

From the Washington Union, Feb. 21.
Latest from Mexico.

We have had the pleasure of an interview with Mr. Frazier—"Mustang" of the Delta—whose letters from the seat of war have been read with so much gratification by the country at large; and regret to learn from him that the patriotic son of senator Webster—Major Edward Webster of the Massachusetts volunteers, died between the 20th and the 25th ultimo, at San Angel, about eight miles from the city of Mexico, of the typhoid fever; which Mr. Frazier tells us is unfortunately prevalent among the troops. Capt. Barclay of the New York regiment, also died lately.

Mr. Frazier left the city of Mexico at midnight on the 20th inst., and came thro' to Vera Cruz in three days—making the greater part of the journey without an escort. He met on the road a supply train going from Vera Cruz to Jalapa, under an escort composed of Louisiana mounted men and Tennessee infantry.

On the 6th of this month, Col. Bankhead with the regiment of Alabama volunteers, a naval 12-pounder battery, and two companies of Louisiana horse, started from Vera Cruz for Orizaba, to permanently occupy and garrison that point.

Gen. Cadwalader was in the quiet occupation of Toluca with his brigade. He had under court martial several priests, accused of efforts to produce desertion among our troops. He was expected in the capital about the 5th, on business connected with his department.

Col. Withers, at Real del Monte, was getting on smoothly in the collection of revenue arising from the silver mines in that country—his position controlling the mines of that region. Col. Clark marched for Guernavaca (from the city of Mexico) on the 1st inst., with a brigade composed of the 1st and 15th infantry, Georgia mounted battalion, and Lieut. Lovell's light battery, for the purpose of permanently occupying and garrisoning that point, which lies about 60 miles from the city of Mexico, on the great Acapulco road from the capital to the Pacific.

A bearer of despatches was at Vera Cruz, expecting to go up with the train, which was to have left on the 8th inst., under the command of Maj. Caldwell, of the volunteers.

The Tennessee troops are garrisoning the post at the National Bridge, and a new volunteer regiment is in garrison at Puente San Juan, midway between Vera Cruz and the National Bridge.

The brigade of Gen. Smith, and Col. Williams' regiment of Kentucky volunteers are in the city of Mexico, maintaining an effective police. All attempts at disorderly conduct in the city had ceased.

Gen. Marshall and Col. Lane, with their respective commands, are at Molino del Rey and Chapultepec—Gen. Butler commanding this division.

Col. Riley's brigade is at Tacubaya.

The brigade of Gen. Cushing is at San Angel.

Santa Anna had lately a narrow escape from Gen. Lane, Jack Hays, and Major Polk, who, on the route from the capital to Orizaba, paid a visit to Tehuacan, where this redoubtable chief was. They captured his staff, with the guidons and colors of his body-guard. The lancers, however, like their master, took to the chapparal.

From the New Orleans Delta, Feb. 15.

CITY OF MEXICO, Feb. 1, 1848.
Forty-six members only had reached Queretaro on the 27th ult., to which add the fourteen who left the city to day, and you have sixty. It takes, I think, seventy deputies to form a quorum, and deducting some twenty senators from the seventy, and fifty is all that can be reckoned, and it is near a month since the meeting should have taken place. Allow them a quorum now, if you will, and peace does not follow; for even admitting that the Congress is disposed to treat, they may not have time to do so before some military chieftain may raise his standard; and now that there is no army to oppose him, march with his hastily levied numbers and overthrow the Government. So you see the hope entertained by the friends of peace is not so bright after all.

The Ayuntamiento, the new city council of Mexico, oppose a peace very violently. They disobeyed the orders of the supreme government in accepting office, and their only hope for the future is in the Americans. They gave a dinner to Gen. Scott on Saturday last, at which many patriotic toasts were given by them, and one by the Alcalde was very strong:—"Death to Priestcraft and Military despotism—May the blood of those who uphold them flow as freely as the vines." You may plainly see how the cat jumps there.

Feb. 2.—The mail came in last night from the interior. San Luis finding herself alone has boldly declared herself for Santa Anna, and says that he is the only man that can save the Republic, and drive from it the North Americans. A small party in Queretaro supports them, though not so openly.

Dates from Chihuahua up to the 11th ult., are at hand. A force of the Americans numbering 600 men, with two small pieces of cannon, had left El Paso for the interior of the State, but it was not known what their intention was. Gen. Urrea, Commandant General of Durango, had proffered the Governor all the resources of that State to check their headway. A larger force was left in El Paso, from which place 200 had since left for Santa Fe; news having reached El Paso that the small garrison of that place was threatened by a combined force of Mexicans and Indians.

