

THE MISSISSIPPI LYNX.

F. V. ROCKETT, Editor.



Saturday July 4, 1846.

THE OREGON QUESTION SETTLED.

No event of a public character has ever made our bosom the subject of such an indescribable thrill of delight as the settlement of the Oregon question. The British government resolved to exhaust every peaceful means to adjust this exciting question with their trans-atlantic brethren, sent out another proposition to be submitted to the American Government, and we are now enabled to state that the proposition has been accepted by our government, thus disposing of the only question of territorial boundary that can ever rise between the two nations. The basis of the compromise is to be upon the 49th parallel of latitude. We are not yet advised of the particulars of the treaty, but it is enough for our present purpose to know that compromise has been effected, honorable alike to both nations, and meeting the approbation of both the great parties, with some few exceptions. Mr. Polk sent the British proposition for compromise to the Senate for its advice, and that body, true to the nation's honor and the people's interest, advised him by a majority of three-fourths of its members to accept it. Subsequently the President signed the treaty and sent it to the Senate for its concurrence, and that body will of course give it.

If this is not a subject of national rejoicing, we cannot imagine one that can exist. If thus to be snatched from the horrors of the bloodiest war that ever drenched the soil of a nation, and filled it with the wail of woe, he not enough to "tune our hearts to thankfulness" and make us "sing for joy," we know not what could do it. The most alarming fears in the hearts of the people of both nations have been allayed, and that passion which when roused, loves so well to sport with death and glut itself upon the misfortunes of mankind, must now flow back to its quiet channel. The national heart, which it had been the object of some of our statesmen to prepare for a war which they declared was "inevitable," may beat on in quietude. The country is no longer to be agitated by a question, the discussion of which has cost the nation millions of dollars, and months of the most anxious apprehension. The cloud in the east which rolled its distant thunder continually upon my ears, as its dark masses piled up higher and higher above the verge of the horizon, has uttered its last note of preparation and vanished, and the lovers of peace and national prosperity look with eyes undimmed with delight at the clear horizon which now belts the east. And long may it be ere the hearts of the American and British people burn with the fires of ruin and revenge. And long may it be ere the people of this nation shall elevate men to power, who, in order to thrust themselves conspicuously before the public gaze, would plunge their country in war.

While such men as Calhoun, Benton, Webster, Crittenden, and others, will be crowned with the blessings of a rejoicing people, and held in affectionate remembrance in all time to come by them and their posterity, what will be the doom of such men as Allan Haman, Cass and Ritchie? Their names will go down to distant generations, if they go at all, stained and polluted, bearing the damning seal of their country's verdict. Long and loud they have told the American people from positions which seemed to give authority to their declarations, that a contest with England was not to be avoided, and therefore the country should prepare itself for one of the mightiest contests of modern times. The masses of the people believed it. Business felt the shock. Diplomacy had done all it could. The government refused to arbitrate. An ultimatum was looked for by every steamer, which would dictate to us the terms upon which we must settle the question. They would not give us the whole of Oregon, and for it, the people must expect to fight. To settle upon 49 would be to surrender our territory to British arrogance. And it was in vain that the leading Senators in the whig party strived to allay the excitement produced by their declarations and predictions—they were supposed to speak the sentiments of the Executive, and their voices the thunder that heralded the storm. But amid all the ranting of these ambitious men, even when the tide of public sentiment seemed to set in their favor,

statesmen came forth to guard the nation from the blind path into which they were leading it, and they were successful. Poor Allan was so discomfited by the bloodless adjustment of the question, that he instantly resigned his office as chairman of the committee on Foreign Relations. Poor Cass jumped up and declared that he would not have it.

A very important matter in the settlement of this question on 49, is the assurance we have that party conventions are not always omnipotent. It is very well known that the Baltimore convention that nominated Mr. Polk for the Presidency, declared our title to Oregon to be clear and unquestionable. This then, was one of the main articles in the creed of the democratic party as has been subsequently contended by the 54 40 men. Here we have an important departure from an article of a creed engendered in the hot brain of partisans, which may give the patriot some cause for hoping that the declarations of a party are not, whether right or wrong to be the supreme rule of action, independently of lights and circumstances that may afterwards be disclosed.

The enemies of our institutions throughout the world will learn with dismay of the amicable adjustment of the Oregon question. They hoped to see us menaced from without by England in arms, and tossing upon the breakers of disunion within. But such expectations are doomed to be blasted in their unfolding. The dark day is over, and we trust forever.

