

## SELECTIONS.

**NEGRO SUFFRAGE IN NEW-YORK.**—The proposition submitted to the people of the State of New-York to admit coloured men to the right of suffrage on the same conditions as white men are admitted, has been decided by a vote of 74,379 in favour, and 207,426 against such admission—133,067 majority. It is gratifying to find that 74,379 citizens of the Empire State were in favour of placing the coloured man, so far as the right of suffrage is concerned, on a level with themselves, but while there are 207,426, who can deliberately deposit their votes against such a measure, it will be difficult to convince impartial men that there is not a vast amount of prejudice against colour at the North; for however different may have been the motives of those who voted in the negative, they must all have had their origin in this prejudice. Coloured men are not proscribed on account of their ignorance or depravity, no such tests being set up; and could the coloured men in the State of New-York but pass through some bleaching process, and some other slight transformations of their head, though their characters remained as at present, they might exercise the right of suffrage on the same conditions as other men. It is pitiable to see “a great and magnanimous” State, constituting a leading portion of a nation whose Declaration of Independence proclaims that “all men are born free and equal,” depriving men of the right of suffrage on account of the colour of their skin, the curl of their hair, and the conformation of their visage. Were we citizens of such a State, we should blush at its name. As it is, we have no occasion for blushing in this respect. Vermont, from the commencement of her existence as a State, has ever placed the white and the coloured man on the same footing; and we have cause of gratitude to the framers of our government that it is so. As a State we have no virtues to boast of, but in this matter we are permitted to hold up our heads and look our sister States in the face.—*Vt. Chronicle.*

**A RARE CASE.**—A clergyman in Pittsburg, feeling that his salary was more than sufficient, applied to his congregation to have it reduced. This they refused to do, and the clergyman annually contributes a large portion of his salary to benevolent purposes.

**IS GOD IN THIS HOUSE?**—In Greenland, when a stranger knocks at the door, he asks, “Is God in this house?” and if they answer, “Yes,” he enters. Reader, this little messenger knocks at your door with the Greenland salutation, *Is God in this house?* Were you, like Abraham, entertaining an angel unawares, what would be the report he would take back to heaven? Would he find an altar in your dwelling? Do you worship God with your children? Is there a church in your house? If not, then God is not in your house. A prayerless is a godless family. It is a family on which Jehovah frowns. He will pour out his fury on it some day. “O Lord, pour out thy fury upon the heathen that know thee not, and upon the families that call not on thy name.” A prayerless family and a heathen family are here counted the same.—*Tract by Rev. M. Hamilton.*

**“THE LONG RANGE” OF THE GOSPEL.**—“Warner’s Long Range” is a good deal spoken of now-a-days, as a wonderful invention for killing enemies. But let me tell that Warner, and all other geniuses of his cast, that such inventions are a humbug. Such tactics and tools are all too short-sighted and too short-bitted for the work proposed. Enemies are as immortal as any malignant spirits, and you might as well hope to shoot sin stone dead, as shoot an enemy. There is but one way given under heaven by which one can kill an enemy; and that is, by putting coals of fire on his head; that does the business for him at once. Lie in wait for him, and when you catch him in trouble, faint from hunger or thirst, or shivering with cold, spring upon him, like a good Samaritan, with your hands, eyes, tongue, and heart full of good gifts. Feed him, give him drink, and warm him with clothing, and words of kindness; and he is done for. You have killed an enemy and made a friend at one shot.—*Elihu Burritt.*

**AN AFFECTING ANECDOTE.**—A corporal of the rifle brigade, for robbing a Spaniard of some bread, was tried by a drum-head court-martial, and brought out immediately afterwards for punishment. When the brigade was formed, and the unhappy corporal, who, till then, bore an excellent character, was placed in the centre of the square, close to the triangle,—the general said, in a stern voice, “Strip, sir.” The corporal never uttered a word till actually tied up, when, turning his head round, as far as his humiliating position enabled him, he said in a firm and respectful voice, “General Crawford, spare me.” The General replied, “It cannot be; your crime is too great.” The unhappy man, who was sentenced to be reduced to the pay and rank of a private soldier, and to receive two hundred lashes, then added, “Oh, general! do you recollect when we were both taken prisoners in Buenos Ayres? We were confined with others in a sort of pound. You sat on my knapsack, fatigued and hungry. I shared my last biscuit with you—on that occasion you shook me by the hand, swearing never to forget my kindness—it is now in your power. You know that when I committed the act for which I am now made so humiliating a spectacle to my comrades, we had been on short rations for some time.” Not only the general, but the whole square, was affected by this address. The bugler, who stood behind the corporal, then, on a nod from the bugle-major, inflicted the first lash, which drew blood from as brave a fellow as ever carried a musket. The general started, and turning hastily round, said, “Who ordered that bugler to flog? Send him to drill! send him to drill! Take him down! take him down! I remember it well!” all the time pacing up and down the square, wiping his face

