A RESSURECTED FOSSIL.

There is a teachers' institute in progress in Kansas City Mo. There are 250 brain workers in attendance, and not one colored. Not knowing the cause of their absence, we inquired, and was surprised to learn that they were denied the advantages of the institute because of their color. The gentleman who has the management of the affair made this rule and declared it to be a law of the Medes and Persians.

Prof. Greenwood, the city superintendent, who is a broad-minded cultured gentleman, has washed his hands of this disgrace by saying that he had nothing to do with the institute. Prof. Greenwood need not have said this. Everybody who knows him understands very well his position on this color question. He has repeatedly declared that there is no color to mind, and his actions speak louder than words.

Prof. Buchanan, who is holding an institute in our city, said the other day: "The Kansas City, Mo., colored teachers had come over to his institute to get the benefit of privileges denied them in their own state." "There are as good ladies among them," said the professor, "as you can find anywhere, and I call them Miss and emphasize the Miss every time."

There is an old fossil, however, over there who, to our mind, reminds us of a ressurrected ass of the long-eared age, who insists on addressing the colored lady teachers as Jane and Sarah and who thinks it a crime against nature and a sin against heaven to permit teachers of different hues to sit in the same room and learn from the same instructor. This man is conducting the institute.

How in the name of heaven this dark age creature is permitted to direct and control the educational destinies of that city, we can't for the life of us see. But he is there, uncouth, uncultured, unrefined; widening the breach, sowing the seeds of prejudice in tender hearts and impressing himself upon the youth, who, in after years, will reflect his norrow shadow in every walk of life they may chance to pursue.

The stand taken by Profs. Greenwood and Buchanan will greatly endear them to all fairminded and intelligent men, but in our humble judgment we cannot forbear to say that Mr. Caldwell was born an ass, reared an ass and will insist on being "writ down an ass" on his departure from earth, which we hope will be some time sooner than the next centennial.

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