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POETRY.

THE WORTH OF WOMAN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

Ehret die Frauen.

Honored be woman! she beams on the sight,
Graceful and fair, like a being of light;
Scattered around her, wherever she strays,
Roses of bliss o'er our thorn-covered ways;
Roses of Paradise, sent from above,
To be gathered and twined in a garland of Love.

Man, on Passion's stormy ocean,
Tossed by surges mountains high,
Courts the hurricane's commotion,
Spurns at Reason's feeble cry.
Loud the tempest roars around him,
Loudly still it roars within;
Flashing lights of hope confound him,
Stuns him life's incessant din.

Woman invites him, with bliss in her smile,
To cease from his toil, and be happy while;
Whispering wooingly—come to my bower—
Go not in search of the phantom of power—
Honor and wealth are illusory,—come!
Happiness dwells in the temples of home.

Man, with fury stern and savage,
Persecutes his crother man;
Reckless if he bless or ravage,
Action—action—still his plan.
Now creating—now destroying—
Ceaseless wishes tear his breast;—
Ever seeking—ne'er enjoying—
Still to be—but never blest.

Woman, contented in silent repose,
Lays in its beauty life's flower as it blows,
And waters and tends it with innocent heart;
Far richer than man with his treasure of Art,
And wiser by far in her circle confined,
Than he with his science, and flights of the mind.

Coldly to himself sufficing,
Man disdains the gentler arts;
Knoweth not the bliss arising
From the interchange of heart.
Slowly through his bosom stealing,
Flows the gentle current on,
Till, by age's frost congealing,
It is hardened into stone.

She, like the harp, that instinctively rings,
As the night-breathing zephyr soft sighs on
the string,
Responds to each impulse with ready reply,
Whether sorrow or pleasure her sympathy try;
And tear drops smile on her countenance play,
Like sun-shine and showers of a morning of May.

Through the range of man's dominion
Terror is the ruling word—
And the stammered of opinion
Is the temper of the sword.
Stint exults, and Pity, blushing,
From the scenes despairing flies,
Where, to battle madly rushing,
Brother upon prother dies.

Woman commands with a milder control—
She rules by enchantment the realm of the soul.
As she glances around in the light of her smile,
The war of the passion is hushed for a while—
And discord, content from his fury to cease,
Repose entranced on the pillow of peace.

MEMORY AND HOPE.

Hope is the leading-string of youth—
Memory the staff of age. Yet for a long
time they were at variance, and scarcely
ever associated together. Memory
was almost always grave, nay sad and
melancholy. She delighted in silence
and repose, amid rocks and waterfalls;
and whenever she raised her eyes from
the ground it was only to look back o'er
her shoulder. Hope was a smiling,
dancing, rosy boy, with sparkling eyes,
and it was impossible to look upon him
without being inspired by his gay and
sprightly buoyancy. Wherever he went
he diffused around him gladness and joy;
the eyes of the young sparkled brighter
than ever at his approach; old age as it
cast its dim glances at the blue vault of
heaven, seemed inspired with new vigor;
the flowers looked more gay, the grass
more green, the birds sung more
cheerfully, and all nature seemed to sym-
pathize in his gladness. Memory was
of mortal birth, but Hope pertook of im-
mortality.

One day they chanced to meet, and
Memory reproached Hope with being
a deceiver. She charged him with de-
ceasing mankind with visionary, imprac-
ticable schemes, and exciting expectations
that only led to disappointment and re-
gret; with being the *ignis fatuus* of
youth, and the scourge of old age. But
Hope cast back upon her the charge of
deceit, and maintained that the pictures
of the past were as much exaggerated
by Memory, as were the anticipation

of Hope. He declared that she looked
at objects at a great distance in the past,
he in the future, and that this distance
magnified every thing. "Let us make
the circuit of the world," said he, "and
try the experiment." Memory consented,
reluctantly, and they went their
way together.

The first person they met was a school-
boy, longing lazily along, and stopping
every moment to gaze around, as if un-
willing to proceed on his way. By and
by he set down and burst into tears.

"Whether so fast, my good lad?" asked
Hope, jeeringly.

"I am going to school," replied the
lad, "to study, when I had rather a thou-
sand times be at play; and sit on a bench
with a book in my hand while I long to
be sporting in the fields. But never
mind, I shall be a man soon, and then I
shall be free as the air." Saying this, he
skipped away merrily, in the hope of
soon being a man.

"It is this you play upon the inexperience
of youth," said Memory, reproachfully.

Passing onward, they met a beautiful
girl, pacing slow and melancholy behind
a party of gay young men and maidens,
who walked arm in arm with each other,
and were flirting and exchanging all
those little harmless courtesies, which
nature prompts on such occasion.—
They were all gaily dressed in silks and
ribbons; but the little girl had on a simple
frook, a homely apron, and clumsy
thick-soled shoes.

