of the Kingdom of Heaven! The surrender of Lee under the Virginia apple tree was not so much to General Grant as to Jesus Christ. No wonder that this nation has been so immeasurably exalted since that auspicious event. The Declaration of American Independence and the Proclamation of Emancipation, heaven-inspired charters of equal rights, were emphasized and energized that glorious April day. The long winter was over and gone. The voice of the turtle was heard through the land. The buds of freedom burst forth from a withered bough, and all the air was redolent with white-winged blossoms of promise and hope. Every human heart that touched the heart of the world's Redeemer by faith and sympathy in that exultant hour, responded to the impulse which throbbeth as an eternal life-beat through the nation, and felt that it was right and not might which covered our arms with glory. The Union was saved because slavery and secession were wrong.—Equal rights to all were secured because Christ the Lord is evermore able to establish his kingdom, and broaden the liberties of his people, until the uttermost part of the earth are compassed as his righteous possession.

A nation, to be righteous, must be so in three essential particulars: 1. In its Constitution. 2. In its Administration. 3. In its People.

1. Its frame work must be put up of sound timber. There must be organic rightness here. There must be no shrinkage of unseasoned beams. There must be no swelling and warping of cross-grained braces. To change the figure: There must be no rottenness in the root of our liberty tree, if we expect strength in the trunk, symmetry in the branches, beauty in the foliage, and sweetness in the fruit. The seat of our national life must be, as the heart of a man, the centre and source of health, truth, radical christianity. The constitution of a nation must be righteous. It must recognize men as such from a deeper conception than that of their color, status, or brogue. It must be harmonious with all the rights of a commanding people, whose capacities and tastes are varied, but whose privileges and opportunities are common. The Book of God furnishes the outline and the Providence of God the particulars of a righteous constitution. The Constitution of the United States embraces the principles of the Declaration of independence, and those principles are sprung from the Decalogue given direct to the Jewish nation of old. And the Gospel intensifies and magnifies the law, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." Now, a man's neighbor is his equal, no matter whether he stands the same height in his boots, wears the same textured apparel, show the same tint in his skin, or manifest the same intellectual acumen. These differences do not touch the question of rights. Out in nature, the tall cedar of the mountain, the nodding violet of the plain, and the pale ground ivy bloom of the valley, have each a right to the sunshine and the rain. Each has the privilege of perfecting itself according to its capacity, and neither ever disturbs the other. The elm is not jealous of the daisy, but rather screens it beneath its spreading arms. The oak does not hurt corners on the sleeping fingers of the vine that seeks its strong protection. The eagle is not afraid the lark may out-sing him toward

the sun. Each rises into the limitless heavens according to its strength of will and wing, for both are equally free.—So every human being has the right to make the most of himself, and no man was ever appointed to lord it over his fellows by belittling them in church or State. "Love thy neighbor as thyself"—square out, and not obliquely as if you stooped! There is no easie in genuine democracy. Nations are not by neighborhoods, brotherhoods, indeed, and this makes the gospel the interpreter of all international law. The nation that makes Christ divine, supreme, and every man the equal of every other, enjoys the true theocracy and the true democracy. The Jewish government, ordained of God and fashioned for humanity, was a Theocracy—a system which recognized, first, the Lord most high, and second, the people all as lowly equals. When caste crept into the councils of the Israelites, and they began to clamor for a human king, God, in his anger, gave them one; warning them of the consequences. It was an innovation upon his plan. The desire for an earthly monarch meant rejection of Himself.

This super-royal honor to man, exalting equals to arbitrary thrones, and keeping them there by hereditary holds,—this calling a mere brother a "master," and "bishop" in such a way as to ask him to tell us what to think and where to work, has always less or more of infidelity in it. It ignores the round perfection of the only One who is worthy to be called Master and Lord. It seems like supplementing Divinity!

Monarchy is a heathen institution.—It originated in Pagan lands, and not in Heaven. God never gave any nation such a government; He barely permits it, and that as a punishment for clamor and caste. God, in all government which is righteous, holds the first place, and man the second. There is no intermediate place for superior blood and aristocratic arrogance,—no third and lower place for serfs and slaves. Every citizen of a true government is a possible ruler, and no ruler is such by reason of his blood.—His heart and brain must elevate him to high places. For God made of one and the same blood, not only all the people of one nation, but all people of all nations in the whole earth, to be equal in rights and privileges until the individual in the human race shall have been summoned to the judgment seat of Christ.

