// THE MISSISSIPPI LYNX.

By Rockett & Middleton. Devoted to News, Politics, Commerce, Agriculture, &c. Two Dollars in Advance

"ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF LIBERTY."

VOL. 2. PANOLA, MI., SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1846. NO. 14

## THE LYNX

Printed and published every SATURDAY a two DOLLARS 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 invariably be charged double price of ordinary advertisements.

YEARLY ADVERTISING.—A deduction will b made to those who advertise by the year to a sufficient amountto make it for the interest of merAdvertisements out of the direct line of business of the yearly advertiser will be charged for seperately at the ordinary rates.

Professional cards, not alterable for the year, contanig ten lines or less ten dollars.

The names of candidates for county offices will be inserted for five dollars, payable always in edvance, and State offices ten dollars.

Election tickets will never be delivered unt'll paid for.

Political circularsor communications of only an individual interest, will be chargd at half price of ordinary advertisements 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 in their advertisements as early after our regular publication days as convenient—not later in any case if possible, than Thursday night.

All JOB-WORK must be paid for on delivery.

POSTAGE must be paid on all letters, or they wil not be attended to

SAM. BELL MC'KEE,
Attorney at Law,
Panola, Miss.

APRIL 18th 1846.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT FOR THE SALE OF

BOOTS & SHOES

*At the Planters' and Traders' Shoe Store, Memphis.*

JOSEPH S. LEVETT.

HAVING made arrngements during the past winter with some of the best manufacturers in the East, is now receiving a part of his summer stock of Boots, Shoes, and Brogans—to which several shipments will be added during the months of April and May—among which are, for the trade:

1100 pr. mens single and double sole Brogans, various patterns,
500 pr. womens calf & seal strap shoes & boots,
300 do. gent's. good and fine summar boots,
Men's low quarter calf and seal Shoes,
Men's calf, goat and seal skin slippers,
400 pr. boys Downings & Brogans,
Mens extra size Brogans, to fill broken stocks, &c., &c., which will be sold by the case or dozen at a small advance on manufacturers prices.

OUR RETAIL STOCK.

will also be *full*, *GRAND* and *complete*—among which are:

Gents. *TALL* Boots—a perfect fit,
" DeOrsays;
" Button gaitors;
" Calf and goat Monroes;
" Velvet Nullifiers;
" Goat, " do.
[illegible] ps;
*Lad.* men ½ gaiter;
" lasting do. do.
" " foxed buskins;
" linen do. do
" kid welted do
" do pumps and low ties;
" white English kid slippers;

and Childrens', Misses', Youths' and Boy's shoes &c., too numerous to describe.

We charge but half price for looking at our stock, and prices which shall be satisfactory to all who want a good article. Won't you call as you look round, at the Planters' and Traders' Boot Sign under the Franklin House—Front Row?—and we'll "do you proud" as far as the *UNDERSTANDING* is concerned.

JOSEPH S. LEVETT.
Memphis April 25 '46. 10—4w.

To the Gentlemen of Panola.

IF you desire good clothing and at *excessively low* prices, let me constrain you to give me a call. I can now cloth you from and to both extremities. Desirable Hats, of Otter, Beaver, Ashland, Silk & Plush, as well as Caps of oil Silk, and Cloth; Night Caps; Shirts of every kind, Silk, Cotton, linen, and Buckskin; Drawers of all kinds, Coats, Pants, & Vests of every discription; Socks and elegant Boots and Gaiters; Cravats; Russian Girdles; Shoulder Braces; Money Belts, and every thing else so multiplied that I have not patience to enumerate, you can find at H. Wade's on Madison street, Memphis, nearly opposite the Post Office, and near the Union Bank.

H. WADE.
April 11, '46. 8—tf.

## Rangers Notice.

TAKEN up by Thomas Musgrave, living about five miles North East of Panola, one Sorrel Stud Horse, with a star in his [illegible] about five years old appraised in the middle of a [illegible]

## THE MORMON TEMPLE.

We have made two different visits to this great monument of industry; and altho our attention has been drawn to every apartment in it, yet such is the vast extent of this immense edifice, and the complexity of its architectural designs, that our observations have been necessarily very superficial.

