

THE MISSISSIPPI LYNX.

By Rockett & Middleton.

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

Two Dollars in Advance

"ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF LIBERTY."

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THE LYNX

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From the St. Louis Reveille.

AN INTIMATE FRIEND.

BY SOL SMITH.

There are a class of individuals who claim to know everything. Actors particularly, and particularly great actors, are their most familiar companions—Macready, Forrest and Booth are their most valued professional friends—they have known them so long and so intimately—interchanged so many civilities with them—been in their society under so many peculiar circumstances,—indeed, they have known them from childhood—they consider them as brothers!

In 1844 one of this class happened to be passenger on board the "White," on her trip from New Orleans to St. Louis, during the month of March. He was a jolly fellow, full of anecdote, and always ready with his joke, conundrum, repartee or pun. Snatches of the fashionable negro songs—called, for fashion sake, *Ethiopian melodies*—quaint sayings, and quotations from Shakespeare, were at his tongue's end—he was the life of the social hall. Not knowing his real name we will call him *Spriggins!*

The great tragedian, Macready, had been performing an engagement at the St. Charles theatre, and he was, of course, the subject of conversation in the cabin of all steamboats leaving New Orleans. Spriggins had, according to his account, attended the theatre every night Macready had acted.

"His Macbeth was great," said Spriggins, joining in a conversation by the stove in the Social Hall, smoking cigars after breakfast—"his Hamlet superb, and his Werner magnificent! I have frequently said to him, at supper, after he had been personating the latter character—"

"You know him, then?" interrupted a passenger, who was at the moment lighting a cigar by Spriggins.

"Know him?—know BILL Macready?—Well I should rather think I do! Intimately—intimately—spent most of my leisure time with him while he was in New Orleans. It was by my advice he came out to the South."

"Indeed!"

"Yes," indeed—it was a lucky thing for the managers, that I happened to be in New York on his arrival from England!—he never should have visited the South had it not been for me."

"What sort of a man is he in private life?" enquired a gentleman.

"Oh!" replied Spriggins, he is devilish haughty and austere to strangers, but in his intercourse with friends he is a very companionable sort of fellow, I assure you."

"Are you acquainted with Mr. Forrest?" asked a passenger.

"Acquainted with him?—NED Forrest? Have known him since he was a boy, we were schoolmates in Philadelphia—saw him make his first appearance as Young Norval, at the Chesnut street—it was by my advice he adopted the stage as a profession—Great man, Ned is, but after seeing Macready one does not relish Ned's acting as formerly; he is all very well as *Metamora* and *Jack Cade*, but when he attempted Shakspearean characters"—concluded this criticism by shaking his head and slightly shuddering, as a man will when he has taken a dose of salts.

"Did you see him act during his late engagement at the St. Charles?"

"No," replied Spriggins—

"though I like Ned, I couldn't persuade myself to undergo his stentorian inflictions. He called to see me once or twice, and I dined with him three times, I believe, and that's the extent of our intercourse this season."

Spriggins went on chattering about actors and actresses till near dinner time—giving very amusing accounts of their adventures during his long and intimate acquaintance with them. He knew them all like a book. The southern managers were under great obligations to him for advice—indeed, they very seldom made any engagement of consequence without consulting him. He knew all the stars and principal stock actors and actresses. He had been the prime agent in getting up most of the complimentary benefits; he had written nearly all the criticisms and puns that had appeared in the New Orleans papers during the past theatrical season; in short if his veracity was to be relied on, he was the connecting link between the public and the theatre; and, to a casual observer, it would be a matter of wonder how theatrical affairs could proceed for a single week without him.

What was he?

He knew every body connected with the stage or who had been connected with it during the last twenty years. He dined with Emperor Caldwell twice a week; it was by his advice that gentleman had built the St. Charles. We have already seen that he was on terms of intimacy with the two great tragedians of the age. Before the ringing of the dinner bell, the congregated passengers in the social hall became aware that the more humble followers of Thespis were also honored with Mr. Spriggins' acquaintance and limited regard. In regard to questions judiciously propounded by the cigar smokers, it became known that the season at New Orleans had closed, and that the company were about leaving for St. Louis; that he was bound for the same city, but had declined the invitation of Bill Macready, Jim Ryder, Joe Field, Jack Weston, and Sol Smith, to go with them in the 'Alexander Scott,' in consequence of being obliged to stop on the way at several towns on the river. "Besides," he observed, "it is a relief to be by one's self during a journey of this kind; for I knew how it would be if I went with them; long sittings over the wine bottles after dinner, late suppers, tedious stories and professional reminiscences; I am such a favorite with them all, that I should be bored to death with their attentions."