This fundamental fact was understood by the framers of our national Constitution. It was conceived by the mind of the Infinite, languaged to the world in the Sinal law, and magnified by the Gospel of Jesus Christ. It has been the central glory of America's greatness from 1776 until now—observed and misinterpreted until day when Abraham Lincoln's hand, guided by the recording angel of the Lord, wrote four millions of bondsmen free! That pen of the President as it glided over the paper page, had mightier power than any warrior's sword that ever leaped from scabbard in the battle-field. For it moved in answer to the blessed will of God, and swept away from the old foundations the superstructures of the villainous builders, and it remains now for the people's Congress and the people's President in the incoming administration to go on until the broken ruins are completely removed from the base our fathers laid so wisely and so well. The reconstruction must be carried forward by honest men, who shall measure, weigh, square, fit, polish and cement every part by the standard of the Gospel.

The war has thrown down what was wrongly put up. The materials lay in wild confusion about us. They had been mischievously built in Republicanism, Democracy, Abolitionism, Secession, Slavery, and all sorts of human fabrics piled in together, but without symmetry, beauty or strength—a worse than Babel tower of incohering parts. It was a monstrous deformity—an offence to the eye of all civilization. God wouldn't have such a filthy structure rising up into His holy heavens. He mantled it with cloud, and seathed and shivered it with lightnings, and smote down to the low level of beginnings; and now He commands reconstruction on the basis of equal brotherhood. We are to rear again a national edifice that shall be fronted toward all races of men, and solid in every wall. Let us thank God to-day that we are permitted to do this—that we are not utterly destroyed, as a nation, for our sins. This is a grand work of our life. Let all the people take part in it by word, by prayer, and by solemn deed; and let us be glad that we may engage in such a blessed business. It is a rare privilege to live in these days, and through these duties of reconstruction—these times of special mercy and matches opportunity. The Master says to the American people: You tried it once, but failed. You built in rubbish for rock, ice for granite, straw for cement; and your dangerous fabric was shaken down. Now, try it over again; and build, next time, after the model of the Gospel; build fair and square; build for souls, for eternity, for God. For only righteousness exalteth a nation.

Let us examine foundations. What our fathers merely implied, let us fully supply. Let there be a distinct recognition of the great Christ of all ages as the chief corner stone. If this is to be a Christian nation, it must be built on Christ. Let his name be honored everywhere by the President and by all in authority. If States say we must swear by the God of the Bible—let States themselves stand by the Christ of the Bible. Let the Chief Magistrate and Governors acknowledge Christ in their proclamations and foreign Ministers represent Christ in their official transactions. True Democracy requires this essential Theocracy. The one is the complement of the other. To confess the authority of Jesus Christ is to acknowledge the equality of men. Now, let every word be taken from our Federal Constitution which slavery put in it—every Jerry, dash and dot which the Christ-rejecting and brother-hating iniquity caused to mar the Document of our fathers traced out of

God's law—let all be expanded and the blanks supplied by words from the Gospel of God's Son. Henceforth let it glow and blaze with its own inherent truth, so radiantly that there shall be no mistaking its real significance. And let all State constitutions accord with the central one; and let all ecclesiastical economies know no more forever such leveling in the words of fellowship and counsel.

The great danger now is in conciliation. Policy is always to be suspected. Compromise led to the great mistake at first, and apologized for its enormity till the last. This spirit led us as a people to build a false structure. It was conservatism before the war; let it be radicalism after the war. The one produced strife; the other leads to permanent peace. It was the rebel Beauregard who opened fire on Sumpter; it was the loyal Grant who took Lee's sword at Appomattox. Let Congress insist upon it, in the face of Southern pride and party policy. The stone of equal rights must go into the reconstruction—IT MUST GO IN WITHOUT A SEAR OR SCRATCH OR STAIN OF DISHONOR. To build without this, now, is doubly criminal; it would insult God and imperil man. Such reconstruction would be destruction. There must be unswerving adherence to the masonry of the Architect who built the universe. There must be no false stone, no rear and front exchanges of pieces for effect, no dabbling with untempered mortar.

We are not to waste our time answering questions of policy. We are simply to do our duty. "What shall be done with the negro?" "Done with him!" Thank God; he's not a chattel, or a piece of commodity any more, that any such barbarous question as that need be asked. As well inquire, "What shall be done with the German, the Irishman, the Spaniard?" These, in this land, are all their own men, our neighbors, breathing freedom's air in common with us; and the question now is, rather, "What shall we do for the negro?" If he be hungry, let us feed him; if he be naked let us clothe him; if he be wicked, let us show him Christ by our patience, our kindness, our forbearance, our love.

But we are told there is no affinity between the African race and our own.—We hear from the politicians of the South and their Conservative sympathizers of the North, until it rings as the key-note of the party's plaint, "We hate the negro." "There is absolute antagonism," they say, "between the races." That would do to tell in a speech or write on history's page, if it were not for one queer fact—the *intelligences*! If these yellow faces argue natural antagonism, it is a pity for the logic as well as the instinct of the modern Democracy!

