THE COUNTRYMAN.

BY J. A. TURNER.

---"BREVITY IS THE SOUL OF WIT."---

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“The Old Place.”

Not many weeks ago, I stood beside the grave, and assented to consign to her long home, a lady who was my class-mate at school, but a few short years ago. We buried her at “the old place,” down by the waters of Crooked Creek, away off from the road-side, amid the oaks that stand fit sentries over her own grave, her father’s and her mother’s. It seems but yesterday that this deceased lady’s family presented an unbroken circle of parents and children, joyous, happy, undisturbed by the shadow of the dark visitor. Now the father and mother sleep side by side, and one daughter and a son sleep by them. One son is a wanderer far away, one is in a distant county in this state, 2 representatives of the family is left at the old home. And all this change has taken place in the course of a few—a very few years.

As I stood beside the grave of my deceased friend, all those thoughts came over my mind: and it was sad—very sad! to look back and see the ravages of time. But anon pleasant reminiscences came in like stars to gom the night of sorrow that brooded around my heart, and the feelings they brought were pleasant, though mournful to the soul. There has always been for me a charm about “the old place.” The magnificences of childhood are indissolubly connected with it. There was more of romance about this “old place” for my childish imaginings than about any other I was of. Its reminiscences are connected with my friends whose relations have never been disturbed through all the mutations time has wrought. Many a cloud has spanned my sky since the mystery of life has shrouded me: but from these friends has always come sunshine. When I was quite a boy, they moved up nearer to me, and hence the home which they left, took the name of “the old place.”

The first charm of this “old place” is that it is such a secluded spot. It is situated away off from the road-side, and you never see it unless you go specially to see it. And still it is perfectly convenient to churches, schools, mills, and all the other conveniences of the neighborhood. There are two approaches to it, each one of which leads through a dense wood. You go over hill and valley, along a narrow road, with giant trees on either hand, until the first thing you know, the old rustic mansion, amid oaks and cedars, looms up before you. To my childish thought, it almost seemed fairy-land.

It was very dear to me as a child, and I will give some of the reasons why it was so. Here I used to hunt and fish with my friends. I had no possum dog, but they had one whom they called Bringer. Bringer was a cur, of a reddish color, and was a good true dog. With this dog my friends and I used to go out in the woods upon the creek, hunt the possum and the coon amid the hoots of the owl, and hear Isaac talk and laugh. And such laughter! If anyone has ever seen any other colored gentleman who could heat Isaac laughing, then I envy him. And Isaac lives to laugh yet! When he laughs, he begins with a low chuckle, grows louder by degrees, and then fairly screams. You have heard of being “convulsed with laughter.” If you wish to see convulsions from laughter, you should see Isaac. He seems to have the St. Vitus’s dance, and you had better be out of his reach when he does begin to laugh: for you can no more prevent his striking you than you can prevent the sparks from flying upward.

Besides hunting the possum with Bringer, I used to hunt birds and squirrels with my young friends who had a shot-gun before one was allowed me. My father was always very backward in allowing me to have a gun, because he was afraid of accidents; but my friends, who were a little older than myself, had a shot-gun, and a good gun it was. Jim, and John, and I used to hunt together, and they kindly allowed me my turn in shooting. Many were the birds and squirrels we used to kill.

We not only hunted, but we fished on Crooked Creek—sometimes with the hook, and sometimes with the seine. And then when autumn came, what quantities of chinquapins, muscadines, and hickory-nuts we used to gather!

Down on the creek is a place called Slippery Hill, where my friends used to go with their wooden slides, and slide down the steep slope. I was always very anxious to go to this hill, but somehow it happened that I never did so, and I have never seen it, up to this time.

The greatest attraction of all, though, to my childish mind, at “the old place,” was “Lige,” and his drums, his cros-bows, and his wagon. In a future article I will tell you about “Lige.”

Dress.

Sterne was very fastidious about his dress when he desired to write those essays, which, though apparently so easy, were the result of great labor and care. When he was ill-dressed, he found that his thoughts were slovenly. It is stated of the late accomplished and beloved divine, Rev. Dr. Nettleton, that when about to enter his study, he first carefully made his toilet. Haydon, also, that eminent master of music, used to dress himself with particular care before he sat down to composition. Unless his hair was properly powdered, and he had his best coat on, his mind would not work with exactness and vigor. He remarked that it roused his intellectual energies still further to place on his finger the diamond ring presented to him by Frederick II., and to have the finest paper before him.

