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POETRY.

SONNETS TO THE WILD VIOLET, found in the woods of Alabama.

BY HENRY THOMPSON.

Type of thy God, in nature drest,
Emblem of innocence and rest,
Why didst thou in the sunless glade
Those lovely tints which sure were made
To woo the light!

Hast thou too felt the cold wood's scorn,
The with'ring blight of rayless moon
That thus within the woodland gloom
In ivy shade you'er wont to bloom
So far from sight!

And wilt thou fade in lonely bower,
Pale, gentle, melancholy flow'r!
And die when leaves in vernal dearth
Shall kiss the cold and dewy earth
In autumn day!

Or wilt thou wither on my heart,
And there sweet sympathy impart,
And give beneath the dews of grief,
Those lovely hours so bright and brief,
To slow decay!

Ah! no, I will not thus intrude,
To mar thy gentle solitude,
For thou art pure and undefil'd,
Lonely and beautiful and wild,
A forest queen!

Bloom on in thy secluded dell,
Sweet flow'r! that lovest alone to dwell!
And there within thy silent glade,
In God's own purity array'd,
Perish unseen.

THE TORY LOVER,

OR
LOVE & PATRIOTISM.

A tale of the Battle of Brandywine.

BY PROFESSOR INGRAM,

On the outskirts of the village of Newark, in Delaware, stood at the time of our story, a neat farm cottage, with majestic elm growing before its door. The distance over the field and woods, could be seen the spires of the town and the silvery glimpse of the river Delaware; with a group of vessels of war, anchored full three leagues off.—The cottage stood a little back from the rest of the frequently travelled road and with a green sward between. It had an inviting appearance of comfort, and never failed to attract the eye of the passing traveller.

The sun was near setting one pleasant afternoon in September, 1777, when a young man, half in uniform, half in citizen's dress, came out of the cottage door, followed by a young and interesting girl, who was clinging to his arm, and evidently in earnest entreaty with.—He was tall and handsome though sun tanned, and bore the appearance of a young farmer. She was a rustic too, her dress, but her face was very fair and beautiful, and her manners refined above condition to which she seem to belong. Tears were in her large blue eyes, and one of her hands clasped his, while the other lay upon his shoulder.

"Why will you go, dear George, into this dreadful contest? To-morrow you may be brought home to me a mangled corpse! Oh! fearful, fearful! Say you will not go and fight against your own country! This is worse than all."

"I am a loyal King's man, Annette, & I fight it must be on his side. The people are rebels, and will yet be put down, and heads will soon fly from the scaffold like wheat heads beneath the sickle."

"No never! The cause is a right one—a holy one, George, and heaven prosper it," she answered with enthusiasm. "I am grieved that one I so dearly love—to whom my troth was pledged before his quarrel broke out and tory rebel were unknown should now be going forth, armed, to join the foes of my father and his country, against his own brethren. If we be wrong, yet we are our kindred—your neighbors—and this would utter your sympathise with us, at least?"

"You need speak, dear Annette. I am resolved in the approaching battle to draw my sword for my king. Cornwallis and Howe are now within a few leagues, marching on—Washington and his forces have taken ground to oppose the passage of the Brandywine—and to-morrow the battle will take place, and

Philadelphia be in our hands."

The maiden was silent for an instant with her face hid—at length she spoke, and said grievously.

"Dear George, I feel as if I was called upon to sacrifice my love for you to my country's honor? How can I love my bleeding country, and at the same time love him whose sword is ready to pierce its bosom; Turn for my sake, George, and be an American in heart, as you are by birth, and you shall be in honor."

"You need not urge me Annette," said the young man, impatiently; "I will never draw my sword in favor of a rebel cause." "Be it so, and I pledge myself never to give my love to a traitor," answered the maiden with spirit. "Thus perish the troth that had been plighted to one who has proved false to himself and his country?" And thus speaking, the spirited girl took from her finger her betrothal ring, and cast it at his feet.

The young tory lover looked upon her with surprise and anger, which as he saw her re-entering the dwelling with a resolute step, without ever casting a glance upon him, instantly changed into one of entreaty.

"Stay Annette, do not leave me thus. You talk not surely in earnest: Come back and let me argue with thee. If you can thus idly brake your troth, I love you too well to do so myself."

"You love me George Lee!" she repeated with scorn; "you love me!" when you are now ready to go forth and draw your weapons and aim your rifle at the hearts of my father and brother, who are in the ranks of Washington ready to do and die for their country!—Out upon such love! I will have none of it! Go traitor to love and to honor! fight for thy tyrant King George, and be his slave as he is thy master."

