

# THE MISSISSIPPI LYNX.

By Rockett & Middleton.

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## THE NARROW ESCAPE.

A MATTER-OF-FACT TALE.

A few months since, one of the travelling agents for a large house in this city, whose route brought him into the town of New Frankfort, Scott county, Indiana, as was his usual custom, "brought up" at the best inn which the town afforded. It so happened that on the afternoon on which the agent arrived at the inn, the landlord's daughter, Nelly, a blooming country lass of 17, on the invitation of her neighbor, Mrs. Dolbear, living a couple miles distant, had gone to quilting, and on leaving home she told her parents that if she was not home by eleven that night, she would stay all night with her friend, Susy Dolbear, until the next morning. Accordingly, as that hour passed, Nelly's parents concluded that she would stay all night with her friend Susy, as she had promised. So, without any hesitation, the agent was put in possession of Nelly's room, (her bed included,) which adjoined that occupied by the old folks; and after looking in vain for some instrument to fasten the door, undressed himself, taking care, however, to place all the money (about \$300) which he had, belonging to his employers, in the pocket of his pantaloons, and put them under his pillow for safety; and also as protection against robbers, he put a loaded revolver, ready capped for service, under his pillow. After these arrangements were completed, with the strongest assurances of safety, he retired, little dreaming that he should be disturbed that night.

The quilting party of which Nelly was a guest did not break up until considerable past midnight, when some what to her disappointment, she found many young ladies who had come much greater distance than she had, and owing to the lateness of the hour, were desirous of staying at Mrs. Dolbear's till morning. Nelly with true nobleness of heart forebore to press her claims to her young friend's hospitality for the night, lest some of those who lived further off would have to go home. So she arranged with Susy, who was one of her most intimate friends, that she should go home with her for company, and that she should stay at Nelly's home, which they reached after a walk of about an hour, bringing the time up to about two o'clock in the morning.

Without making the least noise, they effected their entrance by the back door of the house, and, Nelly leading the way, betook themselves up the back stairs in the dark, to Nelly's room, without having disturbed the old folks, and without the least suspicion of finding an intruder. And as they had arranged between themselves to keep from the old folks the lateness of the hour which they reached home, their conversation, while disrobing themselves to retire was carried on in a whisper. The agent's ear, from long habit and practice, possessed nice properties of hearing; and whispering and light treading upon the floor awoke him from his sleep, and supposing it to be occasioned by robbers, he listened to the conversation, holding his breath lest he should give them notice of his being awake. The girls themselves were a little alarmed at the lateness of the hour, and being extremely anxious that it should be kept from Nelly's parents, their conversation was upon the best method of concealing it from them, etc. The agent caught a part of it, and a part too, excited as was his imagination at the time, not a little startling. Susy said to Nelly, "It is much later than we should have been;" to which Nelly replied, "Yes, it is; but then we got in without disturbing any body. So far, all's right; but we must be quick or we shall be discovered, and then all will be wrong with us." The agent was now convinced they were robbers; and in the dark as he was, saw nothing before him but murder and robbery. He grasped his pistol mechanically and firmly, and cautiously cocking it, he was prepared for his assailants. Directly he felt a hand on the bed clothes, passing in the direction of his pillow, under which his pantaloons and money were laid; he held his breath; and put himself in a position to reduce the liability of injuring himself on his discharging his pistol, and to ensure its

effect upon his assailants, supposing that it was aimed at a vital part. The hand continued to pass around the upper part of the bed, but did not seem to hit the particular pillow.

