

From the N. O. Delta, June 3, 1847.

The Poisoning Case, in Shelby County, Texas.

Of this case, so fiendish in its conception, so diabolical in its execution, and so mournfully fatal in its results, we have the following further particulars from Mr. Stille, who was the first to inform the public of the tragic occurrence, through the Delta. Many at the time doubted its truth, for it was hard to conceive how any mind could be so totally depraved, so lost to all the feeling of nature and humanity, as to perpetrate on innocent and unsuspecting victims such wholesale murder. Yet true it is, too true, bearing about it though it does all the malignant and frightful features of the first account. Old Wilkinson, it would now seem from Mr. Stille's letter, is the demon incarnate who did the deed—this is circumstantially evident, from the fact of his sending so goodly a share of the poisoned meats to Spot Sanders, whom he deemed his enemy, or at least, whose enemy he was. But they are now in hot pursuit of him, and should they come up with him, they will wish that

—the slave had forty thousand lives! One is too poor, too weak for his revenge!" But we will not detain the reader from Mr. Stille's letter.

BAYOU SARA, May 23, 1847.

DEAR — I returned from a flying visit to Hamilton yesterday, and learned some more particulars in relation to the poisoning—fifteen are dead, and some eight or ten are expected to die daily—some got better, but took a relapse and died. The poison was arsenic. I will relate the circumstance as I heard it:—

It appears that old Wilkinson was a man of bad character—a notorious hog-thief—and Morris, the groom had been twice whipped in Mississippi for negro stealing. Wilkinson was accused of stealing the hogs of Spot Sanders, and you will perceive from what follows, how he avenged himself. He sent to the house of Sanders, who lives some two or three miles from him, and who was not at the time friendly, a half of a sheep, one turkey, three chickens, some chicken-pie, butter, pound-cake, &c., enough to last the family a week, all poisoned, even to the butter, which was elegantly moulded.—The family eat of it—Mrs. Sanders, three children, and a negro boy are dead—the other, and only child left, was dying when I was at our friend Kerr's. Mr. Sanders and seven negroes are yet sick—some it is thought, will die. Poor Mrs. Sanders did not know that her children were dead or dying, and told her husband to rear them in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.—She requested when dying, that her negroes should come and bid her farewell—they could not, all being poisoned. Mr. Sanders' mother an old lady of seventy, was a victim also. Allen Haley lost a negro man—the man's wife was one of the servants at the wedding, and took him a piece of the pound cake—he eat two mouthfuls, and not liking the taste of it, eat no more—yet that killed him. An old lady by the name of Edens, made the cakes, and she was poisoned, together with her son and a negro girl—the girl is dead, and her son not expected to recover. The butter that was left at Sanders' was thrown out, and some fowls eat of it and died in a few minutes. Allen Haley and his mother were the only persons at the wedding not poisoned. They came late, after the guests were served, and eat with the family, partaking of the same food they did—even the cake. Old Wilkinson insisted on cutting a fresh cake for them, but they refused to partake of it, and escaped death by their refusal. The lady that made the cakes, Mrs. Edens, went on the morning of the wedding day to look at the cakes, in the smoke-house, where she had put them, and found that the covering she had put on them, was removed from all the cakes but one, that was covered with a custard pie—they looked dark and discolored, and she took some loaf sugar, which she grated and put over them, thinking it strange that they were so disarranged. Old Wilkinson and his wife, and Morris' wife, were arrested and examined before Squire Sanders, who committed them to prison. Charles Alexander bailed the women, and Wilkinson was taken out by a writ of habeas corpus before the Probate Judge Lester and set at liberty.—He was afraid to leave the house during the day, as there were persons determined on killing him. During the night he escaped on Morris' horse, which Morris brought to him. Eight persons are in pursuit of him, who have sworn to kill him on sight.—Morris is Wilkinson's agent—he was ordered to leave, or he would first be whipped, and then hung. He refused to go, and we may therefore expect that he will be made short work of.

I wrote you in my last that the negroes were suspected of having been hired to poison the food. Such is not the case, as the negroes were all poisoned they not belonging to Wilkinson.

