The Countryman.

By J. A. Turner.

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Quebec.

"The battled towers, the drawn keep,
The loopholed turrets where corrigives weep,
The flaming walls that rend it hourly,
In yellow lustre shone."

Night had fallen when our boat reached her wharf, and as I walked out I looked up and saw frowning walls a long way above the first glimpse of Quebec presents some vision I did see a luckless wight of a hackman, in his eagerness after a fare, crawl under the rope, while he thought the Argus was looking in a different direction; but the latter saw him, collared and dragged him off without a word, instantly resuming his position, as if nothing had occurred. In fact nobody seemed to notice it. In New York, ten to one but a row would have been the consequence of such a summary proceeding.

In Montreal, I noticed that policemen were stationed at the entrances of the principal hotels, and no vehicle was allowed to stop the way, long, to the exclusion of others. I recollect that II, and myself, after getting into our seats, stopped to say a few words to some of our companions who were on the side-walk, when the carriage was peremptorily ordered "on" by the police; and it went on. My blood boiled a little at first, but a moment's thought cooled me off. A long line of vehicles were waiting their turn to come to the entrance we were occupying, and while we could say what we wished to our friends at any other place, no other place would serve the purpose of those who were waiting, but that occupied by us.

After seeing my baggage all right at the wharf, in Quebec, I took a seat in a coach that passed through a gate in the wall, up a crooked way to the city. We continued to wind and ascend, through narrow, ill-lighted streets, till we reached the Russell House. Having registered my name, I sought some supper, and found that the way to the dining room led through several long, narrow passages. After satisfying the pangs of hunger, it being late in the night, I applied for my bed room. Again they started me up a narrow, winding stair-case, and ushered me into a most antiquated-looking chamber, with two sides straight, and one elliptical. I could not help thinking of what the fly said to the spider in reply to the polite invitation of the latter. I had never seen such a predilection for narrow things, except in the Spanish towns of Florida; and in Quebec, steep and winding features were added to the narrow ones.

Soon after breakfast, next morning, I started out to the Falls of Montmorency, distant some 10 or 12 miles. My driver was a jolly, droll, shrewd Hibernian—more like Lever's Irishmen, than any I ever saw before. His vehicle, like the most of those lying in wait for single gentlemen in Quebec, was the ugliest sort of calash, or open gig. Sometimes two people ride in one of these and then the driver sits—on the dash board! Indeed, even when he has but one passenger, as in my case, he often, in going up hill, takes the aforementioned strange seat, for the purpose of keeping the shafts from tilting upwards and spilling the passenger backward.

I remember seeing but one more grotesque-looking carriage, and that was in Montreal—a one-horse omnibus, on two wheels, the body of which seemed to be a perfect cube; width length and depth the same.

The road to the falls ran, for a number of miles, through a French village, or suburb. This village is on a pretty, level plain, we having descended from the city to get into it. The only street is the road by which we traveled, on both sides of which are built the houses, not parallel with it, but each having one corner projecting toward it. The houses were almost as near together as in any ordinary village, and yet there was a farm, ample for the wants of the inmates, attached to everyone. They are only a few feet "front," as they say in cities, and then they run back a considerable distance. The fields look more like long lanes than anything we have. But they were lanes of deep soil, on which grew such crops of small grain as I had hardly dreamed of. It was the latter part of August, and oats not yet cut.

We met great crowds of the villagers, most of whom spoke nothing but French. Every male not under 10 years old had a pipe, either in his mouth, or in his hat band. The little children were at the doors, bowing and waving their hands in true French style. There seemed to be a great many very old people, but they all appeared hale and hearty. My driver assured me that many of them had spent long lives in that village, the place of their birth—never having been 10 miles from home. They appeared a simple, happy, contented race.

