

Generation after generation, says the writer, have felt as we now feel, and their lives were active as ours. They passed like vapor, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her creator commanded her to be. The heavens shall be as bright over our graves as they were over those of our fathers. Can it be that other things of life will creep in, and our names be soon forgotten? Will days continue to move and song and laughter be heard in the room in which we died? And will the eyes which mourned for us soon glisten again with joy, and even our children cease to think of us and not remember to kiss our names? Yes, others have gone, and so it has been with them, and—Our turn must come.

Our funeral will find its way, and prayers will be said—but we will not be left to silence and the worms, for the grand hope of immortality stands before us as a beacon light and we feel we know, it will guide us to friends and kindred, to green fields and pleasant waters, to the songs of birds, the gurgling of brooks, the fragrance of flowers, and the feasts of the angels.

God the Father! with all our sins of omission and commission, with our unuttered pangs of remorse, with our follies and weaknesses upon us, we pray for an increase of that Blessed Hope this SATURDAY NIGHT.

We learn that Robert Wood, colored, charged with the murder of his wife, Amanda Wood, on the plantation of Hon. D. A. Cameron, in this county, last fall, and sentenced to be executed on the 30th of last month, but reprieved till the 30th instant, has been further respited till the 6th of June.

We are glad to see again upon our streets, one of our Vicksburg sons, who has been absent for several years past, prosecuting his studies in Northern cities, where, it is said, he has won the highest honors, and has now returned to the home of his childhood, to establish himself in business. We refer to the son of Mr. Thomas Quinn, now dead, one of Vicksburg's most estimable sons. Dr. Robert A. Quinn, known in childhood and boyhood to many of us, is again with us, and we hope he will find it to his interest, as we know it to be his inclination, to remain.

SAD ACCIDENT.—On last Saturday night Mr. George D. Davenport, clerk in the drug store of Dr. J. S. Cain, retired to his couch and fell asleep, leaving a lighted lamp burning by his bedside. By some means or other, the bed clothes took on fire, which aroused him from sleep, and in his efforts to extinguish the flames his arms and hands were very badly burnt. He however succeeded in extinguishing the flames and succeeded in saving the town from a general conflagration. Young men who are in the habit of studying or reading on their pillows by candle or lamp light, cannot be too particular about extinguishing the light before falling asleep.—[Okolona Monitor, May 25.]

An Explanation.—A certain contemporary takes us to task for our article of last Wednesday under the heading of "Liberty and License." That journal berates us somewhat for our fashion of dealing with it; but does so under a total misapprehension of the facts. We have not the honor of the confidence of the gentleman to whom our contemporary refers; neither did we entertain the most remote idea that the responsibility charged had been urged in any other sense. The making responsible to which we referred, was the act of the contributor who sent the letter to the journal in question, and certainly did not dream of any such rendering as that of "pistols and coffee for two"—We hope this explanation will be as satisfactory to our contemporary as the misapprehension is amusing to oneself.

We avail ourselves of this occasion to assure the journal to which we refer here, that nothing is farther from our wish than to treat it with scant courtesy. Differing from us, though it does, in politics, we do it the justice to say that it does so in a spirit which challenges our respect. We hope, sincerely, to win respect in return from every journal conducted at so proper a level. And we may add that if our esteem of it had not been previously high, we should have held it in honorable consideration after the perusal of a recent article in which it resented an outrage on the private life of a certain gentleman with all the delicacy of taste and cultivation.

THEY STEAL PUBLIC MONEY WITH WHISKEY TO BRIBE.