with his handkerchief, trying to hide emotions that were visible to the whole square. After recovering his noble feeling, the gallant general uttered, with a broken accent, “Why does a brave soldier like you commit these crimes?” Then beckoning to his orderly for his horse, he mounted and galloped off. In a few days the corporal was restored to his rank, and I saw him a year afterwards a respected serjeant. Had the poor fellow’s sentence been carried out, a valuable soldier would have been lost to the service, and a good man converted into a worthless one.—*Sharpe’s London Magazine.*

**THE TELESCOPE AND MICROSCOPE.**—While the telescope enables us to see a system in every star, the microscope unfolds to us a world in every atom. The one instructs us that this mighty globe, with the whole hurthen of its people and its countries, is but a grain of sand in the vast field of immensity—the other that every atom may harbour the tribes and families of a busy population. The one shows us the insignificance of the world we inhabit—the other redeems it from all its insignificance, for it tells us that in the leaves of every forest, in the flowers of every garden, in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as are the stars of the firmament. The one suggests to us that above and beyond all that is visible to man there may be regions of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty’s hand to the remotest scenes of the universe—the other, that within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man is able to explore there may be a world of invisible beings; and that, could we draw aside the mysterious veil which shrouds it from our senses, we might behold a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy can unfold—a universe within the compass of a point so small as to elude all the powers of the microscope, but where the Almighty Ruler of all things finds room for the exercise of his attributes, where he can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with evidences of his glory.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

**A ROYAL QUANDARY.**—On the first consignment of Seidlitz powders to the capital of Delhi, the monarch was deeply interested in the accounts of the refreshing beverage. A box was brought to the king in full court, and the interpreter explained to his Majesty how it was to be used. Into a goblet he put the contents of the twelve blue papers; and, having added water, the king drank it off. This was the alkali, and the royal countenance exhibited no sign of satisfaction. It was then explained, that in the combination of the two powders lay the luxury; and the twelve white powders were quickly dissolved in water, and as eagerly swallowed by his Majesty. With a shriek that will be remembered while Delhi is numbered with the kingdoms, the monarch rose, staggered, exploded; and, in his agonies, screamed, “Hold me down!” Then rushing from the throne, fell prostrate on the floor. There he lay during the long-continued effervescence of the compound, spurling like ten thousand pennyworths of imperial pop, and believing himself in the agonies of death; a melancholy and humiliating proof that kings are mortal.—*Life at the Water Cure.*

## NEWS.

The war is the topic of interest in the United States papers—that Republic having passed into a new phase of its existence, the consequences of which cannot now be foreseen.

In the first place, the assertion so frequently made that the constitution of the United States prevented them from engaging in any war but one of defence, is completely disproved. The Republic may evidently engage in wars of conquest with as much avidity and success as ancient Rome. In the second place, the consent of the people inhabiting them, which has been deemed an essential element to the government of all states and territories of the United States, is now found to be unnecessary. The northern parts of Mexico, California, &c., are now *de facto* territories of the United States, yet the consent of the inhabitants has not been asked, and probably never will be asked in any full and free manner. In the third place, the voice of the people, or the people’s representatives, has been deemed essential to all appointments connected with civil government, but this is found to be no longer necessary—Col. Kearney and Commodore Stockton are, we believe, respectively the Governors of Santa Fe and California, without any appointment from the inhabitants, or Congress.

These changes in the hitherto understood constitution of the United States, and which are evidently sustained by a great majority in Congress, are, we think, equivalent to a complete revolution, and though the effects may not become immediately visible, we doubt not that they will develop themselves too soon. There is a terrible saying in the Old Book—“all they who take the sword shall perish with the sword.”

The last accounts from Washington state that it is contemplated to create the office of Lieut.-General of the army, and put Col. Benton of Missouri into it, with plenipotentiary powers both as respects the com-