TERMS.

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The Republican.

NEW SERIES.

FRANKLIN SOULE, EDITOR.

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BY SOULE & LEATHERMAN.

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POETRY.

BACHELOR'S LAMENT.

Oh, would I had a girl to love,
To share those happy hours—
My bliss to crown, while she would prove
The fairest of life's flowers.
No more I'd crave, if this light heart
A woman's worth might know,
And pure affection's priceless gem
The light of love would show.

Ion weary of a single life,
Though all its joys are mine;
There's scarce a pleasure now possessed,
But might be made divine,
If I could claim a "better half,"
And need no longer rove
To find the prize my heart desires—
A gentle girl to love!

Now, maidens fair, (not yet bespoke,)
Why should I longer tarry?
I'm twenty-four years old next month,
And am resolved to marry!
So if among you beats a heart,
Which might with mine accord,
Oh! do not let this love you so,
But haste to send me word.

And that will be a happy day,
That day I claim my bride!
And that will be a happy theme,
On which we both may dwell;
And I will be a happy man,
When her sweet smiles I move;
And she shall be a happy girl—
She shall—the girl I love.

THE SHOUT AND THE MOAN.

A VICTORY.

The joy bells peal a merry tune
Along the evening air;
The crackling bonfires turn the sky
All crimson with their glare;
Bold music fills the startled streets
With mirth-inspiring sound;
The gaping cannon's reddening breath
Wakes thunder-shouts around,
And thousand joyful voices cry,
"Huzza! huzza! a Victory!

A little girl stood at the door,
And with her kitten play'd,
Less wild and frolicksome than she,
That rosy prattling maid.
Sudden her cheek turns ghostly white;
Her eye with fear is filled;
And rushing in of-doors she screams—
"My brother Willie's killed!"
And thousand joyful voices cry,
"Huzza! huzza! a Victory!"

A mother sat in thoughtful ease,
A-knitting by the fire,
Plying the needle's thrifty task
With hands that never tire.
She tore her few gray hairs, and shriek'd
"My joy on earth is done!
Oh! who will lay me in my grave?
Oh, God! my son! my son!"—
And thousand joyful voices cry,
"Huzza! huzza! a Victory!

A youthful wife the threshold cross'd,
With matron's treasure bless'd;
A smiling infant nestling lay
In slumber at her breast.
She spoke no word, she heaved no sigh,
The widow's tale to tell;
But like a corpse, all white and stiff,
Upon the earth floor fell.
And thousand joyful voices cry,
"Huzza! huzza! a Victory!"

An old weak man, with head of snow,
And years three score and ten,
Look'd in upon his cabin home,
And anguish so had him then.
He help'd not wife, nor helpless babe,
Mother nor little maid,
One scalding tear, one sobbing sob—
He knelt him down and prayed.
And thousand joyful voices cry,
"Huzza! huzza! a Victory!"

The Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser attacks Secretary Marcy, in the rear, in the following pointed paragraph:

"Mr. Marcy is the last man in the world who should blame Gen. Scott for wishing to 'screen his rear.' The Secretary cannot have forgotten that he did the same for himself, once, at the cost of fifty cents to the State of New York."

A faithful Animal.—The St. Louis Reveille of the 27th inst., contains an extremely interesting letter from "Solitaire," written on the Missouri river during a trip to the new town of Ohio. The writer speaks of encountering a character in the person of Signor J. Paldi, a Piedmontese by birth, music master in the Infantry band of the 5th Regiment, who was present in the battles of the 8th and 9th of May. He was on his way to St. Louis, bearer of letters to Major Gen. Brooke and others. In his company was a fine young pointer dog belonging to Major Brown, who fell during the bombardment of the fort opposite Matamoras:

When the remains of this gallant soldier were entombed, his pet dog, who had lain near the spot where the Major was suffering until he was borne hence, mingled his wail with the sound of the muffled drum, and could not be silenced. He searched every where for the living form of his master, and finding him not, seemed to understand the mourful business of his burial; he waited until the sad rites were over, and then coiling himself up, he laid down at the foot of the flag staff, upon the turf which covered the remains of the brave Major, and sent forth his howl of grief until the hearts of all who heard him were impressed with a fresh sensation of sorrow. Paldi intends to present him to Gen. Brooke.

