

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 27, 1846.

NO. 19

THE LYNX

Printed and published every SATURDAY at Panola, Mississippi, for one dollar per annum in advance. Advertisements inserted for the first insertion, at the rate of five cents per line, and for subsequent insertions, at the rate of three cents per line. Notice is hereby given that no person will be indebted to said estate for any ordinary advertisement, unless the same be published in the ordinary course of business.

YEARLY ADVERTISING.—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 State officers ten dollars. Election tickets will never be delivered out if 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 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 will not be attended to.

SAM. BELL MCKEE,

Attorney at Law,
Panola, Miss.

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. women's calf & seal strap shoes & boots,

300 do. gent's, good and fine summer 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.

RETAIL STOCK.

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

Gent's TALL Boots—a perfect fit,

DeOrsay's;

Button gaiters;

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;

a 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.

The Belmont Ferry.

THE public are respectfully informed that a good Ferry Plat and an efficient Ferryman are in readiness at all times to serve travellers and citizens at the Belmont Ferry.

The rates of Ferrage are much lower than any other crossing on the river

Road wagons loaded 75 cts. empty 50

2 horse do. do. 50 " do. 30 "

1 horse Buggy Sulky &c. 25 cts.

2 do. Carriages &c. 75 "

Man and horse 10 "

Footman and loose horse 5 "

No contract will be made for yearly crossing, but for the benefit of citizens who cross frequently, the following regulations will be observed.

HALF PRICE.

Any person having paid for one crossing horseback foot carriage or loaded wagon, on any day, shall be privileged to recross the same day free of charge

Cash will be required in every instance at the time of crossing. No accounts kept, or credit given for ferrage whatsoever.

ROBT. CLANTON.

Dec. 27th '45 47-2w.

Blanks—for sale here.

RANGER'S NOTICE.

TAKEN up by William Tippit living about ten miles South west of Panola, and five miles North West of Pharsalia two dark brown Horses supposed to be match Horses; one has some white hairs on his left shoulder, the other has lost his left eye, supposed to be five or six years old, and appraised the one to \$60 and the other to \$65
May 16th 1846 13-1f
P. B. Jones, R. P. C.

RANGER'S NOTICE.

TAKEN up by David Little, living seven miles from Panola on the road to Hernando, two Bay Horses, one with a lump on his left ankle, is supposed to be seven years old, the other is six years old—appraised each to \$35.00. P. B. Jones R. P. C.
May 23, 1846. 14-1f.

Ranger's Notice.

TAKEN UP by Gabriel Couch living about two miles north of Panola on the opposite side of the river, one sorrel horse about five or six years old; has a small star on his forehead, and some white hairs about his nose—weak eyed—no other marks or brands r marks visible. Appraised to \$32.50
P. B. JONES, R. P. C.
30th may 16nv21f

Administrators notice.

LETTERS of administration having been granted the undersigned, on the Estate of Elizabeth Allen deceased, by the Honorable Probate Court, of Tallahatchie county, Miss., on the 12th day of January, A. D. 1846.

Notice is hereby given, to all persons having claims against said Estate, to present them duly authenticated, for payment, within the time prescribed by law, or they will be forever barred, those indebted to said Estate, are requested to make immediate payment. Given under my hand at Charleston, January 12, 1846.

SAMUEL GATTIS Adm'r.
Jan. 17 '46. 49-6w.

Administratrix Notice.

THE undersigned having qualified as Administratrix de bonis non at the Probate term 1846 of the Probate Court of Panola county Miss. on the estate of John P. Woodruff dec'd, hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment to her or to James C. Armstrong, and all persons having claims against the same, are required to present them duly authenticated within the time prescribed by law for payment, or they will be forever barred.

SARAH A. WOODRUFF.
Feb 28 '46—2-2-6w Adm'rix.

CLOTHING.

THE undersigned has recently received at his MERCHANT TAILOR SHOP, in Panola, a fine lot of winter goods, among which are the following cloths, Cassimers, Casenets, Tweeds, Green, Brown and Blue, Suspenders, Vestings, and a full lot of Trimmings, all of which will be sold very cheap.

He also avails himself of this occasion to inform the public that he is still engaged in the Tailoring business, and hopes his old customers, and the public generally will give him a call.
Dec. 13, 1845. F. EMMERY.

Administrators Notice.

LETTERS of Administration on the Estate of William Quarles deceased having been granted to the undersigned by the Probate Court of Tallahatchie county Miss., at the November term thereof 1845. Notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to come forward and make immediate payment, and those having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them duly authenticated within the time prescribed by law, or they will be forever barred.
THOS. A. HILL.
Administrator of Wm Quarles, dec'd.

