

SOUTHERN PIONEER,

AND CARROLL, CHOCTAW AND TALLAHATCHIE COUNTIES ADVERTISER.

By G. W. H. BROWN.

CARROLLTON, MISSISSIPPI, SATURDAY MARCH 20, 1841.

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Prospectus,
For publishing in the town of Carrollton, Carroll county, Miss., a weekly paper to be entitled the **Southern Pioneer,**

(BY G. W. H. BROWN.)
UNDER the above title of the "SOUTHERN PIONEER," we propose to publish in the town of Carrollton, a new Weekly Paper, devoted to Politics, both State and National, Agriculture, the current news of the day, and the advancement of the great cause of Education. This paper will be devoted to what its conductor believes to be the best interests of the State and county. It will advocate the great Whig cause which you have recently seen so signally triumphant. Believing, that the principles put forth by the great Whig party as the tenets of its political creed, are the only true ones on which this Government was originally founded, and on which it should be administered, this paper will lend to those principles, whenever and wherever espoused, its humble but cordial support.

No man or set of men, will be by us unscrupulously sustained at the expense of principle. "PRINCIPLES NOT MEN," is our motto—by this rule shall we be governed, and in subjecting all to this test, we shall as we find them, judge with impartiality, admonish with candor, and reprehend with justice. As humble Pioneers in the great cause of political truth, we shall ever point to the cardinal virtues of a representative Government. But, the interests of our State, and more particularly of our county, shall receive at our hands a constant and an earnest advocacy. While our sister counties have been the object of Legislative action, and Executive patronage, the county of Carroll has remained comparatively unknown and unappreciated. It shall therefore be our pride, as well as our duty, to develop its vast resources and point out its numerous advantages. The cause of education, the cause of enlightened and progressive civilization, the only true bulwark of a nation's freedom, shall receive that attention its importance demands. In fine, as humble Pioneers in the great crusade against ignorance and error, we shall shoulder our mattock and shovel, and taking our place in the great march of modern improvement, our course shall ever be as Marston said to Stanley, "ONWARD."

TERMS.—The "PIONEER" will be published every Saturday morning at FIVE DOLLARS in advance, or SIX DOLLARS at the expiration of six months, or SIX DOLLARS FIFTY at the end of the year.

NO PAPER WILL BE DISCONTINUED UNTIL ALL ARREARAGES ARE PAID.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the rate of ONE DOLLAR per square (eight lines) for the first, and FIFTY CENTS for each subsequent insertion. The number of insertions must be marked upon the ms. or it will be published until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

Articles of a personal nature, whenever admitted will be charged at double the above rates. Political circulars or public addresses, for the benefit of individual or companies, charged as advertisements.

Announcing candidates for office \$10 each.
YEARLY ADVERTISING.—For forty lines, or less, renewable at pleasure, each week, \$65.
Bills for advertising are due when the work is done, and MUST be paid when presented for.

JOB PRINTING.
In connection with the PIONEER OFFICE, is a large assortment of new and fashionable FANCY TYPE, which enables us to execute all orders for Job Printing in fine style. We solicit patronage in this line, at prices the same as other well regulated offices in Mississippi. Orders from Attorneys, Clerks, Sheriffs, &c., promptly attended to.

ALL JOB WORK—CASH.
Letters or Communications to the publisher must be POST-PAID, or they will not be taken out.

La Belle Caroline.

BY H. B. HIRST.

Not for those charms in matchless beauty glowing,
Not for those eyes beaming with heavenly light,
Not for those tresses on the soft breeze flowing,
Black as the pinions of the shadeful night,
Not for the faithful beauties I deem thine,
My heart I give, Belle Caroline.

No! for all these are trifles of the hour,
Trifles that fade, as fides a dream away;
And tho' the heart acknowledges their power,
The mind in sorrow feels they soon decay;
Virtue is richer than the Indian mine,
And that is thine, Belle Caroline.

I oft have felt the heaven of an eye;
Bent me unto the magic of a smile;
Listen'd with transport to a gentle sigh,
Happy that love could thus my thoughts beguile;
But not a glance, a sigh, an eye like thine,
I'er felt, Belle Caroline.

Fair girl, tho' life seems richly bright before thee,
Blossoms spring perfumed up to deck thy way;
Tho' skies are cloudless, friendship hovers o'er thee,
And hopes, bright hopes stand forth in rich array,
Think not of these, for pleasures more divine,
Await the good, Belle Caroline.

CHINESE WAR SONG.

