ings of my boyhood;” and he adds, “My object is to save the Republican party of Georgia from ruin.” As we have said before, in substance, what the teachings of Mr. Bryant’s boyhood were is a matter of the utmost importance to himself, but it is not of importance to the country at large, unless his teachings are going to help him to induce Congressmen to keep Georgia in its present condition. We hope the House may choose to listen to General Terry, who is neither uneducated, unintelligent, nor untrustworthy. The State Legislature has ratified the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments; proposes to elect senators, and will doubtless provide for a new delegation of representatives. The trifling inconsistency of declaring that the present representatives from Georgia have never really been members of the Congress they have been voting in will not trouble the logical minds of the majority. It has not been troubled by any of the possible inferences from its doctrine that the old Georgia Legislature was not a legislature at all after it had decided some of its own members ineligible. People married, divorced, inheriting, working, owing, paying doing anything, under enactments made by this imaginary body, must look out for their own peace of mind.

In South Carolina, as we mentioned last week, a negro, a Pennsylvanian by birth, goes into the Supreme Court of the State as Associate Judge. We do not see that it is deemed of some ability, and we hear nothing against his character. Nor, on the other hand, do we see it seriously claimed for him that he has the requisite knowledge of law, or that his abilities are sufficient for his place. A noticeable thing is that Democrats elected him. But this has been too much insisted on, the fact being that the only other candidate, with any chance of success was also a negro—and not so good a one as some others, either, unless he has enemies of extraordinary unscrupulosity.

Florida, ever since it was fastened upon by the little swarm of greedy politicians who are always engaged in unseemly wrangling, has afforded almost the most imaginable spectacle that could affright the eyes of anybody who wants the Southern wing of the Republican party to be respectable. Mr. Harrison Reed, the Governor, is a Northern politician of no weight at home, whose Judge Chase—we think it was—sent out to the old Department of the South as a commissioner to sell confiscated lands. The lands were sold, and the commissioner stayed and went into politics, which, in Florida in that time, consisted in being loyal to the Republican party, “manipulating” a handful of negro voters, and giving just as small a share of spoils as possible to Mr. Billings, Mr. Gleason, Mr. Potter, Mr. Dickey, and the other “ developments,” who also were being loyal to that region, to the Republican party, and were “manipulating” certain numbers of negro voters. So we have had attempts at revolutionizing the State Government; many public charges that the Governor had misappropriated the State money and sold offices; counter-charges of the Lieutenant-Governor’s corruption; a former effort to impeach Reed, and now, again, news comes of another. It will be a good day for Florida when the dirt-wood that the war washed thither shall leave her for good.

The Fifteenth Amendment—which provides that “the right of citizens to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude,” and that “Congress shall have power to enforce this prohibition by appropriate legislation”—has received the ratification of the requisite number of States, and its adoption will, doubtless, shortly be proclaimed. We have given elsewhere some reasons for considering the theory that any State can recall its ratification before the proclamation of adoption to be without foundation. The reconstruclion process may now be considered closed for all practical purposes, all excuses for inserting fresh conditions in the Constitutions of the two States still remaining “out in the cold” being removed. Moreover, the agitation against slavery has reached an appropriate and triumphant conclusion, and the negro, from being the subject of the strangest struggle in the history of civilization, sinks into the rank of an ordinary and somewhat heavily weighted wayfarer on the dusty and rugged highway of competition. We can understand a thoughtful Southerner feeling awe-stricken as he looks at what has come to pass. The very feelings which he most carefully fostered, and made his boast and glory, have been converted into instruments of torture, under which he daily writhe.

His pride of race, for instance, makes black equality tenfold the humiliation it would be to any other men. His contempt for the North, which he taught his children in their cradle, has made his subjugation bitter beyond the bitterness of any other recorded conquest. Every reproach he has ever heaped on the Yankee has given the Yankee sword a keener point, and the Yankee order-book a deadlier sting. Even his hostility to “fins” has given the people who love “fins,” and live by them, an influence and weight in politics and society which, but for his hatred, they would never have had. He has the consolation of knowing that free love, communism, rationalism, woman’s rights, “agrarianism,” free schools, and everything else of the kind that he most hated, owe a great deal of whatever success they have achieved to his dislike of them. We class them together, simply because this was a way he had himself. Now that it is all over, and he sees the negro on the bench (and the South Carolina bench, too) and in the Senate Chamber, he may sit down with the comfortable reflection that, considered from his own point of view, he has shown himself the greatest blunderer of the modern world. He ought to have the Fifteenth Amendment engraved on his tomb. No other epitaph would do him justice.

We commented last week on the singularity of the New York Tribune’s suggesting the execution of murderers before the burial of their victims, beginning with the murder of Townsend, as a good mode of striking terror, seeing that this paper is one of the most energetic opponents of capital punishment. A correspondent, writing to it on the 5th inst., expressed some of the surprise which we too felt, and received for answer that “it called for the extreme penalty of their acts,” and “should consistently express the same hope when capital punishment had gone the way of other barbarisms.” Now, the only substitute for capital punishment, in murder cases, we have ever heard of in late days is imprisonment for life or for a long term. The question, therefore, arises, In what way would the Tribune inflict on a murderer “the extreme penalty of his act” (supposing capital punishment abolished) “before the burial of his victim?" There is only one way that would not render the punishment a mere farce, and that is, emblazoning and preserving the body of the victim above ground till the criminal himself died, or was pardoned, or had got his due. We need, however, hardly call the Tribune’s attention to the objections to this plan on the score of decency, and public health, and expense. If our lucid contemporary ever seriously entertained it, however, it speedily abandoned it, for five days after it had called for summary execution without trial, it came out as strongly as ever against all hanging, and called the persons who advocated any hanging at all, a “frantic chorus,” “alarmed and excited thousands,” and other bad names, and began to display the old inflammatory symptoms which the discussion of the gallows invariably produces on its brain. A good many of its trusting subscribers must he by this time in a nice clear state of mind on the subject of repressing crime.

The only foreign news of importance is the news from France, which, but for the singular good sense which the Ministry continues to display, would have been serious news. The arrest of Rochefort led to a riot, with the usual Parisian accompaniment of barbecues; but the police alone seem to have been used for its suppression, troops being present in force, but, if used at all, only used to make a moral impression on the mob. The latter characteristically enough was led by M. Gustave Flourens, an excitable young man, who served in the Cretan revolt as a volunteer, and, after his return, fought a duel with Paul de Cassagne, whom he dragged from a sick-bed by seizing imputations on his courage, but who, in return, ran him through the body, and left him at death’s door. The Government owes much of its strength, doubtless, to the paltry character of the leader of the Reds, the confidence not being quite ready for a provisional government composed of the Rocheforts and Flourens; and it appears to us hardly doubtful that the prosecution of Rochefort is a mistake. But, under all the circumstances, Ollivier is doing better than any of his predecessors has ever done.