With these spirited words, the young girl entered the house and closed the inner door, thus shutting out all further speech with her unworthy and recreant lover. The young volunteer of toryism stood for a moment looking both mortified and angry, hapening to see the ring at his feet, in the sudden and bitter feeling of the moment he ground it into the earth with his iron heel.

"Yes, let it and her perish if she will. I am a fool to love a rebel's daughter, and a rebel's sister."

Thus speaking, he strode moodily to the elm before the door, where his caprisoned horse was standing, and vaulted into the saddle spurred at full speed away in the direction of the British army.

The following day the country for miles around the cottage was echoing with artillery and the roar of mnsketry. Two conflicting armies were engaged in deadly contest, close at hand and in the scene of death and horror, Annette had a father, a brother, and—shall we say it?—a lover; for though her patriotic feelings made her cast him off, her affection still retained his image in her heart. On all sides columns were charging, engaging retreating, and still came in the direction of the road that led past the cottage.

Annette was part of the time fearfully watching the clouds of smoke that marked the progress of the combats, and part of the time on her knees in prayer for those she loved—and was George Lee excluded from that petition! Let each maiden's own heart answer.

Near and nearer came the sound of artillery and the roar of battle? She stood with her aged mother and gathered neighbors, upon the green beneath the elm, in painful expectation. The smoke of the battle field rolled on ward, and now they could hear the shouts of the soldiers in the fight. Their position commanded a view of a mile along the road, and soon they beheld scattering troops flying across it, and its extremity and disappearing in the woods. Then came a squadron of horses broken and retreating, and then artillery drawn in full gallop, came to the road. The American flag flew from the staffs in the gun carriages and Annette knew that her country-men were defeated. Louder and more fearful now grew the uproar of the battle beyond the wood, and regiment after regiment, broken and terrified; filled the road and were retreating along it towards Chester, and passed the cottage. Annette's anxiety for her country-man, and for her father and brother, would not let her quit her post and the tide of battle came rolling past her—a terrific spectacle? The dragoons galloped by, each horseman riding by himself, with his reins thrown upon his saddle bow, then came the artillery thundering

along, followed by a multitude of soldiers without order, flying at the top of their speed.

"Oh! shame, shame!" she cried with hot tears in her eyes. Oh! that I was a man, and in the saddle; methinks my single arm would retrieve the day!—Where is Washington—He certainly cannot fly.

As she spoke she heard on her right, down the road, a loud commanding voice, colling on the retreating men to rally? She turned and beheld Washington himself, who, hearing of the giving way of the right wing had come up at the head of regiment to sustain it. His voice and presence now instilled life into the flying soldiery, and they soon rallied in the road, and presented a front to the columns of British that were pursuing—General Howe seeing this demonstration of resistance and knowing Washington to be there in person, withdrew from pursuit, satisfied with having routed the wing. The American troops then slowly retreated in good order towards a strong position on the heights not far off.

Annette was delighted to see that among those who fled were neither her father nor her brother; but she was pained to discover among the pursuers her own false lover, who, seeing her at a distance, reined up his horse and turned aside, hoping to escape her notice. When she saw this she resolved she would not only banish him from her heart, but from her thoughts. But the resolutions of a maiden in love, are only made to be spoken, especially when the lover is the object with them.

It was about 8 o'clock in the evening of the battle, when Annette was seated in her door listening to every footstep expecting her father and brother. It was a pleasant night, but the time was a sad one. She fancied the winds wafted to her the moans of the dying and wounded, from the woods and fields around where the fight had been—her heart was full of forebodings of evil to those so dear to her. All at once she heard the approach of horses' feet, and started up with solicitude—for she knew neither her father nor her brother were mounted—she waited nervously the advance of the horseman along the road. He came at a slow pace and as he drew nearer she discovered by the light of the moon that he was an officer, and that his horse was wounded. Instead of passing the house toward the town he turned up to the door and rode toward her. She was too familar with scenes of danger and the incidents of those warlike times to feel alarmed; and waited quietly his approach to the door stone.

"Good evening madem," he said with a foreign accent; "I pray thee give me your hospitality a brief space—I and my horse are both wounded and he will carry me no farther, I fear."