Hark, hark to the tramp of the fiery steeds!
Hark, hark to the kettle drum!
A flashing blade each phalanx leads,
And in one dark cloud they come!
They come, with the glancing lance before,
And the crooked scymetar!
Hark, hark to the cry, Rhumore! Rhumore!
Mid the thunder of the war!

Oh weep! oh weep ye Tartar maids,
And braid your locks of jet,
With the palest flowers of the cypress glades,
For the Tartar star has set!

Charge! charge again, green Colin's lords!
With the glittering spear in rest!
The horse-hoof tramps on the Tartar hordes,
And rings on the Tartar crest!
But one bright lance is waving o'er
The dark host proudly there!
And again the cry, Rhumore! Rhumore!
Peals loud on the battle air.

Oh weep! oh weep ye Tartar maids,
And braid your locks of jet
With the palest flowers of the cypress glades,
For the Tartar star has set!

THE PLOUGH.—It is not known where he that invented the plough was born, nor where he died, yet he has effected more for the happiness of the world than the whole race of heroes and conquerors, who have drenched it with tears and manured it with blood, and whose birth, parentage and education have been handed down to us with a precision precisely proportionate to the mischief they have

ALEXANDER McLEOD.

We copy the following from the New York Journal of Commerce. It is from the brother of Alexander McLeod, now imprisoned at Lockport, New York, and awaiting his trial upon a charge of murder and arson in the affair of the Steamboat Caroline.

We lay it before our readers because the important consequences involved in the affair, have excited intense interest.—Nash. Ban.

KINGSTON, U. C. Feb. 1841.

GENTLEMEN:—I have read in the Kingston Chronicle of yesterday a letter signed, "Justice & Peace," on the subject of the Caroline, extracted from your journal, together with your remarks on the same subject, both of which have so much pleased me, by their just views of the case, and the spirit of candor in which they are written, that I cannot refrain from laying before you, and should you think proper, before the public, the following statement of facts:

With the right or policy of destroying the Caroline, I have little or nothing to do. On this side of the line, the right is questioned by few, and I have little doubt the time is not far distant when it will also be acknowledged by the thinking and impartial amongst our citizens. Be that as it may, public opinion on either side is evidently not the proper tribunal for a decision of the question; but from the singular position in which my brother is placed in connection with this case, his friends must take a deep and painful interest, and this must be my excuse for thus intruding upon you; for although it were folly in me suppose I can, to any extent, influence men's minds in the matter, yet I consider it my duty to give a plain unvarnished statement in regard to my brother's alleged participation in the act for which he stands committed, as far as I am able, and to correct certain mis-statements which will be hereafter alluded to.

On the 29th December, 1837, my brother and myself, and thousands besides, were at Chippewa, for the purpose and with the determination of defending our country against any attack from several hundreds of rebels and pirates assembled on Navy Island. In the course of the day, a small steamboat was seen plying between Schlosser and the Island, evidently busy in the cause of the occupants. She was rightly conjectured to be the Caroline, which it was well known had been getting ready for the purpose for several days before at Buffalo. Any patriotic mind can easily conceive the feelings, which the sight of this boat and her occupation engendered in the minds of our people, and deep and loud were the imprecations against her: but not a word of the attempt at capture was made public, and certain I am my brother was not one of those to whom it was made known, or very probably he might have been one of the party. But in the evening, he rode down to Stamford, (a village four miles from the former place,) where he remained at a friends house till next morning.

I went to the quarters of some acquaintances, volunteers from this town, where I lay down for the night; but was awoke about midnight by one of them who said: "We must turn out—there is something going on." We did so, and proceeded to the mouth of the Chippewa, where a fire was being lighted.—Immediately we observed on the opposite shore a vessel on fire, partially at first, but soon in a blaze and moving down the river towards the falls. It was the Caroline. She had met her fate. What the full consequences may be time must tell. I remember well, while I watched her hurrying on to destruction, and felt that her fate was just, I likewise thought of the ill feeling she was likely to occasion between the two nations, considering the cause which the American border people had espoused. She had barely passed on to complete destruction, when her captors landed where I stood; from several boats. Had my brother been there I should have seen him; but I confess I did not look for him. I never thought of his being there, and there he was not. He knew nothing of the burning of the Caroline, till next morning; and if I am not mistaken, he knew it first from me. The rise of the rumor of his being there, I cannot only account for thus: He was active, and sufficiently daring, to assist in that which, in either of our Navies would be only thought a common "cutting out affair;" and had been round the Island that day in a boat; along with several who were really at the destroying of the boat.—Had he been there, I feel certain that no fear of consequences would have made him deny it; but to be stigmatized as a murderer on one side, and foolishly lauded by some as a hero on the other, on account of a transaction in which he had no share, can be any thing but pleasant.