The Monitor states that Gen. Cadwalader had addressed a note to the Governor of the State of Mexico, asking for the State's portion of the revenue, assessed upon it by the American authorities. The Governor replies that he shall never lend his co-operation to obtain it. The legislative assembly addressed a note to his Excellency, expressing a wish that some action should be had upon the subject.

Democratic Banner.

CLEARFIELD, Pa March 4, 1848.

FOR PRESIDENT.

JAMES BUCHANAN, of Pa.
Subject to the decision of the National Convention.

We have crossed our paper in the habiliments of the mourner, as a token of respect to the memory of the venerable and venerated JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, of Massachusetts, who was, as Mr. Benton remarked, at the time of his death, the oldest living member of the American Government.

Since Monday last, we have had pretty first rate winter—lacking the snow—which did not commence falling until Thursday. We now have a larger stock of that article than we have had at any time this winter.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

This already large and valuable literary paper is to be made still larger—not in price—but in its geographical dimensions. Mr. Patterson retires from the Post, and it will hereafter be conducted by Messrs. Deacon & Peterson. Under the improvements contemplated by the new firm, the Post will be the cheapest paper, considering its size, in the United States.

The terms of the enlarged paper will be Four copies for \$5—Eight copies for \$10, and so on.

The Peace Propositions.

In our last number we noticed a rumor that the Mexican Government had proposed a treaty of Peace to our government, and stated our disbelief in the said rumor. Luckily we misread our guess that time, and Madame Rumor told the truth for once. A Treaty, signed by the proper authorities of the Mexican government—but not ratified by the Mexican Congress—reached Washington on Monday the 21st ult., and on the 23d, the President sent the Treaty and the accompanying documents to the Senate. Nothing is yet officially known as to the terms thus offered by the hitherto impracticable Mexicans; but it is generally supposed that they do not materially differ from those offered by our government previous to the fall of the Mexican capital, and which were so indignantly rejected by the Mexican Commissioners.—The New Orleans papers, and the hundred Washington letter-writers, give various statements as to the boundaries established by this treaty. None of them, we believe, give to the United States less than the Rio Grande from its mouth to the line of New Mexico, thence south to the river Gila, down that river to the Colorado, and thence to the Pacific, including all of New Mexico and Upper California—the former containing a geographical area of about 100,000 square miles, and the latter upwards of 400,000. On the other hand, the Government of the United States is to release Mexico from all the claims of American citizens, and pay a sum that is variously stated as from three millions up to fifteen millions of dollars.

In speaking of this Treaty, and the various versions of it given by the Press and letter-writers, the Washington Union speaks in the following cautious language, which it may be well for all to observe:

"It is rather too early in the day for us to enter into any speculation on the President's message, or the treaty accompanying it. They were laid before the Senate today, with certain documents. The version of the treaty which we have seen published in the Picayune, may not be strictly correct; but if the boundary lines specified in that paper have been accurately drawn, they substantially correspond with the instructions which were originally given to our commissioner in April last.—When the veil is withdrawn, however, all the facts will be developed. The true character of the paper, in all its stipulations, will be accurately defined. In the mean time, we would respectfully suggest to our contemporaries the propriety calmly waiting, before they express any conclusive opinion upon it."

A correspondent of the New Orleans Commercial Times, writing from Vera Cruz, under date of 8th February, in speaking of the treaty says:

"The same conveyance by which I addressed you having been detained until now, I am enabled to give you a later date, with news from the city to the 3d instant, stating that peace had been signed, and to enable the Government at Queretaro to exist until such time as the approval comes from Washington, they have obtained a loan from David-on, (Roth-child's agent,) of one million of dollars—say \$400,000 cash, and the remainder by instalments of \$200,000 per month. This, it is presumed, to be guaranteed by the Americans, as otherwise I do not think David-on would have given a dollar.

"Amongst the conditions for peace, it is said that all the Californias are ceded, and that the Americans are to pay twenty millions annually for four years; and also, that United States troops are to remain in the country."

As to the probability of the treaty being ratified by our Government, speculations are as various as they are with regard to the conditions offered. The President, in his annual message, pointed out very distinctly the sort of treaty that he would not sign; so that we may rest assured that no

treaty will be sanctioned by Mr. Polk without giving us "full indemnity for the past and security for the future."

THE FIRST GUN!