There was something in the gentle tones of the voice of the stranger, as well as in his noble figure and engaging address, that immediately interested Annette in him; and without asking him whether he was a friend or foe, she invited him to alight and enter the dwelling. With some difficulty he got the ground, for his leg was stiff with his wound. She assisted him and received his grateful thanks. He then examined first his horses' wound, and with her aid dressed it, and had him put into the shed and protected from the night air, with plenty of hay. When this was done, he went with her into the house, and submitted his foot and ankle, which had been shattered by a cannon shot, to the skill of the mother and daughter.—Annette then provided him with refreshments, and tried to make him as comfortable as possible, without knowing whether he was one of her country's invaders or defenders, but his foreign accent led her to suppose the former. But Annette was a Christian, and remembered and obeyed the injunction of our Saviour—

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him, if he thirst, gave him drink."

The ensuing morning the grateful stranger was about to leave. His horse was at the door, much improved as well as his master.

"My sweet maid, said the officer, you must take gold, for I can repay you in no other way."

"Cease to fight against my country, is all I ask sir," she said warmly.

The officer smiled and said, "Have you then regarded me as a foe, and still done all this for me?"

"I have done my duty sir."

"You are a noble girl, and I am happy to let you know you have not thrown your hospitality away upon one undeserving of it, I am an officer under Washington."

The stranger then remounted his horse and was about taking leave of her, and Annette had it on her tongue to ask him who he was when two men made their appearance before the house with guns and knapsacks.

"Father and brother?" cried she, joyfully receiving their embrace, as they hastened towards her. "What officer is this? He is under Washington."

The young man glanced at his face which had been turned from them, and answered with pride and pleasure. Do you not know him? It is the young French General Lafayette.

They then went towards him, and paid respects informing him that there had been fears he had been slain.

"No, no," he said, "my brave men, I heedlessly wandered from my staff after night, and coming to this house, was hospitably entertained by the maiden, who mistook me for an English officer, yet did nothing lack in her charities.—You are honored monsieur, in having so generous a child."

Thus speaking the young french soldier made his adieues, and rode away.

After congratulating each other upon their safety the brother told her that they only came to see her for a few hours, and were to return to the army the same night. They told her also that the column which pursued their right wing along the road past the cottage, had afterwards been met by General Knyphausen and had been compelled to give up much of the advantage ground it had gained with the loss of a great many men slain and taken prisoners.—Annette recollected that George was in that division, and she would have asked intelligence of him, but her pride kept her silent. At length her brother and father went into the house, and as she was following them, a young man who had been a rival of George Lee's rode up to the door, alighted, and calling in a high tone of voice to her brother—

"Ho! Ruben, did you hear the news? George Lee was taken last night skulking in the camp, and is to be hung this afternoon as a spy?"

Annette heard and came near falling to the ground. She, however recovered herself and with a bursting heart hasted, without making any outcry; to her own chamber. She still loved her tory lover, and knew that he was likely to die, all her heart bled for him, and all her love returned in its strength.

"He shall not die!" she said resolutely! "I will save him."

That afternoon George Lee was brought for execution in the rebel camp. Lafayette was in his tent, when Annette braving through the guards, threw herself at his feet and implored his intercession for her lover's life. He recognized his hostess, and hasted with her to Washington. What he said to his chief we know not; but we do know George Lee was pardoned, and the next day was attached to Lafayette's body guard. In the subsequent battles of the Revolutionary struggle, he distinguished himself by his valor and devotion to the American cause, and at the close of the war married Annette, whose patriotism was rewarded by the fulfilment of those hopes of love which she had so nobly sacrificed in behalf of it.

Seven thunder storms in a day.—An extra from the office of the Western (New York) State Lournal, at Syracuse states that that vicinity was visited, on the 28th ult, by seven thunder-storms. At Amboy, near Syracuse, two lads took shelter under a tree which was struck by lightning, and one of them was instantly killed. The dwelling of Gen. J. B. Lawrence, at Syracuse was struck, and somewhat injured. At Salina, a house, store and salt block were severely stuck: a colored woman had the cloths stripped from her side, and was severely scorched by the lightning; and another woman was rendered insensible for half an hour. A building was struck in Lafayette, in the same country, two houses at Weedsport, and a house at Cato Four Corners, in Cayuga county—*Bali. Sun.*

In Limbo, at last.—Dr. Appletion the scoundrel who has swindled so extensively in various places and married a new wife in nearly all the towns where he has sojourned has been arrested and sent to jail at Harrisburg, Pa.