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LOUIS PHILIPPE AND HIS FAMILY.

That was a striking moment in the life of Louis Philippe when, after the discussion of the declaration of principles, bill of rights was agreed to, the deputies proceeded in a body, and on foot, to the Palais Royal, to present that declaration to the lieutenant-general and to invite him to ascend the throne. I shall never forget either the fact or its curiosity, of beholding the deputies of France marching with rapid strides across the Pont Neuf, the Place de la Revolution, the Rue de Rivoli, the Rue St. Honoré, and the Place of the Palais Royal, into the palace of the Orleans dynasty. The city was in a state of indescribable emotion. Factions were already agitating, the republicans were raising their voices, fears were entertained that civil war would soon rage in the provinces, anarchies were preaching the most licentious doctrines, public credit was gone, and misery and bankruptcy appeared to be inevitable. Reports either more or less exaggerated, reached the capital every hour, of risings in the west, the east, the south; whilst rumors were afloat of alliances being to mediate France and restore the eldest House of Bourbon. The Paris mob and even the middle classes, assembled in the streets all the day long, remained in anxious conversation, at the doors of the Chamber of Deputies, and beneath the windows of the Duke of Orleans' palace, and there discussed the past, the present, and the future. The scene of our own Victoria before the Priory Council, when as a tender age she was required to ascend the British throne, is always referred to by those present as one of a peculiarly striking character. And scarcely less so was that when, surrounded by his Dutchess, and a handsome, united family, the Duke of Orleans received at his palace the Deputies of France, who arrived to offer him a vacant throne, but with a bill of rights. Little read the resolutions of the Chamber, and the declaration of its desires.—There was a solemn pause of about half a minute. Every one looked anxious, breathless and concerned. The fate of France, and probably also that of Europe, was about to be decided. The Duke shed a few tears—they were honorable to his heart. He had been the happiest of subjects for the 15 years of the Revolution; but he was now to be torn from the endearments of social life, to encounter the hate, opposition, prejudices, and even the murderous attempts of those who hated order, peace, and the laws. His reply was brief. It was this:—"I receive the declaration which you now present to me with profound emotion. I regard it as the national will; and it appears to me to be in conformity with those political principles, which I have all my life professed. Impressed with recollections which have always made me desire that I might never be destined to ascend the throne; exempt from ambition, and accustomed to the peaceful life which I lead in my family, I cannot conceal the sentiments which agitate my heart in this great conjuncture—but there is one which is predominant—it is the love of my country. I feel what it prescribes to me, and shall not fail in the performance."

Louis, as a King and a Family man.

Undoubtedly Louis Philippe is a King.—Today this would be to parody all the events and actions of his reign. Undoubtedly he is no puppet to be moved by strings, and no imaginary and unreal chief. Sometimes the conduct of Louis Philippe, in himself directing the affairs of the Government, has exposed him to the charge of exceeding the usual powers and the accustomed conduct of a constitutional sovereign. This may be the case, and I am free to admit it. By any other conduct on his part, under all the circumstances in which France and Europe were placed by the Revolution of 1830, would have led to war, misery and anarchy. That such men as M. Guizot should, at various epochs of the reign of Louis Philippe, have sought to render his conduct and decisions more in harmony with a parliamentary government, is by no means surprising; but it is not the less true that that same M. Guizot is now his prime minister, and that Louis Philippe still exerts his royal and august authority in all matters relating to the state. He hears, sees, examines and knows all, and he is in reality the government and the president of the council.

The severest trial of his long and valuable life was the death of his eldest son, the Duke of Orleans; but with admirable tact he has settled in his own lifetime the regency of his son's son, and has done all that human wisdom can effect to secure the perpetuity of the Orleans dynasty.

His "Marie," also, the princess of sculpture—the lovely, the interesting and the intellectual Marie, has been removed from his side—but he has noble sons in Nemours, Joinville, D'Aumale and Montpensier; and they would shed the last drop of their blood to defend, or to honor their father.

His Louise is the happy queen of prosperous Belgium, and to her adorable husband and king, King Leopold, Louis Philippe is greatly attached. His opinions he receives almost with deference, and speaks of him in terms of affection and respect.

His Clementine is lately married; and his

best wishes follow her to her less brilliant but happy home.

The faithful and devoted sister, Madam Adelaide is still the constant companion of his varied life; and as together they descend towards the grave, they present the most perfect model of fraternal and sisterly affection I was ever privileged to behold.