At the last accounts the pursuers were but a few miles behind Wilkinson—headed by Mr. Castleberry, who was one of the poisoned, and lost his sister; he swore he would follow him to the end of the world, being bent on taking his life. I have seen some of the survivors—the are black under the eyes, and their finger-nails and the ends of their fingers are black—they look like walking ghosts. They all think that health and strength are gone, being every one unable to do any laborious work. Poor souls!

From the N. O. Picayune, 4th inst.

Later from Vera Cruz.

The Steamship Fashion, Captain Ivy, arrived at this port yesterday from Vera Cruz, having left there on the 30th ult.

The Fashion brought a small mail to

Col. Hunt, and it is understood that the steamer New Orleans, to sail on the 31st, would bring the principle mails. She is looked for every hour.

Verbally we learn the Mexicans were busy fortifying the Pass at Rio Frio, between Puebla and the city of Mexico.

General Scott, with the rear of the army, was to have left Jalapa on the 29th ult., and would arrive at Puebla on the 4th inst. where it is presumed he will await the arrival of the reinforcements being forwarded to him, before he advances farther.

We have heard a rumor that Herrera has been elected President but cannot trace it to a reliable source, and we think the result of the election could scarcely be known at the capital so soon.

From the American Eagle we learn that the diligence which left Vera Cruz for Jalapa on the 22d ult. without passengers, but with three trunks filled with very fine dry goods was stopped two miles beyond the National Bridge and robbed, and then burnt and destroyed. The driver and postillion who accompanied it were released and made their way to Jalapa. The diligence which should have come into Vera Cruz on the 24th ult., only came down to where the other had been destroyed and at once returned. This, it is feared, will be an end to the use of diligences on the road. The robbery was no doubt the work of Mexican banditti. We now come to a more atrocious act by the same ruffians. We copy the facts from the Eagle of the 29th ult.

Horrific.—It is with pain mingled with a desire for vengeance that we undertake to relate another massacre of our countrymen in the most cruel and brutal manner. In our paper of last Saturday, only one week ago, we announced the fact that Col. Sowers was in this city as bearer of despatches to Gen. Scott, and to-day we are called upon to inform the public of his horrid death—not with his enemy in front to oppose him, but cowardly shot by those who dared not show themselves.

It appears that he left this city on Saturday last with an escort of five men and Lieut. McDonnell of Captain Wheat's company, expecting to find the captain at Santa Fe, or at most a very short distance the other side. They arrived at Santa Fe and lodged there during the night, finding that Captain Wheat had left, in the morning, anxious to push forward (although it was ascertained that W. was some thirty miles ahead) with an addition of two more to the escort Col. Sowers set out for Jalapa. The next that we know of this little party is by the arrival of one of the men, who returned and reported its surprise and destruction. In consequence of the falsity of the great number of similar stories, Col. Wilson, our Governor, had the man arrested as a deserter. Thus matters stood until yesterday, when developments were made by an arrival from Jalapa—the first that has reached us for a week—tending to confirm our worst fears.

We conversed yesterday with a gentleman who arrived in the morning, and he informs us that at a point about two miles on the other side of Puente Nacional, he saw the ruins of the diligence, underneath which was a human body stripped, with the exception of a pair of drawers, and mutilated in the most beastly manner. This is supposed to be the body of Col. Sowers. Near him lay another perfectly naked and likewise dreadfully mangled. Our informant was assured that five other bodies lay in some thick chaparral a short distance from the road. Now the number of killed, with the man who escaped, exactly corresponds with that of the party which accompanied the unfortunate Col. Sowers, and leaves no doubt in our mind of its destruction.

Our readers will recollect a party of Mexican robbers recently captured near Vera Cruz by a party of amateurs under Colonel Banks. Ten of them have been tried for robbing, secreting arms and ammunition &c. Five have been acquitted and five convicted. The latter were sentenced to four and a half months' work upon the public streets and thoroughfares in chains. Two more yet remain to be tried. We hope this example may be salutary.

The Eagle informs us that on the 28th a party of six Mexicans, coming into Vera Cruz from Santa Fe, were attacked by some of their own countrymen and robbed of all they had about them.

