

Printed and published every SATURDAY at PANOLA, MISSISSIPPI, in advance.

Advertisements inserted for one dollar per square (of ten lines or less) for the first insertion, and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements of a personal nature will be charged double price of ordinary advertisements.

YEARLY ADVERTISING.—A deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year to the amount of the interest of their advertisements out of the direct line of business of the yearly advertiser will be charged for at the ordinary rates.

Professional cards, not alterable for the year, containing ten lines or less, for county offices will be charged for five dollars, payable always in advance, and State offices ten dollars.

Political circulars or communications of any kind, unless they are of a public nature, will be charged for at the ordinary rates, and must be paid in advance.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions will be continued till forbid, and any alterations made after insertion charged extra.

Advertising patrons will favor us by handing their advertisements as early after our regular publication days as convenient—not later in any case than Thursday night.

ALL JOB-WORK must be paid for on delivery. Postage must be paid on all letters, or they will not be attended to.

Mail Arrangements,

The Mail from Memphis arrives on Tuesday at 12 o'clock, and departs on Wednesday at 1 o'clock the same day.

THE ROVER.

Fourth volume commencing on the 21st of Sept. 1844.

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

of Tales, Poetry, Legends, WIT, ROMANCE AND ART,

Edited by S. S. SMITH, and published by S. B. BARK & CO. No. 123 Fulton St., New York.

Without intending or wishing to disparage other works, the publishers feel guilty to the charge of attempting to make the Rover the best, the cheapest for the price, among the various periodicals of the country.

The work has now lived to an age to speak for itself, and to warrant confidence in its stability. We prefer not to send our own praises, but let our works, if they will praise us.

How far we have been successful in the attainment of these objects does not become us to say. That the Rover has been sustained by the public, through its infancy and up to the present time, although left to make its own way in the world without any extraneous aid or influence, is a recommendation of its character and an evidence of public sentiment in its favor, which makes us gratified and grateful.

TERMS.—Single copies three dollars a year; two copies for five dollars, and five copies for ten dollars. Post Masters are authorized by law to forward subscription money free of charge.

GREAT AMERICAN FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

N. Y. Saturday Emorium

A WEEKLY MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

Of Literature, Agriculture, the Mechanical and Fine Arts, Political Economy, Criticism, Metropolitan Life, Domestic and Foreign News, Political and Commercial Intelligence, Statistics, Tales, Poetry, Music, Engravings, &c., Neutral in politics and religion.

EDITED BY EDMUND B. GREEN

The subscribers have made arrangements for publishing in the city of New York, a weekly newspaper, to be called the "Saturday Emorium." It will be printed on a folio sheet of the largest dimensions, embracing thirty six columns of reading matter.

As a full, comprehensive, miscellaneous newspaper, the Emorium shall not be surpassed by any other in the United States. It will embrace every thing that can be brought within the range of the news-gatherer, the literature, the letter writer, the poet, philosopher and critic. It will present a daguerreotype view of life as it is—men as they are—and nothing shall be wanting to make it a

THE LYNX.

By Keith & Rockett.

Devoted to News, Politics, Commerce, Agriculture, &c.

Two Dollars in Advance.

"ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF LIBERTY."

VOL. 1.

PANOLA, MI., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1845.

NO. 43.

POETRY.

Written for the Lynx.

LONG AGO.

Addressed to my wife.

When from far distant climes, we first met, my beloved,

Long, long ago, long ago,—

Your faith then was plighted, and well was it proved,

Long, long ago, long ago,

Chill penury's minds then assailed our way

But love warmed our hearts, and enlivened the day,

Long, long ago, long ago.

I often have mused on the fervor of youth,

If the visions of love, were the pictures of truth,

Long, long ago, long ago,

But our warmth of affection, and confidence tried,

Is now with my wife, as it was with my bride,

Long, long ago, long ago.

The landscape of morning was lovely and gay,

And love as the dew-drops that sparkled in May,

Long, long ago, long ago.

The calm mellow evening, now cheers my soul best,

And the sun gilds more pleasing the clouds in the west,

Long, long ago, long ago.

Love's mantle, embroidered by fervor and truth,

Long, long ago, long ago.—

Encircled us both in the spring-time of youth,

Long, long ago, long ago!

Love's garden enriched with her fruits and her vines,

Can now give more joy than Peruvian mines,

Long, long ago, long ago!

Dost thou remember the evening we roved,

Long, long ago, long ago!

Then, then you told me how fondly you loved,

Long, long ago, long ago!

Oh, then a pledge from your lips gave new life,

Give the pledge now as you did then, my wife,

Long, long ago, long ago!

HUSBAND.

THE RESURRECTION OF PHILL THURMOND.

From the Macon (Ga.) Republican.

