

SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH.

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

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THE SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH

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POETRY.



From the Franklin Repository.
We rescue our own names, character, and honor from all participation in this matter; and whatever the wayward character of the times, the headlong and plunging spirit of party devotion, or the love of power, may have been able to bring about elsewhere, we desire to thank God, that they have not as yet overcome the love of liberty, fidelity to true republican principles, and a sacred regard for the Constitution, in that State whose soil was drenched to a mire, by the first and best blood of the revolution.—Mr. Webster's Protest.

Aye—honestly and fearlessly,
Thy duty hath been done!
Champion of truth and liberty!
New England's gifted son!
Well won the State that gave thee birth
Exciting bear thy name—
That to the furthest bounds of earth
Her glory shall proclaim!

Firm leader of that Roman band
Who in the lawless hour,
(When e'en the Guardians of our land
Cringed to the nod of power);
True to their country's sacred trust
Disdain to bend the knee,
And saw with indignation just
The shameful mockery.

What thence in freedom's holy cause
Thy voice was heard in vain!
For when did party spirit pause
At truth's persuasive strain!
Thy voice, in every patriot soul
Hath made an answering tone;
And still the echoes onward roll,
To cheer the brave and true.

And blanch that not—though darkly now
That way of power hath spread,
A spirit it can never bow
Is rising from the dead;
And men are murmuring of the past,
And rousing them to see
The fearful doubts that overcast
Their future liberty.

Then onward! Then whose warning cry
Hath broke the heedless rest,
Until thy own true energy
Glowed in each freeman's breast!
Until the faithful of yore,
Our father's only guide,
Invited Columbia hearts once more,
With all thy patriot pride!

Aye, point them to the Pilgrim Rock!
And to the hallowed mound,
Where Warren met the battle shock,
In death with glory crown'd!
Let every burning word recall
The struggles of the brave,
Who nobly dared and suffered all
Their dearest rights to save.

The glorious dead!—it shall not be
That they have lived in vain!
While on the page of memory
Their thrilling deed remain!
Hath not each State some sacred spot,
Her freedom's chosen shrine?
Some record need to be forgot,
Proud as the boast of time?

these with poor Jane in her arduous task. They will understand with what reluctance they entered its precincts, and how often she was driven from it by the supercilious looks of the lady who "ruled the roost." All these difficulties she encountered; and sometimes looked back with a sigh, to her first experiment in house keeping, when, with her woman of all works, and Martha's little girl, every thing went smoothly on, in harmony and confidence. But this was a trifle compared to the apparent change in her husband's temper. From frank hearted, open confidence in all around him, he began to be tenacious of civility; thought such a one looked coldly; it must be because they had not returned their call, or some other reason as important. Then he sometimes repeated his jests, which Jane felt were sarcasms.

"How long it is," said Jane one morning, "since uncle Joshua has been here!"
"I suppose," said Frank, "he feels an awkwardness, on account of our different rank in life."
"Oh, no, that is wholly unlike him—Suppose we send and ask him to come and dine to-day?"
"Not to-day. I have invited Professor R. and Dr. B. You know they are both intellectual men. How would they enjoy his dinner?"

"Besides," said Jane, "when he comes, we must let all the children dine at the table. We will ask him to-morrow, and appoint dinner at two."
"With all my heart," said Frank, as he went out to pay a visit to the market, followed by his servant with the market basket.

Jane began her preparations for dinner. Her constant change of servants, and increasing trouble with them, often made this an arduous task. She was soon in the midst of glass and china; and, assisted by the chambermaid, began to lay the table. They had got it nearly completed, with its plates, wine glasses, and tumblers, all in a row, when she was alarmed by a ring at the door. The chambermaid was despatched with strict injunctions to let nobody in, but say that she was not at home.—There was evidently a party, and the step of a person was heard approaching. With a sudden feeling of mortification at being caught, Jane rushed into the closet, and closed the door after her. The sound of Uncle Joshua's voice struck her ear as he entered.