If there has been one frank, outrage and wrong perpetrated by the Radical party, as represented in Congress, greater than others, it is the atrocious action had with reference to Georgia. This State had been restored to all her rights, was equal to all the other States, her forms of local law had been accepted, her officers had been recognized, every form and requirement complied with, and she was as fully a part of the sisterhood as New York, Pennsylvania, or any of those States, and yet she was forcibly divested of all her rights, stripped of her power, and reduced again to a state of military vassalage. For what was this done? To accomplish certain partisan purposes, and to accomplish the ambitious and mercenary motives of certain Radicals who could command influence and money for bribery. It is thus the Augusta Chronicle treats of the action of Governor Bullock in this transaction, and the means he used to accomplish his purposes. Says the Chronicle: "In his examination before the Senate investigation Committee, Bullock stated that the whole amount he expended in his efforts to defeat the Bingham amendment, between the 5th of March and the 30th of April, was FORTY-THREE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS, being an average of two hundred and sixty dollars per day. If we are not mistaken, Bullock went to Washington last fall and spent money quite freely in procuring the passage of the bill under which the Legislature was convened and purged by Terry in January. He also went to Washington and spent much time and money, if report be true, between the last of January and the 5th of March. How much he squandered on these occasions may be well imagined when, by his own testimony, it appears that his expenditures amounted to the enormous sum of two hundred and sixty dollars per day during the period to which his statement referred.

It is a question of much importance to the robbed and oppressed people of this State, to ascertain from what source those vast supplies were obtained. Bullock himself is wholly bankrupt, or at least has no visible means nor any income, so far as the public knows, except the salary of his office, \$4,500 a year. The wing of the Radical party in this State, to which he belongs, is composed of a set of impetuous carpet-baggers and broken down scoundrels, who never had means, money, character, or position. These could not have supplied the vast sums which, according to Bullock's own statement, he expended at and around Washington. The only men in the Republican ranks in this State who have money, or brains, or social position are opposed to Bullock's and Blodgett's schemes, and hence they could not have supplied any portion of the funds so lavishly squandered.

The conclusion is inevitable, from a careful examination of the whole matter, that Bullock drew and used money for the unlawful and corrupt purpose of influencing legislation against the interest of the people of the State with their own money, which, by virtue of his own office and position, he was enabled to control through the agency of the Georgia National Bank.

We do not believe that there is a man or woman, of ordinary intelligence, in the State, who does not feel assured that the money of the State has been used by Bullock in the corrupt and unlawful manner which his evidence before the committee shows to have been true. Every member of Congress must be convinced now if they were not before, that he in a bold, unscrupulously corrupt and very dangerous man. The Radicals—those who have been supporting him and his policy for the last six months—must feel humiliated and chagrined, that they have been made the willing dupes of such a cunning and infamous impostor.

What effect this disclosure will have upon the pending Georgia bill, remains to be seen. If there is the least sense of shame and regard for common decency left in Congress, that body will certainly so frame their legislation, in regard to the reconstruction of Georgia, as to leave Bullock where an outraged and cruelly robbed people may take action to relieve themselves from the horrible incubus which his continuation in office would leave over them and the best interests of the State.

FOR RENT.

On account of the infamous deposit law just passed by the Senate, and will doubtless pass the House, the object being for the black mailing of insurance companies doing business in our State, we understand the different insurance offices are for rent, but the furniture will not be sold however, as that will be transferred to De Soto; by this law the State and city loses all the revenue, and the companies continue the business without the privilege of paying for it, as they have hitherto done—smart act, this, of our Legislature. City tax on each Insurance Company..... \$150 00 Forty-five companies at \$150 00 is..... 6,750 00 County tax on receipts about..... 7,250 30 Printing statements of Cos. 2,500 00 Sundry fees, &c..... 1,000 00 Total..... \$17,500 00 This amount of revenue deprived from our city and county annually.

The Pacific Railroad Committee has completed the bill for the construction of a railroad to the Pacific on the 32d parallel. It grants the usual amount of land to about forty corporations from Eastern and Southern States, and ignores Fremont's El Paso party.

GRANT complains that the White House is very undesirable as a residence, and regrets having sold his I Street mansion. He is in favor of the construction of a new mansion as a Presidential residence somewhere in the northern suburbs of the city.—[Nashville Union and American.]

He has signified his desire. It will not be a week before the purchase of the "I" street mansion will be made, and it presented to him by some office-seeker, who will thereby procure that for which he seeks.

