



Saturday July 11, 1846.

Attempt to Escape.—A couple of prisoners in our jail, who had perhaps come to the conclusion that it was decidedly cooler in the open air than within the thick walls of that gloomy dungeon, made an attempt on Wednesday morning to overcome the jailer as he went in to give them their breakfast. One of them ran out as the door of the cell was opened and made several attempts to kick and otherwise frighten the jailer. The citizens hearing the alarm ran down to his assistance and secured them. One of them has since been ironed.

The Senate of the U. States is understood to have confirmed the Oregon treaty by a large majority. The injunction of secrecy has not yet been withdrawn.

Health of Panola.—Whilst we hear of a good deal of sickness in some parts of our county, Panola is unusually healthy. People had better come here if they want health.

It is generally believed, though not known officially, that England has offered her mediation between the U. States and Mexico. Whether this offer of England is to be looked upon by our people as an evidence of her great desire for peace generally, or as an evidence of her disposition to interfere so as to prevent the further extension of our territory by the cession of California to the U. States as an indemnity for spoils upon our commerce and the expenses of the war, depends upon circumstances yet to develop themselves.

Gen. Scott.—Every loco loco paper in the country imagines itself far behind the excitement unless it joins in the war-whoop raised against Gen. Scott. An unfortunate letter is to out weigh years of toil and service in the field. His victories are to be forgotten in the general cry of "soup." Public men, however long and well they may have served their country, have little to expect from the American people. If a man is ambitious of place and power, he had better not serve his country, or become too generally known.

FANNY FORRESTER.—We have already noticed the marriage of this young lady, who wrote—and wrote so well—in the newspapers and magazines under this nom de plume, but whose real name was Miss Chubbuck, not a very poetical one by the way. A correspondent of the New York National Press noticing her marriage says:—Delta "The marriage took place a day or two since at Hamilton, Madison county, the residence of the bride's parents. The party arrived here on Saturday, attended by a few friends, and they will remain a few days preparatory to their departure for Burmah, the seat of Dr. Judson's mission. It is understood that they sail the next month for their Eastern home. The lady is very delicate in her appearance, and her health is quite feeble—apparently hardly equal to a six month's voyage. One female friend, a Miss Lillibridge, accompanies Mrs. Judson, and is to form part of the missionary establishment.

"The late Mrs. Judson died at St. Helena, on her voyage home in search of renewed health. The Doctor met Miss Chubbuck not long after her arrival, and engaged her to write the memoirs of his lately deceased wife, and in this way commenced the acquaintance which has now ripened into matrimony. She will now enjoy peculiar facilities for completing the memoirs.

"It is well understood to be a love match, and it is certainly a striking instance of the power of the little winged deity. The lady leaves fame, country and friends, for a distant home and a dangerous climate. She is Dr. Judson's third wife.

"Mrs. Judson is understood to have been a most exemplary daughter, and her intimate friends honor her more for her filial devotedness, than they admire her highly attractive talents. We wish her all success in her new career."

The love of a cross woman, they say, is stronger than the love of any other female individual you can start. Like vinegar, the affections of a highstrung woman never spoil. It's the sweet wine that becomes acidulated, not the sour ones. Recollect this, my dear hearers, and court accordingly.

AN EXCELLENT EXTRACT.—Here is an elegant extract from a Western paper: "It is easy to see when a girl thinks much of her beau; for whenever he approaches her she sorter leans up to him like a sick kitten to a hot brick!"

HON. HUGH J. ANDERSON: Now Gov. of Maine, has been elected U. S. Senator from that state from March next, in place of Hon. George Evans.—E. M.

A SCENE IN P.

The morning of the of of was unusually calm in our village. It was yet early, and few of the business houses had been dusted, or the eyes of the occupants disincumbered of that weight of sleep which is wont to lift itself from ones eyes when the breakfast bells rattle over us. Most of the boys had not tasted a drop of liquor, the grocery keepers being later than usual in getting to their business, at which the aforesaid boys did complain. Nor do we blame them, for you know a man can't feel as he is wont to feel until he takes a "little of something" to drive the dust and cob-webs out of his throat. Not a solitary man, boy or negro, had come from the country, and to judge from the warmth with which the Sun poured its earliest beams on us, we were to have a dusty, dull, hot, scathing day. Every thing and every body looked so dull, that we retired to our Sanctum with the desperate intention of writing an editorial on the Oregon question, or reading the last number of the Stingaree. We had not gone further than to dip our pen in the ink and write,

