

# SOUTHERN PIONEER,

AND CARROLL, CHOCTAW AND TALLAHATCHIE COUNTIES ADVERTISER.

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## CONDITIONS OF THIS PAPER.

THE SOUTHERN PIONEER will be furnished to subscribers at the rate of FIVE DOLLARS per annum, payable in advance; or, if not paid before the expiration of a year, SIX DOLLARS will invariably be exacted. No paper discontinued (except at the option of the proprietor,) until all arrearages are paid. A failure to give notice of discontinuing the paper, will be considered a new engagement.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

Not exceeding a square (ten lines or less) will be conspicuously inserted at the rate of ONE DOLLAR for each insertion. Longer advertisements in the same proportion. The number of insertions must be marked upon the margin of the copy, otherwise they will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

All articles of a personal nature, will be charged for at double the rates of advertising. All political circulars, or public addresses for the benefit of individual persons or companies, will be charged as advertisements.

JOB PRINTING, of every description, executed with neatness and despatch. Having a large and beautiful assortment of Fancy and Job Type, the proprietor is prepared to do all kinds of LETTER PRESS PRINTING in the neatest style. In this respect, he respectfully solicits the patronage of the people of Carroll and the adjoining counties.

Bills for advertising and job work, are considered due so soon as the work is done, and persons will be expected to pay the same whenever called upon.

On all letters and communications addressed to the proprietors, the postage must be paid, or they will not be taken out of the office.

## POETRY.



"LIKE ORIENT PEARLS AT RANDOM STRUNG."

From the New York American.  
THE DESERTED WIFE.

I cannot sleep, I cannot rest,  
My weary heart is aching—  
I watch the glowing of the West,  
I see the morning breaking.

And oh! I long again for night,  
For night and then for morning,  
But aye the smile that was my light  
Is turned to bitter scolding.

Now Heaven preserve me in this hour,  
And keep me e'er from madness,  
Uphold me with its strength'ning power  
To bear this mortal sadness.

Hush! hush! my Babe, thy little moan,  
And closer to me nestle,  
We now must struggle on alone,  
With worldly sorrows wrestle.

Alone, alone,—my fatherless—  
We'll stem life's troubled ocean,  
Ah! wo is me, and sore distress,  
And weary wild commotion.

For he—who welcomed thee, my child,  
With smiles and fond caresses—  
Another has his love beguiled,  
Another's lip he presses.

ELLA.

A man whose name was Johnny Sands,  
Had married Betty Hagus;  
Who, tho' she brought him cash and lands,  
Yet proved a mighty plague.

For she was quite a scolding wife,  
Full of caprice and whim,  
He said that he was tired of life,  
And she was tired of him.

Says he, "then I will drown myself—  
The river runs below;"  
Said she, "pray do, you silly elf—  
I wish'd it long ago!"

Said he, "upon the brink upright,  
I'll stand; run down the hill,  
And push me in with all your might;"  
Said she, "my love I will!"

For fear that courage I should lack,  
And try to save my life,  
Pray tie my hands behind my back"—  
"I will," replied his wife.

She tied them fast, as you may think,  
And when securely done,  
Now go, she cried upon the brink,  
And I'll prepare to run.

And down the hill his tender bride,  
Now ran with all her force,  
To push him in—he stept aside,  
And she fell in of course!

There splashing, struggling like a fish,  
"O help me, Johnny Sands!"  
I can't my dear, though much I wish,  
For you have tied my hands!

RARE PHILOSOPHY.—He was a truly brave fellow that said—"Consider no man capable of insulting you who is mean enough to attempt it. In this you have the decided advantage. For whilst, by the insult he acknowledges you worthy of his notice, you, by your neglect, prove him unworthy of yours." Such a man would make a better soldier in defence of any just cause, than the loudest swaggerer ever heard of.

Let him who regrets the loss of time, make a proper use of that which is to come.

## A PARENT'S LOVE.

He must be incorrigibly unamiable, who is not a little improved by becoming a father. Some there are, however, who know not how to appreciate the blessings with which Providence has filled their quiver; who receive with coldness a son's greeting or a daughter's kiss; who have principle enough properly to feed, and clothe, and educate their children, to labor for their support and provision, but possess not the affection which turns duty into delight; who are surrounded with blossoms, but know not the art of extracting their exquisite sweets. How different is the effect of true parental love, where nature, duty, habit and feeling combine to constitute an affection the purest, the deepest and the strongest, the most enduring, the least exacting of any of which the human heart is capable!