It has indeed been asserted that he has boasted of being at the burning of the boat. To those who know him and the circumstances, I need say nothing. To those who do not, I say it is a gross falsehood. He has been blamed too, by many, for laying himself open to an arrest by entering the United States: but what had he in justice to fear? He had been vaguely accused, without cause, of being guilty of what we consider no crime—and was this sufficient to prevent a British subject from entering the United States on his lawful business? It is true a "true bill" had been found by the Grand Jury of Niagara county in the early part '38 against one Angus

arrested on this indictment in August last, was duly liberated after a short confinement. But the persevering enemies of all good subjects of the British crown, the "Patriots" of the frontier, had not done with him, and on again visiting Buffalo, or rather on his return, he must be again arrested, and by an accumulation of the most gross perjury, and against the most direct and respectable evidence in his favor, thrown into prison, where he must not only abide the uncertain effects of the law, but the will of the mob.

He has not deserved such treatment from the hands of any portion of the American people. He had no quarrel with them,—well and favorably known to many of them, liberal and courteous to all with whom he had dealings, could he have expected the Government and People of a great Nation would look coolly on, while his liberty, and even his life, was made the sport of a vile conspiracy? Yet such has been the case. But he makes no pitiful complaint, he calls for no undue sympathy; his case is simply that of an injured and insulted British subject; he has claimed the interference and protection of his Government, which has been promptly afforded, as far as possible; and, come what may, he dreads not the issue. Still, his situation is a very unpleasant one, confined in a miserable jail, suffering in health, and debared from society; and why? Can any lightened American answer without a blush for their country? The laws would allow him to breathe the air of freedom in his own land of liberty and law, but people would not, and it seems they are the higher power. Should he have a fair trial, and the character of the witnesses on both sides be taken into account, I have no fear for his acquittal, and I hope such will be the case; but if otherwise, what then?

I am, gentlemen, with much respect,
Your ob't humble servant,
ANGUS McLEOD.

THE PRINTER.—"I pity—I pity the printer," said my uncle Toby. "He is a poor devil," rejoined I. "How so?" asked my uncle Toby. "In the first place he must endeavor to please every body. In the negligence of a moment, perhaps a small paragraph pops in upon him; he throws it to the compositor—it is inserted; and he is d—d to all intents and purposes." "Too much the case," said my uncle Toby. "Nor is this all," continued I. "He sometimes hits upon a piece that pleases him much, and he thinks it cannot but go down with his subscribers; but alas! who can calculate? He inserts it and it is over with him. They forgive others, but they cannot forgive a printer. He has a host to print for, and every one sets up for a critic. The pretty Miss exclaims—'why don't he give us more poetry, and bon mot! Away with these stale pieces.' The politician claps his specks on his nose, and runs it over in search of violent invective—finds none, he takes his specks off, folds them, sticks them in his pocket, declaring the paper good for nothing but to burn. So it goes.—Every one thinks it ought to be printed for himself as he is a subscriber, and thus weekly it is brought to the grand ordeal!"

A PRETTY HARD HIT.—When Mr. Pickens presented his report upon McLeod's case, Mr. Granger made a speech upon it taking ground against the temper of the report, and its reference to irrelevant matters. This called up Mr. Pickens, who said "he had a few remarks to make in reply to the gentleman from New York, Mr. Granger."

That gentleman had delivered a regular set speech, prepared for the occasion, with tones as regular as if they had issued from a bagpipe. He was the very last gentleman here, judging from the sentiments he expressed a week ago, who, I should have supposed, would have found his patriotism and his valor oozing out so soon from the palms of his hands."

To this Mr. Granger answered.
"If the House will listen to my bag-pipe a few moments longer, I shall feel exceedingly obliged; and if its music is not so loud as that of my friend from South Carolina, Mr. Pickens, it is only because I cannot fill my bags with as much wind as he can blow into his."

The gentleman says my courage has suddenly "oozed out from the palms of my hands." I acknowledge that life has for me many charms; probably no man clings to it with greater tenacity than I do, or is more closely bound by all the enjoyments of the present or the responsibilities of the future. I never speak of my courage, nor profess to have been "born insensible to fear."

This retort is capital. Many of our readers will doubtless remember that in a very vain-glorious speech made by Mr. Pickens some year or two since, he declared of himself that he "was born insensible to fear."—Mr. Granger made a hit, a palpable hit.

Nat. Courier.