On the 9th, Paldi having given up his horse to an officer, was mounted on a mule, and was attending at the artillery train, when a shower of canister came, carrying away his canteen, grazing his cap, slightly wounding his foot, and stretching his mule off like lead towards a detachment of the enemy's cavalry. He in vain tried to stop his headlong progress, and could not conceive what made him bellow out on up in such an outrageously frantic manner, when looking behind him the cause was at once explained—the mule had been carried away by a shell! Like a ship without a rudder he was beating fast on a lee shore, when his rider was forced to shoot him to stop his progress.

For the Republican.

CONCEALED WEAPONS.

"Our brother's blood crieth to us from the ground," who murdered CHARLES J. FOSTER!—If we believe the mob that shouted "Hang him," and laid violent hands on WM. R. RICHARDSON, he, and he alone did the deed. O! most righteous mob, that would show its honor of murder, by committing it.

Without wishing to lessen individual responsibility, or to palliate the crime of the one, let us, as a community, look to it, that we are not guilty.—We can't prove our hands clean by pointing to the blood on our neighbor's; nor walk forth light like innocence, for having fastened a scape goat with our sins. Violence is rife among us and we, as a community, are answerable. We help form every individual among us; the character of one, is more or less, the character of all; social responsibility is real, it is no fiction. Our gregariousness is not a mere herding together, but a social union—one of thought, feeling and character. In there one amongst us bright in eminence, or beautiful in excellence, he is rightfully our boast, we take praise to ourselves. The pride we have in our favorites, is an honest egotism. But we must share the shame with the praised, if there is a sin common among us, we are all guilty, if not equally. It is in this way we bear each others burdens.

Blood stains our lintels, we "bury the dead out of our sight," and the murderer walks unwhipped of justice. And this is not because there is among us one or two men of violence, who "neither fear God nor regard man." No, it is the spirit we are of—these crimes are ours, these sins are social sins.—The codes we live by and think by, are wrong. Our honor and morals are misnamed. Our god is a Moloch, delighting in human sacrifice and we pay him worship in poor, sham, brute courage. This is a hard saying, and it is too easy to prove. In any correct view of society, the individual has no right to self-protection, save in one excepted case. He yields up his might of strength; for the strong arm of defence he borrows, the compromise is nothing in comparison with his 'great gain.' But with us, society is nothing; we have voted, 'union is not strength.' The individual is every thing, a law unto himself, death to his neighbor. We have all the forms of power, ordinary in the "social compact," the court house and the judge, the written law, and the living officer; and all we get of this paraphernalia, is to have a few accounts poorly collected.

When it comes to injuries of person and character, where society and law should be efficient, and it is dangerous to trust punishment and vindication with the individual—every man cries, "stand, the ground is my own!" There is no supremacy in the law, for it is never appealed to, and can't be until each man "puts up his sword." A civilization for trade and traffic is of little worth, if it stops there; restraining no man from wrong—vindicating no man in the right. There is a wide distance in the power of the law—or rather a wicked and open-faced denial of its right of restraint. Society is set at naught, and every man goes armed for *defence*, do I say? worse—offence. I ask in the name of civilization—to say nothing about morals and religion, on the coldest and most selfish principles of social order—what right has any man to carry weapons?—It is a wicked lawlessness. We have the law, and the officers of the law, and we make of the one a dead letter, and of the other a sinecure.—What is the meaning of this almost universal custom of carrying fire-arms? It says of him that wears them, that he distrusts his own courtesy—that he knows that he cannot walk in peace among men—that he is impudent and impotent. It pronounces those among whom he lives, meeting in business and pleasure, as despicable and desperate—cruel and cowardly of the law, it says, it is a rope of sand. I would not so estimate myself, I would not so belie my neighbors, I should expect such men to be their own cooks.