The lowest Judicial Tribunal in Georgia is the Justice's Court. Limited in its jurisdiction to sums under thirty dollars, it is enacted by law that the parties litigant have the power to establish their demands and offsets by their own oaths.

About thirty-five or forty years ago there lived in the middle part of Georgia an individual who was famous for availing himself of the aforesaid statutory provision. No man could be fonder of small law suits than John Ramsey.

A little experience in early life had prejudiced him greatly against the higher Courts, (where he found the conscience of witnesses not so pliant as his own)—so much so, he determined to deal and be dealt by, that all disputes with his neighbors and the world generally should, to use his own expression, be "consigned" (cognizable) in the Justice's Courts.

John became so eminently successful in his own cases, that he regularly attended Squire "Jo Durham's Court" of the 66th District of Georgia Militia and carried on there a kind of steam law practice to some profit. It was curious to witness his prosecution or defence of suits. If he could not convince Judge Durham by quotations from Clayton's "Georgia Justice," "Prince's Digest," or the 7th vol "Espinassy," (which latter authority he always left at home) he would deliberately take a swear at the case himself, and as the marksmen say, "knock out the black."

He became quite a terror to the young limbs of the law whose fate brought them in contact with him—so much so, that they had rather have met as opposing counsel—Chief Justice Marshall, than in his judicial prime.

John was always on the look-out for a law suit for himself or some one else.—It was an invariable practice of his, when one of his neighbors died, to exhibit to the executor or administrator of the state an account just under thirty dollars, and demand payment, upon the refusal of which suit was brought as the law permitted, and the money recovered as certainly as the court was holden.

Thus lived John, successfully squabbling with the living and robbing the dead, until Phill Thurmond, about the time of which we write, moved into his neighborhood and settled within a half mile of him. No man, woman or child ever lived in that part of the State without personally knowing or hearing of

Phill. His facetiousness and love of fun were proverbial. And although he has long since been gathered to his fathers, and there has been no biography of him, yet he still lives in the legendary stories of the country in which he resided, to all intents and purposes as fresh as if a Washington Irving had chronicled his deeds.

One unacquainted with Phill would, on first sight, mistake him for a plain, homespun-clad clergyman. At the date of the occurrence to which we are about to allude, he was fifty years of age, though his appearance would not indicate more than thirty five. He was of common size, with a slight disposition to corpulency, exhibiting a remarkably clear, light complexion, with small blue eyes. His countenance, upon the whole, was prepossessing, and would have been strikingly so, but for his very serious and almost solemn cast of expression.—He seldom smiled, and when he did, it was with a motive. It was his invariable practice, whenever he left home, to drink freely, which had no other effect upon his intellect or countenance than to sharpen the fangs and render more serious, if possible, the expression of the latter. It was really amusing as well as curious, to witness the consummation of one of his plans or tricks. When the strangest and most ludicrous events (brought about altogether by his contrivance) would occur, and every one present was convulsed with irrepressible laughter—except the object of his attack, who would be boiling with rage or overwhelmed with confusion—there would sit Phill, with a countenance that would lend additional gloom to a funeral procession.

Although he was well known and dreaded by a certain class of the community, yet he was always welcome wherever he went. He had an unconquerable dislike to dabbles, loafers, idlers, and persons of suspicious character. It was from among these he selected his victims. So deep, well laid and mysterious were his plans, the individual he doomed to public ridicule could never suspect them, until escape was impossible.

Phill studied well the character of Ramsey, weighed it in the balance, and found it wanting. He laid his plans to drive him from the country, which succeeded admirably, as we shall soon see. He became exceedingly friendly and intimate with him—until Ramsey his friend as freely as possible for the latter to be. While this neighborly feeling was at the highest, Phill, just at the close of a long spree he had taken at the court house, where Ramsey knew he had been, and from whence he had made several unsuccessful efforts to take him, pretended to die one night after intimating to his family what he intended, an instructing them in their performance of the solemn farce. Accordingly, a shroud was made, and Phill laid out in real funeral style—he who ever carried into his shroud a good hickory cane with him. One of the negroes was despatched in great haste to inform Ramsey of the mournful event, and requested his immediate attendance. Notwithstanding John's many faults he was a kind neighbor, and particularly so to Phill's family. Over he came as soon as he possibly could at the hour of midnight. With tears streaming down his cheeks, he entered the apartment where lay the corpse of his friend, beside which sat the disconsolate widow with her face buried in her handkerchief to conceal her emotions.

"How are you Mrs. Thurmond?" sobbed John.

All she could do was to conceal her face more completely, and extend to him her hand—which act and silence John mistook for unaffected grief.

"Poor fellow," said John, "how suddenly he left us! How slender is the brittle thread of life! In the midst of life we are in death, the good book says. Let me see once more, and for the last time, the face of my best friend."