L. SYLVA.

“When L. Sylva led his army giving way before that of Archelaus, the General of Mithridates, he alighted from his horse, laid hold of an ensign, and rushing with it into the midst of his enemies, cried out, ‘Tis here, Roman soldiers, that I intend to die: but for your parts, when you shall be asked where it was that you left your general, remember to say, it was on the field of Orchoemunamm.” The soldiers, roused by this speech, returned to their ranks, renewed the fight, and became the victors in that field from which they were about to flee with disgrace.”

Demeterius.

“When Detremius took Athens by assault, he found the inhabitants in extreme distress for want of corn. He called the principal citizens before him, and announced to them, in a speech full of humanity and conciliation, that he had ordered a large supply of grain to be placed at their free disposal. In the course of speaking, he chanced to commit an error in grammar, on which, one of the Athenians immediately corrected him, by pronouncing aloud the phrase as it ought to have been given. ‘For the correction of this one solecism,’ said he, ‘I give besides my former gift, 5,000 measures of corn more.’”
No paper in Georgia has denounced extortion more than The Countryman. I yet believe it to be a grievous and unpardonable sin. For some months past, however, I have seen how utterly futile, if not harmful, it has been my own denunciation, and that of the press generally, on the subject which heads this article. Hence, for some months past, The Countryman has ceased to denounce extortion, first because he sees he is unable to do justice to the subject, and, 2ndly because he has seen that this denunciation of extortion in general terms, without pointing out what extortion is, has had an unhappy effect upon our people.

Our people have, got to believe that all high prices constitute extortion. This is far from being the case. For instance, a few days ago I bought of Messrs. Carter & Harvey in Eatonton, a bolt of osnaburgs, for which I paid 55c a yard. I also engaged a keg or two of nails, and agreed to pay 30c per pound. Now was not this the most outrageous extortion? Far from it. Instead of being extortion, I believe the usual per cent. was not made upon the articles. Messrs. Carter & Harvey had paid 50c per yard for their osnaburgs and 55c per pound for nails (which latter they had obtained from the Messrs. Denham, who put themselves to considerable inconvenience to obtain them for the accommodation of our people, and could have sold them for much more in Atlanta, through which place they were brought from Cooper’s Iron Works into this county, than the price at which they sold them to Messrs. Carter & Harvey.)

But to return to the subject.—Messrs. Carter & Harvey, in selling their osnaburgs and nails at 50c and 30c, 5 or 6 times the amount they used to sell them for, were not so much guilty of extortion as they were when they used to sell them at the old prices, for I dare say they do not make so great a profit now as they did then. Yet our people will purchase such articles at the prices mentioned, and think there is wonderful extortion in it. They don’t remember that everything is bearing a high price now. They do not remember that what they have to sell brings a high price too, and that they are not only willing to receive, but actually demand a high price for it. What do we country people sell our jeans, our wool, our stripes, our butter, our chickens, our eggs, our tallow, our candles, at?

It is a poor rule that won’t work both ways. But people are not disposed to let it work both ways. Everybody wishes to be an extortioner, but nobody desires to be an extortionee. Everybody wishes to sell his neighbor his goods and chattels at four or five hundred thousand prices, but it makes him an unmitigated blazer if his neighbor offers to sell him anything at more than one half what it cost.

A case in point occurred with The Countryman a few days ago. Having patriotically determined that I would not raise any more cotton for sale during this war (if I ever do) I concluded I would open a little hat shop, and make it answer the place of my cotton crop as far as I could. But wool is enormously high. Great Jehovah! how high it is! Wool hats have to be high too, or else they will have to be made of something else besides wool. But my hands haven’t learned that secret yet. Now here was a case that troubled me very much indeed. I was making nothing to sell, had to buy a great many things, and pay war prices for them all. Wool hats meet with ready sale, and to support my family, I thought I would employ hands, and get them to manufacture these articles.

But they will sell so high, you will be called an extortioner. Yes, I dread that, but my necessities are imperative in their demands. So I concluded I would exchange a wool hat for 2 pounds of wool. The old rule used to be 4 pounds of wool for an exchange for a wool hat. Now, says I, I’ve got the thing all right; no extortion now; only half price.

One of my friends, a farmer as well as myself, met me at Crooked Creek Church. Mr. Countryman,” said he,—(several persons were standing around)—“I’ve got some wool I want made into hats: what will you make them for?” Two pounds of wool will make and pay for a wool hat, and I, with becoming meekness at the idea of my selling hats so cheaply: “A wool hat used to be exchanged for 4 pounds of wool—now I charge only 2—that’s all I want.”

But, Mr. Countryman, your price for hats is very high. Two pounds of wool are equal to $4, and that’s enormous for wool hats.”

“Did you say you had some wool?”

“Yes.”

“What did you say it is worth?”