Rangers Notice.

TAKEN up by Jesse B. Porter, living six miles west of Panola, two steers of the following description, viz. one red and white; a white face; some white on his breast and belly, marked with a crop off of the right, and a crop and split off of the left ear, the other red and white speckled, marked with a crop and split in the left ear, no brands about. Seven years old and appraised \$22.50 P. B. JONES R. P. C.
Jan. 3 '46 47-3w

Administrators notice.

LETTERS of administration on the Estate of John H. Page, having been granted the undersigned, by the Probate Court, of Tallahatchie county, Mississippi, on the 12th day of January, A. D. 1846.

Notice is hereby given, to all persons having claims against said Estate, to present the same duly authenticated, for payment, within the time prescribed by law, or they will be forever barred, and those indebted to said estate, are requested to come forward and make immediate payment.

GEORGE H. PAGE Adm'r.
Jan. 17 '46. 49-6w.

From the Illinois State Gazette.

LOVE IN A PRINTING OFFICE.

I once heard an old Jour. remark, that a printing office was no place for love making, and I have since experienced the truth of his observation—being now perfectly convinced that the flower of love can never bloom in the midst of types, stands and printing-ink.

It was my fortune once to sojourn for a few days in the village of——.

Directly opposite the office was a pretty white cottage, with a rose bush clambering around the casement, and I was not long in making the discovery that the aforesaid white cottage with the rose shaded window, contained a fair inmate—a flower whose beauty far outshone the roses that clustered around the window. She was a little blue eyed, saucy looking creature of some sixteen summers. She was the belle of the village. Her name was Mary—sweet poetic Mary.

"I have a poetic passion for the name of Mary."

It was a beautiful summer morning, and I had raised the window to admit the cool breeze from the flower-decked fields, and it was not long before I perceived that the cottage window was also hoisted, and that sweet little Mary was seated near it, busily engaged with her needle. I worked but little that morning. My eyes constantly wandered towards the cottage window, where little Mary sat, and all sorts of strange and fantastic notions whirled through my fancy-lighted brain, and I began to think I felt a slight touch of what the poets call *love*, sliding in at the corner of my heart.

A few days passed away, and chance made me acquainted with Mary. Heaven! she was a sweet creature—she had a form that would have shamed the famous Venus de Medici—a cheek that out blushed the richest peach—and a lip that would have tempted a bee from his hive on a frosty morning. I thought, as I gazed on her in mute admiration, that I had never looked upon one so exquisitely beautiful. She seemed the embodiment of all that is lovely and bewitching.

Well, time passed on, and one day Mary expressed a desire to visit the printing office. God! thought I, what a chance! I'll do it there, yes, I there in the very midst of the implements of mine art—why should I? *Love in a printing office*—eh! There was something original in that, and I resolved to try it at all hazards.

Well Mary came to the office, and I explained to her the uses of the various implements of the *black art*—the press and the roller—the ink and the stands, and the boxes of the A. B. C's. I took an opportunity to snatch her pretty lily-white hand, and she drew it back, knocking a stick full of matter into *pi*?

"I must have a kiss for that, my pretty one," said I and at it I went. I managed to twist my arm around her waist, and in struggling to free herself, she upset a galley of editorial, a long article on the Oregon question. Nothing daunted, I made at her again. This time I was more successful, for I obtained a kiss. By St. Paul! it was a sweet one—and the little witch bore it like a martyr—she never screamed once but as I raised my lips from hers, she lifted her delicate little hand, and gave me a box on the ears that made me see more stars than ever were viewed by Herschel through his big telescope. Somewhat nettled, and with my cheek smarting with pain, I again seized her waist and said "Well, if you don't like it, just take back the kiss."

She made a desperate struggle, and as she jerked herself from my arms, her foot struck the ley-pot, and over it went! Another galley of editorial was sprinkled over the floor, and in her efforts to reach the door, her foot slipped and she fell, and in the effort to sustain herself, her hand—her lily-white hand; the same little hand that had come in contest with my ears—oh, horrible!—was struck up to the elbow in the *ink keg*! Shade of Franklin! what a change came over the beauty of that hand! She slowly drew it from the keg dripping with ink, and asked me what use I made of that *tar*! I began to be seriously alarmed and apologised in the best manner I could, and to my surprise, she seemed rather pleased than angry—but there was a "lurking devil

in her eye" that told me there was mischief afoot. As I stood surveying the black covering of her hand, scarcely able to suppress laugh at its strange metamorphosis she quickly raised it on high and brought it down "ker slap" upon my cheek? Before I could recover from my surprise; the same little hand had again descended, and again left its inky imprint on my cheek.