And this so-called repugnance to color is a mere pretence. The standard-bearer of the "white man's party," during the recent campaign, was not that he had had his put on mourning; it is his taste to hide his Christianism by sable garments. Find a man who talks this nonsense of antipathy to color, and ten chances to one he wears a black hat, drives a black carriage, sports a black cane, or uses hair dye at his toilet. It is no repugnance to color as they say; it is repugnance to *low condition*. And if they dared express it, the feeling is the same toward all who are poor and abject and depressed. It is a political hypocrisy, itself darker than the badge it vainly would throw over every child of poverty, of whatever name or nation.

There is a class of half-ideal men who say that this is the white man's country. So it is; but it is the black man's, the brown man's, and the red man's country also. It is more the freedman's than the Irishman's if birthright has any claim. Thank God, this glad Thanksgiving Day, I can stand in a free pulpit and say to you, in those free seats, that this is everybody's country. It is broad enough for all kindreds, tribes and tongues, and rich and poor are here, weak and strong are here, learned and illiterate are here; while over all and first of all, God is here; for at last it is God's country!

And if He permits black men in it, He'll see that they breathe its atmosphere, eat its bread, and enjoy it as creatures bearing His own image, and destined to rise into His high heaven before their pale-faced fellows who hate them without a cause. Whoever huns this silly song, "The white man's country," ought to be chased out of it by Indians; for if it comes down to a simple question of prior occupancy, the copper-skin's claim is best of all. Shame on the tongue that has no better argument than, "White man's country!" For in wars with Britain and Rebeldom, soldiers in ebony contributed largely to save this Republic from overthrow. If we relied upon the bullets of colored troops in time of war, surely we should be magnanimous enough to give ballots to colored freemen in time of peace. Suffrage does not necessarily lead to social equality. That is a matter of taste. Because a Dutchman votes in your ward is no reason why a Dutchman shall marry your daughter.—Voting is a matter of right. Marrying is a matter of taste. Tastes and rights are not in danger of mixing any more than oil and water. Their equilibrium will not be disturbed by the innocent bits of wax that men deposit at the polls.

This whole nation needs to be reconstituted on the model of the New Testament. Churches need reconstruction, until human greed and stately ritualism shall give place to simple Christianity. Schools need reconstruction, until physical and moral training shall stand equal in importance to mental culture. Labor needs reconstruction, until capitalists and employes see eye to eye as level men. Society needs reconstruction, until fashion's sickly sentimentalism shall lie before the light of common sense and warmth of neighborly affection. In all departments of life, the inalienable rights of all people should be recognized and honored, for nothing less or lower than thorough rightness—unswerving righteousness—will exalt the nation.

Mr. Clark discussed at some length the second and third points of his discourse, viz: right Administration and right People, showing how a right Constitution should be righteously administered. He pointed out the many errors and interested in Government, and closed by a word picture of a nation exalted in the light and glory of the Gospel.—REPRINTED—Pittsburgh Com.

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We are not to waste our time answering questions of policy. We are simply to do our duty. "What shall be done with the negro?" "Done with him!" Thank God; he's not a chattel, or a piece of commodity any more, that any such barbarous question as that need be asked. As well inquire, "What shall be done with the German, the Irishman, the Spaniard?" These, in this land, are all their own men, our neighbors, breathing freedom's air in common with us; and the question now is, rather, "What shall we do for the negro?" If he be hungry, let us feed him; if he be naked let us clothe him; if he be wicked, let us show him Christ by our patience, our kindness, our forbearance, our love.

But we are told there is no affinity between the African race and our own.—We hear from the politicians of the South and their Conservative sympathizers of the North, until it rings as the key-note of the party's plaint, "We hate the negro." "There is absolute antagonism," they say, "between the races." That would do to tell in a speech or write on history's page, if it were not for one queer fact—the *intelligences*! If these yellow faces argue natural antagonism, it is a pity for the logic as well as the instinct of the modern Democracy!

And this so-called repugnance to color is a mere pretence. The standard-bearer of the "white man's party," during the recent campaign, was not that he had had his put on mourning; it is his taste to hide his Christianism by sable garments. Find a man who talks this nonsense of antipathy to color, and ten chances to one he wears a black hat, drives a black carriage, sports a black cane, or uses hair dye at his toilet. It is no repugnance to color as they say; it is repugnance to *low condition*. And if they dared express it, the feeling is the same toward all who are poor and abject and depressed. It is a political hypocrisy, itself darker than the badge it vainly would throw over every child of poverty, of whatever name or nation.

There is a class of half-ideal men who say that this is the white man's country. So it is; but it is the black man's, the brown man's, and the red man's country also. It is more the freedman's than the Irishman's if birthright has any claim. Thank God, this glad Thanksgiving Day, I can stand in a free pulpit and say to you, in those free seats, that this is everybody's country. It is broad enough for all kindreds, tribes and tongues, and rich and poor are here, weak and strong are here, learned and illiterate are here; while over all and first of all, God is here; for at last it is God's country!

