

# 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, JUNE 13, 1846.

NO. 17

## THE LYNX

Printed and published every SATURDAY at 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 in variously be charged double price of ordinary advertisements.

Yearly Advertisers.—A deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year to a sufficient amount to make it for the interest of merchants and the benefit of the public.

Advertisements out of the direct line of business of the yearly advertiser will be charged for separately at the ordinary rates.

Professional cards, not a part of the year, containing ten lines or less ten dollars.

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

Election tickets will never be delivered until paid for.

Political circulars or communications of only an individual interest, will be charged 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 having 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 will not be attended to.

### SAM BELL MCKEE,

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 arrangements 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 summer boots;
- Mens low quarter calf and seal shoes;
- Mens 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, "DeOrsay's;" Button gaitors; Calf and goat Monroes; Velvet Nullifiers; Goat, do. Fancy pumps; Ladies linen & gaiter; "lasting" do. do. "foxed" buskins; "linen" do. do. "kid welted" do. "do pumps and low ties; "white English kid slippers; and Children's, 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 clothe 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 description; 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. 8-1f.

### Rangers Notice.

TAKEN up by Thomas Musgrave, living about five miles North East of Panola, one Sorrel Stud Horse, with a star in his face, about five years old appraised to \$25 his r.

### BARNEY OXMAN AND THE EVIL ONE.

BY SAM SLICK

There lived an old woman, some years ago at musquash creek, in South Carolina, that had a large fortin' and only darter.—She was a widder, a miser, and a Drunker. She was very good and very cross, as many righteous folks are, and had a loose tongue and a tight purse of her own. All the men that looked at her darter she thought had an eye on her money, and she warn't far out of the way nother, for it seems as if beauty and money was too much together in a general way. Rich gals and handsome gals are seldom good for not him' else but their cash or their looks. Pears and peaches ain't often found on the same tree, I tell you. She lived all alone almost, with nobody but her darter in the house; and some old nigger slaves in a hut near at hand; and she seed no company she could help. The only place they went to in a general way, was meetin', and Jerusha never missed that, for it was the only chance she had sometimes to get out alone.

Barney Oxman had a most beautiful voice, and always went there, too, to sing along with the gals; and Barney herin' of the fortin' of 'Rushy,' made up to her as fierce as possible, and sung so sweet, and kissed so sweet, that he stood number one with the herress.

But then he didn't often get a chance to walk up with her, and when he did, she didn't let him come in for fear of the old woman; but Barney warn't to be put off in that way long. When a gal is in one pastur', and a lover in another, it's a high fence they can't get over, that's a fact.

"I tell you what," says Barney, "sit up alone in the keepin' room, 'Rushy' dear, arter old mother has gone to bed, put out the light, and I'll slide down on the rope from the trap-door on the roof. Tell her you are exercised in your mind, and want to meditate alone, as the words you have heard this day have reached your heart."

Jerusha was frightened to death almost, but what wout a woman do when a lover is in the way? So that very night she told the old woman she was exercised in her mind, and would wrestle with the spirit.

"Do dear," said her mother, "and you wout think of the vanities of dress and idle company no more. You see I have given them all up since I made profession, and never so much as speak of them now, no, nor even to think of them."

Well, the house was a flat-roofed house, and a trap door in the ceiling over the keepin' room, and there was a crane on the roof with a rope to it, to pull up things to spread to dry there. As soon as the lights were all put out, and Barney thought the old woman was asleep, he crawls upon the house, and opens the trap door, and lets himself down by the rope, and he and Jerusha set down on the hearth in the chimney corner courtin', or, as they call it in them diggins, "snuffin' ashes." When daylight begun to show, he went up the rope hand and hand, and he hauled it up after him and closed the trap door, and made himself scarce.

Well, all this went on slick as could be for a while, but the old woman seed that her darter looked pale as if she hadn't had sleep enough, and there was no gettin' of her up in the mornin'; and when she did get up she was yawning, and gapin' and so dull she had not a word to say.

She got very uneasy about it at last, and used to get up in the night sometimes, and call her darter, and make her go off to bed; and once or twice, come very near catching of them. So what does Barney do, but takes two niggers with him when he goes arter that, and leaves them on the roof, and fastens a large basket to the rope, and told them if they felt the rope pulled, to hoist for dear life, but not to speak a word for the world. Well, one night, the old woman came to the door as usual, and said—

"Jerusha," says she, "what on earth ails you, to make you set up all night that way; do come to bed—that's a dear."

"Presently, marm," says she, "I am wrastring with the evil one—I'll come presently."