THE OREGON QUESTION,

when our attention was arrested by the tide of population that set towards the shade in front of the Court House, and the Planter's Hotel. We had a full view of them as they threw themselves upon the chairs, benches, and grass, to talk gossip and let their biscuit and butter and ham and fried chicken digest. Old stumps of cigars smoked in more mouths than one, and juiceless quids of tobacco were scattered in repulsive heaps, literally walling in those specimens of half animated nature, as they reclined here and there at their ease. Having contemplated this scene a moment, we again took up our pen and wrote in commencement of the aforesaid article—"It seems now to be the general understanding of"—but a rustling was heard in front of our window—we looked out—Heavens, what a form was floating by! Our pen fell—a gust of wind came and blew our manuscript into the street, and when we were visited again by a return of consciousness, we were sitting with our hands elevated towards the ceiling, our eyes rolling in a vacuum of two inches from lid to lid, and our mouth—but we will charge the imagination with the task of contemplating the yawning picture of that. So much for us. The being who had thus fixed us, floated on in her white robes like a snow storm, towards the stores of C. A. & Co. We strained our eyes after her until she disappeared. Our attention was next directed to the long shade in front of the Court House where every fellow had regained his feet, and stood gazing with mute wonder and delight at the fair being so aerial that she carried no shadow with her, and left no impression on the sand as her feet glided over it. J. C. who was in his office, when she passed on, was so enraptured that he pitched headforemost through the window of his office, and stood trembling like a black-jack of his native forests, his eyes rolling wild in search of her.

M. who was engaged in the operation of shaving, threw his razor down, and with lathered face half shaved and collar tucked under, bolted through the glassy vacuum J. C. had made, and streaked it towards the store where the beauty disappeared, followed by J. C. and the fellows in the shade. From every window and door came forth heads perched upon long crany necks, eager to feast their eyes upon a form so divine. The store of C. soon became the nucleus around which the whole town had congregated, and finding ourselves left all alone, we, without stopping to pick up our manuscript, made our way to the assembled multitude. We rushed in—and oh, what a picture for the pen of Neal or Dickens! C. was standing behind the counter with his face fronting the beauty, gazing in blank wonder upon her, while with his hands he was pulling down from the shelves at random, boots and shoes and drawers and hats and calicoes and curry combs, and piling them up before her in beautiful confusion.

"Have you any white Satin, sir?" asked the lady.

"Ya—yes—man"—said C. backing down the counter, his eyes still fixed upon her and his hands feeling behind him.

"He—ere—he—er—it is," said a voice behind;—and there stood Dr. B. holding out his saddlebags to the aimless grasping hands of C., and in a moment they were laid before her by him, at the same time asking, "how many yards she would take!"

In a moment the crowd commenced backing, and the lady passed out the

door, making for the store of A., followed with straining eyes, by all the fellows above designated. B was behind the counter drawing off accounts. A large inkstand full of the dark fluid stood before him, and his handkerchief lay by. When she approached the counter, B. started up in amazement, turning over the stand, and emptying the contents on the counter & his handkerchief. As he stood trembling before her, the large drops of perspiration gathered on his face and chased each other to the floor.

"Have you any white Satin, sir?" demanded the enchantress.

"We aint got no—no—nothin' el—else" faltered B. and he gathered his handkerchief and gave it one broad sweep across his face. A loud clear musical laugh rose upon our ear, and ere the sound had died away, a carriage drove up to the door, and a voice from within said, "Come Mary." Reader, she didn't seem to walk—she flew to the carriage, and in a moment the retreating wheels rolled a cloud of dust over all that was left of the most beautiful being on earth. No one knows her name—who she is or where she came from.

Next morning, evidences of insanity were every where visible about our village. B. was seen to swallow a glass of castor oil, supposing it to be French Brandy. C. was rolling about with the measles. M. was seen early in the morning on a mule, without any saddle or hat, streaking it down the road where the carriage was last seen. B. C. the speech writer, was seen on the bank of the river, in the midst of a most violent harangue addressed to his hat, which was suspended on the top of a cane stalk, and in the excitement of his oratory while he was appealing to that hat to go with him to the Rio Grande, he tumbled over into the river. Dr. B. whose benevolence is his most distinguishing trait, was seen to administer a dose of pills to a black cat, and put a very sick negro into his saddlebags. J. C. arrested old Tim by virtue of one of our editorials for charging too much for ginger cakes. Dr. F. corded one of the bed posts to bleed it, and didn't perceive the mistake until afterwards. Dr. L. imagined himself a turkey, and went over town with strained neck and extended chin, gobbling. V. was heard to spout about conservatism. It was in the best humor. He went about exclaiming, eh, eh. Wm. was heard to ask Pearl very politely to take his arm. E. talked of sheep and shepherds, and wiped perspiration from his brow with cabbage. Captain O. got under his musqueteer bar and sed—sed—den!