An election was held on the 23d of February in Bucks and Lehigh counties, for a member of Congress, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of the Hon. Mr. Horubock, a whig, who was elected in 1846 by some 500 majority. S. A. Bridges, the Democratic candidate was, on this occasion, elected over his Federal competitor, Mr. Trezler, a very popular, able, respectable, and wealthy man, by a handsome majority. This is the first voice from the Ballot-box since the commencement of the present Congress, and it is ominous enough—May it have its desired effect!

Speaking of this election, the following remarks of the Harrisburg Union are to the point:

"We are pleased to learn that Samuel A. Bridges, the Democratic candidate in the Sixth Congressional district, has been elected over his Federal opponent. This is a great victory when we remember that there was considerable dissatisfaction amongst the Democrats of the district, immediately after the nomination of Mr. Bridges, in consequence of an alleged error in the balloting. Notwithstanding this drawback the Democracy have nobly done their duty, and Mr. Bridges, who is a man of undoubted ability, is elected by a handsome majority. If the people of Pennsylvania could now have the chance of electing their national representatives, the present Whig Congress would see the power pass out of their hands in a single day. Will all those Whigs who are misrepresenting Democratic districts take warning from this election in a district which is always close."

Fight with the Camanches.

Captain Tobin, who sends "Notes from his Knapsack," writes the following account of Captain Lewis' fight with the Camanches. This letter is dated Buena Vista, Jan. 24th:

On our return from Pastors, we passed the guerrillas' bivouac of the night before, and encamped at Castel Nuella, where we found the proprietress—a Belfast girl, Donna Raphael Ascita—extremely polite and attentive. She slaughtered an ox for us immediately, and we were treated with great hospitality. Next day Capt. Lewis reached our rancho, San Miguel, and a small party of us went out to hunt deer.—We soon brought in a fat buck, and, on our return home, were surprised to see Lewis again in the saddle. On inquiring the cause, he informed me that Donna Raphael had just sent an express, begging assistance, as we had, she wrote, scarcely left Castel Nuella, when a party of sixty Camanches attacked a rancho not one mile off here, and were then and there sticking their lances into the people, and carrying off the horses and children. Accordingly, Lewis galloped off, with 17 more, and we soon found that it was no "cry of wolf" this time. The men had been so often disappointed that five had left their guns behind, and several remained themselves.—After a ride of 12 miles, we were in sight, and then the spurs were freely used. Our party was divided into two, & Lieut. Earl was sent round a hill, to attack on both sides. When we got near, they were strongly posted on a very rocky elevation, and had 100 horses and their prisoners with them, and while we were waiting for Lieut. Earl, one rode out and banded us for a fight, cursing us in (no doubt) classic Camanche and very bad Spanish, and one young gentleman called out, in good English, "Come on, you d—d horse thieves! American sons of female dogs—come on!" It's hard for a Camanche to call any one horse-thief, but they are getting jealous of the Texans.

We waited half an hour for Lieut. Earl, and found afterwards that thirty of them had attacked him, and made such an infernal din with their lances and shields, that his horses stampeded, and carried their riders back two miles. When he came up, business commenced. They had been firing with rifles at a long distance for some time, and at the second shot Capt. Lewis was wounded through the left foot. The ground was too rough to use horses, and he ordered us to dismount at the foot of the hill, and charge up. Several horses had been hit with bullets; but now the arrows came; at fifty paces you can dodge them, if you be sharp; they look as beautiful and graceful as—& scarce less dangerous—than a bevy of well dressed beauties sailing into a ball room; at twenty paces they look like a snow squall; you can't dodge them then; so it was neck or nothing; a rush was made, and when the top was gained, there was no one alive left to give us the time of day. One of the last shots was a neat one. Mr. Bell and an Indian crawled within twelve paces of each other, and both rose and fired together; the Indian's arrow went an inch into Bell's cheek-bone below the eye, and his bullet pierced the Camanche's heart. There were seven or eight dead bodies found. We can't tell the number of wounded; but there was a bushel of blood on the rocks.