It stands in a most prominent position, on the bluff which overlooks the lower town and river; and such is the elevation of its spire, that it is distinctly visible from a distance of twenty or thirty miles in various directions.

Viewed from the bank of the river; its whole appearance is grand and imposing. The meterial of which it is chiefly built, is white limestone, which has been worked and faced down to a perfect surface.

Its dimensions, as far as we can recollect, are as follows:

Length, 128 feet;
Width, 88 feet;
Height to comb of roof, 77 feet;
From the ground to top of spire, 170 feet.

The upper windows of the steeple serve as an observatory, from which a magnificient view of the surrounding country may be had. The Mississippi is seen winding its serpentine form along the wooded valley to the north; the hills of Iowa rise in bold relief to the westward, and lose themselves in the blue distance; while the prairies, fields, gardens and private buildings lie spread out like a map below.

The walls of the temple are of massive stone, and at least two feet thick. On either side, and at the end, are rows of graceful pilasters, crowned with elaborately carved caps, upon the external surface of which is exhibited in *bas relief*, the face of the "man in the moon," and two hands grasping trumpets. Each pilaster rests upon inverted crescents, and are at least fifty feet long. They are thirty in number, and the united cost of them is estimated at about $100,000.

The structure is lighted by four rows—two of which are quadrilateral, and two circular. These, with the other novel architectural embellishments, give the whole pile an original and not unpleasing aspect.

All the entrances are from the West, and the immense doorways are gained by a flight of stone steps. The interior contains a basement, in the centre of which stands the celebrated baptismal font; two great halls, which extend nearly the entire length and breadth of the building; and a third hall underneath the roof, with small apartments on either side.

The baptismal font is a most extraordinary work, and will stand a monument of Mormon extravagance, and grotesqueness of taste. It is an immense stone reservoir, resting upon the backs of twelve oxen, also cut out of stone, and as "large as life." The effect of a first view of these rigid animals, standing in such a regular position, and wearing such mysterious countenances, is somewhat startling; but a feeling of superstition soon gives way to curiosity; and the beholder is lost in wonder at the magnitude of the design, and extraordinary amount of labor that must have been expended in the erection of the work.

The hall on the first floor was intended as the regular meeting place of the congregation; and when freed from the rubbish and surplus timber that now encumbers it, will have a beautiful and imposing effect. The architectural decorations are chaste and rich; and the two grand pulpits at the east and west ends, gives to the whole an appearance of oriental magnificience.

The attic (as it may be called) is lighted from the roof, and was designed for a large school-room.

Leaving the body of the building, you ascend to the bell-room of the steeple—thence to the clock-room, and last to the observatory.

This immense structure is a *chef d'ocuvre* of architecture, and will rank in grandeur with the largest and most costly edifices of modern times.

The entire cost of its erection is estimated at between seven and eight hundred thousand dollars.

The temple will be nearly completed, and in readiness for dedication by the 1st of May.

After it shall have been consectrated, it will be abandoned as a place of religious worship by the sect that erected it, and either sold or rented by the college.

It has been examined by the agents of two or three different institutions; and from what we can learn, is likely to be transferred to the Methodists—by them to be used for literary and religious purposes.—*Hancock Nauvoo Eagle.*

## A GENUINE GHOST STORY.

*Extraordinary Credulty.*

Great excitement prevails in the vicinity of Dixboro', Washington county Michigan, in consequence of the appearance of an apparition to one of the residents of that place. It appears that [illegible] person named Van Woert, who lately moved from Livingston co., N. Y., lives in a house formerly occupied by a widow woman, who had, a few months before he arrived in that place, died under suspecious circumstances. The following are the rest of the particulars, as sworn to by Van Woert. The lovers of the marvellous will find food enough in this statement to last a month —*Bal. Clipper.*

I, Isaac Van Woert, left Livingston county N. Y., about the middle of September, 1845, for the purpose of moving to Michigan, with my family, and I arrived on Wednesday, the 24th day of September, and took lodgings the same night in a vacant house pointed out to me by Jackson Hawkins.