Last, but not least of all in his heart's best sympathies, is his inimitable queen, Marie Antoinette. His affection for her knows no bounds, and she is undoubtedly entitled to all the love which he has so long and so invariably displayed.

THE SELF-PRIMING GUN.

Messrs. Needham, the gun makers, of 26, Piccadilly, have recently obtained a patent for an important and very useful improvement in percussion locks, by which the caps are, by the motion of the lock, placed at once, and without the trouble of placing them on the nipple, as in common percussion guns, with the fingers, in a small cavity beneath where the nipple generally is, and there held fast till exploded on pulling the trigger. The contrivance further provides that directly one cap is exploded, it is forced from its cavity, and another cap instantly takes its place.—The caps are contained in a hollow groove along the side of the stock, which groove is covered with a small plate of brass, which does not increase the bulk nor render the stock unsightly. The groove holds sixty caps which lie in it in such a way that it is an impossibility for them to stick in or block up the passage to the lock; and there is a small and simple instrument to feed or replenish the groove or reservoir, when empty. From the description it would appear that the contrivance is complex; but such is not the case, the whole is simple, and is effected by a small lever placed in the lock, upon which the cock works. It has these advantages over the method now in use: additional power, from the cap or primer being brought immediately upon the charge without the intervention of a nipple, the impossibility of the caps falling off or being lost, the protection of them from wet, the total avoidance of danger from the caps flying in pieces so as to injure the shooter, and the increased expedition of firing in the proportion of five times to three. This invention in guns used by the military is very obviously an improvement of the greatest importance. The soldier will never miss fire, and will fire with a rapidity hitherto never calculated upon, and the cavalry soldier will be able to trust to his pistol or carbine with the confidence arising from the certainty that the cap has not slipped off; a certainty on which he cannot now rely, because a very little experience will show that it is not a very easy matter for a horseman in action to fit a cap to the nipple of a percussion lock. To sportsmen the same advantages will arise. All persons who feel an interest in ingenious inventions should go and examine these locks at the manufacturers, where they may see them fitted to a variety of guns and may test their merits and claims.—[London Era.

An hour during the French Revolution.—At that very hour, in the room of the Jacobins, surrounded by a dozen other patriots as remorseless as himself, sat a colossal man—his harsh features dilated by the wine he had taken, and his aspect rude as a Breton peasant's.—The glass was lifted in his hand, and with a voice of thunder, he gave the toast:—"May the body of our last king be burnt to ashes on the funeral pyre, made with the body of the last priest. It was like terrific Danton. The words were repeated with shouts and clamor by the party around him. At that very moment, a dwarfish man, with a huge head, a mouth marked with the hardness of a vindictive temper, and an eye in which insipient madness already glared—without stockings, and in a white waistcoat, dabbled with blood, sat in a cellar under the very Palace du Cardinal, which afterwards beheld his drunken hypotheosis, writing a recommendation that France should massacre her two hundred thousand men to the manes of her strangled freedom, with an exact calculation of the time requisite for such a purpose.—Merciful ideal! It was the sanguinary Marat.

At that very moment two members of the Assembly were perfecting a plan for a monarchy, and a dictatorship. The one was Maximilien Lidoré Robespierre. He himself was to be the dictator. At that moment in a little chamber of the Palace at Versailles, sat a kindly looking old man—weeping, and a kingly looking old man—weeping. The father was weeping over the back-lidings of his children, and the king over the treason of his people. It was the unfortunate Louis XVI. At that moment in a gaily illuminated saloon of the same Palace, two females were playing at cards—the one was lovely and still youthful. She lost, and the three hundred louis were passed to her fair antagonist, who murmured many apologies, but yet took the notes preferred her. The loser was Mary Antoinette. At the same moment a beggar lay starving for lack of bread in the garden of the Tuilleries, while her wasted child pressed to her shrunk nipple and tried the breast in vain. At that very moment a monk was unfrocking himself, never to resume the cowl of the Benedictines. A maiden, draped in far too Cyprian a style, was sitting near him—while and glasses were on the table—he had discovered a better profession—and this was Talleyrand—the man of the People.

Let no man be ashamed to work. Let no man be ashamed of a hard set or a sun burnt countenance. Let him be ashamed of ignorance and sloth. Let him be ashamed of idleness and distemper.

A word to Mr. Kendall—Mr. Kendall in his last Expositor has the following paragraph:—"The Baltimore Whig calls Henry Clay the 'HIGH SOULED.'" Rather say the "HIGH TEMPERED."

