

By Keith & Rockett.

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

Two Dollars in Advance.

"ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF LIBERTY."

VOL. 1.

PANOLA, MI., SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1846.

NO. 48

THE LYNX.

Printed and published every SATURDAY a two DOLLAR...

Advertisements inserted for one dollar per square (of ten lines or less)...

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

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

Political circulars or communications of only an individual interest...

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions will be continued...

Advertisements made after insertion charged extra.

Advertising patrons will favor us by handing in their advertisements...

All JOB-WORK must be paid for on delivery. Papers must be paid on all letters...

Mail Arrangements. The Mail from Memphis arrives on Tuesday...

The Mail from Carrollton closes on Sunday evenings at 8 o'clock.

The Mail from Oxford closes on Monday evenings at 8 o'clock.

The Mail from Memphis closes on Tuesday and Saturdays at 12 o'clock noon.

PETERSON'S LADIES' National Magazine. MAGNIFICENT VOLUME FOR 1845.

EDITED BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS. The Ladies' National Magazine...

HEAD OF THE LADIES' BOOKS. The contents of the three dollar Magazines...

CONENTS ARE ALL ORIGINAL. As a guarantee of the style in which the literary department is conducted...

TALES OF AMERICAN HISTORY. Illustrative of the manners and stirring incidents of different periods in our country's history...

MEZZOTINT BY SARTIN. will appear in January, and has confessedly never been equaled by that imitator...

T. LIMERICK, Commission Merchant. 74 CAMP STREET. NEW ORLEANS.

Blanks—for sale here.

Gallery of Beauty.

The Gallery of American Beauty will be a feature of this book...

AMERICAN LANDSCAPES. The other illustrations shall be executed by distinguished artists...

PARIS FASHIONS IN ADVANCE. As elegance and economy in dress are equally desirable...

Our Fashion Plates Extra. That is what we shall give as many embellishments as any other two dollar magazine...

TO CLUBS.—In order to facilitate remittances, from post-towns where there is no local agent...

PREMIUMS. To every Postmaster, or other person getting up a club...

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

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE of Tales, Poetry, Legends, WIT, ROMANCE AND ART.

Without intending or wishing to disparage other works, the publishers plead guilty to the charge of attempting to make the Rover the best...

How far we have been successful in the attainment of these objects does not become us to say.

TERMS.—Single copies three dollars a year; two copies for five dollars, and five copies for ten dollars.

Engraved from a picture never before made public. This feature will make the book unequalled...

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THE PIONEER MAGAZINE OF AMERICA.

GOLEY'S MAGAZINE AND LADY'S BOOK FOR 1845. The best earnest a publisher can give of what he can and will do next year...

It is merely with a view to gratify this curiosity on the part of our friends that we now proceed to announce...

The reception of the news of Lexington fight—by Darley—Marion's entertainment of the British officer—by White—Female GALLANTRY—by Hubert—The storming of red bank fort—by Hamilton—Count Donop's monument—by Hamilton—The battle of Concord bridge—by Frankenstein—The first meeting of the Continental Congress—by Hamilton...

TERMS.—The Cash system adopted and maintained by the publisher, enables him to offer a Magazine, in every respect equal to the old three dollar magazines at one-third less cost.

THE PATRIOT AND THE HERO SAID. The earth with beauty crowned, And heard the universal hymn Of Nature, swelling round;

And oh, with bursting heart, that child, Saw the slow measured pace, Of the long line of weeping ones, Move to the burial place.

The orator, with lungs of brass, And fire-flashing eye, Held the enraptured multitude With thoughts and feelings high;

And Crime, with banner black unfurled, And horrid sounding note, Waved his red sword in ecstasy,

And war, with cannon roar, and crash, And horrid drum, and file— And Murder, with his reeking spear, Rushed through the ranks of life;

And with garments deeply dyed in gore, And dripping as she came, Held back the sword of victory, To the red field of fame.

And the old year now is gone fore'er, The new one has come in;

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BOBBY.

THE OLD YEAR, WITH ITS THOUSAND, And hollow sounding din, [tongues, Is hushed, as now another comes, All stately striding in.

The leaves were green, the flowers, And glorious all around, [sweet, The jovous birds on upward wings, Poured music's sweetest sound.

Oh, where are they, the loved so well? Where beams the eye so bright? The lovely dwell'neath domes of clay, Their eyes obscured in night!