The Falls of Montmorency are the prettiest I ever saw, and I hardly think that.
any more beautiful are to be found in the world. There are all kinds of romantic paths, nooks, and situations, wandering about which I enjoyed very much. It is indeed a lovely spot, and some more suitable for lonely rambling and meditation, exists. After seeing Niagara, however, one can perceive nothing grand or terrible about Montmorenci. Indeed the 2 are not to be compared together: they differ totally in character, each having no superior, of its kind.

My drive back to the city, was quick and exhilarating. The Irishman's horse was a right good, square trotter, as most horses in Canada are, the road was pretty good, the air, although it was only the last of August, was keen and fresh. No finer views of a city can be had than those of Quebec, to be obtained at several points on the return from Montmorenci. The tin roofs in the upper town glistened in the rays of the sun, like burnished silver.

I went for some distance round the wall, then through a gate, into the upper town, and, passing through a number of crooked streets, went out at another gate, turned to the left, and found myself on the Heights of Abraham, the scene of the battle that gave Quebec to the British. The driver pointed out a small monument which he said stood on the very spot where Wolfe was killed. On it was an inscription commencing, "Here fell Wolfe, victorious," &c. I was shown the well out of which the hero is said to have had water just before he breathed his last, and the path by which he led his army the night before his engagement with Montcalm.

Going on back toward the city, I visited the citadel. Showing a permit, at the gate, I was attended by an orderly, while I examined the wonderful appliances for defense. This place must be impregnable, except by means of treachery or surprise. This place must be impregnable, thus, if we really have : thus, if we

Clothing Our Soldiers.
The committee appointed by a meeting of our citizens to provide clothing for the soldiers from this county have gone to work with energy and alacrity, and will, it is thought, soon accomplish their purpose. Surely our people will not need any urging in such a cause.

It is expected, I learn, that the Inferior Court will levy a tax to pay for all articles of clothing purchased for the soldiers. This is the only equitable way to accomplish the purpose in view. And then the proper plan is for the committee to go on and purchase what they need at the market price, and pay for it. For suppose, in the matter of jeans, for instance, A. furnishes 6 yds of jeans, at $2 per yard, and B. furnishes 6 yds of jeans at $5. Here A. apparently contributes only $12, and B. apparently contributes $30; and in levy-ing the tax to pay for the articles, A. will get only $12 credit on his tax, while B. gets $30 credit, though he has actually contributed no more than A. And so the matter will go. The committee would do well to look at all the points, and digest a fair and equitable plan. And, finally, if a man wants to get credit all round, and in 3 or 4 different ways, he had better put his contribution down on the subscription list. Some of us had better learn wisdom from experience.

J. W. H.
You write me where to change your paper to, but not where from. Now, Mr. J. W. H., don't you know I haven't time to hunt over my list from one end to the other, to find your name?

Miss Lizzie J. B.
You write, "I send enclosed $1, that the paper may be continued to me at the expiration of the 3 months."

Brother Atkinson agrees with me, par-tially, in my strictures upon some of the contrib-utors to his Gossip Column. I am glad that he takes my remarks kindly, and believes they were 'well intended.' I assure him they were. He has laid me under too many obligations for them to be otherwise. What I said about his corres-pondents was simply a duty which I have been trying to shirk for many days, because it is unpleasant for me to find fault with anything that appears in my friend's paper, even in the most amiable and de-licate way. But finding that brother A. agrees with me, to some extent, sets me once more at ease, in reference to the fear which has rested upon my mind, of giving offence.

For Brother Petersen.
Brother Peterson of the Commonwealth announces that The Countryman has taken the 1st step towards preparing for the Hard Shell ministry, and expresses the hope that he will persevere in the good cause.

I do, my brother: and if you will come down to Turnwold, I will show you how it is done, and initiate you.

Specimen Numbers.
Frequent applications are made for spec-imen numbers of this journal. I have com-plied with all such requests up to date, but shall comply no more. If The Country-man, with all the endorsements of the South-ern press, is not well enough known from one end of the Confederacy to the other to justify a man in risking $1 for it, then it may go down.

ALWAYS IN THE COUNTRY.
Military Exemptions.