We are sorry that Mr. Secretary Marcy had no more sense than to send his note to Gen. Scott while he was taking his soup.

It is the general opinion, and we concur with those who entertain it, that both Marcy and Scott have disgraced themselves. The country will be pleased to hear that Gen. Taylor is to continue in command of the army on the Rio Grande. He should not now be superceded after he has won such honors, and maintained the honor and dignity of the country so ably.

Mr. Polk in his recent message to congress on the subject of the means of raising revenue to meet the additional wants of the government on account of the Mexican war, recommends a reduction of the tariff to the revenue standard on some of the highly protected articles, and a duty on articles now admitted into the U. States free. He recommends congress to authorize the issue of Contingent Treasury notes, to be used if necessary.

The late difficulty between the Mormons and the anti-Mormons has been settled.

The Navy Yard at Memphis it seems, from the action of the House of Representatives is to be turned into a Rope Walk.

The Whigs of Virginia have subscribed 10 thousand dollars for the relief of the mother and family of John H. Pleasants. A noble act from a noble party.

Mexico was colonized just one hundred years before Massachusetts, by the noblest spirits of Spain in her Augustan age.

Let the men who damned the Whigs for opposition to the annexation of Texas, remember that it is now costing the country half a million of dollars per day.

The annexation of Texas, the raw material out of which the locofoco manufacture all their campaign capital, will fail at last to accomplish every thing for them, and turn in favor of the whigs by making a whig hero candidate for the Presidency. Oh, that is too bad.

Gen. A. B. Bradford, Captain of the Marshall Volunteers has been elected Major of the Miss. Regiment. Gen. B. was first elected Colonel of the Regiment by a plurality of the votes but declined accepting the office unless he obtained a majority of the whole.

Mr. Webster has passed through the ordeal and comes out bright. The committee of congress appointed to inquire into the truth of the charges preferred against him by Ingersoll and others. The committee was composed of three Democrats and two Whigs, four of whom signed the report acquitting Mr. Webster of every charge. How must that poor old wretch, Ingersoll, feel as his slanders flow back upon him, and the lie mail itself to the skin of his forehead. Let this lesson teach him that the great servants of the nation are not to be hunted down by such a specimen of the canine race as he is.

To-day is the anniversary of American Independence ever dear to the hearts of freemen, on account of the promulgation by a band of determined patriots of the most celebrated declaration of human rights of modern times. Long may the Republic stand to hail the annual advent of this day with jubilant demonstrations. Long may it stand as the model of good government destined to eclipse all others in the contest for securing to mankind the greatest share of happiness, as far as human government can do it. Long may the light of its institutions blaze like a lamp hung in the pathway of nations, guiding by its undimmed and constant beam, the darkness of that way, until its splendor shall charm the benighted of every land that they may share in the banquet of freedom. May the arm that rises against it be palsied. May the tongue that would slander it, forever cleave to the roof of that villain's mouth who would utter it. May the hearts that would betray it never beat to a pleasant emotion, or know a moment of bliss. God forgive the men who plunged our beloved country in the horrid blaze of war! For that is the only ally to the perfect bliss of to-day. While we would rejoice to-day, we cannot deliver our minds from the saddest reflections. Perhaps whilst we would abandon ourselves to gaiety, the reflection would obtrude itself upon our minds that our brethren on the Rio Grande are fighting and dying.

We had no mail from the east on Wednesday, on account, we suppose, of a change which we learn has taken place on the line—the mail coming from Oxford to Belmont on Wednesday, remaining there until Saturday, and coming down in the Memphis mail on that day. This is a miserable arrangement.

Jefferson Davis, a member of Congress from this state, has received the appointment of Col. of the Miss. Regiment. A messenger has been sent on to Washington to inform him of the appointment. Davis volunteered, not as a private, but as an officer. He gave out that if a Regiment was made up from Miss. he would lead it to battle. Why, if he was anxious to serve his country, did he not resign his seat in congress and volunteer as a private. Does he think he is too good to associate with, and go in the ranks of the privates? He might, he thought be beaten, and the Honorable Jefferson Davis Member of the American Congress must have crawled on his hands and knees to the war with the poor soldiers.

