

RATES FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS. Single subscription, one year, \$2.00. Single subscription, six months, \$1.00.

Table with columns for 'SIZES' and 'RATES'. Rows include 'One inch', 'Two inches', 'Three inches', 'Four inches', 'Five inches', and 'Half column'.



BOOK PUBLISHING OFFICE. A consolidation of the advertisements of THE COMET, and J. W. ...

ALL KINDS OF Book and Job Printing. EXECUTED ON SHORT NOTICE AND IN THE MOST APPROVED STYLE.

A Boston cotton firm has failed for \$100,000.

Kentucky made an excellent wheat crop this year.

Harry C. Bosworth has assumed editorial control of the Canton Citizen.

The pencil-pusher of the Kentucky press met in Bowling Green on the 19th inst.

The Presbytery of Mississippi will meet in this city on Wednesday, the 9th of July.

Governor Brown has written a letter to the Greenville Local and Advertiser, on the currency question.

It seems that there is a good deal of brotherly love existing between Zack Chandler and Hayes.

It is not true that Gen. West is the Greenback candidate for President. He declines the Presidential nomination.

The Lebanon, Kentucky, Times says we are to pass the whipping post law.

The motion for a new trial, in the case of Edward Cox, convicted of the murder of Col. Alton, has been overruled.

There is a young lady in Wilkes county, Georgia, who was born blind, yet it is said that she can instantly detect color by touch.

He is a poor show for a man, who can't organize a new party now, when so much loose material all around is lying to be organized into a new party.

A few Sundays ago, in New Orleans, a negro killed a white boy with a baseball bat. They have no Sunday law in Louisiana.

Paris, the murderer of his daughter, who was sentenced to be hung in Philadelphia, took strychnine and robbed the gallows.

We give, from the Washington Post, of the 20th instant, a full and correct exposition of the scene in the Senate on the night of the 18th, involving the bill between Senators Lamar and Conkling.

No damage was done to the Battle House by the recent fire in Mobile, as was reported. Other property was burned, to the amount of \$125,000, which was covered by insurance.

"Writ, Senator Conkling fight!" This is the question the Washington papers are asking. If they are addressing the enquiry to us, we frankly confess, in the language of J. Thomas Smith, "We are not able to say."

Gen. West doesn't want any office. Of course not. But then he would serve the people as Governor or United States Senator, if they insisted. - Oxford Falcon.

Well, yes; if they insisted. But he wouldn't do it unless they did insist.

The universal expression for Gen. E. C. Wallhall, is most complimentary to him. He has written a splendid letter, short, sententious and exactly to the point. It has been properly styled "the big little letter." Wallhall is one of the deserving great men of Mississippi, whom the people would take a delight in honoring.

The story of "Circumstantial Evidence," by Pap, embodying "A Tale of Monticello Thirty Years Ago," written for and published originally in THE COMET, has had as large a run in the papers of the United States and territories, as any other similar short story. It is a fact, however, that very few papers outside this State give THE COMET any credit for it.

The Editors of Arkansas are determined to maintain the dignity of the Press. At their recent Convention in Little Rock, Col. White, of the Prescott Pioneers, introduced a resolution designed to protect the rights of the heroes of the war, by placing the profession against the appropriation of the title of "Colonel" except in cases where they had fairly won it with the sword. The President very properly refused to entertain the resolution. Thus, one more insidious attempt to rob the Press has been squelched.

In the good old time, there was only one paper in Pike county—the Holmesville Independent. Then the price for printing election tickets was \$5 for each candidate. It was a fat job, but the Independent did not become a millionaire. Now there are four papers in Pike county, and the printing of election tickets has been reduced to 50 cents a candidate for county, and 25 cents a candidate for State offices. From this little circumstance, it appears that a petition can be the death of trade as well as the life of it, and that the more newspapers a county has the more money is saved from being squandered in printers' ink.

According to the Brookhaven (Miss.) Ledger, a negro living near there was fired upon and notified to move off, and he has gone—the work of bulldozers. Dr. Applewhite has been notified to leave the county, but he refuses to go; and a bloody coffin was found in Penn McIver's gallery last week, an invitation to leave or be buried. Generally Mississippi newspapers have failed to report the lawlessness of the most vicious class around them, but the Ledger seems to have made a new departure as to Lincoln county, and soon the bulldozers there will surely be put down.—Memphis Herald (Rad.)