AND SO ENDS OUR STORY.

We publish the following extract of the speech of Mr. Stewart of Penn., on the tariff. In reply to Mr. Payne of Ala. who made a severe onslaught on the American Fair, Mr. S. says:

The gentleman talked about the "lords of the spindle;" but was it they alone who were represented in their fair. Far from it. It was the mechanics of the country who had reason to congratulate themselves on this great assemblage of their works. Let the gentleman go to the mechanics of this country, and let him, if he thought it prudent, tell that great interest that the fruits of their industry, invention, and enterprise were all a humbug. Mr. S. feared greatly that they might consider the gentleman a humbug himself.

There was a gentleman from England with specimens of British goods now occupying the committee-room over which you, Mr. Chairman, (Mr. Hopkins occupying the chair,) have the honor of presiding almost in the hearing of my voice, and he has been there for months displaying his foreign goods to influence the votes of members to favor the British; and this is all fair and beautiful in the eyes of gentlemen who look with abhorrence upon this American fair, got up to counteract this bold and barefaced British attempt, made in this House, to influence our legislation, to destroy our tariff, and again inundate our country with British goods. The gentleman from Alabama had visited this British fair, and had he complained of that? Had he denounced the putting one of the committee rooms of this House to such a use as a bold and profligate attempt to bias and control the legislation of this House? Far from it. The British agent had been here for months past. He had conducted member after member to his display of British fabrics, and gentlemen of this House, and the gentleman from Alabama himself, had gone there and con-

templated, he supposed, with infinite satisfaction these products of foreign industry. For what had they been brought there? For what purpose, to what end, had a foreign agent been accommodated with an apartment in a house appropriated to American legislation, in the very Capitol itself? For what but expressly for the purpose of swaying, and biasing and controlling the legislation of that House on the tariff? This the gentleman had denounced in terms of the highest indignation, when the products were the works of American hands and the fruits of American capital and skill, and when they were exhibiting, not in a committee room of that House, but in a building erected by the manufacturers themselves, at their own cost, and whither they had invited their fellow citizens to assemble from every part of the land. It was all wrong that this should be done by Americans, but all perfectly right when it was done by an agent of the British manufacturers. The gentleman could gaze with infinite gratification on a committee room filled with foreign fabrics, but turned with disgust from a building put up by American hands and filled with the splendid and varied fruits of American ingenuity and skill. This was a humbug, compared by the official paper to a "menagerie," a "bagatelle," and all those glorious and beautiful proofs of the inventive powers of our countrymen were contemptible humbugs, the fruits of sordid interest, the devices of avarice and cupidity. He envied no man such feelings; they were not American; they could find no place in an American heart. But this was a matter of taste; he went to the American, other gentlemen to the British fair; a mere difference in taste. But (Mr. S. said) he had seen in the last hour, with emotions which he could not describe, a collection of a thousand [a voice, "three thousand"] American children brought to look upon this sight, and learn in their tender years to love their own country better than any foreign land. Among these were doubtless many of the future mechanics and manufacturers, and not a few of the future legislators of our country. He rejoiced that they had learned a better lesson than to prefer the prosperity of foreigners to that of their own parents, brothers, and countrymen? If the gentleman who step to the window behind him he could behold these beautiful children on their march to the Capitol. Was this American sight offensive to the gentleman? Would he destroy these American products also, and import them from a brood? [Great merriment.] He hoped not. But he had done with the fair; and he now turned to consider some of the arguments which had been adduced by the gentleman from Alabama, for whom he cherished a high personal respect, who was doubtless actuated by patriotic feelings, and whom he should be happy to hear in reply to what he was now about to say.

ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

Barbarity.—A beautiful Mexican girl of eighteen, in love with one of the Mexican officers, had followed the army to the Rio Grande, and overtook her lover in his camp shortly before the battle of Palo Alto. During the night after the action her lover, fearing the result of the engagement to take place on the morrow, sent her forward to Matamoros under an escort of Mexican soldiers. As our army moved on the next morning towards the Resaca de la Palma the advanced guard discovered the victim of the brutality of her guards. Her person had been violated, her throat cut from ear to ear, apparently with one of the little hook knives which the Mexican soldiers carry, and her body thrown behind a musket bush by the roadside. Her mutilated remains, with the black silk dress she wore remain there yet, an object of interest to every passer by.