Mrs. Thurmond removed the folds of the shroud, when John gazed through his crocodile tears upon Phill's face.—Had he been attempting to sorrow too much on the occasion, he must have seen that the features before him belonged to any one but a dead man.— Phill performed his part with the aid of a white napkin around his jaws, as well as a man of his appearance could possibly have done; his features were as immoveable as if they had been carved in marble.

"Oh! oh!" cried John, as if the sight before him gave a new impetus to his grief, "how I shall miss him as a friend! how we shall all miss him! He was a friend to every body, and the worst enemy to himself. He owed me just twenty-nine dollars, eighty seven and a half cents; but—

"That's a lie, Ramsey!" said the corpse; and at the moment the only candle in the room was extinguished.

Mrs. Thurmond shrieked; John stood back aghast, the perfect personification of terror and alarm. His guilty soul trembled at what he heard, he believed it a solemn rebuke from the lips of the dead. But what was his dismay when suddenly up rose the dead and made towards him! With the wildest energy fear ever inspired, he rushed out of

doors and ran for home; but out rushed the corpse after him! The race down Thurmond's lane was run without any jockeying on John's side, for if he had any thought on this subject at all, he considered it his last race. About half way the lane (and it extended nearly to Ramsey's house) John received a blow of no ordinary violence upon his naked head—for in his hurry he left his hat—soon after another, and then another, and then a fourth, fifth, sixth, and divers smaller ones. Either of the six blows first received would have felled John, but for his supernatural efforts. Near his own house, Phill left him, and whilst waiting to get a little breath, heard John rush violently against the door, breaking it open and falling midway in the room, to the consternation and surprise of his family.

What account John gave of the night's adventure to his wife and children was never known, as they observed a dogged silence on the subject and soon after left the neighborhood.

Some few days after this resurrection, the parties met. Phill, with the most serious countenance the human face ever assumed, expressed himself to be under lasting obligations to John, for that in fact and in truth he was dead, but that John's attempting to swindle his widow had brought him to life, and that he had always said that such rascality would make him "bite" even out of his grave.

John, on the other hand declared most solemnly it was a deliberate attempt on his life, that it was Phill's intention to kill him with fear or the stick, or both, and that if such things were only "consigned" in Squire Jo Durham's Court, he would make him smoke for it.

Whither John went no one knew exactly. But after Georgia had enacted a law which prevented Indians or their descendants from testifying against white persons, and had extended their jurisdiction over the Cherokee nation, Phill swore that if John was dead he would come to life and move amongst the Indians, as he would have such a fine chance in the Justice Courts there. SCRAP.

THE TEXAS' RELEASE OF SANTA ANA.

The secret treaty which Santa Ana formed with the authorities of Texas, by which he obtained his own liberty, & preserved the army of Mexico, has just been published by Texas, of which the following is a copy:

SECRET TREATY. Antonio Lopez de Santa Ana, a general in chief of the army of operations, and President of the Republic of Mexico before the government established in Texas, solemnly pledges himself to fulfill the stipulations contained in the following articles, as far as concern himself:

Article 1. He will not take up arms, or cause them to be taken up, against the people of Texas, during the present war of independence.

Article 2. He will give his orders that, in the shortest time, the Mexican troops may leave the territory of Texas.

Article 3. He will so prepare matters in the Cabinet of Mexico, that the mission that may be sent thither by the government of Texas may be well received; and that, by means of negotiations, all differences that have been declared by the convention may be acknowledged.

Article 4. A treaty of commerce, amity and limits will be established between Mexico and Texas.—The territory of the latter not to extend beyond the Rio Bravo del Norte.

Article 5. The return of General Santa Ana to Vera Cruz being indispensable, for the purpose of effecting his solemn engagements, the government of Texas will provide for the purpose of effecting his solemn engagements, the government of Texas will provide for his immediate embarkation for said port.

Article 6. This instrument being obligatory on one part as well as on the other, will be signed by duplicate, remaining folded and sealed, until the negotiation shall have been concluded, when it will be restored to his Excellency Gen. Santa Ana—no use of it to be made before that time, unless there should be an infraction by either of the contracting parties.

Port of Velasco, May, 14, 1836. (Signed.)

DAVID G. BURNET, ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANA, JAMES COLLINGWORTH, Sec'y of State, BAILY HARDIMAN, Sec'y of the Treasury.

P. G. GRAYSON, Attorney General. Farewell of Gen. Santa Ana to the Texas Army.

My friends!—I have been a witness of your courage in the field of battle, and know you to be generous. Rely with confidence on my sincerity, and you shall have no cause to regret the kindness shown me. I beg you to receive the sincere thanks of your grateful friend—farewell.

ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANA. Velasco, 1st June, 1836.

AN ABOLITION STEAMER.