“Two dollars a pound.”

“Well, I can afford to make your hat very cheap, with a little help from you. Sell me your wool at 10c, and I will make your hats at 20c.”

“Better wool always was worth 40c a pound.”

“Very well; sell me your wool at 40c, and I will make your hats at 80c.”

The laugh was against my friend; and he had to yield the point, but he has not yet yielded me his wool at 40c, and I have not concluded to base my calculations, or the price of my hats either, upon the idea that he or anyone else will do so.—This is only one case in point. There are millions of others. Everybody is extorting, (in one sense of the word) but nobody wishes to be extorted upon.

Let our people come back from their wanderings and consider what extortion is. If they will only take a reasonable and unselfish view of the subject, there will not be so much murmuring and complaint. He who is really an extortioner, speculator, or engroser, should be denounced. He who sells or manufactures for a fair profit, and thus adds to the mercantile, or manufacturing facilities of the land, for supplying the necessities of life, deserves your thanks rather than your curses.

Kossuth and Garibaldi.

“A Scottish newspaper says that poor Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, is in the final stage of consumption, and that probably before many weeks pass away, a noble country will have to weep for the loss of one of her noblest and most gifted men. A Turin correspondent of the London Times, says, that whatever events the future may have in store for Italy, Garibaldi’s game is played out. He is old, prematurely old, broken in health, worn by fits of excessive activity, still more wasted by long periods of involuntary repose. The gout tortures and paralyzes his limbs—sorrow will soon gnaw into his very soul. The Times editorially says Garibaldi is insane.”

The above were once two honored names in the Confederacy. Now no one will regret their demise. Kossuth at one time reviled our institutions, and Garibaldi, it is said, entertained a proposition to come and fight, to enslave us. Let them die the death, and so perish all the enemies of my country!

Substitute for Quinine.

“In the present scarcity of quinine, it is worth knowing that the berry of the common dogwood will break fevers as successfully as quinine. We know four plantations where they used it successfully last summer. One pill is a dose. The season is now at hand to collect and dry them for use. They will prove invaluable at home, and in the hospitals of our soldiers.”
Good News.

I have heretofore omitted taking any notice of the reported death of Lt. Col. Nisbet, because the rumors all along were so conflicting that nothing definite or certain could be said on the subject. His family and friends have all the while entertained hopes that he might be still living. On Sunday, 12th, a letter was received in Hartford directed to Mrs. Nisbet, which sent a thrill of joy to the hearts of all of Col. Nisbet's friends. The letter was in his own hand-writing, and upon opening it, it was seen that the Colonel was a prisoner in Hagerstown, Maryland. Mrs. Nisbet was in Macon, at the time, and the letter dated 25th Sept., was sent in haste to her, by a messenger. Who can know the depths of her feeling, when she saw her husband's handwriting, and knew that the lost was found, and the dead alive? And so he committed suicide. If old Brownlow would make himself as immortal by one virtuous act, as he has rendered himself infamous by uninterrupted villainy, let him emulate the only good example his former competitor. He yet has it in his power to do one good deed.

Michael Adanson.

"Michael Adanson, a celebrated botanist, was born, in 1727, at Aix in Provence. His whole life was devoted to the improvement of botanical science. He sacrificed his patrimonial property for the purpose of exploring Senegal, where he remained 5 years, and made a multitude of observations in all the departments of natural history. In 1775, he presented to the Academy of Sciences 120 M. volumes, and 75,000 figures of plants, intended to form the basis of an immense work which he had planned. The revolution reduced him to penury, and in his latter days he was partly indebted for subsistence to the devoted attachment of a female domestic and her husband. Napoleon, however, heard of his situation, and snatched him from want. Adanson was small in stature, and at first sight his countenance was not pleasing. He was, in the highest degree, disinterested; but, towards the close of his life, his temper was somewhat soured by misfortune and age. He died in 1806. His chief published works are his Voyage to Senegal, and his Families of Plants."

Profaneness.

"General Washington was once dining with several of his officers, when one of them uttered an oath. He instantly dropped his knife and fork, and in a deep tone, with characteristic dignity and earnestness said, "I thought we all regarded ourselves as gentlemen." Patrick Henry once said, "All the pleasure in the word is not worth an oath." Yet it seems Gen. Washington swore, sometimes. If a man swears at all (which he ought not to do) he ought to do it in a genteel way, and not be rude and vulgar in it.

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Pryce and Brownlow.

"The Bulletin says Rev. Abraham Pryce, who made himself notorious by a public discussion with the blackguard Brownlow on the slavery question, in Philadelphia, a few years ago, committed suicide by cutting his throat on the 24th September, at his home in Williamson, N. Y. He was insane."