The lover, from his home far gone, For fame or wealth to gain, Met the fierce tempest on the deep, And perished in the main;

And oh, with bursting heart, that child, Saw the slow measured pace, Of the long line of weeping ones, Move to the burial place.

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And many things are yet to be, As many things have been. The nation soon, with trumpet drum, And bustling bomb, and roar, And martial men in armor clad, And banners floating o'er,

May be alarmed, and shake with fear, And Freedom may grow pale, But we have brawny arms, and steel, And hearts that never quail.

The land with beauty, yet shall bloom, And calm winds move about, And some of us at summer eve, Shall gaily wander out;

'Tis thus that nature blooms and dies, And thus 'twill ever be, Till time itself is swallowed up, In an eternity.

WOMAN AND DANCING.—"I believe a woman would do a great deal for a dance," said Dr. Growling;

"That was a hint for you to buy the stockings," said Dick,

"No, you're out," said Growling. "She knew I was as poor as herself; but though she could not rely on my purse, she had every confidence in my taste and judgment, and consulted me on a plan she formed for going to the ball in proper twig. Now what do you think it was?"

"To go in cotton, I suppose," returned Dick.

"Out again,—you'd never guess it, and only a woman could have hit on the expedient. It was the fashion in those days for ladies in full dress to wear pink stockings, and she proposed painting her legs!"

"Painting her legs!" they all exclaimed.

"Fact sir," said the Doctor, "and she relied on me for telling her if the cheat was successful—"

"And was it?" asked Durfy.

"Don't be in a hurry Tom. I complied on one condition, namely—that I should be the painter."

"Oh you old rascal!" said Dick.

"A capital bargain," said Tom Durfy.

"But not a safe covenant," added the attorney.

"Don't interrupt me, gentlemen," said the Doctor. "I got some rose pink accordingly, and I defy all the hosiers in Nottingham to make a tighter fit than I did on little Jenney; and a prittier pair of stockings I never saw."

"And she went to the ball?" said Dick.

"She did."

"And the trick succeeded," added Durfy.

"So completely," said the Doctor, "several ladies asked her to recommend her dyer to them. So you see what a woman will do to go to a dance. Poor little Jenney! she was a merry minx—by the bye, she boxed my ears that night for a joke I made about the stockings. 'Jenney,' said I, 'for fear your stockings should fall down when you are dancing, hadn't you better let me paint a pair of garters on them?'"

THE MILITIA.—The militia is the bone and gristle of the country. It looks, bars and bolts the gates of creation, and stands sentinel on the tallest ramparts of nature's dominions. This republic would be a miserable conglom, but for the militia. It keeps the ardent spirits of military infidelity in a glow of Icelandic feverosity. I am attached to it myself. There ain't a bigger or more important critter afloat than a live mili-

tia ossifer, all rigged in the full catou-terments of glory, with stripes on his breecherloons, epilets piled upon both his shoulders, brass buttons from head to foot, silver stars shinin' in the tails of his coat, a cap and plume on his head, and drawn sword in his hand. Such a site's enough to make fallen man and woman think better of his specie! 'Tis indeed!

I believe the prelescent delirium of this destined republic is centered in the militia. It can't stand without it. With it, its proud motto is, "Divided we stand, united we fall!"

—Stop cheerin'—you put me out— Gen. Washington belonged to the militia; so did Sippo Afri-cane-us; so did Boney-parte; so did that old Wizzigoth that ravished all Ethiopia, and burnt its fences and stone walls; so also, sogers, do I.

I believe if all out doors should push threw the parafurnailye of this ere animal economy and slide down the greased plank of ancestral delinquency kerslump into the broad Savanners of this smilin' land of asses' milk and untamed honey, that nuthin' astir could poot'em but the militia? That ar' a fact! Three cheers for the militia in general, and for the 9999th regiment in pertickler. Sodgers! ground arms!

Who's afeerd! Whar's Mexiko, Kaliforniko, and Oregon! Who's afeerd of them? Sodgers? The mortal 9999th can thrash the life out of that ar' half Spanish varmint, that Mexiko, any mornin' afore breakfast. Now our motto is, "Liberty and Death, now and forever, one and inseparable!" Whooray for Mexas! down with Texico! Let's lick her! Whoo-ray!

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