A letter from the correspondent of the N. York American, dated Buenos Ayres, November 25th, 1840, says:
Alfred M. Slade, the American Consul here, died on the 25th. His funeral was attended by most of the principal officers of the Argentine Confederation and by the British and American navy officers at Buenos Ayres. Commodore Ridegely has appointed Amory Edwards, Esq., of New York, to act as Consul until Mr. Slade's successor shall arrive here.—The flags of the Decatur and of the American ships in port, were hoisted half mast as a mark of respect to his memory.

Young folks tell me that...

From the New York Herald. Mysterious Marriage.

A most singular affair took place last week at a village about ten miles this side of Newburgh—Bloomingrove we believe. On Thursday about 11 o'clock in the morning, as a stout hearty, good looking young fellow was working in a field there, close to the road, an open carriage, drawn by two handsome horses and driven by a negro, containing a gentleman and a very beautiful young lady, stopped just opposite to where the young man was at work. The gentleman, who was dressed in black, then jumped out—and the young man, thinking that he wanted assistance, advanced towards the carriage and met the strange gentleman, when the following conversation took place:

"Gentleman. "My young friend, are you a married man?"

Laborer. "No, sir."

Gentleman. "Would you like to be married, if you had a good chance?"

Laborer. "Well, I've never thought much about it."

"Gentleman. "But would you get married to a handsome young lady, if she had money enough to support you and herself comfortable for the rest of your lives?"

Laborer. "Well, I rather think I would."

Gentleman. "Come then, and you shall be married at once to a lady I have in that carriage."

Laborer. "No, stop; I must go home and dress first."

Gentleman. "Oh, no! Never mind your dress; come right away."

So saying they approached the carriage, when the gentleman handed out the young lady, who was most splendidly dressed. She shook hands with the farmer, asked his name, and then enquired where the "Squire could be found, whilst a slight moisture stole into her eyes, notwithstanding her attempt to smile and appear cheerful. The young man replied that he would lead the way. Leaning on the arm of the gentleman, she reached the residence of the "Squire, who soon united her fast in the bonds of wedlock to the young man.—Whilst at the altar she was very pale, and shed tears. After the knot was tied, the lady asked for and received the marriage certificate, which she put into a silk-velvet bag, and then all three went towards the carriage. When they reached it, the driver was mounted on the box ready to start, with the horses heads turned in the direction whence they had come; the gentleman handed the lady in, turned sharp around to the young husband, and putting a purse in his hand, exclaimed with some energy. "Good-bye, God bless you! We may see you again!" jumped into the carriage, which was driven off with the speed of the wind, before the astonished husband could recover himself from the surprise of what he saw and heard. Finding all efforts to follow them useless, he opened the purse and found it contained 500 dollars. He then made his way into the village to tell the result of this strange affair to his relatives and friends. By some he was laughed at, and by others abused, for his folly in letting the young lady slip through his fingers.

The matter has created a great excitement in around the scene of action ever since.—Some are malicious enough to say the young lady was—, and adopted that plan to save herself from disgrace. Others that she took this singular step in compliance with some strange requisition attached to the inheritance of a valuable property; others, that she did it as a desperate remedy to save herself from being forced into a hateful marriage by her relatives. In short, conjecture has exhausted itself in finding a cause. In the meantime the husband naively says he will wait a little while, and if she does not come back he will advertise her.

COM. SHUBRICK.—The Norfolk Phoenix tells the following anecdote of Com. Shubrick when "a lazy middy."

The U. S. brig Argus, commanded by P. C. Wederstrant, was during the embargo in the winter of 1807—8, cruising off the eastern coast, to prevent infractions of the law. One dreadful stormy night, the tempest howling fearfully, the rain descending in torrents, an iron bound coast under her lee, scarce a hope of escape from shipwreck existed, and a less lively and gallant craft, (for she was of the most perfect model, and worked like a pilot boat,) must have perished with all on board. In the height of the tempest, (and when "what man could do was done already," Mr. S. went below, opened his chest, coolly took out his best apparel, and dressed himself as if for a dinner party. P., who saw him, enquired why he thus put on a rig in such weather. To which he calmly replied: "I expect we shall go ashore in a few minutes, and if these long-shore fellows find a man respectably dressed, they will probably give him a decent burial."

The noble little vessel weathered that gale, and the writer made many a pleasant cruise in her afterwards. She was captured by the Pelican, greatly her superior in guns and men, during the late war, after a hard fought action, in which her gallant commander, W. H. Allen, fell.

A small lad asked permission of his mother to go to a ball. She told him it was a bad place for little boys. "Why, mother didn't you and father use to go to balls when you were young?"

Yes; but we have seen the following...