The country ought to exclaim "Bully for the Ledger!" but the starch is taken out of the glory of the achievement by the fact that the Ledger was simply victimized into publishing sensational canards, gotten up, perhaps, by some party given to bulldozery or practical jokes. It has since made the amende by publishing snappy denials of any truth in these statements.

Gen. West is a born leader. In no sense of the word is he a wheel-horse. He works in the lead, and when they put a bit in his mouth, and tie a rein to it, he is very apt to take the studs, or take to the woods. And Gen. West is also a natural born Mogul. If a great political party cannot understand this fact, and recognize his Mogulship, then that great political party must manage to get along without him.

The Democratic party in Mississippi made a fatal mistake in not investing Gen. West with the full rights of its chief Mogul. And when Gen. West came down to the State Senate, eighteen months ago, with the best intentions in the world of taking charge of that body, and leading it in the paths of wisdom and constitutional order, this Senate was guilty of the inability to perceive the Mogul dimensions of the man, and also of the folly of "setting down" his landable overtures, leaving his influence in the councils of the State circumscribed by his single vote. In other words, the members of the Senate neglected to sneeze when Gen. West took snuff. The laetudinal fluid concealed in Gen. West's political cocoon-nut may be accounted for by the student in astrology on this principle.

When a great big, uncouth, two hundred pound beef-eater finds an opportunity to provoke an insult from a small man, and strikes him in consequence of it, and then tucks his tail and begs like a spaniel the moment the little man is prepared to meet him on equal grounds, he is both a coward and brute. Brute for taking such an advantage, and coward for refusing to meet his antagonist on terms of equality. Such a man may not be responsible for having none of the instincts of a gentleman—for being a snook and paltroneer. His deficiencies should be charged up to nature—nature is to blame for it—nature made him so. And when a great big bully in the Senate of the United States, takes advantage of his position to provoke a deadly insult, and then undertakes to screen himself by the retort "you are another," and to save himself from the inevitable consequences of his insulting and overbearing conduct, by affecting scruples against the dueling code, he writes himself down as a moral coward and a pusillanimous braggadocio. We do not, and never have, defended the so-called Code of Honor, but we do my emphatically that the man who refuses to recognize his personal responsibility, and yet indulges fitfully in his broadsides of mortal offenses, develops all the contemptibility of the cowardly bully. The rule should be if he can't fight, he must not insult. None but a woman should be allowed immunity for language "such as no good man deserves, and no brave man could wear."

The Okolona States insists upon being a representative of Southern sentiment, and it seems to be trying hard to convince its Northern chaperons of this alleged fact. Let us see how Southern sentiment sustains their representative organ: 1. The States is a "patent outside," and everybody knows, (who knows anything,) that a "patent outside" is merely a cheap pretense of a newspaper, and in the nature of things, cannot be lucrative. 2. On the home side of the paper there is not enough of local advertising to occupy ten squares, and the States' revenue from this source, to all appearances, does not exceed a hundred dollars a year, and probably does not reach twenty-five dollars. 3. Its home subscription list is probably on a par with its home advertising patronage. Business men, politicians, farmers, merchants, lawyers, doctors, mechanics—in short, all classes of men and women, have been seized with a chronic disposition to let "the States" severally alone. Where it gets its patronage from—if it gets any—is a mystery which very few are concerned about. The States has overdone the business—overdone everything it undertook—won a little brief notoriety, but in ninety days will be forgotten. The shallow attempt to pass it off as a representative of Southern sentiment will, in ninety days from now, be regarded as a trick too thin for the befuddlement of a school boy. The truth is, the States represents nothing whatever, and is an expense for nobody on earth—not even its own editors. These talented gentlemen are desling in blood and thunder, just for the fun of seeing the little fellows, North and South, squirm and wriggle. When the squirming and wriggling stops, the States will dry up.

GENERAL JACKSON.

A SKETCH OF OLD HISTORY.

BY PRESTON HAY.

CHAPTER IV.