Fighting Latin.—In the battle of the 9th May, when the success of our arms depended on our dislodging the enemy's battery which swept along the road with fatal effect, Gen. Taylor hastened to Capt. May and told him, "I request you, sir, to take that battery." "It shall be done, sir," was the reply. "Remember!" added the General, "you must take it, nolus volus!" Away galloped the gallant dragoons, captured the battery, and returned with Gen. Vega as their prisoner.

The Spoils.—Sergeant McCab fought with great bravery in the battles of the 8th and 9th May. His constant desire, however, was to get ahead of his men, and it was with difficulty his officers could restrain his movements. Towards the close of the last action his company was ordered to charge upon the retreating enemy. He rushed for-

ward and reached Arista's camp as the Mexicans were leaving it, and there found Arista's camp-kettles all on the fire, and the best of dinners with its savory odors smoking before him. This was too much for even the sergeant's valor. When his company overtook him they found him quietly seated upon the ground industriously engaged in discussing a fine rice-pudding!

Economy.—During the battle of the 9th an officer of infantry, perceiving his men were firing with great rapidity, but not with sufficiently good aim as he thought, called out to them—"Be careful, and not waste your ammunition, I have given a receipt for every one of these cartridges!" Pretty soon they charged into the chaparral, when they met the enemy face to face. One of the men charged upon a Mexican and as he ran him through with his bayonet, he roared out—"Captain, look here—I have saved one cartridge!"

Rough and Ready.—During the battle of Palo Alto the Mexican artillery, perceiving Gen. Taylor and his staff, poured in upon them a shower of canister and grape. "Upon my word," says the general "I do believe the rascals went to hit me!" Very soon one of his officers rode up and suggested to the General that it would be better for him to retire to a position less exposed. "Well," said the General, who had been sitting all the time at his ease, with his leg over the saddle, watching the movements of the contending armies, "let us ride up nearer, and then their balls will go over us." And on the rode to a still more exposed point, but where he could have a better view of the battle.

Yankee Courage.—Lieut. Lincoln who distinguished himself for his gallant conduct in the action of the Resaca de la Palma, is a descendant of Gen. Lincoln and a son of ex-governor Lincoln of Massachusetts. He was ordered to charge into the chaparral where the Mexican infantry were lodged, and were pouring a most destructive fire upon our men as they advanced along the road. Lincoln charged upon the chaparral with the bayonet at the head of his company. In the thickest of the fight he saw Lieut. Jordan, of another company, to whom he was much attached, wounded upon the ground, and a Mexican standing over him with his musket raised in the act of stabbing Jordan with his bayonet. Lincoln sprang forward and the Mexican seeing him, his bayonet was turned aside a little and passed through Jordan's arm instead of his breast, at which the blow was aimed. At the same instant Lincoln's sword cleft the Mexican's skull. Another Mexican instantly made a pass with his bayonet at Lincoln, but he jumped aside, and as the Mexican passed forward, Lincoln's sword was buried in his skull. Other Mexicans rushed in, and Lincoln and his sergeant despatched three more of them on the spot, in a fight hand to hand. Mr. Lincoln is a young officer of highly polished manners, of a slender and rather delicate form, but with a brawny, muscular hand and arm. He is true chip of the old block.—Delta.

WASHINGTON, June 15th, 1846.

As the stipulations of the treaty, which the Senate has advised the President to frame, are contained in several of my letters, I have thought a synopsis in a single one, with some explanatory remarks, would be desirable to the public, as enabling every one to see, at a bird's-eye view, what had actually been accomplished.

The treaty will consist of five articles, exclusive of the official forms, and will be embodied *verbatim*, as they were laid before the Senate. The terms of the proposition are chosen from among the various offers of the United States, submitted at different periods to the British Government. No new matter is introduced.

The 40th parallel is the main basis of division, and is to constitute hereafter the Northern and Southern boundaries of the two countries, from the East side of the Rocky Mountains to the ocean, with such exceptions as are named in the treaty.

Great Britain is to enjoy the free navigation of the Columbia River during the charter of the Hudson's Bay Company, which will expire in 1863. From the phraseology of the second article, which contains this stipulation, some doubt arose in the Senate as to whether it would not extend to a recharter, should one be granted. The sound and legal opinion of both sides of the Senate agreed it would expire with the termination of the existing charter. This objection was mooted on the first day of the debate, and Mr. Pakenham was consulted, of course without revealing what had taken place. He settled the difficulty by a distinct assertion, on behalf of his Government, that the present charter was designed as the limitation; and two Senators rose in their places, and made the explanation, with semi-official authority, which

at once removed any cause of apprehension for future embarrassments, growing out of this privilege.