The Eagle gives some details of Com. Perry's expedition to the south, but nothing particularly new. The Commodore arrived at Vera Cruz on the 24th ult.

The Storming of the Cerro Gordo.

The following extract from the Rahway (N. J.) Register, contains some particulars of that terrible conflict, by one who was a party in it, which will be read with interest:

Colonel W. S. Harney, 2d Dragoons, was officer in command. As soon as we had taken our places and all lain down, Col. Harney gave his orders thus:—"As soon as you hear the word charge, rush right down the hill as fast as you can and up the other—it is rather steep, but that is all the better for us—yell like devils as soon as you reach the ravine, and then up the hill to their breast-works as soon as you can, and for God's sake, don't fire unless you shoot at a Mexican!" An orderly now came from Gen. Twigg—"The General says if you don't want him to go crazy, for Heaven's sake fire!" The guns were soon ready and our side began. They fired for a few minutes, when a force was observed coming down the Jalpa road, and the riflemen were ordered to the bow of the mountain to engage them.

In getting out of the hollow they had to

pass just in range of the enemy's guns, and the grape shot took awful effect. Such a scene may I never witness again. As each successive shower came, shouts of "Oh God!" and cries of the most painful description came from their ranks, while the blood spattered and dust flew in every direction. Capt. Mason's leg was shot away but he took it very coolly, simply looking at it, and observing, "well, there's my leg gone!" By the strenuous exertions of their officers the ranks were kept closed. "Keep in the ranks men! don't fall out—stand firm!" while at every shower death strode among them. The word was now "the third forward," and our bugles sounded the "charge." We rose and pitched for the bow of the hill, and commenced the almost perpendicular descent. And now the scene became a scene indeed, for the whole fire of which the enemy was capable, was directed against us. All their infantry were at work, and the constant roll of musketry, with now and then the louder and more startling report of artillery from all the enemy's forts, which were cross-firing us, was awful.— Still cheering, we rushed on, cheered by our leader, the intrepid Harney. A great many were shot, while we could not fire a gun ourselves, and even our artillery had now to be silent as we were in the range of it.

We reached the bottom of our hill in showers of bullets, much exhausted, but again we gave three hearty cheers, and commenced to climb the enemy's height and storm their breastworks and battery. Thousands upon thousands of bullets whizzed past our ears, now and then laying one of my comrades low. Here I saw many of my brave comrades fall; men who had, like myself, fought in all the battles in Mexico, and I thought for certain that my time had come. But no, my dear sister, the recorded prayers of those whom I love best on earth were still around me then as ever, and the thoughts lightened my heart as I rushed on. Col. Harney was at the head of us all, cheering us on, and in a few minutes we gained the top and were just outside the breastworks. They fought like devils—better than Mexicans have fought before in this war. Col. Harney was almost the first man on their breastworks. Capt. Alexander, in command of our regiment, was the third man, and he shot three or four before he got in and two afterwards with a revolver. Lieut. Ewell, of the rifles, was the first officer on the breastworks, and was cheering with his cap off when he received an escopet ball through the heart. The 3d infantry was among the first over, and the enemy commenced running, but too late—they were shot down in their tracks many of them, as we turned their own artillery upon them, and the 2d infantry, which had by this time got round, met them near the foot of the mountain.

Our flag was instantly hoisted on their fort, and their route was complete: for the enemy seeing that their main dependence was wrested from them, took the panic, and abandoned themselves to flight. Some 2 or 3,000 got away, in spite of the efforts of our dragoons, who followed in chase ten miles, killed many on the road, but could not leave the road for the bushes. Santa Anna made a timely escape; the first man who rode from the field was the great Santa Anna! We killed and wounded in this fort over 200 Mexicans. Gen. Pillow with his command got early in the fight on the opposite side of them, and simultaneously with our charge, blazed away among them, killing crowds, until they hoisted the white flag, and their army surrendered immediately. We found Gen. La Vega here, Gen. Herrera, Ex-President, and several others, besides an old General whose name I forget, who was next in command to Santa Anna. I was present at the marching of these troops down the road, and surrendering their arms. They were mostly young and healthy men, some of them having their young wives with them. Gen. Scott was more than pleased with the conduct of our troops on this great day.—The number of dead Mexicans lying about was almost without parallel, mostly shot in the head, some of their heads shot entirely away.