When I first saw Gen. Jackson, he wanted but a month or two of being sixty years old. He was tall, spare, straight, easy and elastic in his movements, and firm and course, stiff, and each fibre asserted its independence by standing alone. His forehead was narrow, high, angular, and the hair grew lower in front than at the sides. His eye was gray, rather deep set, under a heavy brow, and when in repose seemed dark and pensive, but when in conversation, it changed hue and expression with every turn of thought, and at the end left the observer in doubt as to its normal color. His mouth was large, but his lips were so closely compressed about it, that it did not appear so. His nose was large, long and pointed, but corresponded well with his other features—his cheek bones, which were high and prominent, and his chin—which, like the nose, was long and sharp. His features throughout harmonized well with each other, but they could not be set up as models of manly grace and beauty. They bespoke strength and firmness of purpose more than the amenities and courtesies of life. And yet by the common consent of those who knew him, his manners were not excelled by those of any gentleman of his times. His complexion was sunken by exposure, and had a crusty appearance, similar to that of sole leather. Such was his appearance at the time of his election, and it underwent little change until the autumn of 1831, when he had a severe attack of illness, in which he expected blood freely, and barely escaped with his life.

When I saw him in 1832 his whole aspect was changed; his face was pale, almost to whiteness, his jaws sunken, his shoulders drooped, his limbs, always spare, shrank to little else than skin and bone, and his gait feeble and shuffling. The physical man had received a shock from which it was destined never to recover; and though he lingered through more than thirteen years of life afterwards, it was as a suffering invalid. But in him there seemed to be no dependence of the moral or intellectual upon the physical man, for the great qualities of correctly estimating public opinion, and of firmness in the discharge of what he conceived to be his duty, were never more conspicuous than when his bodily frame was a wreck. The engraving in the first volume of the American Portrait Gallery was executed shortly after this attack in 1831, and is a remarkably correct representation of the General, as he then appeared.

When not engaged in conversation, the General had a grave and thoughtful countenance, and seemed abstracted in the contemplation of some deep and absorbing subject. He was inclined to taciturnity, and seldom led the way to any subject of discussion. But when it was once broached, he talked with great animation, ease and fluency, and every feature and gesture seemed instinct with the subject. In speech, as in everything else, he was eminently utilitarian, and he utterly disregarded, as factitious and worthless, those delicacies and refinements of expression, which sacrifice the force to the beauty of the language. His vocabulary was small, and he talked all the more readily for not being encumbered by that embarrassment of words which is the base of some pretensions speakers. He had not so much as a smattering of any language except his mother tongue; of the poets and writers of history, ancient or modern. Such being the case, he never sought to fortify his positions by arguments drawn from authority, but relied solely upon that intuitive sense of right and justice which was his in so remarkable a degree. When great questions came before him and his cabinet, he did with the aid of his Secretaries, discuss them, but such discussions amounted to nothing more than a justification to the world of the course of action upon which he had already determined. In private conversation he discussed nothing, but announced his decisions in oracular form, subject neither to question nor appeal. And so great was the veneration in which he was held, and such the fear of incurring his displeasure, that few men had the temerity to question any saying of his, however unadvised or unreasonable. So it was, that whether in matters of constitutional law, of national expediency, of the preference to be given to one over another breed of horses, or even as to the best method of planting and cultivating corn, his authority was paramount. When we take into consideration the uniform courtesy and kindness of his manners, especially toward his friends, we are at a loss to account for the abject fear with which he inspired all classes of men, many of them greatly his superiors in acquired knowledge. I once heard Gen. Sam Houston, a favorite and protégé of the General, and himself a man of no ordinary mould, say, that of all the men he had ever known, he had feared Jackson alone; feared him, not for any punishment he could or would inflict, but

as a child fears the displeasure of a parent, even though no bodily pain is apprehended. He further said that in all his public life, whether in the battle-field, as President of the Republic of Texas, Governor of Texas, or Senator in Congress, the one question ever present to his mind was, "Am I doing as Gen. Jackson would have me do, or as he would do in my place?" In a very different vein, I once heard John Bell say, while commenting on the tyrannical and overbearing disposition of the General, that even his Secretaries came crouching into his presence with their hats under their arms, ready to kneel like pigs before an old boar; but Mr. Bell was then in bitter opposition to, and in disfavor with the General's administration, and there may have been something of metaphor in his remarks. The fact, however, of his ascendancy over the minds of all who came in contact with him is indisputable; and it furnishes unmistakable evidence of his high estimate placed upon his integrity, his love of justice, and his lofty scorn of every thing debasing to a gentleman and a patriot. While politicians and place hunters bowed in humble obsequiousness at his shrine, the people regarded him as the faithful custodian of their rights and interests, ready to confront and throttle any abuse the moment it presented itself.