This gave the agent time for reflection.—"Shall I, thought he, shed blood in protection of this trifle of my employer's, or shall I permit it to be stolen, and bear the blunt of his unjust (as they would be) suspicions against myself?" This was well—it was noble—for had he fired, endless would have been his remorse, though the act would have been legally justifiable. But imagine his surprise when he heard a soft, sweet voice, which appeared to be not more than two feet from him, say—"Sue, I can't find my night cap." The truth now flashed upon him. He had been put in Nelly's bed in her absence, and the night cap for which she had been searching in the dark, had been removed by her mother. The pistol dropped from his hand as instinctively as it had been grasped before, and it appeared there was a bit of fun for him, instead of robbery and murder after a hard day's travel. So, with as little noise as possible, he drew himself towards the part usually denominated the "back side," where he lay quietly awaiting the result. Susy was soon disrobed and ready for bed; but in getting in she accidentally put her hand on the agent's head. "Why Nelly!" she exclaimed, "there's somebody in the bed, as sure as I am alive." Our hero, (for such he ought by this time to be called,) was almost convulsed with laughter. "It's only little sis," replied Nelly; "she always sleeps with me." This answer satisfied Susy, and Nelly without the least fear got into the bed too. The two girls were snugly ensconced under the quilt that had been made the season before, with (as they supposed) "little sis" on the back side, Susy Dolbear in the middle, and Nelly on front side; but in truth "little Sis" had been taken in bed with her pa and ma, as Nelly was absent.

Susy Dolbear was as affectionate a girl, as Indiana can boast of; and as a proof of this assertion, we have the fact that she could not go to sleep without first giving little sis a kiss—so she turned over to perform this pleasurable act, when she put her hand upon our hero's face and feeling his face, and feeling his huge whiskers, she was made aware of their mistake. In less time than it takes to tell it, she gathered up the bed clothes, and with an effort almost superhuman, sprang into the middle of the room screaming, "It's a man! it's a man, Nelly!" Nelly, of course partaking of Susy's alarm, rushed into her father's room, followed by Susy, leaving our hero in perfect fits of laughter; from which he has not recovered to this day, as he laughs immoderately every time he sees a pistol, or the occurrence comes to his remembrance.

Nelly's father was up in a twinkling, and a light being obtained by the aid of a match, the whole affair was explained to the girls, who afterwards passed through the room of which our hero had now full possession, with a light hand gathering up their personal clothing as they passed through, to another room in the attic story of the house, where they retired and soon fell asleep.

Susy Dolbear, of the two girls, having played the most conspicuous part in this affair, not waiting for her breakfast, made her escape from the house as soon as daylight dawned; but Nelly, conscious of her innocence, boldly met our hero, face to face, at breakfast table, where she then learned of the narrow escape she made of being shot for a robber. Our hero, from the conviction that a pistol was not a fit instrument to be used in the dark, in a country inn, came to a resolution that he will never again carry it, but trust himself to the mercy of the robber, (should he ever chance to meet any, which, by the by, in the course of seven or eight years travel, he has never yet done,) and the Providence of God.

*A faithful animal.*—The St. Louis Reveille of the 21st inst., contains an extremely interesting letter from "Solitaire," written on the Missouri river during a trip to the new town of Ohio. The writer speaks of encountering a character in the person of Signor J. Paldi, a Piedmontese by birth, music

master in the Infantry band of the 5th Regiment, who was present in the battles of the 8th and 9th of May. He was on his way to St. Louis, bearer of letters to Major Gen. Brooke and others. In his company was a fine young pointer dog belonging to Major Brown, who fell during the bombardment of the fort opposite Matamoras.

When the remains of this gallant soldier were entombed, his pet dog, who had lain near the spot where the Major was suffering until he was borne hence, mingled his wail with the sound of the muffled drum, and could not be silenced. He searched every where for the living form of his master, and finding him not, seemed to understand the mournful business of his burial; he waited until the sad rites were over, and then coiling himself up, he lay down at the foot of the flag staff, upon the turf which covered the remains of the brave Major, and sent forth his howl of grief until the hearts of all who heard him were impressed with a fresh sensation of sorrow. Paldi intends to present him to Gen. Brooke.

On the 9th, Paldi having given up his horse to an officer, was mounted on a mule, and was attending at the artillery train when a shower of canister came, carrying away his canteen, grazing his cap, slightly wounding his foot, and starting his mule off like mad towards a detachment of the enemy's cavalry. He in vain tried to stop his headlong progress, and could not conceive what made him bellow and cut up in such an outrageously frantic manner, when looking behind him the cause was at once explained—the mule's tail had been carried away by a shot! Like a ship without a rudder he was beating fast on a lee shore, when his rider was forced to shoot him to stop his progress.