The probability is that Abraham Pryce, finding Abraham Lincoln, and old Brownlow both surpassing him in the race of abolition villany, couldn't stand it. He couldn't bear to see his fame in second place on the same side, eclipsed by his former rival. And so he committed suicide. If old Brownlow would make himself as immortal by one virtuous act, as he has rendered himself infamous by uninterrupted villainy, let him emulate the only good example his former competitor. He yet has it in his power to do one good deed.

A Card.

"In the House of Commons, Wilberforce said: "I do not know a finer instance of the moral sublime than that a poor cobbler, Dr. Carey, working all day in a stall, should have conceived the magnificent idea of converting the world. Milton planning Paradise Lost was not a nobler spectacle than Carey planning the conversion of the heathen.""

No doubt Dr. Carey's idea was a very stupendous, as well as a very magnificent one. The idea was entirely too magnificent and stupendous to be carried into execution. Such energies as have been wasted upon foreign missions, would, rightly expended, have made many a poor woman and child rejoice, at home. But poor Christians have been left to starve at home for the sake of heathens abroad, who have never been benefitted by missionary operations.

-I think I would hardly accept Mr. Wilberforce's ideas of 'moral sublimity,' any way. He was one of those who originated the abolition idea, which has culminated in this infernal war. Here is 'moral sublimity' for you with a vengeance!

Moral Sublimity.

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"Having learned that a report is in circulation in this community to the effect that I obtained my discharge from the army by claiming Russian protection, I take the liberty to state that I never intended, or intended, to claim Russian protection, unless it is against the gossips and slanderers of La Grange. Very respectfully, Richard S. Poppen.—La Grange, Oct. 7th, 1862."

That is right, Richard S. : keep on Poppen away at the gossips and slanderers of La Grange: and when you get through in La Grange, come over to Putnam, and do some Poppen away over here. When you come, bring your trunk, and be prepared to stay sometime, for it will take you a good while to get through, over here.

Law Latin.

"In the debate in the House of Lords, in the year 1732, on a bill for having law proceedings in English instead of Latin, as formerly, the Earl of Hay moved an amendment, which was carried, 'That the proceedings in the Exchequer of Scotland be also wrote in a plain, legible hand.' His lordship said, 'That the proceedings in the Exchequer of Scotland were all wrote in a legible hand.© His lordship said, © that in Scotland they had nothing more to offer against the bill than a joke."
Stonewall and the Sacrament.

"On the morning of a recent battle near Harper's Ferry, after a sermon by one of his chaplains, Stonewall Jackson, who, by the way, is an elder in the Presbyterian church, administered the sacrament to the church-members in his army. He invited all Christians to participate in this ceremony. A Baptist, the straightest of his sect, thoroughly imbued with the idea of close communion, was seen to hesitate; but the occasion, and the man who presented, overcame his scruples, and thus it was that the prospect of a fight and the eloquence of Jackson made a Baptist forget that baptism was the door into the church." The foregoing is going the rounds of all the papers.

Here is another case for brother Wood of the Banner & Baptist. He has been after brothers Lee and Liev with a sharp stick for the same, or a similar offense, to that of the Baptist mentioned above, and I think he will not have done his whole duty until he shall have gotten after the 3d offending Baptist brother, for communing with those who are not members of "the church," though they may belong to the various sects, such as Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, &c., and be very good Christians.

Brother Wood must not think hard of me for the good-natured squibs I may throw at him occasionally. I think there are follies and foibles in all the "churches," and I am not going to shoot at those of the Baptist denomination any more than I do at those of the other denominations. I think brother Wood's peculiar views of baptism and close communion are two great foibles of his "church," and I wish they could be done away with.

It does seem to the outside world that men whose creed is based upon universal love and toleration should have some common ground on which all might meet, and give the world an example of Christian love and fellowship. And if that ground is not to be found around the Lord's table, where is it to be found?

The intolerance and bigotry, creedism and narrow-mindedness of many professing Christians, present their religion in a very forbidding aspect to those who are not members of "the church"—so much so that they doubt that much is to be gained (except as a money making business) by "joining the church."

Now if professing Christians would, even once in awhile, give the world an example of enlarged toleration and Christian fellowship, by all of every name and denomination gathering around the Lord's table in holy communion, there would be something lovely and commendable in this. When will "the church" learn not to do exactly contrary to what Christ taught them they should do?

But let us return to the eering Baptist brother who went to the communion table with such outsiders as Stonewall Jackson, Methodists, Presbyterians, &c. What should be done with him? I leave that for brother Wood to determine. At the same time, I would suggest that Stonewall in his next dispatch should give the name of this eering Baptist, so that that name may be of record in the archives of the Confederate Government, and be held up to scorn in all the Baptist papers.