Of his other personal traits, only a few need be mentioned. He was a hard-money man, and set his face firmly against all forms of credit. Bank bills were not money, and the issuance of them to take its place was an arrogant assumption not to be endured. Debt was a bondage incompatible with freedom of thought and action, and he would owe no man. He was temperate in his habits and abstemious in diet. If he indulged in a single glass of wine, it was more in conformity to custom than for the gratification of his taste. The deference which he displayed in the presence of ladies reminded one of the days of chivalry. He was an inveterate smoker, and his pipe was seldom out of his reach. As he is the case with most smokers, the first whiff provoked a desire to talk, and at the end of the first sentence his fire was gone. There was then a running contest between talking and pipe lighting, until the subject and the tobacco were exhausted. There was a peculiarity in the pronunciation of some words, which would be more noticeable now than it was in his day, because less frequently heard. It was what was called in the Western country the North Carolina Irish brogue, and chiefly consisted in giving to the letter e the sound of a; the change was not uniform, but seemed to be confined to certain words, or syllables in a word, whilst others of the same structure were pronounced in the usual manner. Thus, the words, "persevere," "perseverance," he would pronounce "persevere," "perseverance;" sounding the a, not broadly as in par, but slenderly, as in pure. In "Hermitage," however, a word often used by him as being the name of his residence, the sound of a was broadly heard, as in harm or hard. Such pronunciation imparted an air of quaintness even to his most weighty and solemn utterances. Lastly: He was scrupulously neat in his person; his dress was always faultless in fit, and of the finest and most costly material, and everything about his house and his farm gave evidence of systematic and orderly management.

I have more than once intimated that the General was very deficient in that sort of general information which is gathered up in a course of promiscuous reading, and without which a gentleman is liable to fall into ridiculous errors. A conversation to which I listened, and which I will give verbatim as it occurred, will better illustrate my meaning than would any amount of description. The occasion was a large dinner shortly after his return from Washington in 1837. Before going into the dining room he had been introduced to a Mr. Weller, an Episcopal clergyman of some distinction, and who, as the next most honored guest was placed beside him at the table. Just here it is proper to observe that the General was remarkably oblivious of names, and that unless associated with some high position or notable achievement, they did not dwell in his memory a minute. So much being premised, and the parties being seated, the General, by way of opening conversation, turned to his neighbor and said:

"What did I understand your name to be?" "Weller, sir, Weller," was the reply. "Weller, Weller, I should like that name to be French," said the General. "No," said Mr. Weller. "Though I am American born, my ancestry is German." "Ah!" said the General. "Then you are a countryman of Mr. Van Buren." "No," said Mr. Weller, "I understand Mr. Van Buren to be of Dutch descent." "Do you not put 'Van' before your name?" asked the General. "No," said Mr. Weller. "Those of us who assert a claim to gentility sometimes prefix 'Van' to their names, but my family never did."

For a moment the General's countenance wore the perplexed appearance of one who has listened to a distinction without being able to perceive a difference, but he pursued the conversation no further. As late as the winter of 1841, I had never seen General Jackson except in public, and under circumstances in which he might be supposed to be acting an artificial part. I felt that the time would come when it would be esteemed a privilege to have known such a man, and that it would be injurious to myself not to improve the opportunity I then enjoyed. Accordingly, in company with one other still younger than myself, I visited the Hermitage. We found the General alone, seated at a large writing table, which was covered with letters, manuscripts, pamphlets and newspapers. He rose with difficulty when we entered the room, bade us a cordial welcome, turned his chair toward the fire, and almost immediately commenced a conversation, or rather a one-sided talk, for during the two or three hours of our stay, I do not think either my companion or myself uttered a dozen words. He was then nearly 77 years old, little more than a skeleton in appearance, and had his feet and lower limbs, which were much swollen, swathed in flannel. His eye, however, retained its wonted fire; his memory was unimpaired; his mind was as vigorous as in his best days, and his partialities and antipathies, particularly the latter, had suffered no diminution. To give even a synopsis of that long talk would require more space than a newspaper can afford; and besides, much of it was too transient and local character to be worth repeating at this distance of time. There was one topic however upon which he dwelt at great length and with minute detail, and which, as it made a controlling issue in the Presidential election that year, it is proper to notice.