The bell rang out the summons to dinner. After the cloth had been removed, it was observed that five gentlemen remained, enjoying their wine, at the middle of the table. Spriggins cast a wishful look towards the party, but did not venture to move his chair up to the place occupied by the *bon vivants*. One of the five; a *reverend-looking* individual; observing that a gentleman lingered at the lower end of the table, after a short whispering consultation with his companions, sent the steward with the compliments of the party, and a request that Spriggins would honor them with his company and partake of a glass of wine with them. He accepted the invitation with alacrity, and was soon the merriest of the group. During the sitting, Spriggins imparted the information that he was connected with the press, and that he was on a tour through the river towns for the purpose of increasing the circulation of one of the New Orleans papers. He might proceed as far as St. Louis; Bill Macready was going to that place, and didn't know how he could get along in a city so far west without some friend to take care of him; but he didn't see; he didn't; how people could expect people to leave their business, to attend to other people's business; Jim Ryder had insisted on his going; Joe Field had expressed a great desire that he would go, and assist him to establish his projected newspaper; Jack Weston had said he must go, and Old Sol wouldn't take no for an answer.

"So," said Capt. Convers, who had just joined the party, "you are very well acquainted with these actor folks, Mr. Spriggins."

"Acquainted with actors? Oh, no—I don't know any of them—ha! ha! ha!

answered and laughed Spriggins, winking at the wine-drinkers all around—"never met any of them in all my life!"

At this moment a certain "pious child," who acted as clerk of the boat, happened to be passing by where the party were enjoying themselves.

"What's that you say, Mr. Spriggins?—not know any of the actors? Allow me to introduce you to a few; Mr. Macready, Mr. Spriggins—Mr. Ryder, Mr. Field—Mr. Weston, Mr. Sol Smith—Mr. SPRIGGINS!—Spriggins,—Macready; Weston; Spriggins; Field, Ryder, Spriggins."

The party rose to do honor to the introduction; all but Spriggins, who sat in his chair, holding a wine-glass midway between the table and his mouth, the very picture of astonishment. "Stewart!" faltered Spriggins when he had found the use of his tongue, "bring forward my trunk—I get out at Natchez."

He did get out at Natchez; and I have been told he has now stoutly denies ever having been acquainted with any members of the theatrical profession.

If there is any point or joke in this sketch, it consists in the fact, that the wine drinkers were actors only for that particular occasion—the personages whose names they assumed, for the purpose of exposing a pretending coxcomb and boaster, were a hundred miles ahead, in the famous "Alex. Scott."

MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

The following extraordinary dramatic scene, we will venture to say, has never had its parallel on this earth, and is the legitimate offspring of that strange invention, the magnetic telegraph, an invention to which the public attention at this moment is so much and universally attracted.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

On Saturday evening last, June 6th, Professor Morse, the inventor and superintendent of the Magnetic telegraph, and his assistant, Mr. Vail, at their office at Washington, wished to test the integrity of the telegraph line the whole distance through from Washington to New York, a distance of not less than 250 miles. The better to understand the singularity of the scene we are about to record, the reader must imagine four individuals, one at the office of Washington, one at Baltimore, 40 miles distant, one at Philadelphia, 108 miles farther, and one at New York, 112 miles further. The offices are at each of these places, and a communication despatched from any one is written and understood instantly at all others. We shall designate the operators by the names of the places at which they are stationed.

Washington.—Baltimore, are you in connexion with Philadelphia?

Baltimore.—Yes.

Washington.—Put me in connexion with Philadelphia.

Balt.—Ay, ay, sir; wait a minute. (After a pause.) Go ahead. You can now talk with Philadelphia.

Washington.—How do you do, Philadelphia?

Phila.—Pretty well. Is that you Washington?

Washington.—Ay, ay; are you connected with New York?

Phila.—Yes.

Washington.—Put me in connexion with N. York.

Phila.—Ay, ay; wait a minute. (After a pause.) Go ahead. Now for it.

Washington.—New York, how are you? (New York does not answer.)

Phila.—Hallo, New York, Washington is talking to you. Don't you hear him? Why don't you answer.

N. York.—I don't get any thing from him.

Washington.—I get that from New York.

Phila.—New York, Washington says he gets that from you.

Balt.—How is it that Washington hears from New York, and New York does not hear from Washington?

Phila.—There's where I am floored.

Balt.—What is the reason, Washington?

Washington.—Because New York has not properly adjusted his magnet.

Phila.—I have been hard at work all day, I feel like bricks. Had no supper.

Balt.—I have had a stiff evening's work; there have been so many messages to-night—

one alone that gave us seventeen dollars. I want to go.

Washington.—Wait a little.

Balt.—Go it ye cripples.

Phila.—Who is writing?

Washington.—Don't talk all at once.

Balt.—Mary Rogers are a case, so are Sally Thompson,

Gen. Jackson are a hoss, so are Colonel Johnson.

Phila.—Who is that? I will discuss that point.

