

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, JULY 4, 1846.

NO. 20

THE LYNX

Printed and published every SATURDAY

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 be made to those who advertise by the year to a sufficient amount to make it for the interest of merchants, at the ordinary rates.

Advertisements out of the direct line of business, such as theatrical notices, will be charged for as above.

Professional cards, not alterable for the year, cost one dollar 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.

Marriage notices will never be delivered until paid for.

Political notices and communications of only an ordinary 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 until forbid, and any alterations made after insertion charged extra.

Advertising patron will favor us by handing in their advertisements as early after our regular publication days as convenient—not later in any case than possible, than Thursday night.

ADVERTISING WORK must be paid for on delivery.

Remittances must be paid on all letters, or they will not be attended to.

"SAVING" A TOBACCO.—Some years

ago, four or five careless vegetable

young men were seated in the bar-room

of the Gall House at Louisville, enjoy-

ing a social glass. Capt. Marryatt had

been appearing at Louisville some days;

at the time of which we write, he was

thought a sort of a lion, a few days after

he became notorious. Although the

Captain was acknowledged to be

"a good fellow," would "carry" a large

quantity of liquor, and who always

"traveled liberally," yet it was considered

by those who were so fond of a joke

as being else, that he might be rather

easily gulled. More than once,

among these he had chosen to consider,

forthwith, as his intimate friends,

he had been seen to take out his note

book and make sundry memoranda.

The impression became pretty univer-

sally, therefore that on his return to

England he intended to write a book;

and as many as one endeavored to fur-

nish him with an extra item; so that

when the gallant Captain started for

home, he had just about as correct a

knowledge of our people as when he

started from home; mixed up with a

variety of facts, yet gathered a still larger

variety of absurdities, imposed upon

him by wags of every grade and

complexion.

While the lads we mentioned were

luxuriating over their cigars, the cap-

tain entered the bar-room, accompan-

ied by one who had been his boon

companion for some days, and who was

known to love a quiz as he loved his

life. The latter personage advanced

to the party and, "The Captain is ar-

rogous to see you play that game of

pokey we spoke of to-night. You know,"

says he, "he wishes to see a game in

real South western style. Now keep

steady faces and go to the room, and I

will see that the Captain is there."

In about half an hour, a singular

crowd might have been seen in one

of the rooms. Four sat at a table, each

corner of which was garnished with

just such a display of deadly weapons

as fancy dictated—all of the players

having provided themselves with pis-

tols and bowie-knives.

A warm fire was in the grate, and the

gamblers had stripped themselves of

coat and vest, ready as it appeared, for

any encounter. As spectators of this

game, Capt. Marryatt and his comrade

were closely watching the proceedings.

"Now, gentlemen," said one of the

party holding up a pack of cards, "if

you are all ready, we will begin."

"All ready for a fair set to," respon-

ded the others.

The cards were dealt, and at it they

went. The luck seemed to change

variously for some time. By and by a

original bet of five thousand dollars."

"I have bet twenty thousand," said

the young man, firmly, "and you can

call it or not just as you choose—this

is no child's play, to be and back out."

"Very well," said the other, "I give

you a fair chance. I call the twenty

thousand and could win more if I chose

to do so. There's my hand, four aces,

the best in the pack."

"Enough said," replied the other, "I

am perfectly satisfied. You have won

thirty thousand dollars: come to the

office and I will give you my check on

the bank of Louisville. I have just that

amount there the last cent I have in the

world. The old man's farm is all gone

now. I have played enough boys, let

us go and liquor." And thus the party

broke up.

About a year after this occurrence,

the *Diary of America*, by Capt. Mar-

ryatt, made its appearance in this coun-

try. Perhaps an extract from the se-

cond volume will gratify the reader.

"While I was in Louisville, I had an

opportunity of witnessing the coolness

of Americans in gambling, and of just-

ly estimating their characteristic reck-

lessness of temper. At the same time the

utter barbarity of some of their habits

was fully displayed. I was invited by

a friend to look in upon the proceedings

of a party engaged in a game of cards

much played in South West, called

"Pokey." To my utter astonishment,

I found them strapped almost to the skin,

like a gang of savages. Nor was this

all. On each corner of the table they

had deposited their various weapons—

dirks, pistols and bowie-knives—ready,

as it appeared, for a bloody fight, should

any dispute or mere difference arise.

My friend informed me that affairs

were very common in those social parties,

as he fancifully termed them, and

that he fully expected while we were

present to see the brains of some one

of the party scattered by a pistol, or a

hole or two drilled in the body with a

bowie knife. In less than an hour after

their party met, one of them (a

young man, about twenty-two years

old) lost thirty thousand dollars. Care-

lessly observing that his last dollar was

gone, he got up from the table and

coolly asked his companions to go to

the bar, and take a drink with him!