But let us turn from this bantering to a more serious contemplation. "On the morning of a recent battle near Harper's Ferry, after a sermon by one of his chaplains, Stonewall Jackson, who, by the way, is an elder in the Presbyterian church, administered the sacrament to the church-members in his army. He invited all Christians to participate in this ceremony." And all Christians, or all church-members, did participate. In view of death, with a prospect of battle staring them in the face, these Christians, with the probability that many of them were about to do so for the last time, gathered around the Lord's table. The scene must have been lovely, noble, and sublime.

There is only one thing I blame Stonewall Jackson for, and that is for confining his invitation to members of "the church." He should have invited all to the table who felt duly impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, and who were ready and willing in their hearts to render homage to the great God of heaven and of earth. No scoffer, nor no mocker should have been there. But where would you have found one on such an occasion?

I would have liked myself, even I, who am no church-member, and never expect to be one—I would have liked to have the privilege granted me of communing with Christians—not only on that occasion, but would like it on any other occasion when I could get my mind in a devotional frame. I never yet found any difficulty in uniting in heart with any proper worship of my Maker. I say proper worship, because a great deal that goes by the name of worship is not only not proper worship but is highly sinful, such as babbling, swearing, and indulging in such other nad orgies.

Well, the point I was upon was that I would like sometimes to be permitted to go to the Lord's table. But living in the age which I do, this will never be permitted me, by "the churches" now in existence. And in this they rob me of a part of the heritage which my Lord and Master left for me. The Baptists deprive some of them, and they rob me and other winemakers. But with the eye of faith, I look forward to a time when my children's children shall have secured to them even upon earth, that of which "the orthodox" deprived their father.

Some one may say I am not worthy to go to the Lord's table. Well, who is? This matter goes by grace, and not worth.

My idea is that Christ came to bring religious and salvation to all mankind. His word says so, at any rate. But those who profess to be his viceroy on earth seize upon this religion and salvation, and hide it away in some pent-up, narrow, intolerant, bigoted, mean little meeting-house, or creed, and dribble it out, too often only to hypocrites, drop by drop, in the littleness of sinfulness, and sinfulness of littleness, all mingled with the poison of sectarian bigotry and prejudice. But it will not always be so. Let us hope that the day approaches when the broad, pure stream of Christ's love, religion, and salvation, will come like a torrent, a weeping away all bigotry and intolerance, first of all cleansing "the churches," which need it more than anything or anybody else.

To Keep Apples for Winter Use.

"Put them in casks, or bins, in layers, well covered with dry sand, each layer being covered. This preserves them from the air, moisture, and from frost: it prevents their perishing by their own perspiration, their moisture being absorbed by the sand, at the same time it preserves the flavor of the apples, and prevents their wilting. Pippins have been kept in this manner, sound and fresh, till midsummer, and how much longer they would have kept, is not known. Any kind of sand will answer, but it must be perfectly dry."
"Titania." What must be done with brother Wilkes of the Educational Journal, and his correspondent 'Titania,' for failing to give credit? In the number for 26th September, 'Titania' gives the "Song of Morgan's Men" as it first appeared in The Countryman, with her name signed to it, and with "Selected for the Educational Journal" at its head, but gives The Countryman no credit for it whatever.

But again: If the reader will turn to the bottom of the 22nd column of the 1st page of The Countryman, vol. 1, no. 4, he will find the following:

"Excellent," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "is never granted to man, but as the reward of labor. It argues indeed, no small strength of mind, to persuade one in the habits of industry, without the pleasure of perceiving those advantages, which, like the hands of a clock, while they make hourly approaches to their point, yet proceed so slowly as to escape observation."

If he will turn to the number of the Educational Journal, mentioned above, he will find the same extract, without any hint of its being a quotation (Sir Joshua's name being left out) but 'Titania's' at the bottom of it, and "For the Journal" at the top of it, as though it were original with 'Titania.' What say you, brother Wilkes and 'Titania,' why sentence of death should not be passed upon you both?

Change—Tergiversation.

"The wisest man may be wiser today than he was yesterday, and tomorrow than he is today. Total freedom from change would imply total freedom from error: but this is the prerogative of Omniscience alone.

The world, however, is very censorious, and will hardly give a man credit for simplicity and singleness of heart, who is not only in the habit of changing his opinions, but also of bettering his fortunes by every change. Butler, in his best manner, has ridiculed this tergiversation, by asking:

"What makes all doctrine plain and clear? About two hundred pounds a year.