The selfish bachelor may shudder when he thinks of the consequences of a family, he may picture to himself littered rooms and injured furniture, imagine the noise and confusion, the expense and the cares, from which he is luckily free; hug himself in his solitude and pity his unfortunate neighbor, who has half a dozen squalling children to torment and impoverish him.

The unfortunate neighbor, however, returns the compliment with interest, sighs over the loneliness of the wealthy bachelor, and can never see, without feelings of regret, rooms where no stray plaything tell of the occasional presence of a child, gardens where no tiny footmark reminds him of his treasures at home. He has listened to his heart, and learned from it a precious secret; he knows how to convert noise into harmony, expense into self-gratification, and trouble into amusement; and he reaps, in one day's intercourse with his family, a harvest of love and enjoyment rich enough to repay years of toil and care. He listens eagerly on his threshold for the boisterous greeting he is sure to receive, feels refreshed by the mere pattering sound of the darling's feet, as they hurry to receive his kiss, and cures, by a noisy game at rumps, the weariness and headache which he gained in his intercourse with men.

Who has not occasionally when fondling an infant, felt oppressed by the weight of mystery which hangs over his fate? Perhaps we hold in our arms an angel, kept but for a few months from the heaven in which it is to spend the rest of an immortal existence; perhaps we see the germ of all that is hideous and hateful in our nature. Thus looked and thus sorted, thus calmly slumbered and sweetly smiled, the monsters of our race in their days of infancy. Where are the marks to distinguish a Nero from a Trojan, an Abel from a Cain? But it is not in this spirit that it is either wise or happy to contemplate any thing. Better is it, when we behold the energy and animation of young children, their warm affections, their ready unsuspecting confidence, their wild unwearied glee, their mirth so easily excited, their love so easily won, to enjoy unrestrained the pleasantness of life's morning; that morning so bright and joyous, and to teach us that nature intended us to be happy, and usually gains her end till we are old enough to discover how we may defeat it.

Little girls are my favorites. Boys, though sufficiently interesting and amusing, are apt to be infected, as soon as they assume the manly garb, with a little of that masculine violence and obstinacy, which, when they grow up, they will call spirit and firmness; and they loose, earlier in life, that docility, tenderness and ignorance of evil, which are their sister's peculiar charms. In all the range of the visible creation, there is no object to me so attractive and delightful as a lovely, intelligent, gently little girl of eight or nine years old. This is the point at which may be witnessed the greatest improvement of intellect compatible with that lily-like purity of mind, to which taint is incomprehensible, danger unsuspected, and which wants not only the vocabulary, but the very idea of sin. Even the best and purest of woman would shrink from displaying her heart to our gaze, while lovely childhood allows us to read its very thought and fancy.

Children may teach us one blessed, and enviable art, the art of being easily happy.—Kind nature has given to them that useful power of accommodation to circumstances, which compensates for so many external advantages and it is only by injurious management that it is lost. Give him but a moderate portion of food and kindness, and the peasant's child is happier than the duke's; free from artificial wants, unassisted by indulgence, all nature ministers to his pleasures; he can carve out felicity from a bit of hazel twig, or fish for it successfully in a puddle.

He who feels thus, cannot contemplate, unmoved, the joys and sports of childhood; and he gazes, perhaps, on the care-free brow and rapture-beaming countenance with the melancholy and awe, which the lovely victims of consumption inspire, when, unconscious of danger, they talk cheerfully of the future. He feels that he is in possession of a mysterious secret, of which happy children have no suspicion. He knows what the life is on which they are about to enter; and he is sure that whether it smiles or frowns upon them, its brightest glances will be cold and dull compared with those under which they are now basking.

The patient mule which travels slowly night and day, will in the end, go farther than the Arabian courser.

## A CLOCK STORY.

Our excellent and remarkably young protegee Charles Dickens, (it may not be generally known that we first elevated this estimable young writer into fashionable notice) he made considerable of a story out of the old clock case. A clock story once originated in New York, the very name of which will set each into cachinations yet; but wait till we have a dash at the fun, and then let see whether the old Harlaem clock, Humphrey's time piece, or the Picayune chronometer shall flourish best in the regard of Time?