The Western Stage Driver.

SKETCHES BY TRIZ, THE STAGE DRIVER.

"I'd rather be a dog and bay the mob than a stage driver," said a little muscular lump of humanity enveloped in a shaggy drab coat, one cool November morning. "May I be rained into a gin shop if I stand it said the driver, mounting into the boot. "L me see," continued he, "a quarter of tea for old mother Sniggs; a yard of blue ribbon for Miss Sally Sniggs; candy for Jim; Old Hari away's dog pup; fifty leeches for Dr. Sangrado feet; the particulars of the fight of Tom Wor der; election returns; see lawyer Squeeze; not to Higgins; and—I think that's all—get along there ye beauties." Crack goes the whip, an away rolls the stage down the street, crammed with nine fellows ripe for fun. "Driver halloo driver!" shouted a pucky old varmint heeling it towards the coach as fast as his thick legs could carry him. "I say, driver—whew! how you make me run; in a bad humor this morning, eh?—here's ten cents, get me a pound of smoking tobacco at Sneezer's; make him throw in two pipes this time, and driver, be careful you don't break the pipes; and if this aint enough money ask him to trust me; and if he won't, just hand him the odd change, and—""Get along there!" Crack! away they go, leaving the old man to finish his directions to himself. "I say, driver," said a passenger, poking out of the window a sinister looking phiz, "be careful you don't break the pipes." "And driver," said another on the opposite side, "just hand him the odd change!" Crack, crack, crack!—whizz went the coach—driver getting into a real passion—crack!

"Halloo, driver, halloo, driver you son of a mudgudgeon; I've lost my hat—you've brushed out my eyes, halloo," roared, the last mentioned unfortunate passenger. "Gently there, ye beauties, wo, wo, [driver getting into a better humor] what's the matter there? very quizzically inquired the driver. "Matter, zounds, my nose is bleeding—matter! why you've rammed a tree top against my head, tore off my hat, and nearly made a—" "Then keep your slap-tray inside the coach," interrupted the driver. A general laugh from the passengers testified their approbation of the sport. "It's no laughing matter, gentlemen, I assure you," said the unlucky fellow—coming up behind the stage; "look here, gentlemen," presenting himself beside the stage. A general and simultaneous burst of risibility followed, which fairly shook the stage; it was long loud and hearty; there stood the unfortunate fellow, the very picture of loaferism; the rim of his hat stripped nearly from the body, hanging under his chin, streaks of blood radiating from his nose, and looking the misery of wo; it defies description. When his countenance had put on a broad grin, for laugh he must, he looked so pleasingly ridiculous that the driver got into a good humor; and "grinning misery," as one of the passengers dubbed the unfortunate, got into the stage in the right trim for sport.

"Driver, how far is it to the next tavern? Driver, where do you change horses? Driver, where do you breakfast? Driver, how far have we come? Driver, how far is it to breakfast?" Such, and a thousand other questions, with commissions from Mother Sniggs, Sally, and Jim, and tobacco for Ichabod Slops; render the life of the stage driver, if amusing, an irksome one.

"There are no greater Chamelions than words."

INFORMATION WANTED.—The editor of the Boston Daily Mail asks the following questions of his readers:

Did you ever know a lady with very white teeth to put her hand over them when she laughed?

Did you ever know a gay lad and a sprightly lass who could not pick berries into one basket? Did you ever know a woman that never had any thing stolen from her clothes yard?

Did you ever know a young lady who was too weak to stand up during prayer time at church, who could not dance all night without being tired at all?

Did you ever know a young man to hold a skein of yarn for his favorite to wind, without getting it strangely tangled?

Did you ever know a man with a shocking bad hat, a long beard, and a ragged coat, who could find a respectable hotel that was not full?

Did you ever know a very pretty young lady that had not a cousin to wait upon her to lectures and parties?

Did you ever know a young lady did not have some very curious piece of sewing, that she would not let the young gentlemen see? Can't say that we ever have.

Tom Dibden had a cottage near Box-hill, to which, after his theatrical labors, he was delighted to retire. One stormy night, after Mr. and Mrs. Dibden had been in bed some time, Mrs. Dibden being kept awake by the violence of the weather, aroused her husband, exclaiming, "Tom! Tom! get up!" "What for?" said he. "Don't you hear how very hard the wind is?" "Is it," replied Dibden, half asleep, but could not help punning. "Put a peppermint lozenge out of the window, my dear. It is the best thing in the world for the wind."

WHAT A PITTY!—A country editor rails against the present fashion for the ladies bonnets, and says they are entirely too small.