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POETRY.
The Metropolitan Magazine for August
THE WIFE

To her Husband in Adversity.
BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.
I, in bridal ecstasy
To thy warm heart was prest,
Thy child-like fond dependency
Nestled to thy breast,
Helpless, yet a doating thing,
With every thought intent,
Brightness o'er thy path to fling,
Still loving and content;
Unconscious of the inward strength
God had bestowed on me,
While in prosperity and health
I trusted all to thee.
Now, that sorrow's clouded o'er
Thy sunny hour of pride,
Fearless stand upon the shore
To stem its 'whelming tide;
The hurricane cannot appal,
Though Death appears in view;
In my turn, will show thee all
That woman's love can do!
Fancied dangers now dismay,
No shapeless horrors scare;
They're phantoms of joy's nicer day
Which flee before Despair.
How sickness too hath lent its blast
To wither up its charms,
And show thy prime of beauty past,
Thou'rt dearer to these arms,
Mainly contagion threath's my life,
Mid poverty and pain:
How tower above the awful strife,
And courage seem to gain.
How closely are our souls entwined,
We knew not love before;
Or when affliction's fetters bind,
They teach us to adore!
Or ev'ry groan thou utt'rest now,
My bosom inward bleeds,
And when I kiss thy death-dew'd brow,
Large drops my own imbeds,
A hush of night, when all repose,
I breathe my lonely prayer,
Never smile, nor weep my woes,
Save, when thou can'st not share—
Oh! then I weep—Oh! then I pray
With such intensity,
That Heav'n's hand must sweep away
Thy cloud of misery:
For if Affection's prayer is heard
By meek eyed Mercy there,
Mine—dearest! mine must be preferr'd
Which wins thee from despair!
Or, if to prove thy virtue still,
Thou art ordain'd to bear,
Of ev'ry agonizing ill
Be mine the mutual share.
How all thy sorrows in my breast,
My tears are all for thee;
As in those hours by Fortune blest,
Thy smiles were all for me.
As then, our joys were only one,
But now, our woes the same;
With all of earth, save thee, I've done:
I'm wife in more than name!

[From the Religious Herald.]
THE PIOUS DWARF.

This remarkable character is now living in Culpepper county. Remarkable indeed she is, on account of her size, her sufferings, her intelligence, and her piety. She weighs only 30 pounds, 37 years old, is 3 1-2 feet high, and has not walked for 26 years. She enjoyed common health till eleven years of age, she was then affected with rheumatic pains. Her hands and feet are drawn into deformity; she is not able to bring her hands to her mouth. With all liquid food she is fed as a child; solid food she eats with a long fork. She uses a little stick, about twelve inches in length, with a comb attached to the end, in dressing her hair, with which she also uses her handkerchief. Besides her suffering from rheumatic pains, she is much afflicted by other diseases. Her physicians say they have never known a human being suffer so much, and yet live.—She told me, that when she found herself cut off from all the amusements and pleasures of children, she was led to turn her attention to religion, and seek for happiness in its holy consolation. She sought not in vain as none ever did.—She is almost entirely self-taught.—Though her hands are closed affliction, she writes fast and well, of which she is very fond, and writes much. In conversation, she is fluent and eloquent. She sings well, her voice is both strong and musical. In this heavenly exercise she greatly delights. Her piety is of no ordinary character.—She seems to bask in the smiles and presence of her adored God and Saviour. I had the pleasure and profit of visiting her three times last month, preaching each time in her room. I have never seen any person enjoy the gospel so much. She appeared in raptures of holy love and heavenly joy. She followed my sermon, each time, with such exhortations as to move the hearts of all who heard her.

She takes great delight in prayer. No professor who visits her, is permitted to depart without engaging with her in addressing the mercy seat. Some who never prayed in public, have commenced, for the first time, in her room. No unconverted person visits her, without receiving the most solemn and pathetic warning to flee from the wrath to come, and take shelter in the atonement and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ. Some seem afraid to venture near her. A number date their first serious impressions from her exhortations. I have never heard any person express so deep and tender concern for lost and dying sinners as I have heard from her. Her common expression is "my soul is in agony for poor ruined sinners." After continuing one night in her room, till 12 o'clock when we were about to retire, she said to me, had I your health and strength, I would not sleep to-night, but would go from house to house to warn sinners to flee from the wrath to come. From the periodicals of the day, she has made herself acquainted with the states of the heathen, and feels a deep interest in missions and every benevolent institution of the age. The success of missions is much, in her conversation and prayers. She addresses monitory notes and letters throughout her neighbourhood, admonishing Christians to duty, and warning others.