On Saturday night the 27th of September, between 7 and 8 o'clock, I was standing in front of the window in said house; my wife had stepped into Mrs. Mammond's about two rods distant, my little boys were in the back yard, and I had just passed through the house, and was combing my hair, when I saw a light through the window sill and looked in; I saw a woman with a candlestick in her hand in which was a candle burning. She held it in her left hand; she was a middle size woman, and wore a loose gown; had a white cloth around her head, her right hand clasped in her clothes near the waist; she was a little bent forward, her eyes large and much sunken, very pale indeed, her lips projected and her teeth showed some; she moved slowly across the floor until she entered the bedroom door, and all was dark. I stepped forward and lighted a candle with a match; looked forward but saw no one, nor heard no one except just before I opened the bedroom door I thought I heard one of the bureau drawer open and shut.

I spoke of what I had seen several days after, and then learned for the first time that the house in which I then lived had been previously occupied by a widow M———, and that she died there. The second time I saw her was in October, about one o'clock in the morning. I got up and started to go out the back door; as I opened the bedroom door it was light in the outer room: *I saw no candle* but I saw the same woman that I had seen before; I was about five teet from her; she said "dont;—touch me not." I stepped back a little and asked her what she wanted she said, "He has got it. He robbed me little by little, until they kilt me! They kilt me! now he has got it all." I then asked her who had it all! She said "J———J———yes J——— has got it at last, but it won't do him long. Joseph! Oh, Joseph! I wish Joseph would come away." Then all was dark and still.

("They *kilt* me!" We never heard a ghost talk in a brogue before.)

October.—The third time I saw her, I awoke in the night, know not what hour, the bedroom was entirely light; I saw no candle, but saw the same woman; she said, "J——can't hurt me any more No! he can't. I am out of his reach. Why don't they get Joseph away? Oh my boy! Why not come away?" And all was dark and still.

October.—The fourth time I saw her was about eleven o'clock, p. m. I was sitting with my feet upon the stove hearth. My family had retired and I was eating a luuch when all at once the front door stood open, and I saw the same in the door supported by the arms of a man whom I knew—she was stretched back and looked as if she was in the agonies of death; she said nothing, but the man said—"She is dying!—She will die, &c." and all disappeared—the door closed without noise.

October.—The fifth time I saw her was a little after sunrise; I came out of the house to go to my work, I saw the same woman in the front yard; she said "I wanted Joseph to keep my papers, but they are———" Here something seemed to step her utterance. Then she said "Joseph! Joseph! I fear something will befall my boy;" and all was gone.

October.—The sixth time I saw her was near midnight, it was the same woman standing in the bedroom; the the room was again light as before, no candle was visible. I looked at my wife, fearing she might be awake; she then raised her hand and said "she will not awake;" she seemed to be in great pain, she then leaned over, grasped her bowels in one hand and in the other held a phial containing a liquid: I asked what it was; "The doctor said it was Balm of Gileal," she replied; and all disappeared.

October.—The seventh time I saw her, I was working on a little bench, which was standing in the room at which I worked on evenings; it was the same woman; "I wanted to tell James something, but I could not, I could not;" asked what she wanted to tell "O! he did a dreadful thing to me." I asked her who did? "The man they would not let me have," she replied.

I asked her what he did? "Oh! he gave me great deal of trouble in my mind," she replied; "Oh! they kilt me! they kilt me!" she repeated this over several times. I walked forward and tried to reach her, but she kept the same distance from me; I asked if she had taken anything to kill her, she answered "Oh! I dont—Oh! I dont;" the froth in her mouth seemed to choke her utterance (Then she said.)

* * * * * *

"Oh! they kilt me! they kilt me!" This she repeated several times. I asked her who killed you? "I will show you;" she said. She then went out of the back door near the fence and I followed her. There I saw two men whom I knew standing.—They looked cast down and dejected. *I saw them begin at their feet and melt down like lead melting, until they were entirely melted; then a blue blaze two inches thick burned over the surface of the melted mass; then all began bubbling up like lime slacking.* (Delicious! could any thing be more capital¿) I turned to see where the woman was, but she was gone; I looked back again and all was gone and dark.

The next time I saw the woman was in the back yard, about five o'clock P M. She said "I want you to tell J—— to repent—But he won't, he won't, he can't. John was a bad man;" and muttered something I could not understand. She then said. "Do you know where Frain's Lake is?" She then asked another question of much importance and said. "Don't tell of that."

