



THREE DOLLARS A YEAR, IF PAID IN ADVANCE

FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR, IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE

BY JOHN S. HOLT, Jr.

WOODVILLE, MISSISSIPPI, TUESDAY MORNING, MAY 28, 1850.

Volume 27.—Number 23.

POETRY



FOR THE WOODVILLE REPUBLICAN TO ELENA.

O! tell me why thou wast so sad, When all around were gay; That mournful smile to grief did add, When it had passed away...

MY PENINSULAR MEDAL

BY AN OLD PENINSULAR.

We find in the last Blackwood, which we have received from Leonard Scott & Co., of New York, the publishers of that and the other British periodicals, the continuation of "My Peninsular Medal," a chapter from which we here give, for the purpose of showing the character of Mr. Jones...

On reaching the General's quarters, I thought it best not to report myself to his Excellency, till I had seen Captain Gabion again. While waiting in the street, I noticed a small shop, the open window of which exhibited not only a choice assortment of straw cigars, but bread, bacon, sausages, eggs, articles all equally attractive to travellers who had not dined. Reminded, by the sight, that this was precisely my own condition, I stepped in, hoping to find something that might support exhausted nature, during the awful interval that seemed likely to intervene, ere we could halt for the night, and think about cooking. The eggs, white, large, and pellucid, claimed a trial; and the yolk of the first I cracked went down whole like an oyster, with such a delicious gulp, that I was about to attack a second, when I was interrupted by a voice from the back of the shop, "No, no, senior."

vindication. "Please, sir, I just only brought the poor hannibal here from the river, sir; 'cause why, sir?—'cause I thought you had done with him, sir. Been all about looking for a stable, sir. Can't find no corner nowhere, not to shove the poor hannibal in, sir. Couldn't you be so kind and speak to that ere officer, sir? Haven't had no time to think of cooking dinner, sir. Very long march we've had to-day, sir. Very bad things sitch long marches for poor soldiers, sir. Got a bullet in my leg, sir."

"Well, never mind that. I must change when I get in." "Ah! but then you'll find it such a dreadful road," said he. "The lane is nothing but slush and quagmire from one end to the other."

empty saddle, Jones had promptly occupied it; and, repressing his usual loquacity, had been riding close behind me, a silent spectator of all my pedestrian misadventures. On my turning to mount, conscious, as it was, of my slouch, I was taken en passant, and, as I was about to dismount, I was taken en passant, and, as I was about to dismount, I was taken en passant...

almost solemnly, with which the who's party applied themselves to the important business of dancing. Dancing, it is to be among the higher classes of France, an amusement, with the rural population is a passion, and, in a nation so volatile, the earnest gravity of their village assemblies is the more observable. Of the three violins, I soon perceived, had the chief authority. With a voice of command, he directed the various movements, indicated changes of figure, regulated the whole proceedings. In fact, he was not only, as it turned out, leader of the orchestra, but dancing-master to the village—'Vie gregois ipse carere,' and, had he been Grand Turk, he could not have issued his mandates in a more imperious tone, or to more obedient subjects. Never go to France again, without attending a village dance at a guinguette. If you have not seen that, you have not seen one of the most interesting phases of Gallic character.

Congressional

WASHINGTON, May 28, 1850.

After consuming the morning hours on amendments to the Census bill, Mr. Wilnot asked that the Committee of the Whole take up the consideration of the California message, to enable him to make a few remarks. By unanimous consent, the Census bill was then laid aside and the message taken up. The members drew around Mr. Wilnot, and the confusion which prevailed subsided into respectful attention.