The Saviour seem to dwell under her roof. It is noticed by many that meetings are more lively and solemn there than in any other place. During eight days, in the neighborhood, I delivered 22 sermons, 3 of which were in the rooms, and I must say, the Lord our Saviour, was sweetly and powerfully present in each meeting. The entire family, a widow mother a brother, and three sisters, all seem to have imbibed a large measure of her heavenly zeal and joy. They all excel in singing; and in being with them, one cannot help feeling, he is in a family, that will compose apart of heav'n. How blessed is every family where Jesus design to dwell!—Nothing but his love, is worthy the name of happiness.

I have never heard any one lament the deep depravity of our nature more than she does, or make more frequent and humiliating confessions of being the chief of sinners. Her views of the way of acceptance with a just, holy, and offended Creator, appear to be clear; relying wholly on the blood and righteousness of the Son of God received by faith, produced by the

operations of the spirit of God attending the written word bringing truth with its enlightening and renovating power to bear upon the heart of the blind and dead sinner. Reflections such as the following engaged my heart and mind while present with the little and afflicted heir of glory. How great is the goodness of God. How blessed the religion of Jesus. How happy those who rightly enjoy the divine presence. How far are most Christians living below their privileges. How certainly true is the gospel. I should think an infidel must be clad in full armor of steel and be influenced by the very devil himself, if he could see and hear the pious and intelligent little dwarf speaking of her joys and talking of her Saviour, without feeling his unbelief give way, and his guilty soul to tremble. I must think it impossible for any one to visit her without singular benefit. It has been good for me, that I was permitted to form an acquaintance with one so ripe for glory.—This brief and imperfect sketch, has been given to the public with her consent. She at first hesitated a little, from delicacy of being known through the press; but said if you think you can say any thing about me that will do any good you are at liberty to do so."

WM. Y. HITER.

FROM OREGON.—Elijah White, who went out as U. S. Agent to Oregon and took with him a large party of emigrants, writes under date of August 17, that his party increased to 118—although they had lost two, one by sickness and the other by an accident. They started with 19 wagons, and their journey had been slow and tedious; but they had passed two-thirds of the way, and were in excellent health and good spirits. A favorable opportunity for emigration will occur in April through the aid of Mr. Fitzpatrick, at Independence. He offers to pilot a party over the mountains from that place. Mr. White advises those who intend to go, to prepare light, strong wagons, and to take no loading except cooking utensils and provisions for four months. Mules are preferable to horses. He says no doubt exists as to the ultimate success of the colony. [Phil. Daily Chron.]

[Communicated]

We are now realizing the better consequences of "Democratic financiering," from 1833 to 1837. An unbroken chain of disasters, from the close of that period to the present time, has continued to scourge a suffering people. If the Whigs are guilty of any sin it is the sin of omission, rather than commission—of not relieving the country from the scourges inflicted by locofoco misrule prior to 1840, and which have continued to this day. But in this, even, they have not given "relief," but why! and with what grace can their opponents upbraid them for it. They promised relief, with a Whig President, and with Whig measures in operation. They did all in their power to secure these results, but were defeated. They did not promise relief with locofoco measures, and with a worse than locofoco President in power. These circumstances have been forced upon them by accidents unforeseen and unparalleled in the history of the country. It is not the fault of Whig principles that their chosen President died—it is not the fault of Whig principles that the accidental President has turned upon his own friends and defeated their prominent measures—it is not the fault of Whig principles that an extraordinary and unlooked for alliance has been formed between one into whose hands the Whigs unfortunately confided their strength, and their old opponents who have always warred upon them openly; which alliance has signalled itself in a systematic defeat of Whig measures—it is not the fault of Whig principles that through such means that great financial policy by which they pledged themselves relief would be given to the country, has been utterly barred from the operation of a fair trial. No—these things do not argue a fault in Whig principles, for by them Whig principles have been set aside, and locofocoism has been still left to fester in the heart of the country. Such extraordinary and unforeseen circumstances have never before overtaken any political party in the world. The Whigs have been as powerless to prevent them as was Gen. Washington to prevent the treachery of Arnold.—The purest party on earth cannot keep

out of its ranks bad men, and the Whigs have no supernatural powers to search men's hearts. It has been their heavy misfortune to lose all the fruits of the great blossoming of 1840, by a biting frost of deadly treachery. But how should this persuade rational men that a NATIONAL BANK, if fairly tried, will not give us a better currency! How should this persuade men that the Whig financial policy, by which they firmly believe a restoration of the former prosperity of the country may be had, if fairly stated, is all wrong? Let it not be forgotten that that policy has not been tried since 1840—that it has been defeated by the extraordinary alliance of adverse factions who are now upbraiding Whigs for their ill-fortunes—and all that the Whigs ask is a fair trial of their proposed public measure. Measures which have indeed been amply tasted in forty years of fair trial prior to 1836, and which secured to the country for the time, a steam engine force of onward increase and prosperity.