I asked her if I should inform the public of the two men that she said had killed her. She replied. "There will be a time. The time is coming. The time is come," &c., several times. But oh their end! Their end! their wicked end!" and muttered something about Joseph, and all was dark.

The next time I saw her was on the 6th of November, about midnight, in the bed room. She was dressed in white; her hands hung down by her side; stood very straight, and looked very pale. She said, "I don't want any body here. I want nobody here;" and muttered over something I did not understand, except now and then the word Joseph. She then said, "I wanted to tell a secret and I thought I had." And all was gone and dark.

In all her conversation she used the Irish accent; intermixed in all her conversations was the expression very often repeated, "they kilt me, Oh they kilt me;" and also the name of Joseph.

The above was duly sworn to before Wm. Perry, Esq, at Ann Arbor, Dec. 8, 1845.

This singular story made so much impression upon the people of that vicinity, that the body was disintered, an inquest held, and a verdict rendered that the deceased came to her death by poison. Van Woert was a stranger in that place, and knew nothing of the circumstances until they were revealed to him as above related. So much for superstition and humbug.

## FEVER AND AGUE.

Mr. Rowe, in one of his letters to the Belfast Journal, written from Wisconsin, gives the following very excellent account of the "sensations" experienced by a person under the operation of this epidemic:

A person troubled with it will get up in the morning and feel as well as he ever did, and perhaps in an hour after, in the hottest days of summer, will begin to grow cold, his skin will assume a yellowish pale color mixed up with blue, his blood will settle under his finger nails, like that of a dying person, and in ten minutes he will tremble and shake so with cold that his boots do not fit him particularly well, he will be very apt to shake out of them. Should he try to warm himself by the fire he finds that the more wood there is piled on, the colder he grows. He finally becomes sick at the stomach, and obliged to go to bed, where he is as it were, surrounded with ice for about an hour. Then the chills gradually leave him, the trembling ceases and warmth by degrees prevade the body. But instead of stepping when the limbs assumed their natural heart, it continues to increase until the blood almost boils in the veins; the brain throbs as if it would burst; the sick headache comes on; the pulse is rapid and irregular, and the eyes roll so in the head that you would think the person could not live half an hour. But he is far from being at the point of death. The fever continues about an hour, and then leaves him a good deal weakened, but as well as ever. I have known persons whom, to look at, you would have said, had they appeared so in New England, to be in a fit of severe sickness, and would not leave their beds for months, if ever, in half an hour after get up and go to a ball,—and a "Sucker" [Illinois] ball at that, where one who cannot dance from o'clock, P. M., until the next morning at breakfast, is considered nobody at all.

## COLD WATER SONG.—BY PIERPONT.

AIR—"*Auld Lang Syne.*"

Shall e'er cold water be forgot
When we sit down to dine?
O no, my friends, is it not
Poured out by hands divine?
Poured out by hands divine, my [friends,
Poured out by hands divine:
From springs and wells it gushes forth
Poured out by hands divine.

Cold water, too, (tho' wonderful,
'Tis no less true, again)—
The weakest of all earthly drinks
Doth make the strongest men;
Doth make the stronges men, my [friends,
Doth make the strongest men:
Then let us take that weakest drink,
And grow the strongest men.

And as the bells of tulips turn
To drink the drops that fell
From Summer clouds—then why [should not
The two lips of a belle?
The two lips of a belle, my friends,
The two lips of a belle:
What sweetens more than water pure,
The two lips of a belle?

The sturdy oak full many a cup
Doth hold up to the sky
To catch the rain, then drinks it up,
And thus the oak *gets high!*
'Tis thus the oak gets high, my friends,
'Tis thus the oak gets high,
By having water in its cups;
Then why not you and I?

Then let cold water armies give
Their banners to the air;
So shall the boys like oaks be strong,
The girls like tulips fair:
The girls like tulips fair, my friends,
The girls like tulips fair;
The boys shall grow like study oaks,
The girls like tulips fair.

