

FROM A SOCIAL STANDPOINT.

A Southern Lady Discusses the Ostracism of Mr. Cable.

MADE OUT OF DIFFERENT CLAY.

She Thinks Providence Has Put an Eternal Veto on the Mingling of the White and Black Race.

Mr. Cable and the Negro.

LINCOLN, Neb., Dec. 27.—To the Editor of THE BEE: In the SUNDAY BEE I notice an editorial headed "Southern Prejudice," in which the writer criticizes the Atlanta Constitution for predicting the social ostracism of Mr. Cable on account of his intimate association with the negro, and characterizes the people of the south, on mass, as "ignorant, narrow-minded, and intolerant." Being a native, and until recently a resident of that benighted region, and having had, therefore, better opportunities to gain a personal, practical knowledge of its systems and intellectual status than one who has probably never lived in the south and has formed his opinions only from the hearsay evidence of those inimical to its interests, I desire to present a few propositions and call his attention to a few of his inconsistencies.

In the first place, the writer in THE BEE appears in the new role of lexicographer, and treats us to a refreshing definition of the word "prejudice." He says that "prejudice is an index of a narrow, uneducated mind, incapable of looking at a question except from one standpoint, generally an intensely personal one." With a Mr. Webster assures us that prejudice is "an opinion or decision of mind formed without due examination; prejudice, etc." From which we judge that the social equality of the whites and blacks and will never recognize the claims of the latter to be admitted to private circles on such footing, no one will or wishes to deny. Opposing any prejudice, however, we are entirely different words, and it is possible to oppose a thing on reasonable grounds and general principles as well as through self-interest, narrow-mindedness and ignorance.

That the people of the south are opposed to the social equality of the whites and blacks and will never recognize the claims of the latter to be admitted to private circles on such footing, no one will or wishes to deny. Opposing any prejudice, however, we are entirely different words, and it is possible to oppose a thing on reasonable grounds and general principles as well as through self-interest, narrow-mindedness and ignorance. It is not only the brightest minds of the south, those who have studied the question in all its aspects, who realize the true magnitude of the impending evil and are sounding the needed warning. It is precisely those who are having lived in the south and are thoroughly acquainted with the habits, tastes, disposition and capabilities of the race, are in a better position to observe, investigate and arrive at a proper understanding of the subject, than the speculative theorist of the north, who has a little practical knowledge of the negro, as he really exists, as a child of the hippopotamus after looking at one through the cage bars of a traveling menagerie. If there is prejudice at all on either side, facts and reason would go to prove that it is on the side of the enlightened north rather than of the ignorant south.

THE BEE says: "God made and can tolerate the colored race, but the editors of the Constitution cannot tolerate a white person who takes dinner with a negro." Yes, God made the negro and can tolerate him, and he can tolerate them. Not that I would insult our ebullient brother by a comparison so offensive. I simply follow THE BEE's example and go a long way for an illustration. God made the white and he made it as it is, separate and distinct and altogether different from the white, just as he made one star to differ from another in glory, gems to differ in lustre, flowers to differ in form and intelligence, and so on ad infinitum. He has made different orders and grades of creation, in every kingdom, family and species; and in this he is wise, to guard against any possible mistake, in making the original clay, he took the precaution to give it a different hue so that there could be no possible danger of getting the marbles mixed. THE BEE acts upon the same principle in its process was accidental and is trying to circumvent the designs of the Almighty. The fact is, there is no question of toleration in it. Everything is right and proper in its place. The African is as much a distinct branch of the human race, as much a part of the great whole in the sum of created things, as the American, Aretic, Australian, Mongolian or Caucasian. He is doubtless a link in the chain of progressive evolution; is happy, useful and acceptable in his particular sphere. But nature has drawn a line of demarcation between the African and Caucasian races, and the social gulf that separates the two can never be bridged. The Bible proves, that as a race, the former is in every respect the equal of the latter. When the north demonstrates this fact the south will lay aside its "ignorance, narrow-mindedness and intolerance" and will be willing to convert to new faith.

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A pension agent named Wright secured for the widow of a revolutionary soldier a pension of \$100, which was retained one-half by his fee. The pensioner, a crippled old woman, hobbled into Lincoln's office and told her story. It stirred Lincoln up, he brought

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plaintiff, asked Mr. Sweeney if his horses were frightened by the whistle of the locomotive.

"I did, sir."