"Are you sure she is not at home?" said he to the girl.
"O, yes, sir, quite sure. I saw her put on her things and go out."
"How long has she been gone?"
"Full an hour," said the girl, who, as these kind of people often do, overrated her part.
"Then probably she'll be back soon, and I'll wait for her."
"O, no, sir, she said she would not be back till dinner time."
"Why, you look as if you were going to have a company of aldermen to dine!"
The girl answered in a simpering tone, "No, sir, only two or three friends."

Jane, during this conversation, felt a consternation that dissuaded her from acting judiciously, which would have been to have come out from her hiding place, and told the simple truth. But she knew her uncle's straight forward mind, and she was sure he would not make the distinction which custom and fashion warrant, of not at home, as meaning engaged. The girl too had so positively implicated her in a falsehood—had shown so completely that she understood no qualification—that Jane felt the utmost horror at being detected.—She actually looked out of the window to see if there was no possibility of escape. In the mean time Uncle Joshua laid down his hat and cane, seated himself by the open window, and asked for a glass of water.

Jane at length came to the conclusion that she had better remain perfectly quiet, that his calls were never long, and she would send for him the next day, and thus escape all unpleasant feeling. To her dismay, however, she presently heard him call for the morning's paper. She knew that he was one of those inveterate newspaper readers, that go through the whole, and she tried to be resigned to at least an hour's imprisonment. Alas! what a situation! The dinner at a stand, the marketing would be back, and ducks and geese in waiting! At length, however, Uncle Joshua got to the end of the everlasting newspaper; and as he folded it up, told the girl, who had entered the room every five minutes, to say to his niece, that he was very sorry not to see her, but could not wait any longer. Then turning suddenly upon the closet door, he grasped the handle.

"Sir, sir," exclaimed the girl, "that is the wrong door."
It was too late. He had turned the lock and the door came open! There stood Jane crouched up in one corner, not pale as a lily, but the color of a full blown piny. His surprise for a moment, was extreme. But he was not slow of comprehension; and the truth rushed upon him greatly exaggerated—for he believed it was a contrivance to avoid seeing him. He stood silent with his eye fixed upon her.

"Dear Uncle," said she, "I thought it was a stranger; I did not know it was you when I ran into the closet."
"Silence!" said he; "no more falsehoods! Begone!" turning to the chambermaid.—"And you have learned that poor ignorant girl to perjure her soul by falsehoods!" Jane, Jane, I have loved you like my own child; but I shall trouble you no more. You shall no more be obliged to send word to your uncle that you are not at home. And he turned to go.

"You must not go, my dear, dear uncle," said Jane, throwing her arms around him. "You must hear my explanation."

"I tell you I will not be the cause of any more falsehoods."
"And you will give me up! Your sister's only child, who was left an orphan to your care; whom you have carried in your arms; whom you have held upon your knee; whom you have cherished in your bosom; when there was no other bosom to receive her!"
"Then," said the old man with a faltering voice, "then you will give me up—my own true Jane. Then I had nothing but you to love; and now I have nothing—nothing." And he threw himself upon a chair, and put his handkerchief to his eyes.

"My dear uncle, only hear me; I told the girl to say that I was not at home if any body called."
"And yet you were at home!" said he indignantly.
"But every body says so—it is not any falsehood. It only means that they are not at home to company. It is understood."
"Understood they are hid in the closet?" His anger evidently began to yield, for he laughed. "O, Jane, what a ridiculous figure you cut, when I stumbled upon the wrong door! I am glad I did it; it is a good lesson for you."

"Indeed it is, uncle. I promise you I will never say I am not at home again when I am."
"Cooled up," continued he, again laughing, "in one corner, like a mouse in a cheese, and there had been shut up a whole hour like a naughty child."
"I shall blush to think of it as long as I live."
"And so you ought, to tell a downright falsehood."
"Dear uncle, nobody calls it a falsehood; it only means that you are very busy, and cannot see company."

"Then, why not say so at once? But the girl said that you were out, and would not be at home till near dinner."
"That was entirely her own addition.—She had no right to say so, she was not told to say any thing, but that I was not at home."
"You allow, then, that she told an untruth?"
"Certainly, I do."
"Now tell me, Jane, if you think she thought it more of an untruth to say, you were out than you were not at home? It is all the same thing."