"KEEP THAT TESTAMONY IN YOUR VEST POCKET OVER YOUR HEART.—We have been forcibly reminded of an interesting anecdote of the Revolution, while witnessing so many young men in the ranks of our Volunteer companies, in connection with the highly praiseworthy resolution of the Nashville Young men's Bible Society, to extend a copy of the New Testament to each officer and private constituting the regiment quartered here.

The fond hearted mother had assisted in adjusting upon her son the "cow frock and trousers," had tightly secured the knapsack, canteen and cartridge box in the strings twisted with her own fingers from the same material with his clothes, and as he turned, opening the door, to speak the "manly good-bye," she suppressed the starting tear, lest it might damp the flame of freedom which fired his whole soul, and echoed the "good-bye," with a forced smile—as she went to the window to take another look, she discovered the Testament had been forgotten—she caught it in her hand—run to the door—called him loudly, holding the book in her uplifted hand in order to show him why she stopped him, and soon stood by his side—without uttering a word, she put the book in its place—grasped his hand—looked him full in the face, and with quivering lip—heart big with emotion and cheeks bedewed with tears of maternal affection, she spoke:—"My son, I would not have you stay—your country has the first claim upon you—be as true to that, as you have been dutiful to me, and heaven will protect you"—and as she dropped his hand—with an earnest, imploring look, she said, "keep that Testament in your vest pocket over your heart." After faithfully serving the term of his enlistment, he returned to his home. Before he uttered a word he took from his "vest pocket" the old Testament, and there lay a British bullet snugly imbedded where the force of the powder had driven it—and this was the only shot that he had received while fighting for his country.—Nashville Union.

"I am yours, truly," as the mouse said to the cat.

From the Saturday Courier.
THINGS WORTH KNOWING.—Animal and vegetable food is the proper diet of mankind. Animal food is generally the most nutritious; but vegetable food is most easily digested, and should, therefore, be used most freely.
Flax is a native of Persia; and cotton was first grown in India. Silk was first manufactured in China, about two thousand seven hundred years before the Christian era.

There are more than two hundred burning mountains, or volcanoes, on the earth. These volcanoes are believed to be the chimneys, or vents, by which the gaseous matter escapes that is generated by the internal fires of the earth. According to some geologists, the pres raging in the earth are so intense, that the depth of ten miles, the earth is a red heat; at the depth of twenty miles, it is a white heat; and at the depth of fifty miles, the hardest rocks will become liquid!

Gravitation is that property of matter by which it tends to move towards other matter.

Language is a system, or collection of sounds, or signs of sounds, called words, by means of which ideas, or thoughts, or impressions are communicated from mind to mind. Thoughts are frequently conveyed by gestures and looks; but these modes of communication being ambiguous, and therefore liable to a wrong interpretation, they are not to be relied upon.

Ancient history consists of the principal events previous to the birth of Christ; and modern history relates the chief events from the commencement of the Christian era to the year 1776. The most modern history commenced with the Declaration of American Independence. The "Dark Ages" (some writers deny that there have been any Dark Ages) commenced about the close of the fifth century of the Christian Era, and ended, about the thirteenth century. History states that during a great part of this period, the earth was a vast battle-field; that the human race seemed to be doomed to total extermination; and that personal safety began to be the only consideration! Surely these were DARK AGES!

The air, or atmosphere, is an elastic fluid, and surrounds the earth, extending between forty-five and fifty miles above its surface.

The rose is found in all countries—it adorns the whole earth. Poets of every age and clime have eulogised it as the most beautiful and exquisite of flowers. Anacreon calls it the "flower of flowers."

The philosopher Thales, termed one of the wise men of Greece taught that water was the sole element of which the universe is composed; and he believed that amber and the magnet possessed life.

In the Encyclopaedia Americana, I find the following:—"Asymptote; commonly a straight line, which approaches a curve line, so that the distance between them is continually diminishing, although they never can meet, even if indefinitely continued."

By the term matter, is meant any substance which is capable of affecting the senses. Matter exists in three states—solid, liquid and gaseous.

The highest mountains upon the earth are the Himmaleh, in Hindoostan, the loftiest peak being a little more than five miles high.

What is meant by the "Solar Cycle" is a period of twenty-eight years, at the end of which time the days of the week return to the same days of the month on which they were at its commencement. The "Lunar Cycle" is a period of nineteen years, at the end of which the new and full moon return on the same days of the year as at its beginning. J. R.