The following is a list of the exemptions under Act of Congress passed 21st April, 1862:

All persons incapable of bearing arms; the officers of the Confederate and State Governments; postmasters; certain volunteers in state service; certain transportation and telegraph agents and operators; "one editor of each newspaper now being published, and such employees as the editor or proprietor may certify upon oath to be indispensable for conducting the public business; the public printer, and those employed to perform the public printing for the Confederate and State Governments; every minister of religion authorized to preach according to the rules of his sect and in the regular discharge of ministerial duties;" certain religious non-combatants, provided they will furnish substitutes, or pay $500; "all physicians who now are, and for the last 5 years have been in actual practice of their profession; all shoemakers, tanners, blacksmiths, wagon-makers, millers and their engineers, and millwrights, skilled and actually employed in their regular vocation in the said trades, habitually engaged in working for the public, and whilst so actually employed; provided said persons shall make oath in writing, that they are so skilled and actually employed, at the time, as their regular vocation, in one of the above trades, which affidavit shall only be prima facie evidence of the facts therein stated; provided, further, that the exemptions herein granted to persons by reason of their peculiar mechanical, or other occupation, or employment not connected with the public service, shall be subject to the condition that the products of the labor of such exempt persons, or of the companies and establishments with which they are connected, shall be sold and disposed of by the proprietors at prices not exceeding 75 per cent upon the cost of production, or within a maximum to be fixed by the secretary of war under such regulations as he may prescribe; and it is further provided that if the proprietors of any such manufacturing establishment shall be shown upon evidence to be submitted to and judged of by the Secretary of War to have violated, or in any manner evaded, the true intent and spirit of the foregoing proviso, the exemptions therein granted shall no longer be extended to them, the superintendents or operators in said establishments, but they, and each and everyone of them, shall be forthwith enrolled under the provisions of this act, and ordered into the Confederate army, and shall in no event be again exempted therefrom by reason of said manufacturing establishments or employments therein;" superintendents, attendants, &c., in hospitals, asylums &c; "superintendents and operatives in wool and cotton factories, paper mills, and superintendents and managers of wool-dyeing and finishing machines, who may be exempted by the secretary of war, provided the profits of such establishments shall not exceed 75 per cent upon the cost of production, to be determined upon oath of the parties, subject to the same penalties for violation of the provisions herein contained as are herebefore provided in the case of other manufacturing and mechanical employments; all presidents and teachers of colleges, academies, schools, and theological seminaries who have been regularly engaged as such for 2 years preceding the passage of this act; all artisans, mechanics, and employees in the establishments of the government for the manufacture of arms, ordnance stores, and other munitions of war, who may be certified by the officer in charge thereof, as necessary for such establishments; also all artisans, mechanics, and employees in the establishments of such persons as are, or may be engaged under contracts with the government in furnishing arms, ordnance stores, ordnance stores, and other munitions of war, saddles, harness, and army supplies, provided that the chief of the ordnance bureau, or some ordnance officer authorized by him for the purpose, shall approve of the number of the operatives required in such establishment; all persons employed in the manufacture of arms, or ordnance of any kind by the several states, or by contractors to furnish the same to the several State Governments, whom the governor or secretary of state thereof may certify to be necessary to the same; all persons engaged in the construction of ships, gunboats, engines, ships, sails, or other articles necessary to the public defence, under the direction of the secretary of the navy; all superintendents, managers, mechanics, and miners employed in the production and manufacture of salt, to the extent of 20 bushels per day, and of lead and iron, and all persons engaged in making charcoal for making pig and bar iron, not to embrace laborers, messengers, wagoners, and servants, unless employed at works conducted under the authority and by the officers or agents of a state, or in works employed in the production of iron for the Confederate States; one male citizen for every 500 head of cattle, for every 150 head of horses or mules, and one shepherd for every 500 head of sheep, of such persons as are engaged exclusively in raising stock, provided there is no white male adult not liable to do military duty engaged with such person in raising said stock; to secure the proper police of the country, one person either as agent, owner, or overseer on each plantation on which one white person is required to be kept by the laws or ordinances of any state, and in states having no such law, one person as agent, owner, or overseer on each plantation of 20 negroes, and on which there is no white male adult not liable to military service; and in states having no such law, one person as agent, owner, or overseer on each plantation of 20 negroes, and on which there is no white male adult not liable to military service; and, furthermore, for additional police for every 20 negroes, or 2 or more plantations within 5 miles of each other, and each having less than 20 negroes, and on which there is no white male adult not liable to military duty, one person, being the eldest of the owners or overseers on such plantations; also, a regiment raised under and by authority of the State of Texas for the frontier defence, now in the service of said state, while, in such service; and such other persons as the president shall be satisfied, on account of justice, equity, or necessity, ought to be exempted, provided that the exemptions herein above enumerated shall only continue whilst the persons exempted are actually engaged in their respective pursuits or occupations."