And what was proved quite plain before,

Proved false again!—Two hundred more.

When, indeed, we discard our old opinions, and embrace new ones, at the expense of worldly profit and advantage, there may be some who will doubt of our discernment, but there will be none who will impeach our sincerity. He that adopts new opinions at the expense of every worldly comfort, gives proof of an integrity, differing only in degree from that of him who chooses to old ones at the hazard of every danger. This latter effort of integrity has been de-

scribed by Butler in a manner which proves that sublimity and wit are not invariably disconnected:

"For loyalty is still the same,

Whether it winter or summer reign;

True as the sun to the day.

Although it be not dimmed upon."

Therefore when men of admitted talent and of high consideration come over to truth, it is always better, both for their own and future times, that they should come over unto her, for herself alone, that they should embrace her as a naked and uncorrupted virgin—an inducta virgo (a doverless maiden)—most adorned when deprived of all extrinsic adornment, and most beautiful when she has nothing but herself to bestow. But in the civil, no less than in the ecclesiastical horizon, there will ever be some wandering stars whose phantasies we may predict, and whose aspects we may calculate, because we know the two forces that regulate their motions: they are the love of profit, and the love of prase. But as these two powers happen to be equal and contrary, the career of all bodies, under their joint influence, must be that of a diagonal between the two. A certain non-conformist having accepted of a rich benefice, wished to justify himself to his friends. He invited him to dinner on a certain day, and asked, that he would show him 8 satisfactory reasons for his tergiversation. His friend came, and on his refusing to sit down until he had produced his 8 reasons, our host pointed to the dinner table, which was garnished by a wife and 7 children. Another, on a similar occasion, attempted to exculpate himself by saying, 'We must live.' Dr. Johnson would have replied, 'I see no absolute necessity for that.' But if we admits this necessity, it might be answered by another—that we must also die."

Hannah Adams.

"Hannah Adams was a native of New English, whose literary labors have made her name known in Europe, as well as in her native land. Among her works are the View of Religious, History of the Jews, Evidence of the Christian Religion, and a History of New England. She was a woman of high excellence and purity of character. She died in 1831, at the age of 76."

Best Things to Give.—The best thing to give to your enemy is forgiveness; to your opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to a child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity."

Horticultural Anecdote.

"Under this caption an English magazine of old date, reports that Sir Francis Carew treated Queen Elizabeth to a drink of cherries, one month after 'all cherries had taken their farewell of England.'

'This secret he performed by trimming a tent or cover of canvas over the tree, and wetting it now and then, as the heat of the weather required. And so by withholding the sunbeams from the cherries, they grew great, and were very long before they had gotten their cherry color.'

When he was assured of her majesty's coming, he removed the tent, and a few Sundays brought them to maturity. No limit has yet been assigned to the effects which art, and skill, and labor can produce in changing the quality or time of maturity in fruits."


"A correspondent of the Charleston Courier, writing from the army, says of Gen. Lee: 'You cannot imagine a plainer or more arresting-looking man than the command-er-in-chief of the Confederate armies.'

Take a limmian form, 6 feet 8 inches in height, his constituents well tied together, full in its proportions, and yet without superfluitv; add to it a well-shaped, squarely-built head, with a front whose every line is marked with energy and genius; a pair of keen, dark eyes, brown in the parter, but black in the field, that seem to embrace everything at a glance; a handomely shaped nose, such as Napoleon liked to see on his generals; a mouth indicating an iron will; and a countenance whose natural expression is one of gentleness and benevolence; cover the head, mouth, and lower part of the face with a heavy growth of short gray hair; invest the whole figure with grace, and an unassuming consciousness of strength, purpose and position; let it speak to you in a voice whose tones of politeness never vary, whether uttered to the highest or the lowest in rank; and you have as full and complete a description as I can give of the distinguished man who, at this moment, holds in the hollow of his hand the destiny of his country."

Motives - Prerogatives. — "The true motives of our actions, like the real pipes of an organ, are usually concealed. But the gilded and the hollow pretext is pompously placed in the front of the show."

"He who imagines he can do without the world, deceives himself much: but he who fancies the world cannot do without him is still more mistaken."
What are We to Do?  
This question is heard on all hands—
What are we to do? What are we to do for hats, for shoes, for calabashes, for this thing, for that thing, for the other thing?

