On the St. Lawrence River—Montreal.

What a glorious ride that was on that grand river, in a splendid steamer, full of gay company—"fair women and brave men!" Georgia rustled strong, as usual. We had everything to exhilarate and make us happy, except good dining-room accommodations, and as we got enough food to satisfy hunger, we could very well afford to feed frugally, for a few days, in consideration of our pleasant surroundings in almost every other respect. The trip passed like a dream to me; so much so indeed, that I have not preserved one single sketch. I must beg pardon of the reader, and as this is my first offence of the kind, I hope to obtain ready forgiveness.

But how I do digress, in this my 5th sketch. I ought never, to travel with good company; for, if I do, my poor journal is sadly neglected. I think so much of enjoyment that I have no time to write. On the contrary, when I go alone, I note everything. It is more pleasant to travel with a party; but I verily believe it is more profitable to journey without acquaintances, save such as may be picked up on the route; and these in my case are indeed few.

I remember that we were on deck, looking at everything that we could see, a great part of the time, and then we were often in the saloon, near the piano, at which some lady of the company would seat herself—ever delivering beautiful operatic airs and suites, with the greatest precision and most faultless execution; another pouring out her rich and powerful voice in floods of song, or rattling off short, brilliant pieces from popular composers. Of course there was that universal accompaniment of every occasion when the ladies are thrown together, to wit; a vast deal of flirting.

But wish that I had and have nothing to do. In "shooting the rapids" I was a good deal interested, and so were the ladies. To speak the truth concerning the ladies, they are much more enterprising and adventurous than men. In traveling, no fear is too difficult or dangerous for them to perform. Nothing that is to be seen escapes them. Going on the table rock, and behind the sheet of water at Niagara, are simply examples of what they will undertake, for the sake of seeing something new or strange. At the cathedral, in Montreal, while some of the gentlemen broke down, after going half way up the tower, the ladies, to a man, climbed every step to the top, and I actually do believe they were willing to toil on till they should drop dead—to die as martyrs in the sacred cause of—what shall I call it? Some ill-natured people would say, curiosity, but I choose to consider it a highly commendable desire to obtain useful information.

But how I do digress, in this my 5th sketch. I must beg pardon of the reader, and as this is my first offence of the kind, I hope to obtain ready forgiveness.

There are several rapids in the St. Lawrence—places where the fall is very great, owing to which, and the fact that there are many rocks in the river, the navigation is exceedingly difficult and dangerous. It is said that no pilots are sufficiently well acquainted with the channel to take a steam-boat through with safety, except those of a faculty of half-breed Indians, named Baptiste. We took one of them on board, before entering the most dangerous of the rapids, and then started through. It was late in the day, and many of us crowded on the upper-forward deck. Of course the ladies were present in force. Soon the boat began to rock, rather unpleasantly, and the spray flew in our faces. Col. T. folded about a good deal, and finally turned to go to his state-room. "Don't leave us, Col.," said someone. "I'm not frightened, sir," was the short reply, "only a little sea-sick!"—and the Col. toddled off.

I recollect very little concerning the passage of the rapids, and my journal is entirely silent about them. However, it appeared fully dangerous enough to be exciting, and I know that for some distance, at one time, I turned frequently to look at the pilot, and I saw a countenance more fixed and anxious, than any I ever beheld before. His lips were parted; his eyes fastened on some object in the water before us, and not till we passed that, did his countenance relax, as he drew a deep sigh, and swallowed a great gulp, in token of relief. Either the risk was very great, or he was a consummate actor. Yet I never heard of any accident occurring here.

But one grove tried, even of St. Lawrence river; and so the transfer to St. Lawrence Hotel, in Montreal, was vastly agreeable to all of us. After the serenades in the steam-boat eating-saloon, to which we had been accustomed for several days, to get to a decent, quiet dining-room, was a relief indescribable. These sudden changes and contrasts constitute one of the chief charms of traveling. However, I must not go off on another digression.

After supper, we went to the theatre, and witnessed the performance of Don Caesar de Bazan—rather poor. But then the Wept of Wish Ton Wish, was produced as effectively as anything I ever saw on the stage. No acting could be more affecting than that of some scenes in this beautiful Indian Drama. The play-bills informed us that the principle parts were sustained by "the star sisters, Lucille and"—the other name is forgotten.