"Dear, dear," says she, "you have wrastring long enough with him to have thrown him by this time. If you can't throw him now, give it up, or he may throw you."

"Presently, marm," says her darter. "It's always the same tune," says her mother, going off grumbling—"it's always presently: what has got into the gal to act so? Oh dear! what a protracted time she has on't. She has been sorely exercised, poor girl!"

As soon as she had gone, Barney larfed so, he had to put his arm around her waist to steady him on the bench, in a way that didn't look like rompin'; and when he went to whisper, he larfed so he did not 'pin' but touch her cheek with his lips, in a way that looked plausibly like kissing, and felt like it too; and she pulled to get away; and they had a most regular wrastle as they set on the bench: when, as luck would have it, over went the bench, and down went both on 'em on the floor with an awful smash, and in bounced the old woman.

"Which is uppermost?" says she: "have you throwed Satan, or has Satan throwed you? Speak, 'Rushy,' speak, dear; whose throwed?"

"I've throw'd him," says her darter; "and I hope I've broke his neck—he acted so."

"Come to bed, then," says she, "darling, and be thankful: say a prayer backwards, and—"

Just then the old woman was seized round the waist, hoisted through the trap-door to the roof, and from there to the crane, where the basket stopped; and the first thing she knowed, she was away up ever so far in the air, swingin' in a large basket, and no soul near her.

Barney and his niggers cut stockdouble quick, crept into the bushes, and went round to the road in front of the house, just as day was breakin'. The old woman was then singin' out for her dear life, kickin' and squealin' and cryin' and faintin' all in one, properly frightened. Down came Barney as hard as he could clip, lookin' as innocent as if he had heard nothin' of it, and pretendin' to be horrid frightened, offers his services, climbs up, releases the old woman, and gets blessed and thanked; and thanked and blessed till he was tired of it.

"Oh!" says the old woman: "Mr. Oxman, the moment that Jerusha throw'd the evil one, the house shook like an earthquake, and as I entered the room he seized me, put me into his basket, and flew off with me. Oh! I shall never forget his fire eye-balls and the horrid smell of brimstone he had!"

"Had he a cloven foot and a long tail?" said Barney.

"I couldn't see in the dark," said she, "but his claws were awful sharp, oh, how they dug into my ribs! It c'en almost took the flesh off—oh dear! Lord have mercy on us! I hope he is laid in the Red Sea now."

"I tell you what it is, aunty," said Barney, "that's an awful story; keep it secret for your life; folks might say the house was haunted—that you was possessed, and that Jerusha was in league with the evil one. Don't so much as lip a syllable of it to a livin' sinner breathin'; keep the secret and I will help you."

The hint took; the old woman had no wish to be burnt or drowned for a witch, and the moment a feller has a woman's secret he is that woman's master. He was invited there, stayed there, and married there, but the old woman never knew who "The Evil One" was, and always thought till her dying day it was Old Scratch himself. After death they didn't keep it a secret no longer, and many a good laugh there has been at the story of Barney Oxman and the Evil One.

"I've loth my glove; they have been tholen from my hat."

"Do you suspect any one?" inquired the Senator.

"Yeth sir, I do."

"Be kind enough to point him out."

The blood carried him back to the floor, and pointing to two very ordinarily dressed gentlemen, said, "It wath one of thotho two men."

"Well, one of those persons is Mr. P., the British Minister, and the other is Gen. S., Acting commander-in-Chief of the United States Army."

The young man was thunderstruck, and in the extremity of his agitation, thrust his hand deep into his dexter breeches pocket, and to behold! he found his gloves pushed into the smallest possible compass. He looked at them—looked at the Senator—looked at the door, and without saying even as much as good bye, bolted. Mr. Archer smiled and walked towards his chair.

### THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

By Thomas Mackellar.

There is a land immortal,  
The beautiful of lands;  
Beside its ancient portal  
A sentry grimly stands.  
He only can undo it,  
And open wide the door,  
And mortals who pass through it,  
Are mortals never more.

That glorious land is Heaven,  
And Death the sentry grim;  
The Lord thereof has given  
The opening keys to him.  
And ransomed spirits sighing,  
And sorrowful for sin,  
Do pass the gate in dying,  
And freely enter in.

The dark and drear the passage  
That leadeth to the gate,  
Yet grace comes with the message,  
To souls that watch and wait;  
And at the time appointed  
A messenger comes down,  
And leads the Lord's anointed  
From cross to glory's crown.