A CURIOUS LEGEND.—When Adam was far advanced in years and at the point of death, he sent his son to the Angel Michael, who kept the gate of Paradise, to pray for the oil of mercy, so that he could be healed. The angel answered that it could not be until fifty-five hundred years, but he gave Seth a branch of the tree of which Adam had eaten, bidding him plant it on Mount Lebanon, and that when it bore fruit his father should be healed. Seth planted the branch on his father's grave: it took root and grew, and from it were made Aaron's rod, and Moses' staff with which he struck the rock and sweetened the waters of Marah. It also formed the pole on which the brazen serpent was lifted up, and the ark of the testimony. At last it came into the hands of Solomon, who used it in building his palace; but it continually resisted the efforts of the builders to adjust it. Now it was too long, and then again too short. The builders, being angry, then threw it into a marsh, so that it might serve as a mark. The queen of Sheba would not walk upon it, but adored it, and told Solomon that upon it should be suspended the man through whose death the kingdom should be destroyed. Solomon then had it buried deep in the ground, where afterward the pool of Bethesda was dug, and from the virtues of this tree healing properties were imparted to the waters. After it had been buried three hundred years it rose to the surface of the water, and the Jews took it and made of it the cross of our Saviour.—[From the Cross in Legend's Poetry, and Art, in the May number of Lippincot's Magazine.]

A VERY UNUSUAL NEGRO.—At the last meeting of the Lexington Presbytery, sitting in Versailles, a negro applied for license to preach, and it was accorded to him, but not until after a most searching examination, during which he showed himself familiar with Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and all the text books required to be studied by Presbyterian theological students. The negro is a singular compound of physical deformity and mental activity, being dwarfed and distorted in body to a degree almost painful to look upon, and with a very large head, out of all proportion to the rest of his person. He is a reputed son of the great lawyer and orator, S. S. Prentiss, at one time member of Congress from Mississippi, where he was looked upon as a perfect prodigy of eloquence and mental attainment. This son of his seems to possess his fathers peculiarities in an exaggerated degree, and may yet prove as marvelous in mind as distorted in body. His appearance so prejudiced members of the Presbytery against him that they would have refused him a license if he had shown any deficiency.—He was required to deliver a sermon of his own composition, and the matter of it was not only good, but the manner of delivery was composed and admirable. We have not heard to what field he has been called.—[Lexington Gazette.]

MISS EVELYN.

Rain, rain, rain—a hopeless day, with an easterly wind and a sky of lead. The streets were dirty and sloping, and muddy and miserable. Women hurried along with draggled skirts; men plunged through the mud with umbrellas and sulky faces. A dark, dreary, miserable day; and all of its gloom was reflecting in Miss Evelyn's face, as she stood looking out of her boudoir window.

She was tall and stately, and beautifully dressed, too; this Miss Evelyn; and young, or that is to say, twenty-five, so she need hardly have worn that weary, miserable look, one would think, if the weather was bad. Besides, one would have thought it a fine thing to be Miss Constance Evelyn, with a fortune of a hundred thousand dollars, and such a pretty room to nestle in on wet days.

Miss Evelyn dropped the curtains as the little ornate clock struck eleven, and began walking up and down, with the shadow in her face deepening and darkening every moment. Presently she stopped before a great mirror that reflected her form from top to toe, and gazed long and fixedly at the pale, proud face, black, glossy hair and blue eyes that gazed back.

"Am I handsome?" thought Miss Evelyn, "or is it only the wretched flattery that is poured into the ear of every rich woman that I know? What does he think, I wonder? Ah! that little tell-tale pronoun? The proudest of these proud women are humble enough when 'ac' is in the question.

"And I am growing old," thought Miss Evelyn. "I never fancied so until last night. The idea of an unmarried woman of five and twenty presuming to think herself young! I passed him talking to a young lady—a gushing 'just out.' I passed, but they did not see me. 'Miss Evelyn handsome!' exclaimed Missy, in answer to something he had said, 'Oh, yes, of course, but frightfully old isn't she? Why, she was going to be married to Mr. Lawrence ever so long ago, and was engaged to a cousin ages before that! That was quite enough. I walked away, and danced with the first gentleman who asked me, and comprehended that my life was gone and I was an old maid."

BOUCAULT.