Early next morning, with one male companion, I started to drive over the city. We visited the reservoir, which is filled with water drawn from the rapids; went by the priests' college, and various other large buildings. We walked through and suggested some kind of an asylum, in which were lodged many children and old people, among the latter a number of old soldiers—all supported by charity. We also were allowed to go through the convent of the gray nuns, and were in the chapel at noon, when the sisters came in to prayer. I suppose there were 30 or 40 of them. Quite a number of our party had happened to meet in the cool, spacious hall, that constitutes the chapel, and we sat for some moments, in perfect silence. Presently we heard a strange, low muttering, which approached nearer and nearer, and finally the nuns came in with a slow, solemn step, repeating their prayers in a monotone tone, all pronouncing the words together, and keeping time as in a chant. They knelt, still speaking the words they had been taught. I observed them closely, and looked in vain, for what I expected to see; the appearance of sweet, calm, holy repose, said to be the reward of those who shut themselves up from the world as they do. On the contrary, I imagined that the prevailing expression of their countenances was dark, sombre, and cheerless. That phase of Romishism made a worse impression on me than any I had seen.

After the services in the convent-chapel were over, we went to the cathedral. It was the largest finished church in America. I was very anxious to hear the tones of its mighty organ, floating through its sides, and up to its lofty ceiling, but this was denied me, as I could stay in Montreal only that day. The attendant, as he ushered us inside the door, took off his hat and sank his voice to a whisper. My bump of ven-
eration is prominent, and I involuntarily followed his example, as did most of the company, when they stood in that vast, still, solemn-looking chamber, with its interminable aisles, its pictures looking dimly down from every side, its subdued and meager light coming in through the stained-glass windows; its numerous altars and pulpits, its immense height of ceiling and gallery. One gentleman, however, failed to doff his capote, seeing which, the attendant quickly snatched it off, casting upon the offender a look of withering rebuke.

We walked about for a long time, looking at the numerous paintings, and altars dedicated to different saints, listening to what our attendant had to relate of the supernatural— or fabulous—history of each. The large window of stained glass, at one end of the building, as sixty-seven feet high, and twenty-two feet wide. No description can give an idea of the beautiful light that comes through it, and I pass over this, as over too much else, with a mere mention of some of the narratives we heard concerning the various persons well known to the country, among them Dr. Lovick Pierce, cosmopolitan John E. Morgan of La Grange, Hon. D. P. Hill of Hamilton, and others, all of whom are endorsed by the Enquirer.

I am much obliged to Mr. Traylor for his communication. Its value to the country is incalculable, and he gives good endorser Dr. Lovick Pierce, for instance, ought to understand the salt business; for if the old gentleman isn't decidedly saltine in some of his discourses, then uncle Jimmy Danielly never was. And the way he knows how to crow evil-doers up salt river, is decidedly emphatic.

But Mr. Traylor himself has a salty name: for one of the saltiest fellows I ever knew, was a man by the name of John Traylor, formerly of this county. At any rate, my correspondent is a good Traylor, for he has trailed up a secret worth millions to the country, though he has failed to trail up Rocksalt Stubbs.

I do not think Mr. Stubbs should fail to respond to the call made upon him. Wonder if he is any relation to the man who makes Stubbs's London Twist Shot-guns? If he is, I wish he would undo his twist, until he twists himself from his hiding-place, and again appears before the public. I have tried to twist him out, until I have despaired of ever twisting him down to the Stubbs. I fear I shall have to quit cultivating this field of inquiry, and leave it a stubble field, unless the proprietor of the Stubbsfield house in Macon should volunteer to proceed with the inquiry.

But failing to find Mr. Stubbs, I am permitted to say by Mr. M. Dennis of this county, that about the winter of 1828, if he remembers correctly, he tried Mr. Stubbs's plan. That is to say, he had his brine in an iron pot, and while boiling, he dipped his meat in, let it remain a minute or two, and immediately hung it up, and smoked it. Before putting it in the brine, all the bone was removed. The meat was plenty salt, and quite good.

The winter in which he tried the experiment, was quite warm—so much so that it did not kill the cotton— and he gathered from old stalks remaining in his field where corn followed cotton— he gathered from these old stalks 4 or 5 bales of the staple. Everybody who knows Mr. Dennis will bear witness that he does not know how to save his bacon, but is a perfectly truthful, reliable, upright, and honest man.