Washington.—Baltimore, keep quiet. Philadelphia tell New York to ask me to write dots, (that is to adjust his magnet.)

Phila.—Ay, ay, sir; wait a little. New York, ask Washington to write dots.

N. York.—Ay, ay, Washington write dots. (Washington begins to write dots.) That's it.

Washington.—Do you now get what I send you?

New York.—Ay, ay.

Washington.—Did you get Prof. Morse's message to his daughter.

N. York.—Yes, from Philadelphia; but it is too late to send it over the river to-night. I am alone; the two boys are gone.

Washington.—Very well; no matter.

Balt.—Good night; I'm going.

Washington.—Good night all.

Phila.—Good night.

N. York.—Good night.

And so ends this curious scene; not an imaginary one, but one of actual occurrence. Let any one reflect upon the fact, that all these questions and answers occurred in a space of time but a very little longer than in which this unique drama has been related.

From the National Intelligencer.

INES ON THE DEATH OF MAJOR RINGGOLD.

He has fallen! he has fallen! The chivalrous and brave!

The young and ardent soldier Is dreaming in his grave!

He has fallen! he has fallen, With a glory on his name,

In the budding of his laurels, And the morning of his fame!

Death! thou art called beautiful In the innocent and fair,

As thou comest like a blessing On the evening's scented air!

But, Death! thou art more glorious, When the youthful hero dies,

With the flag of Freedom waving Like a meteor o'er his eyes!

He has fallen! he has fallen, For his country fair and free!

In the foremost ranks he's fallen, For no craven heart had he!

In the summer land they've placed him. Neath a sky that's eter blue,

And Heaven never smiled on one More generous and true! P. C. P.

A NIGHT AMONG THE MUSQUITOES IN TEXAS.

We shall never forget the first night we slept or attempted to sleep, on one of the open prairies of Western Texas, some eight years ago. Night came on with a sultry atmosphere, the southerly breeze, which usually prevails, night and day, at this season of the year, having died away at sunset.—Our party, some fifteen in number, had encamped on a stream of brackish water, and near us was a little copse or as the Mexicans term it, *motte* of timber. Having made our evening repast, the fatigues of the day gave us all an early inclination to sleep, for which due preparation was made. No sooner, however, had night commenced, than we were visited by millions upon millions of mosquitoes—first saluting us with their music and afterwards presenting us with their bills. Our beds were made upon the ground, a thick carpeting of grass and a blanket underneath, a blanket and the blue starry heavens. Mosquito bars were missing on the occasion—and a sad omission it was, for with the myriads of troublesome assailants with which we were visited, sleep was 'nowhere.' They lit upon us like a pelting rain. One could scarcely breathe without taking them in with his breath. By a single blow of the hand upon the cheek, thousands could be slain, but thrice the number seemed to be flitting by and around, to fill up the gap. The air was literally laden with them, and had it been day time, we verily believe that they would have obscured the face of the sun. It was in vain that we kindled up fires about the camp, with the hope of driving off the enemy by smoke

—the wind was at a lull, and the smoke went straight up to the heavens. It was an awful, and we may add, a sanguinary night upon the prairie, among the mosquitoes.—It was worse—far worse than would have been "a night among the wolves," so graphically described by a writer of the day. We have made allusion to this fact just now, for the sole purpose of admonishing such of our friends as may leave for Texas, that they must go prepared to encounter at least one enemy, where if blood be not actually spilled, it will be extracted on the suction principle.—*Mobile Advertiser.*

FEMALE PIETY.—The gem of all others which encircles the coronet of a lady's character is unaffected piety. Nature may lavish much on her person—the enchantment of the countenance—the gracefulness of her mien or the strength of her intellect; yet her loveliness is uncrowned, till piety throws around the whole the sweetness and power of her charms. She then becomes unearthly in her temper—unearthly in her desires and associations. The spell which bound her affections to things below, is broken, and she mounts on the silent wings of her fancy and hope to the habitation of God, where it will be her delight to hold communion with the spirits that have been ransomed from the thralldom of earth, and wreathed with a garland of glory.

Her beauty may throw its magical charm over many—princes and conquerors may bow with admiration at the shrine of riches—the sons of science and poetry may enshrine her memory in history and in song—yet piety must be her armament—her pearl. Her name must be written in the "book of life," that when mountains fade away, and every memento of earthly greatness is lost in the general wreck of nature, it may remain and swell the list of that mighty throng, which have been clothed with the mantle of righteousness, and their voices attuned to the melody of heaven.

With such a treasure, every lofty gratification on earth may be purchased; friendship will be doubly sweet—pain and sorrow shall lose their sting—and their character will possess a price far "above rubies," life will be but a pleasant visit to earth, and death the entrance upon a joyful and perpetual home. And when the notes of the last trump shall be heard, and sleeping millions awake to judgment, its possessor shall be presented faultless before the throne of God with exceeding joy, and a crown of life that shall never wear away.