My answer is, go to work and make them. If people would quit sitting down, wearing out the seats of their pantaloons, doing nothing, and loitering around generally, instead of going to work, to try to do something for themselves, and their country, you would not hear so much complaint about high prices. Idling away your time is no way to make low prices. There is no room in the Confederacy, now, for drones and grumblers. Let every man be up and doing something. I work, myself, and I work hard—I work all day, and frequently all night. Therefore I feel at liberty to call upon other people to work. We ought all to do it—every man, woman, and child. There is no room for gentlemen or ladies of elegant leisure in this crisis of our country. Everyone ought to do something, either on the field of battle, or in producing supplies for the country. He who is only a consumer now, producing nothing, ought to die—and that suddenly, and without remedy.

What are we to do for shoes? Tan your own leather, and make them. Make them of raw-hide. Make them of cloth. Make the upper of cloth, and the bottomed leather, raw-hide, or wood. Make them altogether of wood. Thousands of people in Europe wear nothing but wooden shoes. Kill all your worthless culls, and make shoes of their hides.

But we don't know how—Then get up off of your seat of do-nothing, and learn how. If you are not an idiot, you can learn very easily learn.

What are we to do for hats? Make them of cloth. Make them of wheat-straw, rye-straw, oat-straw, pine-straw, and almost anything else. When you go to Easton, look at the hat Dr. Gibson wears, made by some one down about Gordon, out of horsehair, and sold at $1 or $1.50. It is neat, durable, tasteful, and stylish. Had it been introduced here from Yankee land, as the mode, it would have been all the rage. But as it was made down about Gordon, you don't think it worthy of your attention, and sit, with your lazy fingers in your mouth, and ask, what are we to do for hats?

What are we to do for calabashes! Spin them and weave them. No woman in this broad land is too good to spin and weave.
THE COUNTRYMAN.

Better than Cotton.

"Col W. Toney, residing near Eufaula, has sold the product of 70 acres of Broom Corn, for the handsome sum of four thousand dollars. The same land, planted in cotton, we are assured, would not realize two thousand dollars, even at the present extravagant prices."

I copy the foregoing for the benefit of those who ask, what are we to do? I answer, plant broom-corn, and make brooms. You can make an independent fortune at it, if you will go to work at it, and stick to it.

Prejudices.

"We hate some persons because we do not know them, and we will not know them because we hate them. The friendships that succeed to such aversions are usually firm: for those qualities must beatering that could not only gain our hearts, but conquer our prejudices. But the misfortune is, that we carry these prejudices into things far more serious than our friendships. Thus, there are traits which some men despise; because they have not been examined, and which they will not examine, because they despise. There is one single instance on record where this kind of prejudice was overcome by a miracle. But the age of miracles is past, while that of prejudice remains.

Elegance of Silence.

"Ambassadors were sent from Rome to the cities of Greece, to complain of injuries done them by Philip, King of Macedon: and when the affair was discussed in the senate, betwixt Demetrius, the son of Philip, and the ambassadors, Demetrius was so overcome with the truth of their representations, that he could make no defense, but blushed exceedingly. The senate, less moved by the eloquence of the ambassadors, than by the still more eloquent silence of Demetrius, dismissed the complaint."

Earl of Peterborough.

"The Earl of Peterborough, who Swift says, was once surrounded by a mob, on his way from the House of Lords, who took him for the Duke of Marlborough, then very unpopular. The earl with great presence of mind said, 'I will convince you that I am not the duke. In the first place, I have but 5 guineas in my pocket; and secondly, here they are, much at your service.' He threw his purse among them, and walked home, amid the acclamations of the populace."

Reform.

"Reform is a good, replete with paradox. It is a cathartic which our political quacks, like our medical, recommend to others, but will not take themselves: it is admired by all who cannot effect it, and abused by all who can; it is thought pregnant with danger, for all time that is present, but would have been extremely profitable for that which is past, and will be highly salutary for that which is to come; therefore it has been thought expedient for all administrations which have been, or that will be, by any particular one which is, it is considered, like Scotch grapes, to be very seldom ripe, and by the time it is so, to be quite out of season."

"We are fond of exaggerating the love our friends bear us; but it is often less from a principle of gratitude than the desire of prejudicing people in favor of our own merit."

"The Jewish citizens of Wilmington, N. C., now residing in Charlotte, raised in five minutes, the other day, $1,100, and bought 40 barrels of flour and a quantity of bacon, for the use of the suffering sick and poor of Wilmington."

"Our approbation of those who are entering upon the world is often owing to a secret envy of those who are well settled in it."

The Chronicle & Sentinel.

The above paper publishes The Countryman's anecdote about Bill H——, headed "Wasn't pressing Him, without giving credit. Why so, brother Chronicle?"

"Pride, which excites envy, often helps us to moderate it."