From the various experiments reported by reliable men, it may be safely inferred that with the proper management, meat may be saved with one fifth of the salt usually employed. Our people would do well to begin, early in the season, to kill small portions of their hogs as they became fat, and test the various experiments for saving meat, on a small scale, before they risk their whole bacon crop upon any novelty. The subject before us is one worthy of the best efforts of us all.

In conclusion, I wish to observe that the funny part of this article is only designed to make attractive the useful part.

Since writing the foregoing, I have come across another recipe for curing meat, which is as follows:

"An old farmer, residing in the vicinity of Petersburg, gives us the following recipe for curing bacon to publish for the benefit of all who may wish to put up pork this winter. He says he has known the value of this recipe for the last 40 years, and pronounces the bacon cured by it to be equal to any he has ever seen or tasted. It keeps pure and sweet for any length of time, and entirely free of skippers. In view of the scarcity of salt, present and prospective, we recommend a trial of this recipe.

To 1 part salt add 2 parts good green hickory or oak ashes (by measure); mix and rub well around the joints and elsewhere.

A Haunted Preacher.

"In the volumes of Dr. Sprague, on the Baptist Pulpit, Governor Briggs communicates a very interesting letter on John Leeland, which contains a very full account of his personal habits and manner of preaching. He was little inclined to be superstitious, says Gov. Briggs; indeed, his practical sagacity and startling common sense kept him from any tendency in that direction, but he had some peculiar experiences of the supernatural, as the following incident testifies:"

While I was at his home, I inquired of him about a remarkable noise, which I had, when a boy, heard that he and his family had been annoyed by, when they lived in Virginia. He gave this account of it:

"His family, at the time, consisted of himself, wife, and four children. One evening, all the family being together, their attention was attracted by a noise which very much resembled the faint groans of a per-
son in pain. It was distinct, and repeated at intervals of a few seconds. It seemed to be under the sill of the window, and between the clapboards and the ceiling. They paid very little attention to it, and in a short time it ceased. But afterwards it returned in the same way, sometimes every night, sometimes not so frequently, and always in the same place, and of the same character. It continued for some months. He said it excited their curiosity, and annoyed them, but they were not alarmed by it. During its continuance they had the ceiling and casing removed from the place where it appeared, to be, but found nothing there. They still proceeded, and seemed in be advancing. It continued as usual for some time in its old position; but it was noticed that its noise was so loud and startling to be imitated by the human voice. The next grown was not so loud, and it seemed to be a step or two from the front of the bed, near his face. It continued to recede in the direction from which it came, and grew less, until it reached its old station, when it died away to the faintest sound, and entirely and forever ceased.

No explanation was ever found. I have given you the facts, and you can form your own opinion. I have none.' His wife confirmed all he said. I think I never knew a person less given to the marvelous than Elder Leland. 'The Countryman thinks there must have been some mistake somewhere.

**Fit and Unfit.**

There are some things fit and proper for the columns of a newspaper, and some things are not fit and proper for the columns of a newspaper.

I doubt that such a phrenology is very profound, or very novel: but it will answer as an introduction to a few remarks I have to make touching certain queries which sometimes find their way into the public journals.

My young friends who write queries for the "Gossip" column of the F. & F. will pardon me for saying that many of their questions had better never be written, much less published. I present a few of them. In the number of the above journal for Sept. 18th, Jennie of Mountain Home Ga., writes:

> "I wish to know if a young lady who has been very well raised, used to the best society, and who is now dependent on her own exertions for her support, can obtain a situation in some respectable business in your city. She is competent to fill a situation in an office of any kind suitable for a respectable family, and can give the very best of references."

If all that Jennie says of herself be true, she is so much the more to blame for the indecency of this public parade of her good qualities and desires, instead of getting her friends to go to work privately, and with becoming delicacy, to obtain for her the position which she seeks.

In the same number of the F. & F., Julia says:

> "I was at a party the other night, and the hostess was dressed very plain indeed —so much so that some of the rude and gossipping young ladies made remarks about it. I told them it was in good taste for the lady of the house to dress plainly on such occasions. Don’t you think I was right?"