Jane found it was in vain to try to convince her uncle, and she only hung upon him, and begged of him to love her as he used to do. The old man could not long retain his resentment, and he said with a serious air, "I willingly forgive you of your offence to me; but I am no priest. I cannot forgive your telling a falsehood. You must ask pardon of a higher power."
When he made a motion to go, Jane entreated him to stay to dinner. "It is such a long walk," said she, "you must not go; we were going to send for you to-morrow. I shall not think you have forgiven me, if you refuse."

Uncle Joshua at length consented, and she felt as if a load was taken from her heart,—for she loved him affectionately. She took him into another room, got him all the papers she could collect, and went on cheerfully with her preparations.

When Frank returned, he expressed his pleasure at seeing Uncle Joshua; for, however unfashionable and inelegant he might deem him, he could not refuse him the tribute of respect. The guests were men of good sense and intelligence. They were struck with the independence and originality of Uncle Joshua's character. He conversed without timidity or affectation, and felt no mortification at not knowing what never came within the sphere of his observation. All this Jane would have highly enjoyed, could she have spared any time from her dinner. The servant was a raw country lad, who required being told when to take a plate and where to put one. The boiled turkey was underdone, and the ducks overdone; the oyster sauce spoiled before it came to the table; and by the time dinner was over she looked as red as if she had been cooking herself. When Jane rose to leave the table, her uncle said he would go with her to see the children. They repaired to the nursery, found them with empty plates, gazed to the ears, loudly vociferating for Sully, the chambermaid, who was assisting below, to bring them more dinner. Jane at last succeeded in quieting them, and told her uncle that the nursery maid left them the day before. The Misses Pultons will one voice, said "Hurray! it was a good day for them, that hated her." After Uncle Joshua had made his visit to them, he said, "now Jane, I want to see you alone."

Jane led the way with fearful misgivings; for she saw a shade of melancholy on his countenance.
"My dear," said he, "sit down by me, and take every thing kindly as I mean it."
"You know I first opposed your marriage, because I thought your husband could not make enough to support you; but afterwards I saw I was mistaken. Law you not only comfortable, but increasing all that seemed necessary; for then you were moderate in your desires and expenses. I have since felt misgivings, when I saw you increasing your manner of living. But I said, they know best their own means, and I believed that you were at least happier; but indeed, Jane, I must say that I find it otherwise. When I last dined with you in R. street, your dinner was simple and well cooked; your little smiling children around you, well behaved, and patiently waiting their turn to be helped. How was it to-day? A costly and more than abundant dinner spoiled in the cooking; a change of plates, knives and forks, with difficulty to be procured. The children shut up in a chamber noisy and half fed, and their mother,

looking feverish and unhappy, and unable to attend to the conversation at the table, hardly to give answers to her guests, as necessarily was she engrossed with the dinner."
"Oh, uncle, what a picture!"
"I dare say, Jane, you want to tell me every body does so; but I know better than that. It is very well for people to live in what is called style if they have all things in agreement; if they can afford to have the best of attendance, of cooks, &c., but there is no gentility in doing things by halves."

"Indeed, uncle," said Jane, rallying her spirits, "we were very unfortunate to-day. Our servants are all bad; I hope to get better; and I have a very good nursery maid engaged."
"A nursery maid! Take care of your children yourself, don't make them over to a nursery maid; let them have their seats at your table. I feel indignant when I see these little men and women turned over to nursery maids. And now, Jane, I know I have made this day an uncomfortable one for you, and God knows it has been so for me. I should be very sorry if I had not meant by all my advice, to do you the greatest good I have ever done you yet; and I close with one remark,—that no style of living is good, or to use your own phrase, genteel, that is not through, consistent and well carried through. God bless you!—and he hurried away."