The violent man meets with a violent death.—It is God's truth, that "they that take the sword, perish by the sword." Point me to an instance where a man has been murdered in our midst, who has not been armed. I would not wrong the dead, but what business had C. J. Foster with a dirk? The office of a dirk is peaceful enough; men don't carry such things for ornament, but for use. The very act is one of defiance—it is more, it is premeditated murder. If I am armed with a murderous weapon, "I am not in a fit state to live with all men." There is no getting over it, he who carries a murderous weapon is an incipient murderer. It is lying in wait to be tempted. Men arm themselves as they put on their clothes, and then go forth to business; matters of difficulty occur, and words of denial pass; the hasty word is followed by the quick gesture, and they stand before each other armed at all points; the blade flashes and the swift trigger puller, one is killed, the other goes forth the *justifiable* defender of his own life.

They are both murderers, the living and the dead. In this state of things, and with our interpretation, every murder must be justifiable or excusable. The murder is committed, when the man in cold-blood adds his weapon to complete his toilett. How long shall these things be? We are all guilty. It is a part of that so called code of honor" which is still in vogue amongst us; of the which the best that can be said, is that it is a mark of high barbarism. We sustain it by our daily walk and conversation, by what we say and by what we do. In all things our virtue is cowardly and non-committal—we prop it up by our false forms and false names; courage is not carnage, "spirit is not bluster and hence-forge." There are other gods, than the god of battles, Mars is the last god in our mythology. On woman's white hand I see the blood stain, and I shrink from it as did the Gipsey. Don't touch me in your wicked pastry. By implication and false compliment, she has her part in the wrong, like a drain vine, she clings to, holds up this rotten fabric of feudalism. We have much of woman's rights, you may be wronged; but my fair sister, duty is better than principle.

The pulpit, it is as silent as the grave upon our real evils, and existing sins. It is too much occupied with antiquated sin, and dead devils to meet the present. No doubt, "total depravity and original sin," are bad enough, but murder is worse. "Man of God," there is evil enough about us, if you only had eyes to see it and courage to speak, enough for your deprecations, enough for your arguments and appeals. Help save us from this Bowie-knife, and pistol civilization.

W. S.

For the Woodville Republican.

WILKINSON CO. July, 14th 1846.

SCHOOL LAWS.

DEAR SIR

As you are charged with the prosecution of all suits on account of the school lands under a statute to that effect, I have taken the liberty of propounding the following interrogatories in this public manner, relating to the management of school lands. We think many trustees are groping their way in darkness and only partially discharging their duties. This is all owing to the fact that there are so many conflicting laws. Doubts arise as to whether this or that portion of a law is still in force, and different trustees are conducting the business of their office quite differently.

1st. For how long a time are trustees of schools and school lands elected?

2nd. Can they act, and will their acts be valid after the expiration of their term of office, when no successors are qualified to act?

3rd. In what manner must they be qualified or what is required to qualify trustees to act after they have been elected?

4th. Have trustees a right to expend school funds arising from a lease of the school land in surveying, clearing, building or otherwise improving the land?

5th. Are poor and indigent children entitled to any superior benefits of the school fund, or does the law give them any preference?

6th. Does the school bill passed at the last session of the legislature, make void the previous laws, before its requisitions are complied with by the boards of police?

7th. Can the previous trustees continue to act when the boards of police do not carry out or pay any attention to the last school bill?

8th. Do the school laws cease until such time as the board of police choose to comply with the last school law as passed by the last legislature?

Some of the above questions you will perceive are nearly alike; but I thought it best to put them in this form, so that full answers could be given and less ambiguity be apparent. Doubtless you are well aware of the waste of the school funds, the loose manner in which they have been conducted, and the constant change made in the school laws, rendering it next to impossible to understand and keep pace with them. We think the present school law very deficient, and at some future time when a suitable occasion offers, may give our objections in full. Hoping you may feel and take a deep interest in this important subject, and lend your assistance to further any project that may tend to advance the educational interests of our state.