Miss Julia should know that there is an unwritten code which governs the intercourse of ladies and gentlemen, in good society, whose regulations are suggested by instinct, good taste, good breeding, and observation, and whose requirements should not be referred to the "Gossip" column of a newspaper.—That Petite Jane should have enquired in a literary journal, for a "remedy for the itch"—Oh! horror of horrors!

Julia appears again in the F. & F. for Sept. 27th, and writes "can you tell me any recipe promotive of beauty?" And M. T. V., Rose Cottage, Ala., writes as follows:

1— I have fallen completely in love with the character of the brave and gallant Col. Jack Morgan. I want to set my cap for him, to "catch" him, as we girls say. Never having seen him, I don’t know how to commence. Please tell me what you think will be the best plan?—2—A girl engages herself to a young man who soon leaves on business. He is absent a long time, months, but does not write. What should she do and think?—3—When a young gentleman calls on a lady, should she receive him at her door, or should she, when he leaves, ask him to call again?—Oh! Julia, and M. T. V. of Rose Cottage, Ala., if you must ask such silly questions, propound them to your friends at home, and don’t send them to a newspaper.

In the F. & F. of Oct. 4th, some one writes as follows:—"I am in love with a young lady in this town, but have not the courage or resolution to tell her so. She is about leaving town in a few days and will be absent for a month or two. What do you think would be the best to do, write a proposal or declaration to her, or declare my love in person?"

And in the same number some one else writes as follows:—"Is it unconstitutional to address a young lady twice? I love a young lady with all the devotion of my nature—have told her so and been rejected. What is your advice to a poor fellow?"

I make the same objection to the last two questions that I have made to the balance. It is decidedly indecent to parade such matters before the public. That it is almost universally done in Northern papers is no excuse for the same thing in Southern papers. Our society is different. Do let it remain so.
Sheep-Husbandry.

DR. LEE: I sheared, about the beginning of May, 55 sheep, which yielded about 145 pounds of wool—an average of 2:7.11 pounds to the sheep. The average would have been better but for a number of old sheep which had partially lost their fleeces. This average, though small when compared with the yield of the improved breeds when well provided for, is better than ordinary with the old-field sheep common in Georgia.

Mr. Dunlavy, in the essay which you published in the Field & Fireside of 26th inst., says his sheep realize him yearly a net income of 50 per cent upon their value. Mine have yielded me, for the past twelve months, over 100 per cent net income on their value. Fifty-five sheep at $2 per head, the price they bring at sales through the country, are worth $110. I sold my wool, unwashed, at 25 cents per pound, which brought me $36.25. Then my flock of 55 raised for me, this spring, 40 lambs; which, at $2 per head, their market value, are worth $80. Add this to $36.25, the price the wool brought, and it makes $116.25—over 100 per cent upon $110, the value of the 55 old sheep.

But some one may ask why I don't devote the cost of keeping my flock. I answer, because the keeping cost me nothing. A little salt occasionally, with possibly a few cotton seed, I think the best breed of sheep for us, is the native breed.
our pastureage they would not be fine breeds long. Fine pastures are the base of fine stock. Take away the base, and the superstructure must fall, of course. To expect to have the finest kind of improved cattle, sheep, and hogs, on stunted broom-sedges, transferring these improved breeds out of their element of fine pastures, would be like attempting to raise fine sand out of water. I am not at all acquainted with the improved breeds of sheep, but from what Mr. Dantzler says, I would imagine it best to cross the South Down upon our common stock. I am not opposed to grafting a better breed upon our hardy stock; but without more care than our planters bestow upon their sheep, I am confident it would be a losing business to invest too much in the improved breeds.

The Southern planter, without detriment to his cotton crop, can raise a great many sheep, and make it profitable. The best sheep for his purpose is the long and coarse-wooled one. He wants his wool to make clothes for his negroes, which are manufactured from coarse kerseys. You say in your article No. 3, on 'Sheep Husbandry in the South,' that fine wool will make more durable cloth than coarse wool. This may be true, and doubtless is, but this makes no difference with the negro. He is going to have his new kersey jacket every winter, and nothing you can do is going to make him take care of that jacket more than one winter. Hence to make negro clothing, coarse-wooled sheep are the best, because they yield so much more. By saving one's rams exclusively from the long-wooled lambs, I think one might have a flock of sheep, before the expiration of many years, that would, with only tolerable treatment, average five pounds of wool to the sheep. I am confident that I sheared sheep, this spring, whose fleece would have weighed five or six pounds.