A WIFE! GIVE ME MY WIFE!
A few days since a person came blustering into our office, and puffing and blowing like a steam engine, inquired of our "devil" whether the editor was in, at the same time rapidly striding towards the farther end of the office, stumbling in his progress over cases, pi, and ink kegs, when he finally seated himself upon our ink block. Thus seated, after a momentary breathing, he again vociferated, "I want to see the Editor—where's the Editor?" While he was thus seated his countenance the very picture of agitation, "We" came in, when he attempted to rise from his seat, the ink being stiffened by the cold; this required more than ordinary effort, but at length succeeding, he approached, and with an air of desperation addressed us, vociferating—"Mr. Editor, where's my wife! I want my wife! Give her up to me!" At first a little astonished at this abrupt demand, we soon cooled and collectedly replied,—"Good fellow, we have not got your wife, nor any one else's wife, not even our own wife." I want my wife—give her up, and I'll pay you. O my dear wife, where do you keep her! The Mayor sent me over, and says you can give her to me, and by — you shall!" We assured him again, that we had not his wife, nor did we know any thing about her. On this second announcement, our modern Coslebs, in search of a wife, became less impatient in his manner and gesture, and coolly inquired—"Aint it you that prints the Workingmen's Advocate I seen in New Orleans? And didn't I see your dear wife's name in it? and aint I the long lost husband she advertised for? and didn't I just come to town, and go to the Mayor, and he showed me across here, and said you'd show me where my wife is!" The "th" then struck us of an advertisement, headed "Information wanted," &c. This explained all—his wife had advertised for her husband, and named who to call upon that she might be found. Thus all finally closed in harmony, except the discordant tones in laughter, from every quarter of the establishment, originating from a grin of our devil, while pointing to the ink block and the posterior of our hero.—Indeed it was laughable. If he had left a deep impress upon our ink block, he had received, in return, an impression if not as deep, more durable.—Pittsburgh Democrat.

[From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.]
MONSTEROUS SNAKE STORY.
Our readers will probably recollect that some weeks since, we gave an account of an extraordinary case in Callowhill street, in this city, of a living snake existing in the stomach of a man. When about fifteen years of age, he stopped to drink at a spring in a field, and while drinking, felt a sensation resembling that produced by solid substance gliding down his throat. About six weeks afterwards, he felt a singular sensation in the stomach, resembling the movements of a living animal, and sometimes attended with unpleasant irritation or titillation, especially just before meals, and when he had been a long time without food.—These symptoms continued to increase till the thirty-fifth year of the patient, which has recently completed, he suffered almost constant uneasiness, and sometimes excruciating pain. His appetite was very irregular, being sometimes so small that he would not consume more than an ounce of solid food daily for a week and at other times he was so voracious, that he would eat five pounds of beef daily for a month.

One remarkable symptom was that during these periods of abstinence, he gained flesh at the rate of ten pounds weekly, and during the periods of voracity, he lost a still greater degree, and was sometimes exceedingly emaciated. While gaining flesh under this loss of appetite, his pulse was irregular, digestive organs much deranged, his sleep disturbed, and sometimes entirely suspended for forty eight hours. He suffered severely from pain in the occipital region of the head, in the shoulder blades, the thumb of the left hand, and had cadaverous paleness, and he was subject, nightly, to profuse colliquative sweats. In the mean time, the abdomen increased greatly in size, and a motion like that of a cat in a bag, was apparent to the hand when laid upon the region of the stomach. But he was at all times subject to fainting fits of a

peculiar kind. Sometimes he dropped, down suddenly without, sense or motion. At other times he nearly fell, but recovered immediately. The sensation, as he described it, was that of a violent blow within the stomach, and very much like that produced by an electric shock, except being more local.

He had been for ten years under the care of his family physician, and had been subjected to the various modes of treatment, without any abatement of these symptoms. He had taken most active emetics, and the most drastic cathartics, without any good effect. All the while he insisted that some living animal was in his stomach, and related the incident at the spring, and his subsequent sensations. His physician was incredulous, saying that he had read such things, but did not consider any case well authenticated, or believe that any animal could resist the solvent power of the gastric fluids in the human stomach. The patient, finding every unpleasant symptom increasing, resolved to seek additional aid, and a consultation was ordered. Five of our most eminent physicians attended, and after a minute examination, came to the conclusion that the conjecture of the patient was probable. They also said that comparative anatomy furnished analogies; for living frogs, toads and fishes, had been found in the stomachs of snakes, many hours after they were swallowed, and that this proved the power of the vital principle in resisting, to a great extent, the solvent power of the gastric fluids.