An old snuffy neighbor, from whom we derive the anecdote, is marked by several ludicrous peculiarities, which we might attempt in vain to render palpable in writing. Much the funniest part of the affair lies in a solid and melancholy expression of the countenance, which darkens into something fearfully mysterious as the narrator goes on describing the fright and horror endured by himself and wife at midnight, when a ghost-like clock commenced echoing solemnly the death-tick!—Our old friend is himself a watch repairer, having a little seven by nine shop in the lower part of the city, which is just large enough to endure the occupancy of his bench and stool, half a dozen pewter snuff boxes, in the shape of watches, which hang in the window, and one customer who has to squeeze in and close the door after him to obtain room to stand. Our friend is a Frenchman, and has a pair of eyebrows that his wife once told him would make capital shoe brushes? If any good lithographer will call upon us—one who has fancy to conceive, appreciate and produce the ludicrous—we will take him to see a face of irresistible drollery. We can just take an accidental stand by the awning post outside, and, without drawing his attention from his work, see the old watchmaker through the window, with his little glass magnifier, set in horn, sticking fast between one of his huge eyebrows, as he peers into the delicate machinery of a time piece.—The lovers of fun (produced by character) may thank any man who will multiply the face we speak of upon paper.

Well the old fellow's story in this, and you may hear it all from his own lips, if you will just go and offer him your watch to be repaired. Just make any accidentally remark about an old clock, or death-tick, and he will open upon you at once with the whole story. He is in possession of an old clock, which he brought from France, and which he says is just his own age, sixty-nine, having been completed by his father the very day that he was born. Upon the evening of his last birthday, he and his old helpmate sat together late in the evening, chattering about early days and la belle France, over a generous little pitcher of warm stimulant, an unusual indulgence in honor of the occasion.

The old pair became melted and melancholy over their reminiscences, and when the pitcher was finished, went to bed in a tender state of luxurious unhappiness. The old clock struck midnight as the eyes of the watchmaker were closing in their first doze, and as he fell away into slumber, a monotonous tick, tick, tick, seemed to commence right at his head in the wall. He turned over, hearing the ominous death warning still, and, at length resolving to disregard it, buried his head in the pillow, with a brief sob for boyish times, addressing himself to sleep. Heavy indistinctness came over him but not sleep leaving still conscious of a tick, tick, tick, increasing to a rap, rap, rap, and growing, finally, into a vehement thump, thump, thump!

Just as the old fellow was sinking into oblivion of this annoyance, his old clock in the corner suddenly struck one, which aroused him for a moment, as he thought it could not be more than twenty minutes past twelve; but concluding he must have been deceived in his dozing, he tried again to slumber. Worse than ever sounded the busy little invisible phantom in the pillow, like Macbeth's conscience, crying "sleep no more!" What was the poor watchmaker's consternation, when the old French clock in the corner again struck one! He started, paused, and then jumped upright in the bed. All was silent. He deliberated a moment in puzzled astonishment, and then concluded it must be two o'clock, and he must have missed the first rap of the hammer. Laying quietly down again, his head scarcely touched the pillow before one o'clock was sounded once more distinctly from the clock bell! The old fellow flung himself beneath the blankets, covered up his head, and caught hold of his wife in indescribable terror. His conviction was that of the old clock, which had noted every minute of his being for sixty nine years, was now warning him of instant doom, and he woke up his wife, entreating her to keep herself perfectly comfortable, as it was certainly his last night upon earth. The old lady obeyed him to the letter about making herself comfortable, as she went right off to sleep again with the utmost expedition.

Bang! with a heavy and sullen sound, and devoid of its usual ringing vibration, again the hammer rose and kissed the clock bell! The old Frenchman listened beneath the blankets in a paralysis of fright, and shivering in a chill perspiration. Tick, tick, tick, and then rap, rap, rap, followed rapidly by the furious thump, thump, thump, thump, thump! still went on,—as if an army of blacksmiths from fairy land were hard at work in the middle of his pillow—

"With clink of hammers closing rivets up."