Now in what I say, I want it understood that I do not pretend to set forth what is best for those who make sheep-husbandry their chief business. Mr. Dantzler and others have done that. My object is to show that our planters can make all the wool and all the mutton they need, and not let it interfere at all with their other business. With little or no outlay, they can realize upon the value of their flock from 50 to 100 per cent., per annum. And they can do it by pursuing the course I have—a course attended with scarcely any expense.

There is one thing, though, I must add with reference to the treatment of sheep, and that is that a man must never let his sheep "run out," if he wishes to be successful. They will become as wild as bucks, if he does, and the dogs will certainly devour them. It is very important that sheep should be kept gentle, and a good way to do this is to raise a pet lamb, occasionally, and when he is grown, make him the bell-wether of the flock. He will never forget his raising, but will always remain gentle, and come and lick salt out of your hand. There are but few of my sheep that will not do this, anyway.

And now as to the glorious delicacy of mutton. This food cannot be extolled too highly, whether fresh or dried. No venison I have ever tasted, equalled good fat mutton, well dressed. Of course it must be well dressed, or it is offensive to taste and smell: and few know how to dress it properly. This is why so many are prejudiced against mutton. I have passed off upon many persons who boasted themselves epicures and connoisseurs, "my dried mutton hams as dried venison hams. Let your butcher be careful never to make the smallest puncture in the entrails of your sheep, while dressing him; let the sheep be entirely cool when you kill him; not at all hustled by running; let him be fat and tender; let him not be spoiled in cooking; his flesh not dried up in the oven like a chip; but on the other hand, cooked slowly, and "smothered," like a chicken; this "smothering" being a cross between a bake and a stew; then with some nice green corn, green peas, okra, or young and tender Irish potatoes—and I am ready, with this feast set before me, to close this long rambling article on sheep-husbandry. A. Y. T.

The foregoing was written June 28th, 1861, and published in the Folk & Farmer.

The Orator and the Tyrant.

"A correspondent of a Western paper, writing in regard to the recent battles in Northern Virginia, makes the following candid admissions:"

"It is to be noted that all who were in the late battles bear witness to the splendid generalship and bravery of the enemy. Said a colonel with his arm in a sling, when surrounded by a crowd of eager listeners at his hotel, "There is no doubt about these Southerners absolutely terrific: we can't stop the devils when they charge, without killing all—and sometimes we do that: but if we don't, they are bound to take our batteries."

The advance of the enemy on Pope's left, on Saturday, is described as the greatest scene of the kind in the war. When Lee arrived, every gap in their line of battle was filled up, and the whole advanced in phalanx so solid and deep, it looked like a forest of bayonets, stretching up and down our front for full three miles, and overlapping our extreme left wing. On they came, steady and slow at first, our batteries playing on their columns, but theirs, in commanding positions, throwing shot and shell over their heads into our artillerists and guns. Their line never wavered, but, advancing within musket range, it drew the fire of our troops without finishing. Then their guns came to a level, and belched forth a staggering fire, followed by a charge of the whole mass. Arriving at close quarters, the musketry was continued, while more than two opposing regiments crossed bayonets. Five minutes decided it. The left could not stand the pressure, and began to waver. Our batteries were silenced or captured, as the foe had desperation and numbers on their side. After much delay, the enemy once again triumphed in the field of Bull Run.
The Countryman.

The County Printing.

The sheriff and the clerks of the Superior and Inferior courts of Putnam County have agreed to do all their advertising with The Countryman—for which they have my thanks. The ordinary has concluded to divide his patronage between this paper and the Recorder, and he has my divided thanks.

Before beginning the publication of this journal, I asked the ordinary if he would give me his printing. I understood him to say he would, unless specially instructed to advertise elsewhere. With this I was satisfied.

