

We observe in the Washington Star of the 11th that Gen. George C. Meade, member of Congress from the fourth Congressional District of this State, introduced a bill to repeal so much of the act of 1867...

This bill was referred to the Judiciary Committee. What this committee will do we can not say, but we think it should be amended so as to include the claims of all non-combatants.

What work had they done? They had brought him who, "under happier circumstances in life might have made a useful man," to the scaffold. We are "burning the midnight oil," and all alone have been reading the newspaper's account of a murder by a boy of eighteen!

Well, do you not believe that we can name to you many instances where well-intentioned young men have thought just as you do, and who went on in their wild career, feeling bold and in no danger of an irrevocable fall?

The gaming table and the cup of intoxication are the Scylla and Charybdis of mythology. The lives of those youths who pass the dangerous points are worthy and noble. There are those who pass them and yet whose lives are neither useful nor noble.

Let Mr. McKee rise superior to past prejudices; let him throw off party shackles and endeavor to legislate for the people of the common nationality; let him be just and fair. The time for sectional animosity is passed.

Will he conquer? He does not ask himself for he feels no cause to ask of himself; but mothers and fathers, relatives and anxious loving friends, ask it time and again. And, Oh! how these loving hearts will oft-times vainly try to pierce the future of one in whom their hope and pride had centered!

With his ardent, generous, yielding disposition, he is led into excesses. He unconsciously forms evil associations. And even after he is aware his associations are not those he should seek, he continues to frequent their society, until after a while, scrupulous sensitiveness upon this point becomes blunted and blurred, and thus they proceed, step by step, until dissipation and even vice, two emblems of crime, are not unknown to him.

According to this reasoning, while it is morally impossible for any Clay and Webster Whig, etc., to become a Democrat, it is not morally impossible for such an one to become a Jacobin. The Gazette does, in effect, support the Radical Alocorn administration in Mississippi, and from his present views, is bound to find his abiding place in the bosom of the Radical party.

What was the only palliation he could offer for this crime? It was, that he was drunk! Drunkenness leads to murder. You smile, perhaps, and say there is no danger of your reaching that point. It is true you drink, and sometimes to an excess, but the idea of your becoming a criminal—why, you think it preposterous.

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During the winter I was favored by a young man who, in conversation, had some interesting remarks to make on the subject of the "Reklaw," the Jackson correspondent of the Vicksburg Times, writes that the question of electing a State Printer has assumed a new phase...

It is certainly late to introduce this lame man again to the people of Mississippi as connected with her local politics. As an individual he no longer has connection with the people or the State.

Many and many have laughed incredulously at the idea of their filling drunkard's graves; but they have died inebriated. And so have many blushed at the bare thought of committing a crime; but, at last, they have fallen.

Before we close this old-fashioned sermon-like SATURDAY NIGHT, perhaps it may not be unwise if we attempt, very briefly, to illustrate what we have said by an example.

The instance of which we write was that of a handsome, brilliant and popular young man who had, of course, many friends and who loved society and pleasure. He had not the slightest idea of falling.

He married a lovely wife and she bore him children. True he drank, but seldom to an excess. He prospered, and his life was flattering. A few years passed during which we saw little of him.

A sad and terrible ending! And what must have been the feeling of that wife, the mother of his children! His death and the circumstances made a deep impression on us, and at the time, we tried to perpetuate his memory in a few lines feebly expressing love, sympathy and regret.

There's many a prayer to be said, There's many a hymn to be sung, There's many a grave to be dug, There's many a knell to be rung.

A lonely, broken heart Has passed away to God, And the shrines face found a resting place, Beneath a pitying sod.

With feelings both tender and true, A nature ambitious and bold; But a treacherous guest found place in his breast, Then his story of life soon told.

He struggled, he triumphed, he rose; He struggled away to freedom, he fell; The wrath of his censured and meed of his praise, Are lost in the dirge of his knell.

THE EVILS OF THE BERT COALITION. It is certainly late to introduce this lame man again to the people of Mississippi as connected with her local politics.

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REKLAW. The Jackson correspondent of the Vicksburg Times, writes that the question of electing a State Printer has assumed a new phase...

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THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY NAVIGATION COMPANY. The constant and proper navigation of the Mississippi valley, abounding as it does in cereal and mineral wealth, is of the utmost importance...

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THE NUSSANCES. Mr. Editor: Judging by the tone of several communications lately published in our city papers, it appears that the Vicksburg public is somewhat exercised about the moral pollution which taints the atmosphere of Washington street...

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SCIENTIFIC BARRING. One dull day in August, just afternoon, a balloon rose in the air at the foot of Clared Hill, on the Western edge of the Central plain of England. It was inflated with the lightest gases which chemical skill could produce...

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