We would have the editor of the "Expositor" to know, that we meant precisely what we said, and shall not consult him, of all other men, as to the appropriate terms to be used in speaking of Henry Clay. We intended to convey the idea that he was open, frank, generous and manly; that his heart spurned all acts of meanness; was true to its friendships, and gave its holiest aspirations to his country.

He may be "high tempered," but if he be, it is that kind of "high temper," which would commend him to the love of all high minded chivalric men—which elevates him above the contaminating influences of low and groveling minds, although it may not always have protected him from the ingratitude of those who have eaten of his bread and partaken of his hospitality.

Mr. Calhoun not withdrawn.—The Washington Spectator says that Mr. Calhoun is not withdrawn as a candidate for nomination by the Democratic convention, that a great many questions will have to be settled before the Democratic candidate for the Presidency shall be selected—the trifling, among others—and that it is by no means impossible that "by May next, Mr. Van Buren may not wait for his friends to withdraw him, but withdraw himself."

Shelly's Tomb in the English Burial Ground at Rome is said to consist of a plain marble slab only. On it is written:

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.—Cor Cordium.
"Nothing of him that doth last,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange;
Cor Cordium, "heart of hearts," is an allusion to the singular fact that when Byron and Hunt buried his body on the shore of the Gulf of Spezia, his heart alone remained unconsumed.

In an adjoining cemetery sleeps John Keats. A small marble slab, half hid amid the long grass, stands over the young poet. On it is written—"This grave contains all that was mortal of a young English poet, who, on his death bed, in the bitterness of his heart at the malicious power of his enemies, desired these words to be engraved on his tombstone: "Here lies one whose name was written in water." Feb. 23rd, 1821.

"A strangely sensitive being he was, to feel so deeply an unjust criticism that a hired Reviewer could publish."—[St. Louis Gaz.

The *Lower Mississippi*—The *Redeemer* (Iowa) Gazette of the 25th ult., states that the Mississippi is very low, and navigation for the present season may be considered closed, though ice had not yet appeared at that point. At the same time last year, the river was blocked with ice.

The Ohio at the last accounts was falling, though still at good stage. Ice had not appeared at any point. The first ice at Cincinnati was on the 21st inst., a thin coating on the Canals.—[N. O. Bulletin.

Important decision.—A man named William Wilson, was convicted last August before the Hartford, Conn., County Court, for the crime of incest. The charge was founded on the fact that he had married the daughter of his deceased wife by a former husband—the same being, as charged by the Judge, in violation of the law; and the jury returned a verdict accordingly. The case was carried upon a writ of error to the Supreme Court, where the decision of the lower Court was a few days since reversed; the Court deciding that the affinity between the plaintiff in error and his wife's daughter ceased on the death of his wife.

Chinese Military Tactics.—The ridiculous and almost incredible ignorance relative to military operations; manifested by a people so advanced as the Chinese in the useful and ornamental arts, satisfactorily accounts for the facility with which ten thousand Europeans are dictating the adoption of a liberal policy to an empire of three hundred millions. The following extract from the instructions of the Council of the Empire to the General commanding their armies, has never before been published in this country:

"Take notice of this in particular. You have to deal with a people that wear breeches so tight that once the soldiers fall they cannot get up by themselves. Your first endeavor must be to throw them down. Paint your faces as fantastically as possible, and when you approach the enemy, shout out and make the most hideous faces and grimaces possible to frighten and make them tumble down. Once prostrate, they are at your mercy."

Absurd and preposterous as this appears, it will at once explain the exhibition at Chusan of "monsters and chimeras die" that were exhibited on their standards.—*Jour. of Com.*

A pretty girl, that finds it out is the least enviable being and is much to be pitied. The outward polish is too much her study, and of consequence the intellect and heart must be neglected.

A young man, with a soft and delicate skin and hand, and curled locks, if he thinks he is handsome, is in danger of becoming a coxcomb, and going to the work-house. One of a cultivated heart and intellect cannot be over-estimating, whatever else he may lack. Virtue and intelligence are greatly to be preferred to beauty and wealth. Indeed, a boy who thinks he is pretty is a pitiful object.

An Irish Answer.—It may seem a matter of no extraordinary difficulty to give a plain answer to a plain question, and yet it is no art which it evidently requires some trouble to learn. In all

self-civilized nations, the inquirer for the most simple thing is met by an enigma for an answer, and amongst the peasantry of Scotland and Ireland, civilized as the general communities may be, the system often seems to be studied in vain. This dialogue is the model of thousands in the sister tale:—

"Is this the nearest road to Cork?"
"Is it to Cork you are going?"
"Yes, sir, but my question is as to the nearest road?"