Their sighs are lost in singing,  
They're blessed in their tears:  
Their journey heavenward winging,  
They leave on earth their fears.  
Death like an angel seemeth;  
"We welcome thee," we cry;  
Their face with glory beameth;  
Tis life for them to die.

"KATE OF ABERDEEN."  
The silver Moon's enanor'd beam,  
Steals softly through the night,  
To waton with the winding stream,  
And kiss reflected light.  
To heads of state, go, balmy sleep,  
(Tis where you've seldom been.)  
May's vigil while the shepherds keep,  
With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,  
In rosy chaplet gay,  
Till morn unbars her golden gate,  
And gives the promised May.  
Methinks I hear the maids declare,  
The promised May, when seen,  
Not half so fragrant, not half so fair  
As Kate from Aberdeen.

Strike up the labor's boldest notes—  
We'll rouse the nodding grove;  
The nested birds shall raise their throats,  
And hail the maid of love.  
And see! the main lark mistakes:  
He quits the tufted green,  
Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks,  
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen!

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,  
Where midnight fairies rove,  
Like them, the jocund dance we'll lead,  
Or tune the reed to love,  
For see! the rosy May draw nigh;  
She claims a virgin queen;  
And hark! the happy shepherds cry,  
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

### THE NATIONAL FAIR AND THE TARIFF.

Messrs. EDITORS: I see, in the last "Union," that a writer (I presume their usual correspondent, the British agent now in the Capitol) complains, not that the goods exhibiting at the "National Fair" are too high, but too low. He says that they cannot be sold for the prices marked, and invites them out. Let them come on, and this Manchester man with them, and the manufacturers, I venture to predict, will not only fill all their orders but thank them for their custom. But this writer inquires, when the American manufacturers can supply goods at "lower prices" than foreigners, why tax the consumer by the tariff? Tax the consumer! How? by giving them goods at "low prices!"

This is a strange taxation, but it is the way the protective policy always has and always will tax the people, by giving them their goods cheaper and cheaper as capital is invested, skill acquired, and supply increased. Repeal the tariff, check American competition, get goods from abroad as formerly, and these Manchester men will soon put up their prices to former rates and make their fortunes at one expense; and this is just what they so ardently desire to accomplish by breaking down our tariff. Will an American Congress gratify them? We shall soon see.

But the "Union" man inquires, if we can manufacture as cheap as foreigners, why keep on the tariff? And I ask him, if the tariff was, by inducing investments and increasing supply, reduced prices to one-third and one-fourth of what they were before, why repeal it, and thus check further investments, further competition, and still further reductions of price? Answer this.

But, says this British advocate, these manufacturers are realizing profits of from 30 to 100 per cent. So much the better, if, as he says, they are giving us the goods cheaper than they can be made abroad. For it is clear if they are realizing such profits, capital, always watching for the best employment will soon rush into this profitable business so fast, and increase supply, that the prices will be so reduced that the profits will soon come down to the ordinary rates of 6 or 7 per cent. Repeal the protective tariff, and you check all further investments and secure a monopoly to the invested capital. Continue or increase the tariff, and you increase investments and competition, destroy monopoly, and still more and more reduce prices by still more and more increasing supply, skill, and experience. Then we go for the tariff, to promote competition, destroy monopoly, reduce prices, and thus benefit the consumers, whilst we increase the wages of labor by increasing the demand for it, and at the same time increase the prices of agricultural produce of all kinds, raw materials and breadstuffs, by increasing its consumption.

Thus these anti-tariff agitators are doing every thing for the invested capital by checking competition and securing them a monopoly of the American market, whilst, on the other hand, they are injuring labor by diminishing its employments, and depressing agriculture by diminishing the demand for its productions. The friends of the tariff are, therefore, the true friends of the farmers and workingmen, while the opponents and agitators of the tariff are the real, though unintentional friends of invested capital, by checking competition and securing them a monopoly, while they break down agriculture and the laboring man by curtailing their employments and their markets. Is not this the plain practical operation and effect of the present course of the anti-tariff party? I submit this question with confidence to every farmer, mechanic, and working man in the country.—*Nat. Int.*