REPORTER OF THE SUPREME COURT.—Richard Peters, Esq., has been removed from the office of Reporter, and Gen. Benjamin C. Howard of Maryland appointed in his stead. We congratulate the country, and especially the legal profession, upon the change, as they have been heavily taxed, with his voluminous costly, and unmethodical reports and digests. We see he proposes assuming the duties of the official reporter, and at an early day after the adjournment of the Court, will publish the opinions of the Court in all the cases decided at January term, 1843.

[Free Trader.]

The Western Waters.—We are afraid that the Mississippi will be as high or higher this spring than it has ever been known. There is great commotion among all the Western Rivers. Of the Missouri, the Lexington (Mo.) Express of the 21st says:—"During the week just ended, the weather has been mild—the snow completely gone—the frost out of the greater mud from 6 to 12 inches deep. Water of that stern Old Winter is broke of—not, that his affairs are mightily deranged.

"The ice in the Mississippi gave way last Wednesday night, and is still running very thick. The river has risen about four feet, and is still rising."

The Boonville (Mo.) Register of the 24th ult., says:—"During the past week there has been an extraordinary rise in the Missouri. Those who have lived on its banks upwards of twenty-five years, say they have never before seen such a tremendous flood in January.—On last Thursday night and Friday morning, it rose upwards of 3 feet, and is quite as high as it was during the last year. To all appearance, therefore, navigation on the Missouri is open for the coming year. [N. O. Tropic.]

ENLISTMENT OF ALIENS.—A Marine named Thos. Kimberlin, a native of England, was brought up on a writ of habeas corpus, in New York, a day or two since, and his discharge from the Marine corps demanded, on the ground of his being an alien. The ground being established, he was accordingly discharged. The recruiting officers at our military and naval rendezvous will have to be more cautious in future who they enlist. It will save trouble, and prevent vagabonds from entering the service. [Phil. Daily Chron.]

TEST OF ILL BREEDING.—The swagerer is invariably an imposter; the man who calls loudest for the wiater, who treats him worst, and who finds more fault than any one else in the room, when the company is mixed, will always turn out to be the man of all others the least entitled, either by rank or intelligence, to give himself airs. People who are conscious of what is due to them, never display irritability or impetuosity; their manners insure civility—their civility insures respect; but blockhead or the coxcomb, fully aware that something more than ordinary is necessary to produce effect, is sure, whether in clubs or coffee-rooms, to be the most fastidious and captious of the community, the most restless and irritable amongst his equals, the most cringing and subservient before his superiors.

A letter from London stats that in one day in the early part of February, no less than sixteen ships, laden with cotton, arrived at Liverpool from the United States,

FATHER MILLER.—The Rev. Dr. Weeks, of Newark, N. J., a distinguished theologian, has recently delivered a course of Lectures in that town on the doctrines advanced by Father Miller and his followers. The Reverend gentleman has very ably handled the subject, and proves beyond the shadow of doubt that Miller is entirely wrong in his calculations, and that he bases his theory on false and perverted date.—He quotes from the most celebrated writers upon sacred history, and states that most of them were very cautious upon a subject which it is almost impossible for the mind of man to comprehend. According to the learned Doctor, Miller has made more than thirty mistakes in his Scriptural dates, prevents all authenticated facts, and founds most of his calculations on mere conjecture. That portion of Dr. Weeks' lectures which we have read, display great research, and extensive knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, as also the writings of ancient and celebrated theologians. Father Miller, we think, has been "used up," if we may apply a vulgar, but comprehensive expression, the learned Doctor, and any person of common sense, who will read his lectures, will come to the same conclusion. We have looked upon the advocate of the Second Advent as more knave than fool, and have pitied the poor deluded wretches whom his false and pernicious doctrines have led astray. We trust that when this year runs out, and his doctrines are falsified, as most assuredly will be, and the glorious sun will be found to shine as brightly as ever, the old earth still revolving upon its axis, that Miller and his followers will come to their senses, and be satisfied with this world, and not be so foolish hereafter to bring it to a premature end. [Phil. Daily Chron.]