But soon I saw so many of his advertisements were kept out of my paper, that I concluded surely the people of the county who gave The Countryman such universal patronage by subscription, did not intend to withhold from it their advertising patronage, and so I approached the ordinary the second time. Exactly what words passed between us, I am not sure, but the result was entirely satisfactory, and I thought there could be no mistake in the future, especially as a large run of patronage for awhile flowed to me from the ordinary's office. Lately, though, that patronage has flowed in the opposite direction. I could not help being astonished at this, for many reasons, and so I went to the ordinary the 3rd time, and told him it seemed to me that what a paper could expect to do all the circulation, and not the age of the paper. The Countryman has much larger circulation, and is much more universally read in the county than any other paper taken in it: and this, of itself, is a sufficient reason why it should do the county printing.

As to the 2nd objection, I told the ordinary that if there were a few old men in the county who had taken the Recorder the number of years he says, and who were so much attached to it on that account, that they still desired to advertise with it, I was the last man who would fail to recognize that kind of feeling. It was one to which I delighted to do honor. And here it is a convenient place for me to say that the Recorder need not be told that I have no disposition to injure it. The relations between myself and the editors have been one of uniform kindness, and they have done me too many favors, to allow of any effort on my part against its interest. I think, too, there are none who would more readily admit the force of my cause as set forth in this article than the editors of the Recorder.

As to the 3rd objection, no action whatever ought now to be based upon the idea of old party divisions. And one thing is certain—that even if the Recorder represents one old party division, The Countryman never did, does not now, and never will. It is no party paper, and would not be for any consideration.

So far as past party divisions are concerned, my personal friends and relations have always been against me in politics, and while they uphold me in everything else, never did in party matters. These are the men now, who above all others, are sustaining The Countryman: and more men who were in the old party against me, have advertised with me than of those of the old party with which I was once aligned. This is a testimonial of personal esteem and friendship for which I sincerely thank my friends. And I esteem it the more, because neither politics nor selfish interest of any kind, has anything whatever to do with it.

There was no valid reason given by the ordinary why all, or nearly all of his advertising should not be done with me. It is my due, really, because I have the largest circulation in the county, and because it has been, and will continue to be the object of this journal to represent, and advance all the local interests of the county. A journal for this purpose is really needed in our midst.

I told the ordinary that the golden rule, by which both of us, as good Christians, promised to be governed, required him to advertise with me. He is a merchant. I and my friends, and my father and father's friends before me, had done a good deal of trading with him, and had supported him, too, for the office which he holds. Why not then advertise with The Countryman? What would be the think of me if I were to pass by his store, and send down to Milledgeville to get goods which I could buy on as good terms from him? Would it be a neighborly act? Would it be according to the golden rule? No. Then for the ordinary to pass me by, and go to Milledgeville to have his printing done, is neither neighborly nor golden-rush. I told the ordinary, besides, that if I saw a man going from home to trade, and I knew he could do as well in the ordinary's store, I would "speak a good word" for him, the ordinary. And so I think if the ordinary sees a man disposed to go to Milledgeville for his printing, and can turn him to The Countryman office, where he can get it done just as well and as cheaply, neighborly kindness, and the golden rule both require him to "speak a good word for The Countryman." It is with the ordinary, as with all other human beings. Where there is a will there is a way. When a man wishes to do a thing, he can always find the means to do it. When he does not wish to do a thing, there are always a plenty of excuses, to prevent action. I leave this whole matter with the ordinary, and shall not urge it upon his attention again, either publicly or privately. In what I have said to him, heretofore, I have acted upon the presumption that he was my friend, and willing to accommodate me. If I am in error, the sooner I am undeceived the better. I neither ask, nor will receive unwilling favors, at the hand of any man, woman, child, demon, or devil. I ask my friends, though, to give their attention to this matter, and do all their advertising with me. They have the right to select the journal in which to publish their orders, citations, sales, &c.

While a few enemies in the county have been very busily engaged in trying to keep advertising patronage out of The Countryman, there has not been a corresponding effort on the part of my friends to supply that patronage. In fact, my friends have several times allowed my enemies to draw their favors away from The Countryman.

A remarkable instance of this occurred in publishing the contributions in this county
Another instance why certain parties may not have desired to have the grand jury presentments published, might possibly have been because there is one clause in these presentments peculiarly open to criticism, and which I am satisfied escaped the attention of a majority of the jury. — But enough of this. I close by saying that my friends ought to stand up more decidedly for their own views and opinions, and not suffer themselves so easily circumvented. The will of 1 or 2 men should not override that of 20.