And if He permits black men in it, He'll see that they breathe its atmosphere, eat its bread, and enjoy it as creatures bearing His own image, and destined to rise into His high heaven before their pale-faced fellows who hate them without a cause. Whoever huns this silly song, "The white man's country," ought to be chased out of it by Indians; for if it comes down to a simple question of prior occupancy, the copper-skin's claim is best of all. Shame on the tongue that has no better argument than, "White man's country!" For in wars with Britain and Rebeldom, soldiers in ebony contributed largely to save this Republic from overthrow. If we relied upon the bullets of colored troops in time of war, surely we should be magnanimous enough to give ballots to colored freemen in time of peace. Suffrage does not necessarily lead to social equality. That is a matter of taste. Because a Dutchman votes in your ward is no reason why a Dutchman shall marry your daughter.—Voting is a matter of right. Marrying is a matter of taste. Tastes and rights are not in danger of mixing any more than oil and water. Their equilibrium will not be disturbed by the innocent bits of wax that men deposit at the polls.

This whole nation needs to be reconstituted on the model of the New Testament. Churches need reconstruction, until human greed and stately ritualism shall give place to simple Christianity. Schools need reconstruction, until physical and moral training shall stand equal in importance to mental culture. Labor needs reconstruction, until capitalists and employes see eye to eye as level men. Society needs reconstruction, until fashion's sickly sentimentalism shall lie before the light of common sense and warmth of neighborly affection. In all departments of life, the inalienable rights of all people should be recognized and honored, for nothing less or lower than thorough rightness—unswerving righteousness—will exalt the nation.

Mr. Clark discussed at some length the second and third points of his discourse, viz: right Administration and right People, showing how a right Constitution should be righteously administered. He pointed out the many errors and interested in Government, and closed by a word picture of a nation exalted in the light and glory of the Gospel.—REPRINTED—Pittsburgh Com.

CENTRE COUNTY OFFICIAL—OCTOBER, 1868.

Table with columns for Boroughs and Townships, and rows for various locations like Bellefonte, Milesburg, Unionville, etc., with numerical data.

CENTRE COUNTY OFFICIAL—OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER, 1868.

Table with columns for Boroughs and Townships, and rows for various locations like Bellefonte, Milesburg, Unionville, etc., with numerical data.

Grandeur of American Citizenship.

In his speech at the New England dinner in New York, on Tuesday night, Vice-President elect, Colfax, referred to the growth of the United States as the result of the grandeur of American citizenship. "It's the shield of American citizenship which shall make us proud and potential, and lift up our country to a prouder position among nations. It is that which is to teach those who are clothed with the solemn trust of representing this great realm of freedom who rule here, not by Divine right, but by free institutions, that when they stand speaking for us at the bar of any civilized nation in the world they shall not on the one hand disgrace us by boastful gasconade, or, on the other, dishonor us by bowing the knee; that when with that self-reliance, that calm, that dignified American nationality, we command the respect to which our great resources and our unequalled trials, which we have survived so gloriously and auspiciously, entitle us, then we need not go into the markets of the world to offer gold and silver to induce those islands of the seas and adjacent State Provinces to cast in their lot with us, and to share with our future. I feel ashamed of an American, when I hear of profifers to buy soil and sovereignty, men, women and children with gold and silver from our national treasury, to share with us in the magnificent future. As you would spurn a bride that is bought with gold, as any fair woman would spurn a husband who had been lured to her side by her wealth instead of her heart, so we, as Americans, should elevate our nationality to win those who are near to us in territorial congeniality to cast their lot with us, when voluntarily and in a body they ask to share with us in our destinies and our magnificent future, we should welcome them into the fold of American citizenship.

HOME TRUTHS.

A judicious wife is always clipping off from her husband's moral nature little twigs that are growing in wrong directions. She keeps him shaped by continual pruning. If you declare that you will do some absurd thing, she will find means of preventing your doing it. And by far the chief part of all the common sense there is in this world belongs unquestionably to women. The wisest things a man commonly does, are those which his wife counsels him to do. A wife is the grand wife of the moral pruning knife. If Johnson's wife had lived, there would have been no hoarding up of orange peel, no touching all the posts in walking along the street, no eating and drinking with the gusting voracity. If Oliver Goldsmith had been married he would never have worn that memorable and ridiculous coat. Whenever you find an oddly dressed, talking absurdly, or exhibiting any eccentricity of manner, you may be sure that he is not a married man; for the corners are rounded off—the little shoots are pruned away. In married men. Wives generally have much more sense than their husbands, especially when their husbands are clever men. The wife's advice like the ballast that keeps is the ship steady.