"Why, this road is as near as that on the other side of the hill, for neither of them is any road at all."

"Then which way ought I to go?"
"Oh, that depends on your honor's own liking. Perhaps you wouldn't like to go back again?"

"Certainly not. But one word for all. My good fellow, do you know anything about any kind of road here?"

"There now, if your honor had asked that before, I could have told you at once."

"Out with it, then."

"Why the truth is, your honor, that I'm a stranger in these parts—and the best thing that you can do is to stop till somebody comes that knows all about the way."

Stupid secondly! why did you not say so at first.

Stupid! that's all my thanks. But why did your honor not ask me if I belonged in this place, that would have settled the business. Take a fool's advice and stop where you are"—*Concordia Intel.*

Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.
THE COMMITTEES OF THE HOUSE—A RECAST.

Washington, Dec. 12.

The Committees of the House were announced this morning, as if appointed yesterday, when they were not given out. The delay has been caused by internal difficulties, which have resulted, as will be seen, in very important changes. Neither Rhet nor Beardsley has the head of the Committee of Ways and Means, but both are left off that Committee and put on that of Foreign Affairs, which is a very strong one. Mr. Wilkins, who felt sure of being Chairman of this Committee, and certainly had strong claims to the post, is put aside; Mr. C. J. Ingersoll, an elder, if not a better soldier, having pushed his claims to that station and had them conceded.—So Mr. I. has the Foreign Affairs, and Mr. W. the Judiciary, though the latter was once a Minister Plenipotentiary, I am glad Ingersoll, who once made a force and insidious attack on the Supreme Court of the United States, is not at the head of the Judiciary, even at the cost of having him in a position where he can do more mischief. Neither Rhet nor Beardsley is chairman of any important Committee. Mr. Holmes of Charleston S. C. is Chairman of the Committee of Commerce, on which Messrs. Phoenix, of our city, Winthrop of Boston, C. M. Reed of Erie, Penn., and D. P. King of Massachusetts, are the whig

The Committee of ways and means is composed of Messrs. J. J. McKay, of North Carolina, D. H. Lewis of Alabama, J. R. Ingersoll of Pennsylvania, Droomgoole of Virginia, Barnard of New York, Weller of Ohio, Seymour of Troy, New York, Chappell of Georgia, and Norris of New Hampshire—three whigs to six locofocos. I believe all the locofocos on this Committee but Mr. Seymour of our State, are avowed anti-protective men, and will agree in reporting a bill to upset the present tariff.

The Committee on the Post office is composed of Messrs. Hopkins of Virginia, Kennedy of Indiana, Grinnell of Massachusetts, Reile of Mo. Jenks of Pennsylvania, Stiles of Georgia, Hardin of Illinois, Dana of New York, and Reid of North Carolina—three whigs. I hear this Committee is unfavorable to Post Office Reform, at any rate to any such extent as the earnest friends of the movement demand. Mr. Hopkins was the leader of the Majority of the Committee last year, who overruled Mr. Briggs, the Chairman, and brought in a bill utterly inadequate to the wants of the country—making hardly any reduction of the rates of postage. But I trust all the whig members at least are in favor of a radical reform—and I hope they are not all. And, if the worst comes to worst, I have great faith in the Yeas and Nays.

If we have forty earnest friends of the Reform in the House, and ten in the Senate, the triumph of the good cause is certain. There can be no danger if we can but reach the Yeas and Nays. Little has been done to day, besides announcing the death of Senator Linn, and taking proper order thereon. Mr. Benton is said to have spoken well in the Senate; so did Mr. Bowlin in the House.

The morning hour was devoted to another attempt of Mr. Barnard to place on the Journal of the House the simple fact that the whig members on the first day of the session, presented a Protest against the admission of the Members from four states elected in violation of the law requiring all members to be chosen by Districts. The majority have determined that this fact shall not appear on the Journal! Because they by brute force prevented Mr. Barnard from reading his Protest, they insist that its contents shall not stand on the record—thus making one outrage a pretext for another! But it is every way important that the record should bear witness that the admission of the Nullifying Members was protested against at the out set, and it will be made to appear, though the majority may consume much time in preventing it. Messrs. Barnard, Ingersoll, Winthrop, Clingman, of North Carolina, and others have made gallant efforts for the Right yesterday and to-day. I was astonished to see Robert Dale Owen—who is reputed a liberal and candid man, today potting in favor of the violent suppression of the truth.