Presently another conviction settled upon him, and he shook his wife again to ask her if she did not hear the upholster's men at work upon his coffin. Hush!—Cling.—pause.—cling! clink! went the old clock again, with three irregular and dull strokes upon the bell.

"Mon Dieu, c'est six fois que j'ai entendu sonner une heure!" tremblingly ejaculated the Frenchman.

At this moment the bell hammer started into more furious agitation than ever, and one o'clock fairly struck twelve before there was a cessation of the strokes. Our poor old French friend went to work at his prayers, concluding he had no time to lose; while the old woman, without saying a word, jumped out of bed, struck a light, and opened the clock to see what was the matter.

The mountain ceased to labor, and out jumped a terrible little mouse! The old man awoke in the morning, as grey as a badger, which, however, is not so surprising when we consider that he was very grey when he went to bed. It was enough, indeed, a strange and serious terror, arising out of so trifling a cause, and could we but add the French watchmaker's solemn countenance to this description, we would feel ripely assured of eclipsing all other clock stories that ever were written. As it is, ours is decidedly the best story, only that the best part of it is left to the sympathetic imagination of the reader, who must fancy the face of the watchmaker beneath the blankets, listening to Eternity revealing itself in Time! Beautifully appropriate to the story are the touching words of Morris's exquisite song—music by Horn.

"Dicory, dicory, doc,  
The mouse ran up the clock,  
The clock struck One!  
The mouse ran down—  
Dicory, dicory, doc!"

From the N. O. Picayune.

## ROSA.

"O, Rosa amabilis! Samboius venit,  
Ne tu audis banjoium, tum, tum, tum?  
O, Rosa!—Anthracina Rosa!  
Incendiro voli, si ne Rosam amo!"

In the above harmonious and exquisitely touching pouring-forth of the soul of the Latin poet, we perceive how that celestial flame, which is the essence and the cause of life, was, is, and ever will be the infallible talisman calling into expression the finer emotions of our nature. Samboius, in faithful troubadour fashion, beneath the lattice of his lady-love, sings out the heaven-born passion of his breast.—He invokes fire from pandemonium to scorch him, unless the truth of his heart flows freely in his words. The reply of the worshipped Rosa is also an overflowing of the most bewitching pathos, and ravished Samboius sings not in vain. But we cannot dwell upon the whole poem, and shall only call attention to the four lines above. In them we think we discover all the excellencies of divine poesy. The numbers are stored away among the treasures of memory, and our heart and brain are haunted with the sentiment as our ears are with the cadence.—*Rosa amabilis!* She is the adored of Samboius. She listens, beneath the chastening influence of Cynthia, to the song of her enamored swain. The mellow tones of the instrument he plays vibrate upon fine sensation, and wind into her heart. The damsel melts, and happy Samboius, as the lay goes on to tell, is admitted to a dear proximity, which allows of his whispering passion. Nothing in language can unfold so gracefully all refined expression in regard to tender emotion, as the reply of gentle Rosa to the impassioned appeal of Samboius. *Amina may sing—*

"O, I cannot give expression!"

but Rosa, from the fountain of natural feeling, found words of the most acute and wonderful force.

O, Rosa! Anthracina Rosa!

She asked no cold deliberation in hunting up powers of language, but, with spontaneous inspiration, poetry sprang from her heart at the kindling words of Samboius. We cannot hope to achieve a translation comprising the beauty and perfection of the original, but here is the effort we have made with the first verse of the poem, which appears above:—

Lubly Rosa! Sambo come!  
Don't you hear de banjo, tum, tum, tum?  
O, Rose!—Coal black Rose!  
Wish I may be d—d if I dont lub Rose!

From the Presbyterian.

## REPUTATION.

The readers of the secular prints will understand the meaning of this word; and well would it be for all if both the name and the thing, as now popularly used, had forever remained unknown. A state or country makes a solemn contract, issues its bonds and pledges its means and its sacred honor for their payment; by a change of times, perhaps by the imprudence or prodigality of its own functionaries, it becomes embarrassed and finds difficulty in meeting its engagements; what course is to be pursued? Common honesty replies, let the honor and credit of the State be maintained at all events; let the whole community be taxed to meet the responsibilities incurred by their own representatives. Integrity can justify no other course. A new method of evading and nullifying compacts has been proposed by the advocates of repudiation; it is for a State, in the plenitude of its power, to cancel its solemn obligations by an act of legislation, in which, under one

plea or another, it refuse to pay its bonds and declares them to be of no binding force.