Fine Liquors.

"One of the finest collections of old wines and liquors offered in this city for some years, is now offered for sale by Mr. Coolidge, at the Marshall House. The lot comprises brandy, whiskey, rum, gin, port, madeira, sherry, peach brandy, and others not recollected. Most of them are quite old, which they will prove for themselves on trial. The prices, though high, are comparatively reasonable. It is seldom we get a taste of pure spirits with age on its side, and as men and are abundant about now, the lot will, doubtless, soon disappear."

"The above is from the Savannah Republican. It must be admitted that brother Sneed's memory was quite creditable, under the circumstances. It seems that he got as far down the list as peach brandy (and hony) and then his memory failed him as to the balance."

"Would it not be a good time, brother Sneed, to call a convention of editors in Savannah to regulate the affair of the press (not the wine press) and help you remember?"

"We easily forget crimes that are known only to ourselves."
it is plain that Goldsmith had read Gray.

To all those who, living on the old plantation, love it, and to those who, having forsaken it, still cherish its pleasant memories, I dedicate this volume. THE AUTHOR.

PREFAE.

A very poor thing may be made so much like a very good one, that the counterfeit will unmistakably point out the genuine. I could not, if I would, conceal the fact that this poem is, in its plan, modeled after Goldsmith's Deserted Village. And even the phraseology of my production may sometimes so nearly approximate that of the sweet singer of home affections, that I shall be accused of downright theft, not only of plan and sentiment, but even of words. If so—so be it. I confess everything of this sort, in advance, and without plea. I lay no claim to originality in what is here offered to the public.

The feelings and sentiments indulged in by me, have so often been the theme of the poet, that it would be very difficult for even genius to invest them with a garb whose tissues had not before been used to weave a garment for impulses to be found in every heart. Not only have I read Goldsmith, but I have read Gray, and others whose productions belong to the school of these. And here I may remark, in passing, that if the Deserted Village was not actually the creature of Gray's Elegy, it is plain that Goldsmith had read Gray. And it does not require the keen nose of a plagiarist, eager upon the scent of a plagiarism, to discover identity of thought and expression in The Deserted Village and The Elegy. Goldsmith doubtless wrote with his mind fully imbued with Gray; and I have written after having read and admired both.

This much candidly compels me to say. But, at the same time, I must be allowed to say also, that the sentiments met with in the two poems mentioned, are not peculiar to Goldsmith and Gray. They are to be found in every human bosom. And hence it is that these two authors are so popular. People read their productions, find their own hearts reflected, and then return to them again, just as they do to a mirror, where they have once beheld the images of their own faces.

The local scenery, manners and customs here described, I claim to be true to nature: and I have only mingled with my description, sentiments common to us all, and which more favored writers have used, with better effect, before me. But even a poor writer—unless a very poor one indeed—cannot divest the themes of which I have attempted to sing, of all their interest.