Almost every one is acquainted with the character of J. R. CHANDLER, of the U. S. Gazette, as an editor and writer. Still we cannot forbear this expression of our admiration and regard.—There is a something about him so different from the hackneyed technicality of the editorial corps, that it is as refreshing as a west wind in June, as May weather in mid-winter, to meet with a stray number of the Gazette.

In him we find the pathos and the humor, the

pure and graceful English, and beautiful alliteration of words, which so distinguish Washington Irving—with a homeliness of feeling which Irving never felt, never progressed—therefore never could express. We occasionally get glimpses of the "Editor at home," which make us love the man as much as we admire the writer; and we feel that we should almost know him in a crowd, or at least would find a welcome at his fireside. Witness the following. Who but Chandler could find so much beauty in such simplicity—the life, death and burial of a dog!

The Grave of a Dog.—Mr. Chandler of the U. S. Gazette, in a very touching and beautiful article, describes a visit to the grave of a favorite and faithful dog. It is too long for us, but we cannot resist making the following extract:

It is not seemly to mourn for a dog; but when for eleven years, the animal has followed your footsteps—when his clear voice has greeted your return, or when, coiled up at your feet, day after day, he has lifted his flexible eye-brows and turned his dark eye to sea when you would leave the writing table and go forth for his pleasure, as he had tarried for you, you feel as if the death of even a dog might warrant a melancholy assension, and be pleaded in excuse for a recollection at least of his canine virtues.

Hunter had become a sort of precursor of our own comings; and those who would meet us, as we came to or went from our office, would watch for Hunter, that they might find us. A feeling had sprung up between us, and we had learned even to check each other's faults. He undoubtedly had the most to do, or at least the most to suffer, in that respect, but still he tried, and sometimes succeeded.

The poor dog had become a member of the family when it was small; and the flock that had risen up like olive branches around our table, were affectionately guarded and tenderly fondled by Hunter. But he never confessed the right of mastership in them. He took his place on the hearth before them with as much independence as if they had been his offspring instead of ours; and when business or pleasure called us from the city, he took upon himself the guardianship of the domestic circle, and declined his daily visit to the office, as much as if he had a pecuniary investment in the dwelling, or was morally and legally responsible for the welfare of its inmates.

Hunter had been in perils. He was bitten, with one other canine friend, by a mad dog. His friend died with hydrophobia; kind attention saved Hunter. He remembered it to the day of his death; the beseeching look, and the particular emphasis of his moan showed that he remembered with gratitude, favor and desire a re-application of the remedies. But he asked in vain. He pined as away, and faculty after faculty departed, until voice failing, the hearing ceased, the eye was lifted up slowly but dimly, and the tail slightly moved, to intimate the recognition of him who had so long been his companion, and his last effort was to lick the delicate hand of a child who had come to take his leave of the last one that seemed twined with his earliest love, and whose name was the first word he had articulated.

Old Samson took the dog in his barrow, and went forth with a measured step to find a place where he might give him the decency of burial, without intruding upon the repose of human beings, who, made in a better image, justly claim a repose for the sanctity of their dust.

The little procession, as it went forth, had with it something of a touching air. The body of Hunter was decently covered, not ostentatiously, lest ridicule should attach to the scene, and Samson had put on his best clothes avowedly less for funeral purposes than that he might appear decently before the mistress. Little Willy, the only follower of the train, had drawn his cap over his eyes, to hide a few hasty tears, and was regulating his step by the solemn and measured movement of Samson. Few felt an interest to inquire what was hidden beneath the white pall and the unwonted melancholy of the boy was suffered to pass without inquiry.

When the procession had reached the place of sepulture, the body was lowered, not thrown into the grave, and Samson remarked that the collar was still about Hunter's neck. "Will take it off, said he, 'it will do for another dog.'"

Little Willy leaned over, and looked down into the grave; and then lifting his streaming eye to his sable companion, he said, "No, let it be, Samson, let it be. I don't want any more dogs; and if I do have one, I don't want to see Hunter's collar on his neck."

Samson nodded up the grave, and turned towards him, "Will you side in the barrow," said he to Willy.

The child turned and looked at the carriage with a shudder and walked onwards.

When Willy reached home he went and sat down alone beside Hunter's "house" and wept a flood of tears; and it was only when the memorials of his faithful friend, more than twice his own age, had been removed, that he could dry up his tears. And even now the mention of the dog makes the "clouds return after the rain," and cast a gloom over the sunny spirit of the child.

GUNSMITHING.

JAMES RIDDLE has removed to the shop formerly occupied by him opposite the Post Office, where he will attend to all business in the above line. June 29 1842—27-41