"Why don't you join yonder group,"
saked Hope, "and partake in their gaiety,
my pretty little girl?"

"Alas!" replied she, "they take no
notice of me. They call me a child.—
But I shall soon be a woman, and then
I shall be so happy!" Inspired by this
hope, she quickened her pace, and soon
was seen dancing along merrily with the
rest.

In this manner they wended their
way from nation to nation, and clime to
clime, until they had made the circuit
of the universe. Wherever they came
they found the human race, which at this
time was all young—it being not many
years since the first creation of mankind
—rejoicing at the present, and looking
forward to a riper age for happiness.—
All anticipated some future good, and
Memory had scarce any thing to do but
cast look of reproach at her young com-
panion. "Let us return home," said
she "to that delightful spot where I first
drew my breath. I long to repose a-
mong its beautiful bowers; to listen to
the brooks that murmured a thousand
times more musically; to the birds that
sung a thousand times more sweeter;
and to the echoes that were softer than
any I have since heard. Ah! there is
nothing on earth so enchanting as the
scenes of my earliest youth."

Hope indulged himself in a sly, signifi-
cant smile, and they proceeded on their
return home. As they journeyed but
slowly, many years elapsed ere they ap-
proached the spot whence they had de-
parted. It so happened one day they
met an old man, bending under the
weight of years, and walking with trem-
bling steps, leaning on his staff. Mem-
ory at once recognized him as the youth
they had seen going to school, on their
first outset in the tour of the world.—
As they came nearer, the old man reclined
on his staff, and looked at Hope, who,
being immortal, was still a blithe young
boy, sighed as if his heart was breaking.

"What aileth thee, old man?" asked
the youth.

"What aileth me," he replied, in a fee-
ble, faltering voice—"What should ail
me, but old age. I have outlived my
health and strength; I have survived all
that was near and dear; I have seen all
I loved, or all that loved me, struck down
to the earth like dead leaves in autumn,
and now I stand like an old tree withering
alone in the world, without roots,
without branches and without verdure.
I have only just enough of sensation to
know that I am miserable, and the recol-
lection of the happiness of my youthful
days, when careless and full of blissful
anticipations, I was a laughing, merry
boy, only adds to the miseries I now en-
dure."

"Behold!" said Memory, "the conse-
quence of thy deceptions," and she look-
ed reproachfully at her companion.

"Behold!" replied Hope, "the decep-
tion practised by thyself. Thou per-
suadest him that he was happy in his
youth. Dost thou remember the boy
we met when we first set out together,
who was weeping on his way to school,

and sighing to be a man."

Memory cast down her eyes and were
silent.

A little way onward, they came to
a miserable cottage, at the door of which
was an aged woman, meanly cled, and
shaking with palsy. She set all alone,
her head resting on her bosom, and as the
pair approached vainly tried to raise it
up to look at them.

"Good-morning, old lady—and all
happiness to you," cried Hope, gaily, and
the old woman thought it was a long
time since she heard such a cheering salu-
tation.

"Happiness!" said she, in a voice that
quivered with weakness and infirmity.
"Happiness! I have not known it since
I was a little girl, without care or sor-
row. O, I remember those delightful
days, when I thought of nothing but the
present moment, nor cared for the future
or the past. When I laughed and played
and sung from morning till night, and en-
vide no one, or wished to be any other
than I was. But those happy times are
past, never to return. O, if I could
only once more return to the days of
my childhood!"

The old woman sunk back on her
seat, and the tears flowed from her hol-
lowed eyes.

Memory again reproached her com-
panion, but he only asked her if she re-
collected the little girl they had met a
long time ago, who was so miserable be-
cause she was so young? Memory knew
it well enough, and said not another
word.

They now approached their home,
and Memory was on tiptoe with the
thought of once more enjoying the un-
equalled beauties of those scenes from
which she had been so long separated.—
But, some how or other, it seemed they
were sadly changed. Neither the grass
was so green, the flowers so sweet and
lovely, nor did the brooks murmur, the
echoes answer, nor the birds sing half so
enchantingly, as she remembered them
in long time past.

"Alas!" she exclaimed, "how changed
is every thing! I alone am the same."

"Every thing is the same, and thou
alone art changed," answered Hope.—
"Thou hast deceived thyself in the past
just as much as I deceive others in the
future."

"What is it thou are disputing about?"
asked an old man, whom they had not
observed before, though he was stand-
ing close by them. "I have lived almost
four score and ten years, and experience
may perhaps enable me to decide be-
tween you."

They told him the occasion of their
disagreement, and related the history of
their journey round the earth. The old
man smiled, and for a few moments set
buried in thought. He then said to them:

"I, too have lived to see all the hopes
of my youth turn into shadows, clouds,
and darkness, and vanish into nothing.
I, too, have survived my fortune, my
friends, my children—the hilarity of
youth and the blessing of health."

"And dost thou not despair?" said
Memory.