When the war with Mexico was first declared, the Government organ and many of the little organs throughout the country endeavored to create the impression that the Whigs were traitors to the country and would not sustain the war. We are glad to observe that a large majority of these sheets have changed their tone on this subject, and that there are now but few Locofoco papers that have the hardihood to assert, in the face of facts that are staring at them from every section of the country, that the Whigs are unwilling to lend their energies towards carrying their country triumphantly through the hostilities with Mexico. The very few papers that continue to abuse and misrepresent the Whigs, belong to the very filthiest of their class, and are conducted by wretches who would commit any amount of business, meanness, and falsehood, if they thought they could injure their political opponents by so doing. These wretches are so addicted to lying, that, if a truth should by chance get into their hearts,

it would be as hermetically sealed up there as the celestial fire was by Prometheus. Many of the hottest Locofoco papers are in raptures over the resplendent patriotic spectacle presented by the people who, forgetting all political differences, are rushing with one accord to the standards of the country.—Lou Journal.

Written for the Lynx.
TO J—

Tis night—and stars are coming out
By thousands to my view,
In their pure robes of brilliancy,
To gem the realm of blue;
But these, tho' all sublime they be,
Can never steal my thro's from thee.

Tis night—and birds of melody
Sing to the lulling grove,
And while I catch their dulcet song
And feel my bosom move,
My thro's are still unchain'd and free,
And wander off in quest of thee.

Tis night—and still my eyes will stray
Where'er the moon beams rest,
Or where the mighty forest oaks
Wave in their gloom-garb dress;
And every thro' my breast doth flee,
Except the tender thought of thee.

Tis night—the villagers are all
Sunk deep in their repose,
And I, half melancholy, feel
The wild wind as it blows,
And ask it if no sound there be,
Sent from thy carmine lips to me.

MOHAWK.
PANOLA, July 3rd.

LITERARY CURIOSITY.—In the works of John Taylor, the Water Poet, there occurs the subjoined piece of laborious ingenuity, upon which he greatly prided himself—
"LEWD I DID LIVE & EVIL DID I DWELL."
"This line," says he, "is the same backward as it is forward, and I will give any man five shillings apiece for as many as he can make."

The members of the committee of the Legislature of Louisiana, who visited Gen. Taylor's camp, for the purpose of presenting him with a sword and also the thanks of the Legislature, have returned highly delighted, of course, with their visit. Mr. Zacharie, chairman of the committee, made the presentation on the 9th inst. in a few remarks, and was replied to by Gen. Taylor, in his usual brief, pertinent, and soldier like manner, when the committee were invited to his quarters to partake of a collation. On the 11th inst., the officers of the army, invited the committee to partake of a splendid banquet, in the mansion occupied by Gen. Arista, whilst in command at Matamoros. Col. Twigg presided with the committee from Louisiana on his right, and Gen. Taylor, Gov. Henderson, of Texas, and staff, on his left. Among the other guests, were Gen. Lamar, Gen. Barleson, Gen. Johnson, Gen. Hunt, Col. Cook, Dr. Ashbel Smith, and others. What a singular spectacle for the Mexicans who assembled, in large numbers, to witness, for the first time, the head quarters of their General, occupied by the American officers and the star sangled banner floating over it. The following toasts were given: Mr. Smith, of the committee, gave—V. Whig.

Gen. Taylor: to-night we meet him at the head quarters of Arista in Matamoros—may we soon meet him victorious at Arista's head-quarters in the city of Mexico.

By Gen. Taylor.—The Citizens of Louisiana: brave, generous, intelligent and patriotic—the first to rally to the succor of their brethren, when in danger and surrounded by the enemy, and will be the last to desert them or the stars and stripes, as long as an enemy is to be met and encountered.

By Gen. Lamar, of Texas.—The sword which Gen. Jackson wore at the battle of New Orleans, and bequeathed to the bravest of the brave: it now belongs of right to Gen. Taylor.

By Lt. Bragg.—The Heroine of Fort Brown.

[He said, that during the whole of the bombardment, the wife of one of the soldiers, whose husband was ordered with the Army to Point Isabel, remained in the Fort, and though the shot and shells were constantly flying on every side, she disdained to seek shelter in the bomb proofs, but labored the whole time in cooking and taking care of the soldiers, without the least regard to her own safety. Her bravery was the admiration of all who were in the Fort, and she had thus acquired the name of the Great Western.]