If the doctrine of repudiation has any connexion with party politics, which we believe it has not, strictly speaking, it is not in this relation that we are disposed to consider it.—It is simply as a question of morals that we would suggest an opinion concerning it, and not as it may possibly be adopted by any party as an electioneering expedient. It involves truly a great question of morals, and it is a matter of surprise that the religious press of the country has not spoken forth long ere this, in tones of the deepest reprehension of a suggestion so immoral and iniquitous. It is true indeed that no State in the confederacy has formally adopted this doctrine, but daring attempts are made through the secular priests to corrupt the public sentiment, and to prepare it for such a measure. It is well known that the most atrocious project if frequently insisted upon and embellished by ingenuity, will in the course of time become familiarized to the public mind and lose much of its repulsive character. Moral sensibilities may be so abused as to lose all delicacy, and finally to fail in making a just impression on the mind. The community that would be shocked by a single murder, would regard the thousandth repetition of the crime with indifference. We have a painful illustration of the demoralizing influence on the public mind of crime frequently repeated, in the numerous and enormous frauds which have taken place within the last few years.

The first instance of the kind electrified the whole country; but so frequently does the intelligence now reach us of public institutions shamefully plundered and ruined by their appointed guardians, that each succeeding case, coming as a matter of course, produces little or no impression. Now the advocates of repudiation are taking advantage of this principle in human nature; they insinuate their doctrine—they suggest that it may possibly become necessary to resort to it, as a measure of public relief—they then urge what ingenuity may suggest in extenuation of it—they now boldly advocate it and pretend that it would be just; and that it would be better for a few to suffer than that the many should be embarrassed—the next step will be the perpetration of this mighty fraud; and if one State sets the example, it must, it will prove contagious, and state debts will be liquidated by the very easy method of cheating innocent and helpless creditors. This would indeed fill up the measure of our country's ignominy. Already has it become a by-word from the moral delinquencies of those who had been selected as patrons of integrity to preside over some of her most important institutions, and the infamy would become more properly national by having fraud on a large scale sanctioned by our State Legislature. If State governments are to have no integrity, no honor, what will soon be the morals of the people? If State legislatures can show the people that, by a single act, they can repudiate public debts, why should not the people, corrupted by such an example, compel their legislature to free them, by a similar act from all private obligations? There would be no possible security for public morals under the adoption of such a doctrine—no man would trust his neighbor, no one would rely on the most solemn covenants and agreements.—Besides all national character would be lost abroad, and the effect of this would not only be disgrace, but the loss of all lucrative commercial intercourse with foreign nations; so that unspokeably more would be lost than gained by this summary method of settling debts. When it is considered too, that the vast amount of the State bonds, which some are proposing to repudiate, are held by foreign creditors, and that the failure to pay them will not only affect these creditors, but the wealth and prosperity of the nations, of which they are constituent members, it cannot be supposed that foreign governments will stand idly by and see their capitalists thus robbed. They will not listen to the nice distinction between a National and a State government, but will call upon the former to make good the credit of the latter, or meet the consequences. Thus not only the honorable but the peaceful relations of our country with foreign countries would be invaded and interrupted, and it would be a miserable war indeed for our country to be involved in for the protection of a repudiating State.

Before these consequences are encountered it should be the policy of the government to deprive every State of the advantages accruing from the Union, which should venture thus to disgrace itself. A State, like an individual should be leniently dealt with, in embarrassment; every indulgence should be extended to it; but let public virtue express her indignation loudly against the odious proposition to give to fraud and robbery and the breach of contract, the sanction of legislative enactment.

The Mississippi Bonds must be paid. The last dollar, the last cent, the last rail every pledge of the public faith, whether the collective whole of our glorious Union, or by any one of its constituent parts, must honorably redeemed, be the consequences, the costs what they may. Be justice done though the firmament fall.—*Democratic Re*

They talk in Mexico of invading Texas simultaneously by land and sea; the whole force to be comprised of 12,000 men, and commanded by Gen. Valencia.