## TRADE IN MATAMORAS.—MECHANICS WANTED.—THE SILVER MINES, &c.

(From an Officer to his friend in N. Y.)  
MATAMORAS, June 6, 1846.

\*\*\* It would cheer the heart of a New York dry goods dealer, or a Yankee Manufacturer, to see how these Mexicans shell out the "hard" for Yankee notions. The army spends about \$3,000 per day for provisions and vegetables, which is almost instantly returned to the few Yankee shop keepers who come here immediately after the army took possession. Things are selling at a half to one third the prices formerly charged by the Mexican Merchants, and the country people are buying as though they never expected to have such another chance for bargains. Smart mechanics would make fortunes here, as the natives are two centuries behind us in almost every thing. I shall settle in this country as soon as the war ends, and one-half of the volunteers will do the same, as the bulk of the people here (descendants of Indians) evince the most friendly feelings for us, and appear really glad that we have come to rescue them from the robbers who have been oppressing them.\*\*\* We are all anxious to get a sight of the silver mines in the interior, just to see how they look. Some of the best mines, I am told, have been carefully concealed by the native owners, lest the government or the English miners, should seize them. But once give them a good government and they will all throw out their treasures. It is calculated that this country could produce one hundred millions of dollars in silver annually, if life and property were properly secured from danger by good government and an educated people. It will be a work of immense labor, however, to civilize and educate the Indians. Yet I think it practicable; for they are a more imitative people than our northern Indians, and their systems of domestic manufactures and agriculture, which were in a flourishing condition before the discovery of the country by the Spaniards, are gratifying evidences of their ability to appreciate the arts of civilized life. Give them an army of Yankee schoolmasters, give them books in their own *Astec dialect*, respect their ancient prejudices and customs, confer upon them the privileges of citizenship, and I believe the glorious era of Mexican civilization which existed under the Montezumas, would again burst forth, freed from its superstitions.

The natives appear anxious to join us in our march to Mexico. Some of them are able horsemen; and I suppose Gen. Taylor, now that he is on the strongest side, could get them all to join his ranks, if we would accept them. D. R.

*Garter, Order of the.*—The ancient and most illustrious Order of Knighthood, founded by Edward III, on the occasion of the Countess of Salisbury's stocking have fallen about her heels at a ball, when the King picked up a piece of blue ribbon—worn by the Countess before Indian rubber came into use—amid the laughter of his courtiers. His Majesty merely replied, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, which became the motto of the Order. There are Twenty-five knights, besides the sovereign, together with about fifteen extra knights, who are princes of illustrious foreigners.—Henry VIII, who had, like another royal prince of the present day, a great taste for tailoring, altered the dress very materially. Charles II, another royal tailor, who was also a bit of a hatter, put a feather in the cap, which is nearly the only feather in the cap of this mountebank monarch. Royal Garters appear to be rather expensive, and must be quoted at £878 a pair, for it costs £439 to be invested with a single one.

*A Learned Mayor.*—Lord Mansfield, when on a circuit at Shrewsbury, having been asked to dinner by the Mayor of the town, his lordship observing an antique clock in the room, remarked to the Mayor, "that he supposed Sir John Falstaff fought by that clock," to which the Mayor replied, "He could not tell, for he had not the pleasure of knowing Sir John." Lord Mansfield then tried his host on another subject, and remarked, "that the town looked very old," to which the Mayor replied, "It was always so, please your lordship."