"Why, Mary," I exclaimed, "what are you about?"

"I think you told me you rolled ink on the face of the form," with a loud laugh, and again her hand lit upon my face taking me a broad slap in the very middle of my countenance, and most woefully bedaubing my eyes. With a light step and merry peal of laughter she skipped thro' the door. She turned back when beyond my reach, and wits reguish face peering in at the doorway, skouting back,

"I say, Charley, what kind of a roller does my hand make?"

"Oh," said I, you take too much ink."

"Hh! ah!" she laughed, well, good bye Charley—that's my impression! ha! ha!"

I went to the glass and surveyed myself for a moment and verily believe I could have passed for a Guinea negro without the slightest difficulty.

"And so," said I to myself, this is love in a printing office. The devil fly away with such love!

The next morning when the editor came to the office, I "rather calculate" he found things little topsy-turvy. However that made no difference to me—for I had mizzled long before daylight.

I bore the marks of that scene for many a day, and now whenever I see a lady enter a printing office, I think of little Mary and keep my eye on the ink keg—and though she were as beautiful as Hebe I would not venture to touch her with a ten foot pole!

Talk about love in a boudoir—love in a bower—love on a spring seat sofa—love by moonlight, starlight, lamp-light, or any other kind of light, and I am with you heart and soul—but I pray you by the ghost of Faust, never talk to me about *love in a printing office*!

A HARD RUB FOR TRUTH.—Old Parson M., of——, Worcester county, sometimes used to be absent on a missionary tour. Once on a time, having just returned from one of these excursions, he found his congregation quite drowsy, and wished to wake them up, he broke off in the midst of his sermon and began to tell them of what wonderful things he had seen in York State. Among other wonders, he said that he had seen monstrous great musquetoos, so large that many of them would weigh a pound! The people were by this time wide awake. "Yes," continued Parson M., "and moreover, they are often known to climb trees and bark!"

The next day one of the deacons called upon him, and told him that many of the brethren were much scandalized by the big stories he told the day before.

"What stories? says parson M.

"Why, sir, you said that the musquetoos in York State were so large that many of them would weigh a pound!"

"Well," rejoined the minister, "I do really think that a great man of them would weigh a pound!"

"But," continued the deacon, you also said they would climb up on trees and bark!"

"Well, sir," says Parson M., "as to the climbing up on trees, I have seen them do that; hav'nt you, deacon?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, how can they climb up on the trees, and not climb on the bark?"

The Deacon left.

GEN. TAYLOR.—As there appears to be a good deal of squabbling among the newspapers in various parts of the country, in relation to the birth place of the gallant General Taylor, we may as well put the matter to rest. His sister, Mrs Sarah B. Gray, who resides some two or three miles from this city, has in her possession an old "family bible," in which his birth is registered, and from her and it we learn the following facts Gen. Zachary Taylor was born in Orange county, Virginia, on the 24th of November, 1784.—Previous to this event his father had removed his slaves to this county and purchased

land, intending to bring his family here without delay. When they did remove here, Zachary was only nine months old. He was raised and educated in this county, and always has considered it and now regards it as his home. His father Col. Richard Taylor, was an officer in the old Continental army, and died at his residence near this city about ten years since. He was an elector in this district for Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and for Henry Clay the first time he was a candidate for the Presidency.—*Courier*.

SONG.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

How many summers, love,
Have I been thine?
How many days, my dove,
Hast thou been mine?
Time, like a winged bird,
When't bends the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind
To count the hours!

Some weight of thought, though
On thee he leaves;
Some lines of care round both,
Perhaps he weaves;
Some fears, a soft regret
Nor joys scarce known;
Sweet looks we half forget—
All else is flown!

Ah! with what thankless heart
I mourn and sing;
Look, where your children start,
Like sudden spring;
With tongues all sweet and low,
Like a pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe
To thee and thine.

"DOING" A LANDLORD.—The affair described in the following story, which we find, without credit, in one of our exchanges, is just "a little bit" the coolest specimen of genteel swindling we have ever read or heard of. Whatever mortification the land may have felt in being "did," it was certainly kind in Jerry Diddler not to leave him without one consoling reflection; that of having been "done brown."

A biped, of the genius "sucker," had been tarrying, for several days, in one of the crack hotels in York State, and his only reply to the third weekly bill presented by his obsequious and obliging host, was, that "he lacked the needful." He had been lavish in his style of living, and his bill for wines, cigars and accompaniments, was by no means an inconsiderable feature in the account. The young gentleman was in his room, with a trio of boon companions; and, ringing the bell, he ordered a champagne, and "fixings" for four.