The newspapers insist upon confounding the year of the operation of the charter: the facts are simple and conclusive. After the great contest between the Hudson's Bay and North-western companies, the latter was merged in the first by an act of Parliament, and in 1821 was incorporated for 21 years. In 1842 the charter was renewed for 21 years more, and will necessarily terminate in 1863, as I have before stated. The right of joint use of the Columbia, is subject to the laws of Navigation and Revenue of the United States, but no other laws are to be created, which may impair the privilege of Great Britain or impose new restrictions.

The whole of Vancouver's Island is relinquished to Great Britain, which at best is of little or no real consequence. It has been discovered near three hundred years, and is this day without a civilized settlement. It is a barren spot, inhabited by a few scattering Indians. Its Southern position might be made valuable for a fortification, as it passes along the entrance of the Straits of Juan de Fuca. But no advantage can be gained in point of defence, if our government will consent to spend as much money in military walls as that of Great Britain. On our side of the Straits there is a point jutting out which could be made to command at once the approach from the ocean and the passage through the Straits. The absolute possession of Vancouver's Island and its bays and harbors, was made a *sine qua non* in the proposition.

The right of passing through the Straits of Juan de Fuca is common to both governments indefinitely. There is a stipulation providing for the possessory rights of both parties. No perfect title of course could be acquired on one side or the other, during a doubtful sovereignty. The British have settlements on the North bank of the Columbia, and a few South of it. The ownership is to be confirmed by the United States upon their becoming citizens, or it has the option of a purchase at a fair valuation, should it be dictated by motives of public policy or other considerations. Any American settlements North of the parallel of 49° will be compensated for by assessment. This stipulation upon our part, except in two instances, amounts to nothing more than an ordinary grant of pre-emption.

The offer of Great Britain contains some advantages not contemplated by Mr. McLane. There is a letter from him dated on the day before the sailing of the Hibernia, which informs the Government that Lord Aberdeen would accept nothing short of the admission of a perpetual right to navigate the Columbia; whereas, the terms submitted and accepted extend to a period of sixteen or seventeen years.

A LIST OF LETTERS.

- REMAINING in the Post Office at Panola, on the first day of July 1846.
Absop Jno. Arnold Jerry
Armstrong A. W. S. Anderson G. P.
Beard J. A. Byars A.
Boyles C. Burton R. A.
Bailey Dr. R. Birmingham Mrs.
Bratton Mrs. Bennett G. P.
Boyles E.
Craddock J. H. Canady S.
Castleberg D. T. Cant E.
Caldwell J. J. Clark. Cir'l. Court.
Cook Q. D. Clinton W. S.
Cooper Mrs. E. H.
Davany John Dollar I.
Dowell Dr. G. Davis Willis.
Eassey Mr. Erwin J. A.
Ellis T. M. Earp M. N.
Fountain E.
Gibbs Daniel Grothru G. S.
Gill P. R.
Howard G. C. Hall D.
Hall G. H. Herring Arby
Holcomb A. G. Hall H. C.
Hail Rev. G. C. Heart G. H.
Henderson M. Howze G. M.
Ham James Hogan Doctor
Hubbard G. C. Hamelton J. R.
Jones D. Jones Fanning
Jones Tho's. Justice Eli
Kennerley Dr. G. Kyle Berry
Lewis Wm. Ledbetter B. H.
Lawson J. M. Lamb J. A.
McField Wm. McGhee G. S.
McKinney Doct. V. McDougald J.
McGhee G. G. Martin Dr. R.
Nelson S. H. Neal A.
Oliver Mrs. Eliza Prosser Rev. J.
Pearson C. C. Pitts A.
Pearson S. M. Price J. R.
Petty G. S. Patton Mr.
Rolands W. G. Robinson G. G.
Robinson J. H. Riley F. M.
Rivers Dr. R. H. Rayburn John
Smith G. P. Sheriff C. P. 4
Sigman A. Small Solomon
Tanner David Templeton J.
Thompson B. Wilkinson D. D.
Williams B. West Wm.
Young Andrew.

JAMES PACKER, P. M.

Rangers notice.

The State of Mississippi, Tallahatchie County.
TAKEN up by Wm. Dyer, North East of Charleston, one sorrel mare, about four years old. Her left fore foot white up to the pastor joint, left hind foot & leg, white half way up to the hock, a small white star in the forehead, about 13 hands high, no brand discoverable. Appraised to \$20.
Sworn to and subscribed before me, J. M. Buckheart, this 3rd day of Jan. Mortimer Orr, uary, 1846.
JOHN J. GRAY J. P.
A true copy of certificate of appraisal, Charleston Jan. 6th 1846.
JOHN KEESOR Ranger.