I have the honor to remain,

Yours, &c.,

C. S. MAGOUN.

WM. T. MARTIN, Esq., *Dist. Att'y.*

MEXICAN PRESIDENTS.

The following history of Mexican Presidents we copy from the New York *Mirror*.

Iturbide—Emperor of the limited monarchy established after the separation from Spain—exiled, returned and shot. 1822

Gen. Victoria, the first President, elected 1824, with Gen. Bravo as Vice President, who denounced Victoria, but was beaten, surrendered and banished.

Gen. Pedraza was elected April, 1828, over his opponent, Gen. Guerrero, who used violence to displace him; he was aided by a large force with Santa Anna at their head, who was defeated, and made his escape. In 1828 (October,) a mob headed by ex Marquis Cadena seized the government, and Pedraza fled, and

Guerrero was declared elected, with Bustamente for Vice President. Soon after that, Bustamente revolted, civil war ensued which ended in the execution of Guerero in February, 1831, at Oajeca, leaving

Bustamente in the President's Chair. In 1832, Santa Anna marched from Vera Cruz to the Capital, made Bustamente resign in favor of Pedraza, then in exile in Philadelphia, who returned and served out the remainder of his time of the 1828 election; and then

Santa Anna was elected in May, 1833—taken prisoner at the battle of San Jacinto in 1836; Bustamente was then in exile in France, but returned on hearing of the capture of Santa Anna; and

Bustamente was elected. Santa Anna on obtaining his liberty, was in retirement some time on his estate; then took the field against Bustamente in 1841, and drove him from power, and

Santa Anna became President in 1841, and being deposed by

Gen. Herrera, who sent him to Havana an exile, and then Herrera was deposed by

Paredes, who usurped the Presidency, and is now, 1846, military despot.

PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.—There is a rustic gateway on the east of the square of free-stone, in the form of an arch with a large weeping willow on each side of the entrance. It was formerly said by the lady of a President, while occupying the house, and being congratulated on her elevation—"I don't know as there is much cause for congratulation. The President of the United States generally comes in at the iron gate, and goes out at the *weeping willow*."

☞ The Oregon treaty was confirmed on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo.

For the Woodville Republican.

HOMOEOPATHY.

MR. EDITOR.

Doubtless all or most all of your readers have heard of this wonderful, and astonishing new medical science; and as many of them prescribe medicine in most all cases before the regular physician is sent for, I have thought it might not be uninteresting to them to understand the doses prescribed by this class of doctors, see what Dr. Forbes says of the infinitesimal doses, in his work just published.

"Every one has heard of this incomprehensible posology, but we are inclined to believe that few, if any, but the homoeopathists themselves, or those who have read their books, (and only a small number have,) are aware of its infinite and astonishing minuteness." What passes respecting it, in common medical parlance, is regarded as a playful exaggeration of the truth, garnished good-humoredly for the nonce, like the ornamental facts of the story-teller. And it is no wonder that this is so. Mere imagination, working primarily on its own ground, could never have reached such a climax of the marvellous. Here, assuredly, if anywhere, the truth, if truth it be, is stranger than fiction.

"So minute are the doses prescribed by the Hahnemannic school, that they are scarcely conceivable by the human mind. They defy all the powers of chemistry and physics to detect in them any trace of the remedial substances which they profess to contain, and they almost confound arithmetic in reckoning their amount. We are not ashamed to confess, that our own powers are inadequate to put down in figures an ordinary homoeopathic dose, and we suspect that many of the homoeopathists themselves would find themselves in the same predicament on trial. The following are the different *attenuations* or doses used.

"First	—one hundredth of a drop or grain.	
"Second	—one ten-thousandth	do.
"Third	—one millionth	do.
"Sixth	—one billionth	do.
"Ninth	—one trillionth	do.
"Twelvth	—one quadrillionth	do.
"Fifteenth	—one quintillionth	do.
"Eighteenth	—one sixtillionth	do.
"Twenty-first	—one septillionth	do.
"Twenty-fourth	—one octillionth	do.
"Twenty-seventh	—one nonillionth	do.
"Thirtieth	—one decillionth	do.