On our side we had one killed, poor Henry Chorry, the youngest and gayest of us all. He was shot from his horse, and then lanced in the throat. Capt. Lewis was hit in the foot. Col. Judson, of Mississippi, received a slight touch in the left side and had only time to say, "That was a close one," when a second smashed his left arm near the shoulder; his is a bad case.—Mr. Hinch, of Texas, had an arrow through his hand. Mr. Darwin Bell, of Mississippi, had one in the cheek, & Tom Napier (usually called the Captain's baby) received a bullet in the very lowest part of what the old woman called her "abomin-

able regions." Tom howled some, and he had good reason for it; on a first examination we all thought Tom was done for; but on washing the blood off, there was no damage done—the ball had taken a mean-dering, skylarking course through his vitals, and had gone out through his hip.—He can dance a fandango now. The last on the list is Peter Higgings, of New Orleans. Peter's in luck. He received one arrow in Maj. Lane's fight, and he stopped another on this occasion. He bled like a "lamb led to the slaughter," but he was not so dumb; he called to me to help him off with his clothes, and the blood was soon stopped. An arrow had gone to the bone of his thigh, but he's doing well, if I may judge so from seeing him dance an Irish jig and play a game of foot ball, and the ball was made of what a fastidious young lady might call "the inflated tank of an emaculated bull." I'd call it simply an ox's bladder, with a puff of wind in it. We shot him in the morning for dinner—not the bladder, but its owner, the ox.—One killed and six wounded—a small fight, but a sharp one. We took 100 horses, & all the Mexican children they had taken, & brought them into Castel Nuella, where Donna Raphael received us with open arms.

Mr. Adams' Sudden Illness.

AN AFFECTING SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF CONGRESS.—The National Intelligencer gives the following account of the affecting scene which occurred in the House of Congress on Monday, when Mr. Adams was stricken down suddenly by disease. The event engrossed all thoughts, and filled all hearts with sympathy. The editor, who was present, describes the scene as follows:

Just after the yeas and nays were taken on a question, and the Speaker had risen to put another question to the House, a sudden cry was heard on the left of the chair, "Mr. Adams is dying!" Turning our eyes to the spot, we beheld the venerable man in the act of falling over the left arm of his chair, while his right arm was extended, grasping his desk for support. He would have dropped upon the floor had he not been caught in the arms of the member sitting next him. A great sensation was created in the House—members from all quarters rushing from their seats and gathered round the fallen statesman, who was immediately lifted into the area in front of the Clerk's table.

The Speaker instantly suggested that some gentleman move an adjournment, which being promptly done, the House adjourned. A sofa was brought, and Mr. Adams, in a state of perfect helplessness, though not of entire insensibility, was gently laid upon it. The sofa was then taken up and borne out of the hall into the rotunda, where it was set down, and the members of both Houses and strangers who were fast crowding around were with some difficulty repressed & an open space cleared in its immediate vicinity; but a medical gentleman, a member of the House (who was prompt, active, and self-possessed throughout the whole painful scene,) advised that he be removed to the door of the rotunda opening on the east portico, where a fresh wind was blowing. This was done; but the air being chilly and loaded with vapor, the sofa was, at the suggestion of Mr. Winthrop, once more taken up and removed to the Speaker's apartment, the doors of which were forth with closed to all but professional gentlemen, several of whom arrived in succession as the news spread into the city.

While lying in this apartment, Mr. Adams partially recovered the use of his speech, and observed, in faltering accents, "This is the end of earth;" but quickly added, "I am composed." Members had by this time reached Mr. A.'s abode with the melancholy intelligence, and soon after Mrs. Adams and his nephew & niece arrived and made their way to the appalling scene. Mrs. A. was deeply affected, and for some moments quite prostrated by the sight of her husband, now insensible, the pallor of death upon his countenance, and those sad premonitions last making their appearance which fall with such a chill upon the heart.

In the hall, meanwhile, a gloomy pause occurred in the usual hum of voices that fills it. Some members sat in mute suspense; others stood in groups, and made or answered inquiries as to the cause and the probable issue of the attack; others hastened toward the Speaker's room to get the latest intelligence of the sufferer's condition; while many were busily engaged in writing to their friends at home the alarming news. A remark very frequently made was, "Well, this is just what Mr. Adams could have wished; it is an appropriate ending of his public career; he falls, like a second Chatham, in the Senate-house."

Mr. Adams, though for some months very feeble, was, when he entered the hall in the morning, in his usual health, and had but a few minutes before delivered his vote, on a motion before the House, in an unusually distinct and emphatic manner. The attack was believed at first to have been a fainting fit; but this idea soon gave place to the appalling conviction that it was a recurrence of a paralysis, which has twice before affected Mr. Adams, tho' in a milder degree. Very slight hopes are entertained of his recovering. Mr. A. attained his eightieth year in July last. At eleven o'clock last night the venerable sufferer still lay in the Speaker's chamber, insensible to all external objects, but apparently more comfortable, and his symptoms giving hope to his medical attendants that he might revive sufficiently by this morning to bear removal to his own residence.