They ordered entire abstinence from all food; and accordingly the patient took none for five days. During this period, the pain in the stomach was excruciating, and the motion violent, resembling that of a spiral revolution of a rope upon a cylinder. The pain becoming too intense to bear, the patient was in a raving delirium, the physicians suggested that opium might act upon the nerves of the stomach, without affecting the animal if it were one, and that in search of food, it might force its way through the oesophagus. This was tried and with success—the patient being thrown into a disturbed sleep, while the motion in the stomach increased in violence. He was then held in a recumbent position, with the face downwards, and the body inclined to an angle of 45 degrees, the head being lowest.

In about ten minutes the cause of the difficulty was manifest. A snake of dark brown color, and large size, protruded full eight inches from the mouth, with its eyes bright and glaring with every manifestation of rage. One of the physicians immediately seized it by the neck, with the intention of drawing it out, but suddenly fell flat upon the floor, without sense or motion, as if struck by lightning! Like the conger eel, the torpedo, and several other species of marine animals; the reptile was electric, and thus were the fainting fits of the patient explained.

But a measure was soon devised to meet this difficulty. One of the physicians covered the handles of a large pair of forceps with silk, and stood ready to seize the snake should it again appear. This soon happened, and it was seized and drawn out about two feet, struggling most violently, and emitting tremendous shocks of electricity. Two of the attending physicians, who accidentally touched it in their struggle, were knocked down. It was now feared that the electric shocks would destroy the patient, and it was farther more ascertained that from its size, it could not be drawn out without imminent danger of rupturing the oesophagus. But fertile in expedients, they suggested a new plan, which was to suffer the reptile to come out as far as possible, then with a sharp instrument, to sever the head and to extract the body by an incision into the stomach.

In about an hour it again appeared; the patient all the while being insensible from the effects of opium, aided, perhaps, by the electric shocks of the reptile. It protruded about two feet, and with a sharp hatchet prepared for the purpose, it was suddenly divided about eighteen inches below the head. The lower part suddenly disappeared within the stomach, exhibiting violent emotions for about two minutes. An incision was then made, and the fragment was extracted. It proved to be a conger eel, of the electric species, 4 feet long and 3 inches in diameter.

All unpleasant symptoms have since disappeared, the wound in the stomach is healing rapidly and the patient is recovering his strength. We consider this the most remarkable case on record, of living animals found in the human stomach. A full report of the case will soon be published in our medical journals, under the sanction of the attending physicians.

[From the Hamilton (Tenn.) Observer.]
REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.
It is well known to our readers that among the many natural curiosities found in the vicinity of the Great Laurel Ridge, (Cumberland Mountains,) many human skeletons and bones of animals have been discovered, some of them in a petrified state. These caves abound in prodigious vaulted apartments and chambers, which, when viewed with torch light, exhibit scenes of gloomy grandeur that astonishes the beholder. Several petrified trees have also been discovered on the banks of the river near this ridge, as also bones of mammoths and other animals whose races are now extinct.

But the most remarkable discovery that has ever been made in this part of the country—if not the greatest natural curiosity in the world—was brought to light on Sunday 24th January, by two scientific gentlemen with whom we are acquainted, and who were now in town. They have been for several weeks exploring the caves above alluded to, and gathering such curiosities as they wished to take away.

They are provided for this purpose with a boat of gum elastic, and capable of burying two persons. With this boat and other conveniences procured for the purpose, they will, undoubtedly, before they leave their task, penetrate every accessible hole in the West Cumberland mountains—for they are determined to spend the whole season among them.

The wonderful discovery which will now shortly be presented to the public, is three petrified bodies entire, one of a dog, and two of human bodies, one of them holding a spear. It is believed by these gentlemen that all three of the bodies may be removed from their position in a perfect state—though the dog, being in a lying posture upon a flat rock, it will undoubtedly be a difficult task to remove it unharmed.—The human bodies appear to be those of men—probably hunters. Their clothing can hardly be distinguished—but still it is evident that that too was in a measure turned into stone. They are described thus, one sitting with his head leaned as it were, against a projecting rock—and the other standing, with a spear balanced in his hand, as though he was surprised, and had just started upon a quick walk. The dog lies as if crouched in terror, or about to make a spring—but the features of the body are not distinct enough to determine which position.