The General had been sorely disturbed by the election of 1840, in which the party he had formed, and whose foundation he thought he had so securely laid, had toppled over in a gust of popular excitement. General Harrison, a man whom, both as soldier and statesman, he held in supreme contempt, had overwhelmed him with Mr. Van Buren, his own pet, as he was called; and his beloved Tennessee, whose voice had never so much faltered in his own support, had contributed to the result. His chagrin was further intensified by the fact that many prominent men throughout the land, who owed everything to his fostering care, had joined in the defection—treachery he called it—and gone to swell the ranks of his personal and political enemies. He was, at that time, intently pondering the means of reinstating his party in power, and especially, as he phrased it, of bringing Tennessee back into the Democratic fold. He knew well the American greed of territorial acquisition, and he also knew that if he could get the Democratic party committed to any measure, it would, for that reason alone, be opposed by the Whigs. He therefore discoursed largely on the importance of the annexation, or re-annexation, as he called it, of Texas; for he insisted that the country, at large as far west as the Colorado, had passed to the United States, by the cession of Louisiana. He was able to assign so many reasons, military, commercial, political, economical, and social, for its acquisition, that he left one at a loss to conceive how we could so long have done without it. In fact, as I soon after learned, he was at the time engaged in writing letters to all the influential papers and politicians in his party, urging the measure, in the very terms employed in this conversation. When, therefore, the campaign opened in the ensuing spring, all the party organs and speakers chimed in unison, each apparently speaking in his individual opinions, whilst I was able to trace the inspiration of every one of them back to one master spirit. As usual, he had judged correctly. The people were dazzled by the idea of the territorial enlargement, though some of the leading men of the party, such as Van Buren and Benton, opposed it, as premature and leading to war; and the Whigs, with Mr. Clay at their head, set their faces in opposition. The result was the election of Mr. Polk, a comparatively obscure man, but an unwavering friend and supporter of the General over Mr. Clay, thus forever blighting the hopes of that brilliant and aspiring statesman, and adding one more and a crowning triumph to the career of the illustrious subject of these hasty sketches. He lived but three months after the inauguration of Mr. Polk, when he departed, full of years and of honors; and it is a sad reflection to those who knew him, that they cannot hope to look upon his like again.

Here I close these disjointed and fragmentary recollections of General Jackson. I am conscious of having said much which was not strictly pertinent to the subject; of having left unsaid much that would interest a large class of readers, and of having said nothing in a manner worthy of a character of such unapproachable dignity and purity in public life. I could not, however, restrain the desire to pay my weak tribute to the memory of one whose name and fame will be cherished to the latest period of recorded time.

part of the General, with his valuable supplies, he proceeded up the M. & O. R. R. to Mason or Columbus, and thence across the country, to Pickensville, Ala. Soon after his arrival he had occasion to write a letter, for which purpose he employed his amanuensis, as follows:

"Mr. Block, get pen, ink and paper, seat yourself at the table and prepare to write as I shall dictate. Write—

"PICKENSVILLE, Miss., July—

"This is Pickensville, Alabama, General," interrupted Mr. Block.

"Mr. Block, write as I dictate! I want you to distinctly understand that I don't wish to be dictated to by my Clerk! My correspondence might fall into the hands of the enemy, and I don't wish them to know where I am."

The following comes from the same source as the above:

"Mr. Block, write—

"To Mr. Walter Goodman—

"No, make it—

"To Walter Goodman, Esq.—

"No, write it—

"To Hon. Walter Goodman, President of the Mississippi Central Railroad, Holly Springs, Miss.—

"Dear Sir— I am informed that I am elected a Director of the Mississippi Central Railroad, a railroad chartered by the Legislature of the State of Mississippi. Then again, sir, I am informed that I am not elected a Director of the Mississippi Central Railroad, a railroad chartered by the Legislature of the State of Mississippi. I therefore request, sir, that you will inform me whether or not I am elected a Director of the Mississippi Central Railroad, a railroad chartered by the Legislature of the State of Mississippi.

"I have the honor to be,

"Very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"A. M. West,

Quartermaster-General State of Miss.

Faithfully yours, A. M. W.

THAT SENATE SCENE.

THE DIFFICULTY IN THE LIGHT OF LATER DEVELOPMENTS.