I appeal now to my friends — the friends of The Countryman. You are very largely in the majority, and ought to control in the matters which I have brought before you. I ask you to give me your patronage. Of my few enemies, I ask nothing. I am not dependent upon their patronage, and can easily do without it.

A few suggestions to the people of the county, concerning the injustice with which a few persons have been disposed to treat me. If there is any public meeting of the county, in which our citizens are all interested, the Countryman is expected to sit our people up with both his tongue and his pen. If there is any railroad meeting to be held, the Countryman must attend to that. If there is any meeting to be held for the benefit of soldiers, or soldiers' families, the Countryman must attend to that. If there is any religious service to be held, the Countryman must announce that, if he is not expected to take a hand in the proceedings. The Countryman must keep a correct record of all the noble deeds of our chivalric soldiery. If brother Tom's meetings result in the destruction of the swine, the Countryman is called upon to issue a counterblast to these. If the roads get bad, the Countryman must put them in order. If anyone sets the rascal, the Countryman must blow him up. The Countryman must bring down the price of bacon, lard, shoes, hats, factory thread, and omostables, and put up the price of dried peaches and pearemon beer. But when there is any advertising to be done, The Countryman may go to the devil. And right here, I will bring this article to a close: for these things are enough to make a preacher curse, and I would do it, had I not taken the first step towards preparing for the Hardshell ministry: and as I have preserved throughout this article the characteristics of a christian minister (among which is the grace of holding on too long) I now close, lest I might be betrayed into some unchristian remark, by the manners that vexes my righteous soul.
THE COUNTRYMAN.

In the back parlor, when Dave, the negro, was strolling, he said, "I have often heard the dog de debil had no conscience, and now I begin to blees it. You gwine to allow me only twenty-five dollars for dat soul, and it wuff fifty! You promised to take out the worth of your soul in trade. You've got the worth of it. I can buy lots of white souls for half the money.

Dave—Now, debil, a negro's soul is as good as white folks': it's a cash article. But I jes wants what's right: so 'bleege me wil a gallop ob dat 'lasses, and two pon'n's sugar and I'll fling in the soul of my wife. Don't a splendid bargain!

Just then Mr. Simms' cousin came out, seized the black swindler, and marched him down to the assistant provost marshal.

The relatives of the monomaniec shut up the store, and have taken proper steps for putting the imaginary Satan under proper guardianship.

Remedy for Dysphthria.

"We find the following remedy for dysphthria, which is prevalent in portions of the country, in our exchanges. We advise our readers to preserve it. It is furnished by a lady, it is said, who has known it to be used in many cases with the most beneficial result:

"Take a handful of alder root, the same quantity of dogwood root, and the same quantity of the bark of persimmon root. Boil them with a pint of vinegar down to a half pint, then add a very little water, a lump of alum, and a little honey, and use as a gargle."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Legal advertisements at the usual rates, and all others at 10 per line, for each insertion, except in advance Obituaries and marriages, short or long, are advertisements.

PENS WANTED.—Any one having a good Hoe & cylinder power press for sale, will please send name and address to The Countryman.

Dec. 3, 1862.

JOB WORK executed with neatness and dispatch at this office.

Sept. 15, 1862.

THE EVANGELICAL Pulpit: Published monthly by Wilkes & Marshall, Forsyth, Ga., at 50 cents per annum.

Aug. 25, 1862.

Prospectus.

The Countryman is a Little Paper published on the editor's plantation, 9 miles from Eaton, GA., at 21 per annum, in advance, containing 400 cents of the most interesting matter found in the English language. New numbers can be supplied now, but the volumes will be regulated on application.

J. A. TURNER, Eaton, Ga.

Mr. J. A. Turner's little paper, The Countryman, has entered upon its 3rd volume, has changed form, and is more convenient for reading. It has 16 pages instead of 4. The selections form an excellent literary taste. Some of the articles, anecdotes, &c. are commensurate to the many, curious pages. With fair pay, and a good table of contents, the journal makes a handsome appearance amongst the vagrant, unruly editors, either in politics or literature. Success has been the rule of this publication since it first appeared, and must continue in view of the most sanguine expectations.

FREDERICK S. KEBLER, editor.

THE COUNTRYMAN.

Oct. 13, 1862.