The servant returned from below with the information that the landlord declined to enlarge his indebtedness, accompanied with a hint that the account should now be adjusted. He immediately waited on the landlord, remonstrated with him touching the mortification attendant upon being shown up before his friends—the wine was up; the party frolicked, and finally separated, and the next morning, after breakfast, the following "scene occurred."

"Mr.——," said the landlord, "I must now insist on the immediate adjustment of your account."

"Can't meet it, sir, to-day, really!"

"And why not, sir?"

"Haven't the tin by me, sir."

"And you probably won't have?"

"Probably not, sir, at present."

"When do you propose to settle?"

"Could say, sir, 'pon my honor."

"Have you the slightest idea of paying it at all?"

"I confess, sir, the prospect is exceedingly dubious."

"Your luggage?"

"Is in my room, sir."

"I shall detain your trunks, sir."

"Do—if you please, sir."

"The largest?"

"Is filled with wood, sir."

"With wood?"

"The best of eastern wood."

"And the other?"

"Contains the same article, both sawed and split."

"And your wardrobe?"

"Is on my back, sir."

"Upon my word, you take it coolly."

"I always do, landlord. The world owes me a living, and I must have it."

"You are a scamp, sir."

"I know it. You, sir, are a gentleman, and I am aware"

Our host stopped him, bit his lips,

but, a moment afterwards, turned to the bar and placed a bottle of wine upon the side table near by. Having filled a brace of glasses, he handed one of them to the sucker, and the liquor disappeared. He then presented him with a vase filled with regalies.

"Take another," said the landlord, in the politest possible manner, "take half-a-dozen, sir; there, that will do. The world may owe you a living, perhaps it does. I think you will agree with me, however, that I have paid my share of the account. I have, in my day, seen a good deal of impudence, and my calling has brought in contact with a variety of rascality, but I must say—without, however, intending to be too personal in this matter—that, without exception, you are the coolest specimen of a genuine scamp that it has ever been my luck to meet with. John!"

A bully servant answered the summons.

"John, remove this fellow into the street; and, if you value your situation, see that he does not return."

The hint was enough, our customer did not wait for further demonstration, but immediately decamped, to "do" some other host; while his gentlemanly landlord proceeded to examine those trunks, the contents of which, as it turned out, had been faithfully described.

THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH between Baltimore and Philadelphia was in successful operation yesterday. After a full test had been made between Baltimore and Philadelphia, the wires of the Philadelphia and Washington Telegraph were united, and messages sent direct from the former to this city. This is the longest line of the electric telegraph ever operated upon, being one hundred and forty miles, and the messages were sent in a space of time imperceptible to the human mind.—*Nat. Int.*

The Volunteers.—The Vicksburg

Whig of the 19th says:—

On Saturday, Gen. A. B. Bradford arrived with a company under his own command from Holly Springs and one from Oxford, under Capt. Delay, Editor of the Organizer, and we learn that they were mustered into service on yesterday—making 9 companies already in service. Gen John D. Bradford's company from Pontotoc, and Capt. McClung's from Columbus, also arrived on yesterday, and with our Natchez friends, makes 12 companies in this city. Capt. McClung was received yesterday evening, completing the Regiment. We hope Gov. Brown will receive the whole, indeed were we in his place, we should accept, under all the circumstances, two full regiments, and tender them to the President, and after informing him that they could not be held back, throw upon the Department the responsibility of refusing them, and the whole would be received. Then all would have a chance.

RITCHIE.—What a jewel of a states-

man granny Ritchie, "him of the Union," is! While we are engaged in a war with Mexico, that will absorb all the resources of the treasury in sixty days, and require an issue of fifty millions before the year ends, if the war continues—the Union cries out for a reduction of the tariff—What a miserable substitute for a statesman—and political economist! The amount of duties now, will but barely cover the list of expenses, and they are hourly increasing. Where is the wisdom of reducing the national funds, and then, to meet our expenses, be compelled to borrow, or leave our debts unpaid. We do hope there is yet wisdom enough in Congress to let the tariff stand, and the sub treasury bill lie over, until the war with Mexico is ended—or till doomsday, which would probably be better.—*St. Lou. Amer.*

THE CONVENTION for revising the

Constitution of the State of New York commenced its session at Albany in the beginning of this week. The Hon. JOHN TRACY, the Lieutenant Governor of the State, was chosen to preside over its deliberations.

The Democrats of the Sangamo county District, Illinois, have nominated Peter Cartwright as their candidate for Congress.