Conkling Solely Responsible for the Night Session, and the Accompanying Row—The Whole Democratic Side Wantonly Insulted—The Radicals Obligated to Back Down Finally.

From the Washington Post, 26th.

After filibustering for twenty-one hours, and disgracing the senate and the country by their rule and conduct, the Democrats were forced at last to surrender and accept the terms originally proposed. It is due, however, to some of the Senators on that side, to except them from the black list heretofore to be laid up to the country's view. Messrs. Allen, Booth, Burnside and Merrill, frequently recorded their votes and honestly desired to make a quorum and reach some conclusion that would be honorable to both sides. There were other Republican Senators who heartily disapproved Conkling's course, and to relieve themselves of a disagreeable association with him, left the chamber. Conkling is almost entirely to blame for the night session, and for everything connected with it. Mr. Blaine is entitled to the credit of having caused one scene, and of having persistently violated the rules while efforts were being made to restore order. With that exception, all the dishonor belongs to Conkling. He was evidently determined to make a night of it, and all for the sole purpose of showing, for once, that he could lead his party. He rejected the sensible and sensible proposition of Judge Davis in such a haughty and offensive manner, that the Judge felt himself insulted, and walked out of the chamber. At 9 o'clock, when Mr. Winters asked leave to make a short statement, saying he would follow it with a motion to adjourn, Conkling objected, and thus deprived him of the floor. Still later, Mr. Whyte made a motion to adjourn, and, by a division, it was carried. When the Chair had nearly completed the announcement of the vote, Conkling and Blaine both demanded the yeas and nays, and both voted against adjournment. At that time they could have had an unusual adjournment, but as their recorded votes prove, they did not desire it. At least a dozen times during the night it was stated from the Democratic side that an adjournment could be had if the Legislature would indicate any time, no matter how long off, when a vote might be reached.

Between 11 and 12 o'clock Wednesday night, after having succeeded in keeping the Senate in session, and after efforts to adjourn had been abandoned, Conkling took the floor and began a speech. He did not speak from his seat, but occupied the main aisle, where he could strut to his heart's content. He began in a snarling tone, and distorted his countenance with a contorted sneer until, with hair up in the centre and whiskers combed to a peak, he looked like a blundering Mephistopheles. He was bitter and insulting; he denounced the Democratic legislation and abused the party. Such terms as "sneaks," "cheats," "tricks," "traitors" and "Southern ruffians" were applied to the Democrats in Conkling's most offensive manner. Though he violated the rules in every sentence he uttered, he was not called to order, and apparently construing this as a mark of fear on the part of the Democrats, he grew more aggressive and insulting. He began to single out individuals, and—unfortunately for Conkling—he fired a personal shot at Senator Lamar. The latter quietly changed his seat to one near the aisle, where he could hear distinctly every word that was said. Conkling charged Mr. Lamar with bad faith, in that he did not vote for adjournment because his bill in relation to Mississippi levees had consumed a little time that belonged to the Army bill. Conkling took his seat, and cast a look of satisfaction to the gallery above. Half a minute passed, and it seemed as if the Democrats intended to permit the insulting speech to pass without notice. Mr. Lamar arose very slowly, and with his usual dignity began to explain his position with regard to the Leves bill; that he had not supposed it incumbent upon him to aid in adjournment; that he had seen a thing been informed he would gladly have moved to adjourn, etc. He spoke in a smooth distinct tone;

there was not the slightest indication in his manner that he meant anything more than the explanation he was giving. In the same calm and dignified manner he said he had lived in vain if he was not superior to the charge of bad faith from such a source, and simply elevating his voice a little, and emphasizing his words, the pronounced Conkling's statement a falsehood. Conkling was at the time walking back and forth back of the Republican seats; he stopped when Mr. Lamar spoke of "such a sneer," and when the latter concluded he hurried around to his seat, called loudly and with much agitation, "Mr. President!" Four times he repeated his call to the chair, and though twice recognized, he was so excited that he failed to hear the responses, or to understand what was going on around him. He began to talk in tremendous tones and called upon the "member from Mississippi" to repeat what he said. Mr. Lamar understood that he was immediately denied the floor by Conkling. Meantime the bully from New York had collected his faculties and calmed his fears, so that he could proceed without absolutely betraying his agitation. His reply was nothing but a play on the words "you're another," and then asking Logan, in an audible tone, "if that would do," sat down. His purpose was to shift the onus from himself to Mr. Lamar, to require the brand of him from himself to the Senator from Mississippi. Mr. Lamar understood this, and with a dignity that few could command, made his response; that his words were so severe and harsh that no good man would wish to wear them, and to brave man would wear them. This fastened the insult where it belonged so securely, so quietly, that many who appreciated him could hardly restrain from applauding. Conkling realized that the weight was upon him; that he had been denounced, insulted, and must either submit or resort to extreme means. His insulting conduct in Congress and his heated boasts of his friends, that he had a brave man, indeed the best among men, that Conkling might instantly repeat the insult, but he did not. He sat still and bowed beneath the superiority of the man he had wronged.