I afterwards learned the history of this

hopeful youth from the gentleman who

was with me on the occasion I have

described. A year before he had come

into possession of an estate worth one

hundred thousand dollars. Two beau-

tiful and accomplished sisters were

dependent on him; but scorning their af-

fectionate entreaties, he plunged in

vice, and in twelve months was penny-

less! Did the wretch hang himself?

Oh no! the very next morning after

the scene I have mentioned, I saw him

on the levee, with a look in his hand,

superintending the unloading of a steam-

boat! He had already obtained a place,

and betaken himself to the subordinate

occupation of a steamer clerk!"

It is a pity to spoil this capital story

of the gallant Captain—but the truth

must be told.

The young man whose history is so

graphically described was for years the

clerk of the steamer—, and never

possessed one hundred dollars of his

own during his life-time.

THE WAY WE CURED HIM.—About fif-

teen years since; there was a fellow

living with his wife on the mountains

above here, but as some of his descend-

ants may still be flourishing up in 'them

diggings' we shall simply call him Jim,

and his wife, who was a kind-hearted,

clever little woman, Betsy. Jim was

something of a spreeing character—

would go on a 'burst' for a week, and

when he got 'broke' and could obtain

no more liquor, would come home, flog

his wife, go to bed and get sober.

Things continued to go on in this way

for a year or more, until poor Betsy

became quite broken hearted.

It so happened that a party of four

of us were up in that neighborhood on

one of the nights that Jim came home

drunk. His wife had told us that she

expected a beating, and we determined

to prevent it, and if possible to cure

Jim of his pugilistic qualities. Accord-

ingly, one of our number was provided

with one of Betsy's frocks, cap and

apron, with instructions to wait until

Jim came home, and when he began

his brutal abuse 'to go into him like a

thousand of brick,' and pay him off in

his own coin.—The arrangements were

made, and Betsy had hardly time to

get out of the house before her husband

returned. He was very drunk, and as

was expected, soon began to abuse his

supposed wife.

'Why,' said he 'haven't you got supper

ready?'

'There's (sob) nothing (sob) in the

house!'

'You lie, there is, and if you don't

(hic cup) make haste and (hic) get it,

I'll beat you (hic) black and blue!'

'I tell you (sob) there's nothing.'

'Do you,' (hic) said Jim, staggering

towards her, 'dare (hic) to tell me (hic)

that there's (hic) nothing?'

'Yes!' said she rising.

'Well—take that,' shouted he aiming

a blow which would have broken the

jaw of an ox. Stepping quickly aside,

however, the force of the exertion car-

ried him to the ground. Enraged and

a little sobered by his fall, he quickly

rose and staggered again to the attack.

Once more he struck at her but this

time his blow was parried, and in re-

turn received a 'stomacher' which sent

him to the other end of the room. Re-

sistance was new to Jim—forty, fifty

times had he shamefully beaten his

unoffending wife, and never before had

she retaliated—this almost maddened

him, and he rushed at her once more

—but again was he felled to the floor.

More than half of the drunk was

knocked out of him and he came on more

warily. He was a strapping fellow,

and full six inches taller than his an-

tagonist—but he was half drunk and

had to contend against science.

'Suffice it to say, that in fifteen min-

utes he was whipped so completely that

he fairly cried for quarter. Both his

eyes were closed, and to use a common

expression he was 'knocked into a cock-

ed hat.'

Jim was astounded at his wife's progress

fully believing to the day of his

death that it was she who flogged him.

He never afterwards raised his hand

against her, and was often heard to

boast, that he and his wife could whip

any ten men that could be started in

that community.'

We had a beautiful view of the

fight from a window that commanded

the whole room. On being rallied for

not conquering Jim sooner, our pugil-

istic friend said that he could not get

'counters' in well.' We will conclude

by saying—

"The man who lays his hand upon a

woman,

Save in the way of kindness—

'Twere gross flattery to call a cow-

ard!"

Fred. Exam.

DR. BENNET AND HIS GAME OF THIM-

BLES.—We suppose that but few per-

sons in these parts ever heard of Dr.

Bennet, yet on the lower Mississippi and

its principal tributaries almost every

man or boy knows him as the most ad-

roit gambler in the country.

The game of Thimbles is the Doc-

tor's forte, played with three thimbles

and a small pellet of paper, moving

them about and so placing the pellet,

that the bystanders cannot tell where

it is to be found. The Doctor is a very

demure, simple looking individual, and

when about to engage in his game,

handles his thimbles so awkwardly that

the dullest observer will freely bet that

he can tell which thimble covers the

pellet. Often he permits the "crowd,"

but never fails to close the game large-

ly winner.

The Doctor was at Tusculum, Ala.,

one summer, idling away his time, when

a young man, a son of Judge S—, of

Lawrence county, came to town, with

a large sum of money sent to pay a