

# SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH.

"He that will not reason, is a bigot; he that cannot, is a fool; and he that dare not, is a slave."

Volume 3.

RODNEY, (MISS.) FRIDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 20, 1856.

No. 2.

## THE SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH

IS EDITED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY

THOMAS B. PALMER,

At FIVE DOLLARS per year, in advance, or

SIX at the expiration of the year.

No paper discontinued until all arrears

are paid, unless at the option of the editor.

No Subscriptions received for a shorter

period than one year.

Terms of Advertising.

Per square of ten lines or less, for the first

insertion, One Dollar; for each additional

insertion, Fifty Cents.

Longer ones, five cents per line for the first,

and five cents per line for each additional

insertion.

To those who advertise by the year, a

liberal discount will be made.

Advertisements

to be inserted in the Southern Telegraph

will be charged for at the rate of

one dollar per square for the first

insertion, and fifty cents for each

subsequent insertion.

Advertisements for a shorter

period than one year, will be

charged at the rate of one dollar

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tion of truth compels me to state, that I find

the organs of *acquisitiveness* and *destructiveness*

so strong, that I can have little doubt

that he will be led on from robbery to murder,

and finally, end his days at the gallows, unless,

you take great pains in cultivating his

organs of *generosity*, &c. as explained in

my little work price 11s. 6d.

Your obedient servant,

MANUEL PALMER."

My mother's rage at this epistle may be

conceived. She instantly set off on a

crusade against the phreologist, and called on

every neighbor and gossip in the place,

denouncing the man's ignorance, and proving

it by his letter, and the well-known amiable

qualities of her interesting child. I believe

the lectures were, after all, as well attended

as ever. My father was angry with my

mother for exposing the faults of his child,

and told her she ought to have hushed up

the business. The poor lady retorted, and

a quarrel ensued. It was however made

up; and the reconciliation was evidently

sincere on my father's part, as he advised

my mother the following day to leave off

brandy and water, which they always had

been in the habit of drinking, as he thought

it would be better for her. Altho' she did

as he recommended, my father lost his wife,

and I, my kind parent in less than three

months from that time.

I wished to put my mother's tortoise-shell

cat into mourning on the occasion, and as

she wore the clothes I made for her, I resolved

to blacken those which nature had given

her with ink. I had just begun the operation,

and had placed the unfeeling animal

head-foremost down in a boat, with a

quart ink bottle in my other hand, when my

father appeared. Seeing how I was occupied

he rushed towards me. The abruptness

of his manner, (though I was doing no

harm, but on the contrary, a pious duty),

alarmed me. I fled; he pursued. He gained

ground. I heard him pull close at my

back. In my eagerness to escape, I attempted

to jump over a cooler full of ale. I should

easily have accomplished the leap, had it

not happened that at that moment—my father's

hand arrested me by the trousers behind.

He checked the impetus of my spring

and I fell, with the ink bottle, boot, and cat,

into the middle of the streaming liquid.

I screamed, the cat mewed, my father

swore. But the death of my mother, I suppose,

had softened his heart; for, in a minute

he recovered his good humor, laughed at

the cat and me, and said, "It did not matter

as the boot was the only thing that would be

worse for it." However, he made up

his mind to send me to school forthwith, to

improve my numbers, and to have me out

of harm's way."

To school I was sent, and there I remained

until I was twelve years old, at which time

my father sent for me home, put me into his

counting-house, and taught me the arts of

book-keeping and brewing. The latter I

found was a far more intricate and mysterious

process than the mere mixture of malt

and hops.

Years went on; I grew up into a man;

but as I advanced, the little town declined.

It was not a place of much trade, and as the

inhabitants died away, they were not rapidly

replenished by fresh settlers. The mercantile

activity of the place was certainly very great.