## From the (English) Truth Teller. EXTRACT FROM AN HONEST SPIRIT DEALER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

*Friends and Neighbors:*—Having just opened a commodious shop for the sale of "liquid fires," I embrace this opportunity of informing you and the public, that on Saturday the first, I shall commence the traffic of making drunkards, paupers and beggars, for the sober, industrious, and respectable community to support, I shall deal in a "familiar spirit," which excites men to deeds of riot, robbery, and blood; and by so doing diminish the comforts, augment the expenses, and endanger the welfare of the community. I will undertake at a short notice, for a small sum and with great expedition, to prepare victims for the asylum, the prison, the poor house, and the gallows. I will furnish an article which will increase the amount of fatal accidents—multiply the number of distressing diseases, and render those before harmless, incurable. I shall deal in drugs which will deprive some of "life, many of reason, most of property, and all of peace; which shall make fathers fiends, and wives widows, children orphans, and all mendicants. I will cause the rising generation to grow up in ignorance, infidelity and immorality, and a plague, burden and nuisance to the nation. I will cause husbands to murder their wives, mothers to forget their suckling infants, and vergins to forget their priceless innocence. I will corrupt the minister of religion, obstruct the progress of the gospel, defile the purity of church, and cause temporal, spiritual, and eternal death. I will, in short, do every thing in my power to cover the land with crimes, sickness and insanity, indolence, poverty, and wretchedness; and I do it at the peril of my soul. Should any be so imperious as to enquire why I have the audacity to bring so much accumulated misery on a comparatively happy people, my honest reply is—MONEY!!! I have a family to support, the spirit trade is the most lucrative—and the community are the most ready to encourage it. I live in a land of liberty and I have purchased the right to demolish the character, destroy the health shorten the lives, and ruin the souls of those who choose to honor me with their custom, and I have no other mode of obtaining an honest living. I know the Bible says, 'thou shalt not kill,' that

it pronounces a woe unto him who giveth his neighbor drink. I am aware that the Holy Scriptures exhort me not to "put a stumbling block in a brother's way." I also read in the same divine record, "that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God;" and I cannot expect the drunkard maker to share a better fate; yet what can I do?

## ARISTA AND TAYLOR.

One of the editors of the New Orleans Tropic, who has just returned from a visit to the Rio Grande, presents the following graphic pictures of the Mexican and American Commanding Generals as they were successively seen in camp at Matamoras. The sketches are true to the life, and the contrast which they present is both strong and striking:

The contrast of the two commanding Generals, Taylor and Arista, in the pomp and circumstance of war, was characteristic of the different institutions under which they lived. There was a semi barbaric splendor associated with Arista's, according to the despotism of the Mexican government. A simplicity about that of Taylor's significant of pure Republican institutions. The marquee of the commanding General of the Mexican forces was bell-shaped, and of great size. The material of which it was composed was ornamented by parti-colored stripes, giving it a holiday appearance. Around it were stationed gaily dressed officers who glistened in the sun, and were ever ready to pay the most abject respect to their chief. Led horses richly caparisoned slowly paced in sight. Protecting its rear, like continued labyrinthian walls, were arranged the equipage of the camp. Pack saddles for five hundred mules were tastefully placed for display, and their loads near by, heaped up in prodigal confusion. To the poor Mexican soldiers bivouacked in the open air, this wealth seemed a vision of a fairy land, and its conventional possessor, rich beyond their imagination, and powerful beyond comparison.

Bands of rude music almost constantly rent the air with their noisy labor. The furniture of the marquee was rich; the costly figured chests of the camp were the ornamental furniture; upon their tops reposed in ostentation, the heavy silver service of the table, or the elegantly finished "maps of the campaign." In this array sat the commanding General, surrounded by his numerous staff—his clothes of gay colors and laced to vulgar profusion. Visits of ceremony or of business were conducted with pomp and needless delays; long lines of official stared and leered and were impudent or cringing, as suited their purposes best. Music rolled, sabres and muskets rattled, and the buzz of inflated greatness and hollow pretence, was triumphant.