The idea of home has peculiar attractions for all. And a home deserted, and in ruins, with the idea of a wanderer pining for old familiar scenes, possesses a melancholy, but pleasant interest to everyone. Hence a poem, founded upon this basis, either dropped from the glowing heart of genius, or fashioned by the polished hand of the artist, has a better chance for success than most others.

Perhaps it might have been better for me, had I named my production The Old Home, or The Deserted Homestead, or something of the sort, and made the more general ideas of home, as they exist in every locality, the basis of this poem—if I may be pardoned for calling it so. In that event I might have had a wider audience of interested listeners, and possibly of admirers. The probability that this would be so, appealed to my judgment with great strength. But the peculiar type of home enshrined in my heart is that which is to be found in the old plantation. I love my section—and my country little less I hope—though I must confess some less, if by possibility their interests be in collision. But I do believe they are.

The local manners, customs, and affections of the sunny South—(Heaven's choicest blessings upon her, for here I hold my home, and everything dearest to me)—have never been so often as made the subjects of poetry and song, as they should be. And when some fond son of hers has turned his attention to the stamping of her impress upon the world of letters, it has been too often the case—(I say it with deep sorrow!)—that she has not seen to it that he should not pine in neglect, and be pressed down by critics and criticism imminent to her heart-stones and her homes. And yet, for all this, I love, and must love my section. And for this reason I have endeavored to sing of the Southern home, instead of the homes of the world. Perhaps it might have been better for me to pursue a different course. Something whispered me it would: A desire for success (common to all authors) and a love for the South strove with each other; but love prevailed: and, in the language of him whose poetry I so much admire, "I must be indulged, at present, in following my affections."

When I had concluded to sing of Southern homes, and to call my poem The Old Plantation, then, probably, it would have been to my interest to exclude the vexed question of American politics—negro slavery. I advocate the system of slavery as it exists among us. The impurities of literary effort in this country and in Europe, are opposed to it. The South has no organs of literature and criticism, whose dicta will either damn or make a poem. Hence it might have been best for me to avoid the question of slavery altogether, since my views upon the subject may serve to taint my production in the eyes of most of my literary censors.

But how could I write a poem depicting Southern manners, customs, and institutions, and leave out of view this question? The French monarch said, L'etat, c'est moi! I say, negro slavery is the South, and the South is negro slavery. The Alps are no more a part of Switzerland than this institution is a part of the South. And you had as well attempt to depict Swiss scenery without mentioning the Alps, as to attempt to describe the South without referring to negro slavery.

But I have not treated this question in an offensive manner. Perhaps what I say, and the spirit in which I say it, may do some good. In this hope I have written. If I can extinguish one spark of animosity between the two sections—(unhappy word!)—of my much loved country, I shall have accomplished a great deal.

A word farther, as the name of my poem—I am aware that a prose work, bearing the first part of my title, has been published: but I have added the words, "A Poem," in order to distinguish between the titles. I had partly written this poem, and had adopted the name, before the prose work was published. But as it is the only one which will answer my entire purpose, I retain it. THE AUTHOR.

July 17th, 1839.

NOTE.

The foregoing preface (as well as the poem) was written prior to the dissolution of the American Union. I publish it and the poem as they were originally written. I was ardently attached to the 'Union as it was,' prior to its destruction by the abolitionists. They destroyed it before the successions formally dissolved it—which dissolution, in my heart of hearts, I approve. There are in my preface and poem one or two affectionate allusions to what was my
old country, and I return them to show what regret the South saw the North destroy— the Union."

My poem was commenced in 1858, I believe, and completed about one year afterwards, when I wrote and dated the preface as above. In the fall or winter of 1859, I offered it to the Harper for publication, which they declined, probably because it is so strongly proslavery. I publish the production now, as I offered it to them in 1859.

The poem is too long to publish all in one number of The Countryman. I shall therefore divide and publish it under different sub-headings, but all under the general head of The Old Plantation, begging my readers to remember that the instalments published are only parts of one continuous production. The poem contains about 1400 lines, and will be published entirely, at a future day. I would not seek to disarm criticism; but let my readers remember all the while that my first and foremost motive is to do honor to my native land, her homes, and her institutions. The Author.