"Gaming is the child of avarice, but the parent of prolifigality."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ADMINISTRATORS' SALE—Will be sold, on the 1st Monday in November next, in the town of Evans- ton, between the legal hours of sale, one house, happy and handsome, one lot of medicines and surgical instruments, &c. Also, on the following day, at the residence of John Pashal, a few stock lots, household and kitchen furniture—Sold as the property of Wm. H. Montiel, deceased. Terms made known on the day of sale.

Oct. 20, 1862. (to) JOHN PASHAL, Advt.

COME, AND RIDE! I have a fine-run new rock away for sale—an excellent article. If you want a really neat, stylish turn-out, call on me.

Oct. 20, 1862.

TRACY H. SCOTT.

THE COUNTRYMAN.—This elegant little sheet has entered upon its 3rd volume, in a changed form, more convenient for reading. It now has 8 pages, instead of 4.—We would especially recommend The Countryman to the falcon as a substitute for the literary reading formerly received from the North, and as a great deal better literary work than almost any that ever originated in the North. Give it a trial, as it is only 31¢ a year. Ross Com- ma.

Oct. 20, 1862.
The Confederate Union.
I have inadvertently omitted to notice hereunder the change of name by the old Federal Union. It is now called the Confederate Union, instead of the Federal Union. This name perhaps more appropriately, in consideration of the present order of things, though I cannot see any great objection to the name Federal Union, if applied to the Southern Confederacy. But the change is well enough, to give my contemporaries a clearer idea of my opinions.

My friends, though, should now change their motto to this: "State Rights and Confederate States Rights," and thus make it conform more exactly with their name.

The father of the writer was, during the days of the nullification of 1833, the author of the old motto of the old Federal Union. I have repeatedly heard him say so. He suggested it to the proprietors of the paper, and at his suggestion it was adopted by them. I take an interest in having a continued fitness of things, and therefore propose the change which I do. By the way, I must be allowed to tender at this time of the Union's taking new hold upon life, by its energetic rejuvenation, my wishes for its continued prosperity and success. May its shadow never grow less, its days of the nullification of 1833, the injustice and perfidy of old age. Its first appearance leads on to another, till, as the intricacy of its mixture of salt, saltpetre, etc., to sprinkle over her words, then desired her to practice it. * *

Dissimulation.
"Dissimulation in youth is the forerunner of perfidy in old age. Its first appearance leads on to another, till, as the intricacy of its mixture of salt, saltpetre, etc., to sprinkle over her words, then desired her to practice it. * *

The Countryman is now little published in the editor's estimate from Allston, at $1 per annum, in advance. I do not purpose to publish any thing that is dull, flat, or pretty. I wish to make a nearly-printed, select Little Paper—a pleasant companion for the leisure hour, and to receive the minds of our people somewhat from the impending topic of war news.

This journal will be divided into quarterly volumes, each of which will be a book, when reprinted, containing one or two pages of the most interesting matter in the English language. No back numbers can be obtained. To every subscriber will be reprinted and bound hereafter.

J. A. TURNER, Eatonton, Ga.
October 13, 1862.

DRESS WANTED.—Any one having a good bonnet or dress, with a good pair of shoes for sale, will please address the Countryman.

Oct. 13, 1862.

JOB WORK executed with neatness and dispatch at this office.
Sept. 16.

THE EVANGELICAL PULPIT: Published monthly by Walther & Marshall, Pryorway, Ga., at $2 per annum.
Aug. 23, 1862.

Assistant, in consideration of the present or federate Union, instead of the Federal Union, my wishes for its continued prosperity and success. May its shadow never grow less, its days of the nullification of 1833, the injustice and perfidy in old age. Its first appearance leads on to another, till, as the intricacy of its mixture of salt, saltpetre, etc., to sprinkle over her words, then desired her to practice it. * * * Dissimulation.
"Dissimulation in youth is the forerunner of perfidy in old age. Its first appearance leads on to another, till, as the intricacy of its mixture of salt, saltpetre, etc., to sprinkle over her words, then desired her to practice it. * *

Wanted to hire all hands for two months, for whom liberal monthly wages will be paid. Apply at this office.
Sept. 16, 1862.

WANTED for sale at the rock-bottom prices at any hat shop.
Sept. 29, 1862.

WANTED to hire all hands for two months, for whom liberal monthly wages will be paid. Apply at this office.

One poor old woman had often in vain attempted to obtain the ear of Philip of Macedon, to correct certain errors of which he complained. The king at last abruptly told her, 'He was not at ease to hear her.'—'No!' exclaimed she; 'then you are not at leisure to be a king.' Philip was confounded. He pondered a moment, in silence, over her words, then desired her to proceed with her case, and ever after made it a rule to listen attentively to the applications of all who addressed him.