Boucault has arranged with Dickens to dramatize "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

She began walking up and down again, her thoughts wandering gloomily into the past. "And what a useless life it has been! What a deceit society is! What a shallow, rapid, empty mockery! I am weariness to myself, and a useless thing to my fellow creatures. If we were all born with a destiny to accomplish, and a work to do, it is time I found mine out, and began it. What is an old maid's mission, any way? To talk scandal, drink tea, and be snubbed! Come in!"

There had been a modest rap at the door. Mary, the housemaid, appeared. "If you please, miss, Mr. Underhill is in the drawing room." Miss Evelyn started. "Mr. Underhill? Such a morning? Well, go down, Mary, and tell him I'll be there in a moment."

She shook out her flowing robes, smoothed her glossy braids, and slowly descended. Mr. Underhill, Miss Evelyn's lawyer, a sober, elderly man, rose up at her entrance. "Good morning, Miss Evelyn. I dread a rainy day, don't you? You didn't expect a visitor such as weather?" "Hardly," Miss Evelyn answered, languidly. "But you are very welcome, Mr. Underhill."

"Thank you, Miss Evelyn. I wish I brought more welcome news." For the first time, now, the young lady noticed the trouble in his face and voice. "What is it?" she asked, quietly, "trouble for me?" "About money matters, of course."

THE WOMAN QUESTION.

The woman question—"What did she have on?" A single tree in Kentucky has been the gallows of four victims of lynch law during the last twelve months.

Prussia is extending and enlarging the fortifications of Cologne, the cost being estimated at \$8,000,000. Since the death of Noah Webster at least one thousand slang words have become a part of the language of America.

People of Wyoming don't know whether to call their female Justice a Justice of the Peace or a Justice of the Peacocks. Alarming symptoms of suffrage fever: Little Girl—there, dolly, you must lie still and sleep all day, 'cause I've got to do and vote.

Another grove of big trees, nearly fourteen in number, in Calaveras county, California, has this season been open to the view of tourists. A young man in Coldwater, Michigan, suddenly lost his voice on Christmas, and he has been unable to speak since, except in his sleep, when he talks as fluently as ever.

A Belgian was recently hung by mistake in Bruges, and as a slight recompense to his wife, the generous-hearted Government have accorded her free permission to beg. At Augusta, Wis., where more prayer is considered necessary, the prayer are recommended to secret devotions at "the blowing of the half-past 11 whistle at the steam mill."

THE WOMAN QUESTION.

Senator Brownlow has to be brought to the Senate by attendants; his voice is gone and he votes by proxy, sending his vote to the Secretary by a page. Yet he is in his seat every day. Senator Salisbury, of Delaware, has been in the Senate eleven years and never introduced a bill until a few days ago, when he called for \$225,000 for improvements in the Delaware river, and got it.

A San Francisco Judge tempered justice with mercy by fining a starved girl twenty-five cents for stealing a can of milk, and then raising twenty dollars for her on the spot from sympathizing spectators. A colored doctor at Charleston has certified that one of his patients "Died with Cronbach Disease and taylor." Casomian Died Corone. Hand of Dr A Healt-ical Sexton of Director suburb.

One of the most singular patents ever issued is one to Hartford man for a device of "elongated pad plates and adjustable elastic hands for securing the features of a deceased person in their natural position."

After that Miss Evelyn met Mr. Underhill very often at the office of her pretty pupil. But she did not see him again. Miss Evelyn was like some other women who are not so much as they seem. She listened, if he would persist in talking to her

and answered in monosyllables. She declined haughtily and peremptorily when he asked permission to see her home; and three days after wrote a note to the young lady, begging to be excused from further attendance. Two days after, coming home late in the evening, fagged and nearly worn to death with a hard day's work, she found a visitor awaiting her in the little parlor. Going in, she saw to her surprise and anger, Mr. Chillingham. She stood before him, more queasily than in the days of old, haughtily questioning with fixed blue eyes, "Pardon me, Miss Evelyn, for this intrusion," he said, coming forward; "but you shun me so persistently in other places, that I have no alternative. You have given me no chance to say what I have been longing to say ever since I found you—that I love you, Constance, that I want you to be my wife."