This wonderful formation cannot be accounted for in any other way than that these persons were buried by some terrible convulsion of nature. The cave in which they were found is full 125 feet into the mountain, and is situated about a mile and a half beyond what is called Mammoth Grove, in a direct line. The entrance to the place is difficult, and it is thought it was never before attempted at all. At the foot of the entrance to the cave is a considerable brook of water, which appears to gush from all parts of it. There is also a ralley thence to the river. The gentlemen who made this interesting discovery are making active preparations to bring away the bodies, which they intend forwarding to New York.

Since the above was written, we have had an invitation to visit the cave and bodies, which we shall most certainly accept. We have hitherto declined to mention the names of the persons to whom we have alluded in this account. One of them is a wealthy English gentleman, resident of Philadelphia, John Chester, Esq. and his companion is Mr. Jacob L. Davis, a Philadelphian. The object of their scientific resources is principally their own gratification. We shall not week by week send readers some further particulars relative to the position of the cave, &c. which our visit will enable us to do.

[From the New Orleans Bulletin, March 18.]
THE RACES.
We hardly ever saw such a throng as there was yesterday at the race ground. The cars commenced running early in the day, and although there were two trains crowded full inside and out, besides one steamboat and many hacks, many also desirous to go, were unable, we believe, to procure the means of conveyance. The rush for the cars was astonishing. Many walked up the track a mile or more to secure a seat as they came down, and others dashed precipitately in as they came along to the great danger of their limbs. We presume there must have been nearly five thousand persons on the ground, and among these, the beauty and fashion concentrated in the members' stand, formed an imposing and admirable show.

The day was an admirable one for the sport, and the track seemed to be in very fine order. We did not arrive in time to see the first heat, but enjoyed the last very much. Seven horses were entered, including several colts of fine metal and blood.—Angora led the way the whole time, but was followed very closely by several others during the first round. On the repeat she seemed to have but one competitor for the foremost place,—this one during the last quarter kept close behind her, but was unable to come up abreast.

The contest was by no means exciting, and the majority seemed content with the first that Angora would prove victorious. Bets were made as high as four to one on her against the field, and her friends, we believe, won a considerable amount at a great odds.

Angora's success here and at Matched not long since will entirely remove the unfavorable opinion of the speed, caused by her defeat at Louisville, and she will now become as celebrated as ever for her fleetness and power as a racer.

Today the lovers of the turf will no doubt enjoy a great pleasure in beholding the contest between the famous Linnet and American Citizen. These two are entered, and it is supposed, from the celebrity of both, that the race will be a very close one.

Great praise is due to Col. Oliver and the members of the Jockey Club, both for the neatness and convenience of all the arrangements at the course, and for the good order with which the sports were conducted. Not the least confusion or disorder prevailed among the large assembly present. The only cause of complaint we heard of was the want of conveyance, and this we presume arose from the fact that the Railroad proprietors had no idea the crowd would be so great. Hereafter we hope this difficulty will not be experienced.

Truth lives in the bosom of a well.—Globe.
Yes, Sir—and the great business of your life is to fill up that well with dirt, stones, and all the vile rubbish, that you and your thousand scavengers can rake together.
Louisville Journal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"THREE WAYS OF LIVING."

We extract an amusing passage from this excellent and interesting book.
As the appearance of property had become necessary, economy must be practised somewhere, to bring out the year.—This, of course, fell upon the interior. Jane had been in the habit of superintending her own affairs, and seeing that nothing was wanted, and nothing used superfluously. This system, while it extended to each and to all, was cheerfully received. But when the domestics found that the luxuries of the kitchen were not proportionate to the parlor, they told her that she might look out for other help. "These mistresses of families who have experienced the harassing labors of keeping up a showy appearance in the parlor, with the strictest economy in the kitchen, will sympathize