DEATH OF MAHOMET.—In Media, feeling that this death was fast approaching, he ascended the pulpit from which he had so often preached, and thus addressed himself to the surrounding croud: "Oh! ye faithful, if any one of you have reason to complain that I have ill-treated him by blows, here is my body, let him return them; if I have wounded the reputation of any one, I am ready to restore it on the spot."—A man here interrupting him, and demanding payment of a debt amounting to three drachms, Mahomet paid him, and said: "It is more easy to suffer shame in this world than in the other." This task finished, he betook himself to his bed, which he never more quitted. The evening before his death he would fain have dictated a new chapter of a Khoran; but the friends who stood round him would not allow it, thinking that his weakened mind might perplex his followers with some strange doctrine. It were better if they had permitted him: for as the traveler, when he gains the summit of a hill, looks back, and perceives not only the road by which he has come, but also his position in and relation to the surrounding country, so MAHOMET, at that critical moment set free from the influence of prejudice or passion, may have seen more clearly how far his own conduct harmonized with that plan which his conscience pointed out as the plan of the Creator. Happily, if he had been permitted to speak, he might have modified much and suppressed some of the doctrines which have since then so troubled and perplexed the world. But they would not let him speak, so the night passed in weeping and watching: and when the morning dawned there a sound of lamentation on the minaret and housetop, whilst couriers went forth on swift-footed camels to proclaim amongst the tribes of the desert that their law-giver was dead.—*The Student.*

THE WYY TO END A COURTSHIP.—There is quite a little romance connected with a building in Genoa. It was formerly erected and owned by a wealthy man who was in the habit of visiting a pretty peasant girl in the neighborhood. Pleased with his attention, she cast off, as ladies are apt to do, the rustic lover she had before encouraged. But although her new admirer was frequent and steady in his visits, he never mentioned the subject of matrimony.

Things went on in this way for three years, till one night the gentleman was startled, as he was about leaving the house, by the abrupt entrace of the two brothers of his inamorate, demanding that he should immediately marry their sister. They told him] he had visited her for three years, thus keeping away other suitors, and destroying all hopes of their sister's marriage except with him; three years was long enough for him to make up his mind in, and as he had not done it, they had concluded to do it for him.

Tis was bringing things to a focus he had not anticipated. For a man of wealth and station to marry a poor peasant girl merely because he condescended to be smitten by her beauty, was something more than a joke; yet he saw by a glance that more was meant by these brothers than met the ear—in short, that his choice was to be a marriage or a stiletto through his heart. This was reducing things to the simplest terms; rather too simple for the wealthy admirer. The trembling, weeping girl, the bold, reckless brothers, and the embarrassed gentleman, must have formed a capital groupe in a peasant's cottage.

At length, Sig.—attempted to compromise the matter by saying that then was not the time nor there the place, to celebrate such a ceremony; besides there was no priest, and the proper way would be to talk over the subject together in the morning.

One of the brothers leaned back and tapped slightly on a side door; it opened, and a priest, with his noiseless catlike tread entered the circle.

"Here is a priest," said one of the brothers.

There was a short interval of silence, when the Signor made a slight movement towards the door. Two daggers instantly gleamed before him. He saw that it was all over with him—that the three years of courtship were going to amount to something after all—and so yielded with as good a grace as possible, and the nuptials were performed. He immediately placed his wife in a school to be educated, while he in the meantime bought a title. Years passed by and the ignorant peasant girl emerged into the fashionable world, an accomplished woman. She is now the Countess of——!

THE CONFESSION.—A cloud was seen to pass suddenly over the fair features of Maria. The lustre forsook her dark eyes. Her spirit seemed troubled.

"Triumphs the lily now on that
young cheek,
Where bloomed the rose."

Ten times that evening did Edward importune her to acquaint him of the cause from her fair lips. Sad and silently she sat.

"And now and then a sigh she stole,
And tears began to flow."

"Breathes there a wretch so base as to injure you, by word or action. Tell me, and by thine heart, as pure as heaven! I swear never to rest till I've redressed thy wrongs! Is any awful mystery locked up in that bosom that I must not know? Tell me the secret—and by the ringlets of thy hair! I'll swear never to reveal it, though the blackest morments rack me! Pour out thy soul, tell thine own Edward what lies heavy in thy breast."

She blushed—she placed her fair hands across her bosom—looked languidly in her lover's face, "like the last low breathing of an expiring saint",—she thus confessed: "*'Tis them 'ere darned Green Apples—Ned!*"