About a mile above the city of Matamoras, a little distance from the banks of the Rio Grande, is to be seen (June 1st,) some stunted and ill shaped trees, which bend their gnarled and almost leafless limbs over a group of three or four small tents, only different from those of the common soldier in their rear, in this, that they are *heterogeneously disposed for shade, instead of being in a line regardless of all else than military precision.* The plain about is dotted over with thousands of tents, before many of which were artillery, and groups of men and soldiers; and over some waved in triumphant folds our national flag, giving promise of more importance and pomp, than the little knot to which we have particularly alluded. We wended our way on towards the dwarfish trees that were distinguished, from being a few feet higher than the surrounding brush, and for the little group of tents that rested beneath them, for they were pointed out as marking the *head-quarters* of the commanding General of a triumphant American army.

Not the slightest token was visible, to mark one tent in the group from another; there were no sentinels or any military parade present; a chubby sun-burnt child, "belonging to the camp," was playing near by in the grass, temporarily arrested in its wanderings by some insect of usual size that was delving in the dust.

We presented ourself at the opening

of one of the tents, before which was standing a dragoon's horse, much used by hard service.—Upon a camp stool at our left sat General—, in busy conversation with a hearty looking old gentleman, sitting on a box, cushioned with an Arkansas blanket, dressed in Attakapas pantaloons and a linen round about, and remarkable for a bright flashing eye, a high forehead, a farmer look, and "rough and ready" appearance. It is hardly necessary for us to say that this personage was General Taylor, the commanding hero of two of the most remarkable battles on record, and the man who, by his firmness and decision of character, has shed lustre upon the American arms.

There was no pomp about his tent; a couple of rough blue chests served for his table, on which were strown in masterly confusion a variety of official looking documents; a quiet looking citizen dressed personage made his appearance upon hearing the significant call of "Ben," bearing on a tin salver, a couple of black bottles and shining tumblers, arranged around an earthen pitcher of Rio Grande water. These refreshments were deposited upon a stool, and "we helped ourselves," by invitation. We bore to the General a complimentary gift from some of his fellow-citizens of New Orleans, which he declined receiving for the present, giving at the same time a short but "hard sense" lecture on the impropriety of naming children and places after men before they were dead, or of his receiving a present for his services "before the campaign so far as he was concerned, was finished."

With the highest possible admiration of the republican simplicity of the manners and character of General Taylor, we bade him good day, with a higher appreciation of our native land for possessing such a man as a citizen, and of its institutions for moulding such a character.

*JUST AND PATRIOTIC SENTIMENTS.*—Just and patriotic must be admitted to be the sentiment, touching the late Oregon controversy and its adjustment, expressed in the following answer by Gen. Gaines to an invitation, by a committee of the citizens of Philadelphia, to celebrate the national anniversary with them in the city.—*Nat. Intelligencer.* "Deeply impressed with the vital importance of hearty union among all parties, in whatever concerns the awful question of war or peace, I have been most happy since the beginning of last month (though for the most part of the time in a state of duress) to find that the wisest and purest men of all parties, known to me in the South and West, as well as in the North and East, fervently rejoice at the late signal triumph over the evil spirit of war, in the maintenance of a peace highly honorable to the two nations of the world, not only most capable of doing each other the greatest possible harm, but also the most capable, and who ought to stand foremost in the essential work, of giving civilization and self-government to every part of the human family approachable by steam power.

"If governed alone by the prospect of acquiring military glory, I would delight more in a war against England than any other nation, because England though not more vulnerable, is endowed with a degree of military and naval character sufficient to give the highest value to every triumph we could win over her by land or by water. But the most brilliant trophies of victory, and the highest possible degree of Military glory, dwindle into the shade of a shadow when contrasted with the wide-spread evils of war. I am a warrior, not because I ever loved war, or could ever regard it as otherwise than as one of the greatest evils, next to national degradation, but because I have ever fervently loved peace, and because I have known full well that the world is still laboring, as it has been for thousands of years, under the barbarism of habitual disturbers of the public peace, and that all the most astonishing inventions and improvements in the arts of the present half century applicable to war, tend but to prove the constantly increasing necessity for regarding with redoubled vigilance the essential maxim impressed upon our minds by the beloved Washington—'In peace prepare for war.'

"EDMUND P. GAINES."