Adios, mi mucho amando Hermano!

Your affectionate brother, THEODORE K. ECKERSON.

Santa Anna Stoned at the Capitol.

From La Patria, of yesterday, we learn that letters have been received in this city by the way of Tampico, from the city of Mexico, to the 21st ult., in which it is stated that Santa Anna arrived in the Capitol on the 19th May, as was expected: that the reception was very different from what he anticipated. The populace or rabble, principally leperos, assembled to receive the President ad interim, and showered upon him curses both loud and deep; and from words, proceeded as the old nursery story runs, to try what virtue there was in stones. His Excellency not being ambitious to follow the example of St. Stephen, escaped with great difficulty, and, protected by his friends, sought an asylum in the palace. The people, indignant at the frequent defeats of the Mexican armies, and the failure of Santa Anna to redeem his numerous promises, sought to revenge themselves upon his person. Had it not been for the armed force and the police, the unhappy President would have been dragged through the streets, as was once the fate of that amputated limb, which has served him so long as a most potent reminder of courage and gallantry which are now sadly in want of new props.

These statements are based upon information, communicated by very reliable persons, to a commercial house in this city,

which obtains the first and most authentic news from Mexico.

We (of the Delta) give the story in our own language, as we learn it from La Patria and other sources, not vouching for its truth, but not discrediting it. We think it improbable that his Excellency has arrived at the point in his history, where he must make one of those rapid descents from great power to great nothingness, so characteristic of all that rest their hopes upon the fickle and treacherous rabble of Mexico—a rabble, whose nature is a strong compound of the worst vices of civilization and barbarism.—N. O. Delta.

THE BANNER.



ABBEVILLE C. H., J.:

Wednesday, June 16, 1847.

Cotton Market.

Hamburg, June 10, 9 to 11 cts. Charleston, June 12, from 9 to 11 3-8.

Latest from Mexico.

We have still but little news from Mexico to lay before our readers; communication has been so completely cut off, that scarcely any thing now reaches us of the movements of the army. The only intelligence we have received here lately from Gen. Scott, is contained in a letter addressed to Mr. John McLaren from his brother, who is Surgeon in the army, and has charge of the Hospital at Jalapa, dated the 26th ult. From this, we learn that there was at that time 900 soldiers sick and wounded in the Hospital, and among them 140 of the Palmetto Regiment. Two of our Company had died—Green Harris and Samuel Gillespie. The prevailing diseases were measles and Diarrhea. Gen. Scott had taken up the line of march for Puebla.

Overtures of Peace.

Nothing has been heard as yet of the result of the propositions of peace, submitted to the Mexican Government through Mr. Trist and Gen. Scott. And in fact nothing is known here of the nature of these propositions. Mr. Buchanan, it is said, has recently declared that no one out of the secret diplomatic bureau knows what the instructions given to Mr. Trist and Gen. Scott are. It is conjectured, however, that the terms submitted require the cession of California and New Mexico to the United States without indemnification for spoliation upon our citizens, or for the expenses of the war; and provides for the payment of a considerable sum to Mexico for the territory thus ceded.

Should this be the nature of the overtures, as reasonable and mild as they appear, we have no doubt but they will be rejected; nor will they listen to any proposition. Each defeat that they have sustained seems to exasperate the nation more and more, and fix her in the resolution to protract the war. Guerilla corps are organizing in all parts of the country to annoy and cut off our troops and supplies. The question then naturally arises what policy is to be adopted? Shall our brave soldiers be compelled to remain in garrison for years, wasting away, and increase the debt of the Government to an enormous amount? or shall the army retire, after they have driven the enemy from every battle field in disgrace, and planted the stars and stripes triumphantly upon the wall of every American city, and have it at last recorded upon the pages of history that the Mexicans were the victors?

General Taylor.