"No, I have one hope left me."

"And what is that?"

"The hope of heaven!"

Memory turned towards Hope, threw
herself into his arms, which opened to
receive her, and burst into tears, ex-
claiming—"Forgive me, I have done thee
injustice. Let us never again separate
from each other."

"With all my heart," said Hope, and
they continued for ever after to travel
together hand and hand, through the
world.

Noble Conduct.—We learn says the
New York Aurora of the 17th, that on
Sunday afternoon, as the train of cars
were started from Philadelphia, the
engineer, Jackson Vernon, saw a man
walking on the track, and immediately
reversed the engine; when he found the
man could not be saved but at the peril
of his own life, he jumped on the cow-
catcher, and caught the man in his arms.
Both came off with only a trifling inju-
ry. The man was deaf and dumb.

Once on a time, a Dutchman and a
Frenchman were travelling in Pennsyl-
vania, when their horse lost a shoe.—
They drove up to a blacksmith's shop,
and no one being in, they proceeded to
the house to anquire. The French-
man rapped and called out, "Is de smitty
wittin?" "Stand pack," says Hans;
"let me shpeak. Is der plack-smitt's
shop in der house?"

DIFFERENT FASHIONS OF DIFFERENT TIMES.

In 1743—Man to the plough,
Wife to the cow,
Girl to the yarn,
Boy to the barn,
And your rents will be neated.

In 1843—Man, tally-ho,
Miss, piano,
Wife, silk and satin,
Boy, greek and Latin,
And you will all be gazetted.

FAITH OF A GOOD MAN.—It is said that
the last words of the venerable Dr. Noah
Webster, were as follows:

"I know in whom I have believed—I
have believed—and I depart without one
fear or one wavering doubt."

A PATENT SERMON.

Dow Jr., thus talks concerning the
"END OF THE WORLD" humbug.

"This terrestrial orb of ours, which
as yet exhibits no sign of disease or de-
cline, will continue to roll on its axis
when we shall be incoldering in our sep-
ulchres, and the monuments erected to
our memories shall have fallen, and be-
come buried in the dust of oblivion.—
Earth is constantly undergoing a mira-
culous change, but it is subject to no de-
cay. The roses that faded yesterday
we can never behold again; and still the
same family of flowers that now bloom
around the graves of our kindred, will
also bloom around the tombs of millions
yet unborn. The feet of future gen-
erations will tread upon the dust of our
bodies, and the great-grand children of
our children's children will pluck posies
from the very bosoms of their ancestors.
Nature produces as fast as she destroys;
and so long as the conservative princi-
ple is observed and well carried out, you
need be under no apprehensions, my
friends, of the world's making a burst of
it. The scythe of old Father Time is
just as keen and no keener now, than
when he mowed down a cock-sparrow
in the garden by way of experiment;
and the sands of this glass have never
been clogged for a single instant—nor
will be till the earth grows hoary, the sun
loses its lustre with age, and the bald-
pated moon furnishes itself with awig.

When you see wonders in the hea-
vens that have never been witnessed
before—when the bowels of the earth
constantly rumble, like an empty stom-
ach before dinner—when you discover
a single screw loose in the grand machin-
ery of Nature—when thunder comes be-
fore lightning—when young ducks ex-
hibit, an instinctive antipathy to water
—when young men cease to run after
the girls, and the girls won't marry—
then, and not till then, believe that the
end of all things is at hand."

Amusement blended with instruction.

Mr. Gardner, the Bristol jailor, has de-
vised an improvement of the treadmill.—
The prisoners at every step they take,
call up to view a letter at a word and
are thus taught the alphabet and read-
ing whilst they are at work. By de-
grees, they become able to read a chap-
ter in the bible.

Force of Imagination.

—The Cam-
bridge, Mass., Palladium relates the
case of a farmer who being in the field
with his reapers, helped them to kill a
rattle-snake, and soon after having oc-
casions to go home, took up his son's
jacket and put it on. His son was a
young man and both their jackets were
made of the same kind of cloth. The
old man being warm did not button the
jacket until he got to the house, and
then found it too little for him; he im-
agined he was growing too big for his
jacket, and that the snake had bit him
and poisoned him; he therefore grew
very suddenly ill, and was put to bed.
And all the people about him were al-
armed. Doctors assembled from far
and near, the man grew worse and
worse, and had like to have died. At
length the son came home with a jacket
too big for him and grumbled for his
own. This proved an effectual remedy;
the father recovered in a moment.

A QUEER COLT.

—The Rome (N. Y.)
Citizens, states that a Mr. Brown, of Lee
county, has a colt, with two perfectly
formed heads and necks. The colt is
large and full grown, and perfect in all
respects. The heads are precisely alike
and the necks entirely distinct and sep-
arate from the breast and shoulders; the
spine of the neck continue on through
the body in two separate backbones
uniting at the tail.