The scene will not be forgotten by those who witnessed it, for years to come. It is one that will long be remembered in connection with the Senate. Conkling has upon many occasions, borne himself as a bully in the chamber. Senators of his own party have suffered from his overbearing manner, and have borne his unprovoked insults in silence. The rules and the decorum which uphold the Senate have, in many instances, broken in their very utterance, angry and personal parts from Democrats provoked almost beyond endurance by Conkling. "Now the bully is crossed, and his career as a haughty, domineering, insolent man, is ended. He can never strut and brag amidst such a crowd without being met, to all present, the gallant manner in which he was put down by Mr. Lamar.

It was universally stated by Conkling's friends, yesterday, that he would not proceed any further in the matter. Their plan was, if Mr. Lamar ran straight to the "black cow" and "blackguard," Conkling would bear with what was put upon him. (The boy who couldn't whip the other, but made him up to his little eyes, Conkling and his friends put up with his insolence and his grumblings; but in reality, Conkling is not satisfied. He realizes that his reputation is ruined, and that he will be disgraced if he is not allowed to continue to insult and to put the Democratic party. His looks and conduct after the occurrence showed this. He is grinning in spirit and gnashing his teeth in spirit, and that all he will do, whether he is allowed to send a challenge or not, cannot be well determined. His admirer who assume to speak for him, say he would not do this, as it would be a violation of law, and would destroy his future prospects as a statesman.

As it is not incumbent upon Mr. Lamar to prosecute the affair any further, he will remain entirely quiet. He did not seek the difficulty; it was forced upon him, and having done what he considered to be his duty as a man of honor, he is satisfied.

Among the Democratic Senators Mr. Lamar's course is heartily, even enthusiastically, indorsed. Had he not replied to the insulted for months upon the party, Mr. Bayard would have done so. He had prepared to do so, and had he gotten the floor he intended to use such language as the occasion called for. It is true, Democratic Senators do not object to holding relations with Conkling, except so far as may become necessary in the transaction of public business. He has troubled most in many of the party, and they propose to "kick no bucket of snakes" with him.

SOUND SENSE.

Albion Weekly.

The greatest lack of the press (the country press, we mean), is independence—independence of thought and action. In too many instances it allows others than its editors to judge where they lead, and makes of itself a willing tool, to sound the praises of A, B, C, and D, without much regard to truth or the fitness of things. This is done frequently through a spirit of gain; more frequently through a want of principle. A true journal, like a true man, lives to the line, without care as to where the chips fall, always holding the goal of the many superior and above the good of the few, and truth and justice above all things. There might prove less money and fewer leaves in this course, but infinitely more self-respect and dignity, as well as more esteem and confidence from one's fellows. And after all, esteem is to be preferred to money or popularity obtained after the common fashion.

Elsewhere will be found the advertisement of a book entitled "Kemper County Violated," etc. We have not yet seen the work, but look forward to its perusal with interest. We regard the murder of Judge Gibson and the young son and his wife daughter as one of the blackest pages in all the annals of crime—unprovoked and cold-blooded brutality and cowardice in any chapter in the history of those lawless acts that marked the period of reconstruction. Mr. Lynch can doubtless prove a strong provocation; but it will be difficult for him to estimate, to the satisfaction of a brave and virtuous people, the assassination of a defenceless prisoner and his two innocent children. If the book can do this, we shall be glad to proclaim it, as we desire to see this foul blot erased from the escutcheon of our State.—Canton Citizen.

Psalm Aik has copied the last-red of the Saiton—N. Y. Mail. A psalm-date in the London Times. But it has no reference to Aik Horn.—Okolona States.