As soon as the news of the painful oc-

currence reached the Senate, that body likewise adjourned.

From the Pennsylvania.

Death of John Quincy Adams.

The homage paid to this venerable and generous citizen by the National Legislature is a proper reflection of the public sentiment of the whole republic. Although there are living thousands who have opposed Mr. Adams in his political aspirations, there are few—let us hope that there are none—who will not unite in paying appropriate honors to the memory of one of the most extraordinary men of any age or time. His career is a bright example to the youth of our country. The results of the labors that have made his career in many respects glorious, have not all transpired; but there can be little doubt they will constitute a volume of profound interest for many generations to come.

Mr. Adams filled many public stations during his long and eventful life. In all of them, whatever may be the opinions of the people as to his policy, he sustained a lofty character for integrity, a zeal for country, and a laborious energy in the discharge of his public duties, which will, in after-times, be the subject of eulogy & of imitation. He died literally in harness—in the full enjoyment of his great faculties—and almost in the hall which had been the theatre of some of his proudest triumphs. At the very moment when he fell, a prostrate enemy offered peace to his beloved country, and his eyes looked their last upon the ensign of her greatness on the twenty-second of February, the birth-day of his father's friend, and his country's preserver—GEORGE WASHINGTON!

We mourn the decease of this distinguished patriot profoundly; for his was "One of the few, the immortal names. That were not born to die!"

The Washington Union, of the 23d, in remarking upon the death of Mr. A. says: He breathed his last, in the Speaker's room of the House of Representatives, at twenty minutes past seven o'clock this evening. The manner and the circumstances of the death of this illustrious and venerable patriot and statesman, from the fitting close of a life devoted even from early boyhood to the service of his country. His public career commenced in 1781, when he was but fifteen years of age. At that time he acted as secretary to one of the American legations. Since then, during a period of sixty seven years—he has been constantly, almost without a single interval, in public official stations.

Mr. Adams was born on July 11, 1767. Thus he died in the 81st year of his age, after filling a large space in the eyes of his countrymen. He has died amid the universal sympathy of this community.

THE MEXICAN PRIESTS.

As several disparaging statements have gone the rounds relative to the general character of the Mexican priesthood, it is only fair to show the other side to be heard.—Lieut. Johnson of the 3d U. S. Artillery says:

"I made the acquaintance of several of the Priests, and found them to be pious & learned men. In conversations which I had with persons resident a long time in the country, I could never learn anything of the scandalous lives which we have been so much accustomed to hear that the Clergy of Mexico lead. On the contrary, I every where received the impression, that in all their duties, whether at the altar in the confessional, as instructors of the people, or as zealous citizens, the Mexican Clergy are faithful pastors of God's Holy Church."

COLONEL FREMONT.

It is stated in letters from Washington that Col. Fremont has been found guilty of all the charges preferred before the Court Martial—of mutiny, disobeying of orders, and conduct unbecoming an officer. The Court decreed dismissal from the service, (the lesser penalty of the law,) but recommended him to the lenity of the President by a vote of seven to six. The President dissented from the Court on the charge of mutiny, but approved the finding on the other two. He then remitted the sentence, and ordered him to duty.—Colonel Fremont has resigned his commission.

DESTRUCTIVE DELUGE.

Massillon, Ohio, Feb. 23.
A great excitement was occasioned here to day, by the town being flooded & much destruction occasioned, by the contents of an immense reservoir occupying a location ninety feet above the town, escaping and pouring through our midst. The force of the flood tore down several brick warehouses, a brick factory, the Tremont House and the canal embankment, and almost all the stores, warehouses, &c., in town were overflowed, and their contents damaged.—The disaster occurred about three o'clock this afternoon, but the waters have since subsided.

Referring to the reception of Mr. Clay at Philadelphia the other day, the Pennsylvania gives the following:

Good Anecdote.—As the procession which escorted Mr. Clay into this city, was marching up Broad street, a tall, and healthy looking son of the Emerald Isle, interrogated one of the Marshals, who rode near him, thus:

"An' sure, where is Harry Clay?"

"He is ahead," indignantly replied the Marshal.

"Faith, an' it's the first time he was ever ahead, thin," exclaimed the Irishman; to the great chagrin and mortification of the Marshal, who rode away amidst roars of laughter.