"The primary dilutions or attenuations are used comparatively rarely, the higher ones, as the sixth, twelvth, twenty-first, and thirtieth, very commonly. It may be worth a moment's trouble to try how far we really understood or comprehend these numbers. Looking at the first of these, we have no difficulty. The *hundredth* (100th) part of a grain, is intelligible enough; the *ten-thousandth* (10,000th) is comprehensible, but begins to waver before the mental view; while the *millionth* (1,000,000) part of a grain puts our power of comprehension on the rack, and leaves us in a chaos of undefined entities or non-entities, we know not which. We fancy that we grasp the reality, and then it instantly vanishes as a phantom, even beyond the sphere of imagination itself. Having got so far, the additional subdivisions, or attenuations, scarcely more than a thing,—and whether the word be a millionth, billionth, or decillionth, the power of comprehension seems the same. And yet the *actual difference* between these quantities is immense,—so immense as to be almost as inconceivable as the actual things themselves.

"Imagine, if you can, a grain of silica, or charcoal, or oyster-shell, (powerful remedies, according to Hahnemann and his followers, in this attenuated condition,) divided into this number of parts; and one of these parts is not only a fit and proper dose to be given as a remedy for severe diseases, but is an agent of such potent influence on the *animal economy*, that *one dose* of this amount will continue acting for thirty, forty, or fifty days, and must not be interfered with by any repetition of it, for fear of deranging or destroying its curative virtues. Thus, Hahnemann tells us, that a sextillionth of a grain of carbonate of ammonia will act beneficially upwards of thirty-six days; that the decillionth of a grain of oyster-shell (*calcarea*) will require forty, fifty, and even more days, "to effect all the good it is capable of; that a similar dose of plumbago (*graphites*) will act for at least from thirty six to forty-eight days; and a like dose of phosphorus, at least forty days."

Such are the powerful doses, and thus long is their power felt. Now while there is so much quackery, so many nostrums, and such an accumulation of systems and theories, we conceive this decidedly the most safe in the hands of the ignorant and would recommend it as every way superior to any other for their use; and then it comes sanctioned by the names of the great and the learned; and if it fails, those using it may have the consolation of knowing they are in respectable company.

M.

Percy's Creek, July 7th 1846.

☞ The London Morning Herald is in an agony of distress in contemplating the position presented by Great Britain, now that Sir Robert Peel's policy has obtained the sanction of the House of Lords. Here is an extract from that paper of the 30th, ult.:

"Meanwhile the States, suppose, disarm and disable Mexico—conquest is not of the question—an immense merchantile Navy is created by the corn trade, a vast amount of bullion accumulates in the Stock Bank, a constant drain of English gold, Canada, untrusted and naturally disaffected, declares for annexation; Great Britain driven out of every sea by the army she has provided for her own destruction. This picture is indeed disheartening, but we defy any one to show where it is overcoloured or overdrawn."

Cotton in the highlands this season, is much superior to that in the bottoms—especially on the river. From a private letter we learn that there will be nothing like an average crop made, in consequence of the heavy rains.

METEOROLOGICAL.

We copy from the Concordia Intelligencer the following interesting speculations and facts, by Mr Forshey, so well and favorably known to the people of the South West:

Proposition 1.—Within and around a storm, the wind blows towards the centre, or focus of atmospheric disturbances.

Prop. 2.—About the focus of disturbance, the converging winds ascend, either to the height of 8 or 10 miles.

Prop. 3.—Storm clouds are formed by the condensation of the vapor, in the ascending air.

Prop. 4.—Rain is the consequence when the ascent is gentle, and the height is not so very great.

Prop. 5.—Hail is the consequence, when the ascent is very rapid and very high.

Prop. 6.—Ascent of winds, and violence are less generally, as their area is greater, and greatest, when the area is small.