By the latest intelligence from General TAYLOR, we learn that he is still at Monterey unable to move for the want of reinforcements, and with scarcely more troops under his command, than will garrison the city. It is shameful that government should mistreat and neglect this gallant old soldier, whose military talents have shown forth so conspicuously upon the battle fields of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey and Buena Vista. In fact there seems to be a disposition upon the part of the Administration to sacrifice General TAYLOR, since the publication of his letter to General GAINES. Why was he superseded in the command of the army when in every engagement and in every emergency, he proved himself equal to the task of leading his troops on to victory? Why has he been stripped of those troops and compelled to drag out an inglorious and inactive campaign in the garrison of Monterey? Why has the War Department for months past sent him no

despatches or replies to his correspondence, except a copy of the letter above mentioned asking if he was the author of it? These are questions the Administration alone can answer, and questions, that the people are beginning to propound throughout the length and breadth of this land.

We heartily disapprove of the treatment General TAYLOR has received at the hands of the Administration. It is in vain that he is shorn of his power and confined to the narrow limits of a walled town; his action upon the blood stained field of Buena Vista, has placed his name too high upon the temple of Fame, for the puny shafts of malevolence and envy to reach. The star of TAYLOR is in the ascendant, and fast towering to its zenith. His name in all sections of the country is spoken of in connection with the Presidency, and we shall not be surprised if yet the almost unanimous voice of the people, call the war worn soldier to lay aside his armour and preside over the destinies of the country he has struck so nobly for.

American Prisoners in Mexico.

It is a source of regret and of mortification, that any of our gallant soldiers should yet be confined in the dungeons of Mexico, and that too when thousands of the enemy were captured and an exchange could have been effected; yet such is the case. It is high time government was looking into this matter. Whilst LA VEGA and other Mexican officers are turned loose upon their parole, Americans taken prisoners are not allowed even the liberty of the city. There certainly must be a great oversight or neglect some where; at the battles of Cerro Gordo and Buena Vista, an exchange should at once have been demanded and made, of the host of prisoners the Americans took upon those occasions. The law of retaliation is a stern law, but there is no other alternative left us, and in self defence we must give measure for measure. If the American soldiers are imprisoned, let the Mexican prisoners be held too in close custody; and if they are murdered, let the heads of Mexicans atone for them.

Treasury of History: DANIEL ADEE 107 Fulton st. N. Y.—Price 25 cts. per No.

The eleventh number of this publication has been received. We would recommend this work to persons wishing a condensed history of all nations. It is published in monthly numbers containing about 28 pages each, at the low price of 25 cts.

(FOR THE BANNER.)

Miscellany, No. 2.

By your permission, Mr. Editor, we have concluded to pursue the train of thought upon which we touched in your last issue. Having said something about the "three learned professions," and having made our obeisance to the politicians, in the last week's Banner, we were thinking of the propriety of treading on your toes in this article, that is if you have no particular objection. A monitor at our elbow, however, suggests the propriety of not treading too hard, as you may possibly be afflicted with "corns." Well, what have we to say about Editors? What have we to say? Why much every way. Beyond all question, they are the strangest animals in the world. If they can neither buy, beg, borrow, nor steal news, it is their bounden duty to manufacture something of the sort. In this regard, we have thought that they partook a good deal of the nature of the chameleon—only a little more so. Adroit editors, have the wonderful facility of changing their color so often, and then it is said that they are sometimes under the necessity of living on air. Take your own case, Mr. Editor, if you please. You have made a solemn contract with each and every one of your subscribers, to supply them with a sheet of news every week. Now suppose the mails were to fail, or suppose Post Masters were to neglect their duty, what would become of your subscribers? You would be aware that these are not idle questions. Mail contractors are bound to perform their duty to their subscribers. Post Masters are bound to perform the whole routine of theirs. From Post Masters, then, you need not fear any failure, that is, if they fulfil the obligation that have voluntarily taken upon themselves. Mail contractors may fail however. His water, broken stages, sick horses, drunk drivers, and a hundred other et cetera may completely knock the mails in his hands and then as to news, "your cake is dough." You are under the necessity of manufacturing news "to order." Here comes the rub, if you do not give each of your subscribers his "portion due season," he orders you to "stop in per" without paying up, and leave the chameleon-like, to live on air. How perplexing. More anon—if permitted.