The air was voted unhealthy, though formerly

it had been considered the reverse. By some

extraordinary fatality, my father's

best customers were always the first to drop

off. I felt for him, and myself, for I was

now taken into partnership; and my mind

sympathized with Moore's beautiful lines:—

"Oh ever thus from childhood's hour

I've seen my fondest hope decay;

I never nursed a tree or flower,

But 'twas the first to fade away.

"I never nurs'd a dear gazelle

To glad me with its bright black eye,

But when it came to know me well,

And love me, it was sure to die!"

But, after all, what are gazelles to customers?

and what is the sight of its eye to the

right of a bill for beer, made out ready for

payment? Alas! these bills decreased as

the town decayed, and ere long, the Gazette

presented the names of "R. Killman & Son,

Brewers." The shock upset my father, he

never looked up afterwards, and the very

day week after the above announcement, I

saw his heels standing out of a large mesquit.

He had chosen the fate of Clarence.

With the few pounds left to me, I fled

from the fatal neighborhood to London. In

that vast metropolis I had no chance of

settling up my trade again; there were too

many in it already, with larger capitals, and

equal skill in composition to myself. For

some time I served one of the principal

breweries as a clerk—but my salary was so

small, that I could neither pay for wine or

brandy; malt liquor I could not drink—I

was too much behind the scenes for that—

and for water, which I estimated at a very

different value from that put upon it by

Pindar, I had a constitutional antipathy—I

was a second Tantulus, dying of thirst amidst

a profusion of beverage—I could bear it no

longer—I left my situation.

I was walking, with little in my pockets

except my hands, in a most melancholy

mood along Bloomsbury square, when a man

held out a paper to me. I took it, and found

it to be the puff of a patent medicine. A new

light broke in upon me. I cried out, "Eureka,"

and cut a caper in the air for joy.

My plans were quickly settled. I invested

my remaining money in drugs, phials,

and a chest, and set out on a tour to the

country, resolving to commence like an actor

or counsellor, with provincial celebrity

at first. It was indifferent to me whether I

directed my steps, and the accident of seeing

a notice of reduced fares, led me to book

my place for Birmingham.

As soon as I arrived at that populous

town, I boldly engaged a handsome lodg-

ing, and put an advertisement into the

paper, wherein, drawing upon the credit of

my future fame, I announced that Dr. Thal-

ala Killman was to be consulted on every

disease to which the human frame is liable,

but he had more especially devoted his

attention to nervous, cutaneous, chronic, epi-

leptic, intestinal, and mental disorders.—

The doctor had studied the superior practice

on the continent; he had been entrusted

to draw the teeth of the Emperor of Russia,

had operated on the King of Prussia for

the stone, and cured the Queen of Sardinia

of *dyspepsia vulgaris*. From those distinguished

individuals, and others no less celebrated,

he had received the most satisfactory

testimonials.

I spent the interval, till the appearance

of my advertisement, in writing out auto-

graphs of those illustrious persons, and in

mixing my newly invented BALSAM OF

BETHESDA. This consisted of stimulating

and narcotic drugs, most of which had

formerly been used by my respected father,

but in more diluted quantities.

The first patient that ever visited me was

an elderly lady, who complained of lowness

of spirits. She said she was always miser-

able, except when in company. I did not

wonder at this, when I heard her mode of

life, which was, to play at cards to a very

late hour every night, and to lie in bed to

an equally late one the next day. She said

she wished for some medicine which would

not interfere with her usual engagements.

I gave her three of my guinea bottles of

Balsam, and desired her to call again, when

she had taken them. I saw her no more.

On referring to my Journal, (I had super-

scribed it my *Diary*), I find the next who

came was of the same sex, but a very differ-

ent age. Her complaint was love, and her

lover had been fickle. I sold her two

bottles of my Balsam. She called again in

a week, said she had taken it all, had felt

very sick, and ill in body, but had quite got

over her original complaint. I told her she

had better have a couple bottles by her, for

future occasions, to which she agreed. I

understood that shortly afterwards she had

a large sum of money; left her, that, by a