The runaway slave, Frederick Douglass, lately went out in one of the Cunard Steamers, with a design to enlighten the people of Great Britain, on the subject of his Lectures, American Slavery—by which he gratifies the Maliginity of our enemies at home and abroad, and what is to him of more importance, lines his pockets with cash.

The last day of the voyage, the Captain of the Steamer, with many other gentlemen, and some ladies, hearing that Douglass was a good speaker, desired to have a "touch of his quality" on the promenade deck. During his remarks he opened a Book, and began to read the code of slave laws in South Carolina. A gentleman from Connecticut disputed the sentences as they were read. He was sustained by the slave-holders and most of the other Americans on board, while Douglass was backed by the Englishmen. The account of which came from one on board at the time, says: "The Captain was very cool at first, but finding himself grossly insulted by a slave holder from New Orleans, (who made his boast that he "owned a hundred and thirty niggers") he (the Captain) ordered the boat-swain to call the "watch, and have three pairs of irons ready at a moment's warning. He then addressed himself to the audience about as follows: "Gentlemen, I was once the owner of two hundred slaves. If I had them now I should not be obliged to follow the sea. But they were liberated, and it was right. Frederick Douglass may speak. I am Captain of this ship.

No mention is here made of the insult to the slave-holders and others by permitting a negro slave to make a speech on the promenade deck of the steamer. We hope our southern people will take this matter into consideration, and those who have business abroad will avoid the Cunard line of Steamers which run from Boston to Liverpool, unless this Captain is removed from his post, or proper amends are made. It is due to the South, also, that official persons should find some other mode of conveyance. —Raleigh Independent.

A MISSOURI JUDGE—A good story is going the rounds of the papers, of the manner in which they do things out in Missouri. It is told of one judge Allen, more familiarly known as "Hoss Allen," who once upon a time determined to administer the law in due order, for the punishment of certain offenders; and accordingly the sheriff's jury and witnesses were assembled. The first order was to "strip and go to work," and raise a court-house. This was done with a few and the court was opened, when a remark from some one called down the indignation of the judge, and he ordered business to be suspended for fifteen minutes, and going up to the disturber gave him a terrible whipping. He then returned to the bench puffing and blowing from the exercise; and rising, "People," said he, "I am here to adjudge the law and administer justice, by thunder! If you care anything about civilization, I'm ready to give you a touch of it. If the sheriff and his officers are not enough, here am I, single handed; and if any one says he ain't satisfied, I'll adjourn the court again and give him a chance!" It is hardly necessary to say that the etiquette of "Hoss Allen's" court was never infringed after that.

ANECDOTE—Judge Dooly, of Georgia, was remarkable for his wit, as well as for his other talents. At one place where he attended court, he was not well pleased with the entertainment at the tavern: On the first day of the court, a hog under the name of a pig—had been cooked whole and laid on the table. No person attacked it. It was brought the next day, and the next, and treated with same respect; and it was on the table on the day on which the court adjourned. As the party finished their dinner, judge Dooly rose from the table and in a solemn manner addressed the clerk, "Mr. Clerk," said he, "dismiss that hog upon his recognizance until the first day of the next court. He has attended so faithfully during the present term, that I don't think it will be necessary to take any security."

DRAWING OUT A NEEDLE BY MAGNET.—A colored woman, at Frankfort, Ky. ran a needle in the fleshy part of the palm some months ago. Last week Mr. J. H. Goodman, to whom the woman belonged knowing the needle would not remain stationary, that it would produce suppuration and gradually move from its imbedment, it struck him that it might be attracted to the surface or skin, and he produced a magnet and applied it to the hand. Soon a sensation of pain was produced, and three days after the needle made its appearance just under the skin, when it was easily extracted.

The hothouse system of education is doing wonders for the youth of our land. The youth kicks off his diaper and frock, and jumps into calfskin boots and a long tilled coat. He even changes the nipple for a cigar, and the sugar tent for a quid of tobacco. The girl is either baby or lady. She makes one jump from her nurse's arms, into her husband's and of course is 'finished.'

The Natchez people to think that their city would be a better and more accessible terminus for the railroad which it is contemplated to run from the Atlantic (Charleston) to the Mississippi, than Memphis is or would be, as proposed. It strikes us as if our Natchez neighbors are not far from being right. —N. O. Delta.

Just Printed, FINE lot of Warrants, Executions &c. for sale very cheap.

Wm. S. KEITH, F. Y. ROCKETT. PANOLA Dec, 14, 1844.

As will appear from our head, we have changed the name of our paper.

Pollard, Hopkins & Co. COMMISSION MERCHANTS. 19 & 21 Bank Place, NEW ORLEANS. Geo. POLLARD, Wm. C. HOPKINS Jno. E. TOWNES aug 10-22-45