Such is piety. Like a tender flower, planted in the fertile soil of woman's heart, it grows, expanding its foliage and imparting its fragrance to all around, till transplanted it is set to bloom in perpetual vigor, and unfading beauty in the paradise of God.

Follow this star—it will light you through every labyrinth in the wilderness of life, gild the gloom that will gather around you in a dying hour, and bring you safely over the tempestuous journey of death, into the heaven of promised and settled rest.

From the New York Sun.

THE HALLS OF THE MONTEZUMAS.

Montezuma II. ascended the Mexican throne A. D. 1502, at the age of twenty-three, before Mexico had been discovered by Europeans. He died 30th June, 1520, in the forty-second year of his age, of wounds inflicted by the Spanish discoverers whom he had invited to his royal palace. Historians agree in admiring his character.

On ascending the throne, not content with the spacious residence of his father, he erected another, much more magnificent, fronting on the *plaza mayor* of the present city of Mexico. So vast was this great structure, that, as one of the historians informs us, the space covered by its terraced roof might have afforded ample room for thirty knights to run their courses in a regular tourney. His father's palace, although not so high, was so extensive that the visitors were too much fatigued in wandering through the apartments, ever to see the whole of it. The palaces were built of red stone, ornamented with marble, the arms of the Montezuma family (an eagle bearing a

tiger in his talons) being sculptured over the main entrance. Crystal fountains, fed by great reservoirs of the neighboring hills, played in the vast halls and gardens, and supplied water to hundreds of marble baths in the interior of the palaces. Crowds of nobles and tributary chieftains were continually sauntering through the halls, or loitering away their hours in attendance on the court. Rich carvings in wood adorned the ceilings, beautiful mats of palm leaf covered the floors. The walls were hung with cotton richly stained, the skins of wild animals, or gorgeous draperies of feather work wrought in imitation of birds, insects and flowers, in glowing radiance of colors. Clouds of incense from golden censers diffused intoxicating odors through splendid apartments occupied by the *nine hundred and eighty* wives and five thousand slaves of Montezuma.

He encouraged science and learning, and public schools were established throughout the greater part of his empire. The city of Mexico, in his day, numbered twice as many inhabitants as at present, and one thousand men were daily employed in watering and sweeping its streets, keeping them so clean that man could traverse the whole city with a little danger of soiling his feet or his hands. A careful police guarded the city. Extensive arsenals, granaries, warehouses, an aviary for the most beautiful birds, menageries, houses for reptiles and serpents, a collection of human monsters, fish ponds built of marble, and museums and public libraries, all on the most extensive scale, added their attractions to the great city of the Aztecs. Gorgeous temples—in which human victims were sacrificed, and their blood baked in bread, or their bodies dressed for food to be devoured by the people at religious festivals—reared their pyramidal altars far above the highest edifices. Thousands of their brother men were thus sacrificed annually. The temple of Maxtli, their war-god, was so constructed that its great alarm gong, sounding to battle, roused the valley for three leagues around, and called three hundred thousand armed Aztecs to the immediate relief of their monarch. So vast was the collection of birds of prey, in a building devoted to them, that 500 turkeys, the cheapest meat in Mexico, were allowed for their daily consumption. Such were the "Halls of the Montezumas!"

The summer residence of the monarch, on the hill of *Chapeltepec*, overlooking the city, was surrounded by gardens of several miles in extent, and here were preserved until the middle of the last century, two statues of the Emperor and his father. The great cypress trees, under which the Aztec sovereign and his associates once held their moonlight revels, still shade the royal gardens. Some of them, fifty feet in circumference, are several thousand years old, but are yet as green as in the days of Montezuma, whose ashes, or those of his ancestors, rendered sacred, in the eyes of the native Mexicans, the hill of Chapeltepec. Natural decay and a waning population now mark the seat of power of the great Montezumas.

Pat's Readiness.—Pat called on a lady and gentleman in whose employ he was engaged, for the purpose of getting some tea and tobacco. "I had a dream, yer honor, last night," said he to the gentleman.

"What was it, Pat?"

"Why? I dreamt that yer honor made me a present of tobacco, and her ladyship there, heaven bless her! gave me same tay for the gude wife!"

"Ah, Pat, dreams go by contraries, you know!"

"Faith, and they may be that," said Pat without the least hesitation; "so it's your ladyship is to give me the tobacco and his honor the tay!"

A boy was asked:—"Does the leopard change his spots?" "Oh, yes, when he is tired of one spot he goes to another."

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.—A Washingtonian, in his song, says:—"When a young lady signs the pledge, it's just as good as two; For when her sweet-heart finds it out, He's got to sign it too."

The women of Philadelphia are about to assemble, or have already assembled, in public meeting, to answer a peace address from the women of Exeter, England.