Reason 1 and 2.—Air with a high dew point—i. e. much vapor, is lighter than dry air, and therefore rises. The surrounding wind flows in to supply its place.

R. 3.—When air ascends, it comes under less pressure,—expands;—hence cools, one degree per 109 yard, hence condenses its vapor & forms clouds.

R. 4.—The latent caloric given out by condensation, expands the cloud, increases the tendency to ascend, and accumulates condensed vapor till it falls in rain.

R. 5—The freezing point is reached, here, at less than 3 miles elevation. Violent rushing of the wind above that point carries up the frozen vapor, brings many particles into collision, and they adhere, and descend along the margin, as hail stones. Tornados are always of this kind.

R. 6.—When a great area is highly charged with vapor, slight disturbing causes, such as irregularities of dew points occasion many columns of ascent, and the force is thus divided. When small areas are highly charged, they tend to a single vent upward. Such are Tornados, and hail storms.

BAROMETER.—The Barometric column sinks lowest in the *center* of a storm, and rises highest *around its border*.

Reasons.—The ascending column of wind in a storm relieves the pressure, by rapid ascent, and by its much vapor. Its reflux, around the border, at the summit of the ascending column, increases the pressure.

Inferences.—When the mercury in the Barometer suddenly rises, above the mean, it is in the *annular* (or circular wave,) around a storm.

When it falls below the mean, it is within the annulus, and the storm at hand, or raging over it.

The direction of the wind, being always to the center of disturbance, will tell whether it is coming over the observer, or passing another route.

Remarks.—The direction of a storm's travel will always coincide with the Cirrus clouds, which rarely change their route. They lie in the highest known stratum of the atmosphere, at a height of 3 miles or more, and are always frozen.

This upper current is uniformly from South-west, in the Southern portion of the United States. Our great storms all pursue this direction. Small storms may have any direction, because they do not rise high enough to lie chiefly in this upper stratum.

C. G. FORSHEY.

Tidalia, La., July 10, 1846.

A BACKWARD COW RIDE.

During the Revolutionary war, when a corps of the American army were encamped near the borough of Elizabethtown, N. J., an officer, who was more a devotee of Venus than of Mars, paid his addresses to a lady of distinction, whom he was in the habit of visiting nightly, in the cultivation of those kind feelings which love so cordially inspires. On a discovery of a repeated absence of the officer, and the place of interview with his dulcinea were had, some waggish friends resolved to play off a handsome trick at his expense, which should deter him from a repetition of his amorous visits.

The officer, it appears, rode a very small horse of the pony kind, which he left untied, with the bridle reins over his neck, near the door, in order to mount and ride off without delay when business of courting and kissing was over; and the horse always remained until hailed by the owner without attempting to change his position. On a certain very dark night, when the officer had, as usual gone to pay his devotions to the object of his affections, and was enjoying the approving smile of the lovely fair one, his waggish companions went privately to the door of the house where the officer was, took his bridle and saddle from the horse which they sent away, placed the bridle on the tail, the saddle on the back, and the crupper over the horns of a quiet old cow who stood peacably chewing her cud near the spot. Immediately thereafter, they retired some distance from the house, and seperating, raised a loud cry of alarm, that the enemy had landed, and were marching into the village.

Our hero, hearing this, took counsel from his fears, and snatching a hasty kiss, he shot out of the doors with the velocity of a musket ball, and mounting in the saddle, with his back towards the head of the cow, and placing his sharp spurs deeply into her sides, caused her to bawl out with excessive pain and she darted off in her peculiar gallop toward the camp. The officer still plying his spurs and whip all he knew and more on board—finding himself borne backwards, despite all his efforts to advance, and hearing the repeated bawling of the enraged brute, and imagined that he was carried off by magic and feared not that himself but the devil had got him, and was thus carried into the very sanctum of the camp. The sentinels hearing this noise, disharged their pieces, and shot, shot, shot were fired—the drums beat to arms, the officers left their quarters, and cried, turn out, turn out, with all the strength their lungs. The soldiers started from