"I am taking a portrait," as the monkey said when he ran off with the miniature.

Letters from the army, announce the death of Gen. Torrejon,—the Mexican General who took Capt. Hardee &c.—of a fever. They also mention the illness of Col. Baillie Peyton at Baraita. He is represented as not being dangerously ill, however, and we hope the gallant Colonel may be well enough to take part at Monterey. We hope he may there meet with his old Tennessee and Mississippi friends.

V. Whig.

GEORGE BANCROFT.—The Globe, the locofoco print of New York, has the following:—"At the late funeral of Commodore Renshaw, the carriage of our Hon. Languishing Secretary Bancroft appeared in the procession with three liveried servants, but entirely empty. Such a mockery of respect for a distinguished Commodore shown by a Secretary of the Navy, has excited universal indignation. We were not prepared to believe that this functionary was so lost to all the decencies and proprieties of his station, as thus publicly to insult the memory of one whom it was his peculiar duty to honor before the world."

RIO DEL NORTE NEWS.—A letter to the Delta, states that the whole force under Gen. Taylor, amounts to 9,280 rank and file, at Point Isabel, Brazos, Barata, Loritta, camp opposite Matamoros, Fort Brown, and at Matamoros. The main body of the army is encamped on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande, near Matamoros, and strong guard is kept in the city. The 7th infantry and the Washington and Jackson regiments, Coles, Marks and Walton, from Louisiana, are on the left bank of the river, in and near Fort Brown. The other Louisiana regiments, including Col. Peyton's, with our Madison Parish friends and Vicksburgers, are at Barata. The Kentucky and Missouri volunteers, are encamped on Brazos Island.

Letters to Vicksburg represent that all the Vicksburgers are well, but have to rough it like soldiers. They give the prices of every thing at Point Isabel before they left, and say the Government sharks are making fortunes; the prices are 3 to 5 times as high as at Vicksburg.

The steamers Frontier and Cincinnati, arrived at Matamoros on the 12th inst. with Government stores.

The report that Matamoros was reduced to ashes was untrue. The fire was aimed at the Mexican batteries and the damage to the town is trifling. Many of the houses have been converted into hospitals for the Mexican soldiers wounded, to whom every possible attention is paid by the U. S. Surgeons. V. Whig.

WHO IS A COWARD?—The man who attacks another by surprise, or with a weapon in his hand, when the other has none, is a coward.

The man who carries deadly weapons about his person in his intercourse with an unarmed society, is a coward.

The man who associates with, and so goes with numbers to overpower an individual, or a smaller and feebler number—he is a coward.

The man, who challenged to a duel, is so much afraid of public sentiment, that he dares not refuse it, is a coward.

In general, that man is a coward, who shapes his course of action by fears; and he alone is a man of real courage, who always dares to do right.

A CLERK NONPLUSSED.
"Sir," said a young woman to a youth in a dry goods store, I want six yards of blue fixins for a bonnet."

The young man cut off the desired length and handed it to her.

"Why, young man, I axed for blue, and this ere's yaller."

"Oh," returned the other "that's o'no quessionce—just 'spose it's blue, and it do as well."

The young woman said nothing, but made for the door, carrying the ribbon with her.

"Stop," cried the philosophic youth, "I want a dollar."

"Do yer?" returned the maiden, "that's o'no quessionce—just 'spose you're paid, and that 'll do as well!"

She then made him a courtesy and walked off with her prize.

[St. Louis Reveille.

On Saturday the regiment completed their election for field officers by the election of Gen. A. B. Bradford as Major. After the election for Colonel, Gen. B. declined being a candidate, but on Saturday his name was taken up by others and on the first ballot he was elected by a plurality according to the laws of Mississippi, but he declined receiving the office. On the second ballot, however, he received a majority of the whole of the votes cast, accepted the office. The regiment has now as gallant a set of officers as could be found: Jefferson Davis, Colonel; Alex. K. McClung, Lieut. Colonel, and A. B. Bradford, Major; with this selection all parties seem to be content. If the volunteers in this regiment do not succeed in distinguishing themselves with such officers, and as gallant a list of privates as belong to any regiment in the Union, it will be because they have no opportunity.—V. Whig.

"Out of place, and nothing to do," as the man said when he fell out of the B.