THE WHIG PARTY.—Never were we prouder of this glorious old party than at the present crisis. We have stood by it in many a hopeless contest, and in one glorious triumph, against the minions of power, but never yet have we felt such a deep, satisfaction and elevated sense of its devotion to the honor of the country. We have seen it derided and scoffed at,—we have looked on in unutterable pain at the malignant proscript of the stern patriotism, the proud genius and splendid talents of her sons. We have seen them, as by a BILL OF EXCLUSION, banished from all the places of honor and trust in our beloved country;—strangers, as it were, in a strange land,—foreigners, among their brethren, and in the midst of the fruits won for them by the blood and treasures of their proud whig ancestry. And we have felt that this exclusion from a fair participation in the trusts and honors of this inheritance and estate of liberty, bequeathed us by that proud ancestry, was as galling to a sensitive and honorable mind as the cruelty and disgrace that Charles I, and the infamous Stafford inflicted upon the Puritans and Covenanters, who were the bold and original architects of whig principles. And why? We must remember that was an age of physical scourging and torture. That sitting in the nose, and digging the eyes from their sockets, incarceration and blood, were then the only instruments of disgrace. This is an age of manners and of polished refinement. To disgrace a man now, you have not resort to physical

torture. The instruments of disgrace in this polite age, is a scourge of the sentiments. To a mind, elevated in the scale of genius, learning, and a true and honorable ambition, it is now as galling to be denounced and proscribed as unworthy of honorable trusts, as the severest corporeal punishments were in the age of the profligate and arbitrary Charles. Honor feels a stain upon its chastity, inflicted through the sentiments, like a wound. And to proscribe and exclude men, proud of their country, swelling with emotions of honor when contemplating the institutions of their fathers, ready to die for its preservation and unsullied purity, men of splendid genius and gigantic talents, is as base persecution, is as undoubted a crushing of the spirit, as the most frantic, arbitrary and blood tyranny, the disgusting tyrant, whose name has already too often blurred our page, ever inflicted upon the Puritans and Covenanters of his age.

But though the whigs are treated as foreigners and strangers on the soil of their birth, upon the estate of their fathers, never for one moment have they faltered in their devotion to their country. And now, when that country is involved in a war, which many of them think was brought on by precipitancy and rashness—induced alone by selfishness—rushed into for a boon that God and Nature had decreed ours, in the peaceable and natural progress of events, yet we see them marching up to the conflict as cheerfully, as intrepidly, as enthusiastically as if their brethren had treated them as joint heirs in the glorious inheritance of liberty. They can stand a proud scrutiny with their oppressors. We are proud of them and we have a right to be proud of them. What other men on the broad face of the wide earth, would act as they have? With nothing to expect, nothing to hope for, but contumely and reproach when the war shall have gloriously terminated, they have entered the conflict with as eager cheerfulness, as if they were to return to their homes and families with the rich rewards and gratitude that patriots of all ages and in all times have wreathed upon the brows and character of their heroes. But none of these await us. None of these things can move us—they are not only wrested from us, but we are held up to public reprobation as unworthy of the smallest honors, the punniest trusts of our country. Whigs! we are proud of you; and we will proclaim the exulting sentiments of our hearts on any spot of tyranny or right that sees the light of Heaven. Nothing shall keep them down. And we as boldly demand, (not petition) that the bill of exclusion, with all its penalties, enacted against you, be at once and forever repealed. We want no privileges; we will have none. But we demand, as we ever have done, and will forever do, that we be permitted to stand up equal in political rights, in patriotism, in public and private esteem, with any man, set of men, or party, that can do honor to human nature in this land of Washington and Hancock, Henry and Adams. Has this demand no justice to enforce it? Is it unfounded in history or equity? Is it bold, impudent or audacious? We leave the decision to our brethren who have so relentlessly persecuted us.—*Southern.*

Question—What did Jonah say when he saw the jaws of the whale extended to receive him?

Answer—He might have said, "There's a fine opening for a young man."

Q—"Here, you little rascal, walk up and account for yourself—where have you been?"

"After the girls, father."

"Don't you know better than that? Did you ever see me do so when I was a boy?"

"Yeth, thir."

To improve the breath and cleanse the teeth.—To four ounces of fresh prepared water, add one drachm of Peruvian Bark, and wash the teeth with this water in the morning and evening, before breakfast and after supper. It will effectually destroy the tartar on the teeth and remove the offensive smell arising from those that are decayed.

"Mamma, are all vessels called she?"

"Yes my dear."

"Then how are the national ships called men-of-war?"

"Jane, you may put that child to bed."

"Why have you volunteered?" said rather a careworn-looking newly enrolled volunteer, yesterday, to a fine-looking young country soldier.

"Why, I volunteered because I have no wife, and go in for war," was the unequivocal reply; "and now, why have you volunteered?" he added.

"Ah!" said the careworn-countenanced little man—"for he was little—with a significant sigh, "I have volunteered because I have a wife, and go in for peace.—*Delta.*