To interrupt Horace Greeley when he was in the throes of bringing forth an editorial—an editorial which has never been equaled in the journalism of America—an editor in chief was a slogan for his party, a thunderbolt for his foes—was a danger which no friend, no enemy, none but a fool, dared to encounter, said Chauncey Depew in a recent speech before the Boston Press club. I was once in an editorial sanctum when the fool was there. To relieve your apprehensions, I was not the fool. He was one of those itinerant and persistent gentlemen with a subscription book. He kept presenting it while the old Horace was writing—as most of you remember, with his pen away up to his chin, like this (illustrating), and Horace had a habit, when anyone would interfere of kicking, and so he, kicked at the subscription book, which was in the middle of a sentence, turned round, and said, raspingly, in that shrill voice of his: "What do you want? State it quick and state it in the fewest possible words."

Speaking of the late Martin F. Tupper a London journalist says: "When it was my good fortune to become acquainted with Mr. Tupper I found him the most cordial friend. The storm of criticism which heaped upon him at that time had laid down upon his works never disturbed his equanimity or ruffled his temper: in looks he was a ruddy-faced, white-bearded, handsome, man, hearty, courteous and enthusiastic. I can not recall his good nature. I may here repeat an anecdote which I have published elsewhere. It is to the effect that when I visited Mr. Tupper at Albany he showed me an immense volume which he had just written, and which were pasted all over with criticisms, favorable and unfavorable, of his works and all the parodies of his poems. Among the latter I saw with horror some which I had written, and with more horror a marginal note in Mr. Tupper's handwriting, which understood these to be by Edmund Yates; they are very smart."

When the bishop of Edinburgh was in this country he visited Bishop Williams of Connecticut, at Middletown, says the Youkers Statesman. Habited in the English Episcopal costume of knee-breeches and black silk stockings, he was invited from a train and was at once accosted by Bishop Williams, although the two men had never met each other before. "Tell me," asked Bishop Williams, after the first greetings, "how did you know me?" "Ah, by your face," replied his lordship of Edinburgh. "I have one of your photographs, you know. But tell me in return how you knew me?" "Oh, by your long ears," replied Dr. Williams, glancing with an amused smile at the well-turned curls of his guest.

The doxology is all well enough in its way, but for Xmas day the proper pan is the such-and-such. "Alone with God and her! lead pencil!" is the one opportunity a woman has to sharpen it without being told she don't know how to use it well. The signal officer of the infernal regions makes very little change in his predictions: his bulletins invariably read, "Warner tomorrow will be a day of rain."

At Orange you can hear numberless stories of Edison, says the Electric Age. Friend—Are you happy? Spine (through medium)—Perfectly. Friend—What has pleased you most since you left us? Spirit—The spittoon on my tombstone. It both amuses and disgusts me. Sam Johnson—Did you hear de parson say dat whoosever had stole his pumpkins would go to de bad place? Jim Webster—Heah! heah! ain't I glad I ain't stem nuffin but cabbagees. It was Elder Buzzell, says an exchange, who called on a worthy deacon to open a church conference, and was surprised when the good man began his petition with "O, thou great, insignificant God." "Omnipotent, brother, you mean omnipotent," he said, and whispered to the deacon: "Hub!" ejaculated the surprised applicant. "What's that you say?" The preacher repeated the correction, whereupon the deacon continued his prayer to a great length, and concluded as follows: "Finally, Lord, bless our educated parson. Stuff him with religion, and let him break him of the habit of fault-finding. If possible, and at the seventh hour gather him with the saints in the kingdom."

At a recent Sunday school service the clergyman was illustrating the necessity of Christian profession in order properly to enjoy the blessing of providence in this world, and to make it apparent to the youthful mind he said: "For instance, I want to introduce water into my house. The pipes are frozen, and I have no money to get them unfrozen, but I get no water. Can any of you tell me why I do not get any water?" He expected the children to see that a water pipe that has not made a connection with the main in the street. The boys looked perplexed. They could not see why the water should refuse to run, but his remark after a moment or less a plumber, "Can no one tell me what he has neglected?" reiterated the good man's question. "I know of a water pipe that has been bowed down by the weight of the problem. I know," said a little five-year-old. "You don't say!"

The wife of Count Tolstoy, the Russian novelist, is like the wives of many literary men, the busiest member of the family firm. She has sole charge of the sale and distribution of her husband's books, and is his amanuensis, revisor and translator. Besides, she is a soldier's pensioner, which adds to her domestic affairs. It is as much as the count can do to make the shoes for the thirteen youngsters, and entertain his callers from America.

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PRIVATE, SPECIAL, NERVOUS AND BLOOD DISEASES. We claim to be the only reliable, responsible establishment in the west making a specialty of this class of diseases. Dr. MoMenemy was one of the first thoroughly educated physicians to make a special study of this class of diseases, and his methods and inventions have been adopted by specialists in Europe and America.

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