October 27th, 1862.

THE OLD PLANTATION: A POEM.

BY THE WANDERER.

After long, long years of absence, the poet, an old, gray-haired, tottering man, returns to the spot that was his boyhood's home, and finds it in ruins, and the possession of another—his invocation to his Old Plantation Home.

Dear sacred spot, secluded vale of shade, How oft hath fancy, lingering here, delayed To trace the scenes of merry childhood o'er, By memory's magic reposed to life once more, Here, weary wanderer, worn and wasted turned, Pore here for which my heart hath yearned, Where'er my steps by fortune have been cast, Blest scenes, my first affection and my last.

The lone wildbird, impelled by autumn's wind, His first-loved forest leaving, speeds to find More genial groves to spend a weary hour, With hope to find his early home at last. But in mid air with parting, weary breast, Seeking in vain the dear paternal nest, With drooping plumes he sees his downy home Felled to the earth, and turns once more to roam, Yet sadly lingers near the fallen spray, Whence rosy morn first caught his earliest ray, Delaying yet, with fond regret, to fly, And still delaying near his native sky. So turning from my wanderings, lovely spot, I seek for childhood's home but find it not, Save here and there some remnant trace before, As parting sun-set leaves the tinge of more. Yet all these traces, still to memory dear, Possess their charms the lonely breast to cheer. As sad memorials of my childhood's bloom, Like untouchable marble o'er the cherished tomb. And so amid these ruins will I roam To read the scanty epitaphs of home, And ere I turn this lonely vale to leave, Grant me, oh! Heaven, one moment's kind reprieve From all my woe, awhile to loiter here, The capturing scenes of early transports near; To wander mid the haunts of bounding youth, The tomes of ease, the seats of love and truth; Here to delay, and fondly still delay— One last, long lingering look, and then away.

Firmness of Purpose.

Firmness of purpose, combined with energy, is the most certain source of success in every undertaking. It is the street mean of obtaining honor and distinction that we have in this existence. Notwithstanding this, we find many individuals who have not adopted any intellectual or physical pursuit, but who are content to remain idlers physically and intellectually, suffering themselves to be turned aside by every defect of expectation, or passing pleasure. And it is generally the case, that those persons who are not as successful as their neighbors, invariably attribute their neighbors' prosperity to some singular trait of character, or superior intellect, not found in the generality of men. I grant that there is a difference in the minds of men: but the cause of success in successful men is their indomitable determination—not their fickleness and idleness. How often have we seen those who have been reared in the lap of luxury, blessed with the advantages of a collegiate course of studies, go forth as adventurers into a fascinating world without forming a fixedness of design and pursuit that would have enabled them to pluck from the loftiest cliff of cultivated genius the deathless laurel, and end their existence in idleness and disgrace. While, on the contrary, how many who have started out upon the voyage of life without an education, no alma-mater, nothing save their industry and perseverance, have attained to such eminence of superiority as to become honored as statesmen and patriots. How many could be cited to show that with frugality, industry, and perseverance, a man may demand success as of right. Truly they are many, and it would be useless to mention what, by observing closely, we see in everyday life.

To be moving—to be ever working—is as necessary for man as for the earth on which he lives. "Idleness is the mother of crime," and as motion is necessary to the purity of the waters, so is industry just as necessary to the moral and physical purity of mankind. There is nothing so con-
Since writing the article on the Countryman, several persons have informed me that our ordinary did "speak a good word" for my paper before the appearance of that article. As I will do justice, if I can, under any and all circumstances, I take pleasure in waiting a minute of the above fact. If I treat anyone, with even a modicum of injustice, I will always make amends for it.

And now I bid adieu to the above subject forever. My friends have my sincere thanks for what they have done. I thank all those who do their printing with me, and of those who see cause to do it elsewhere, I shall not complain.

Not Extortioners.

Mr. Countryman.—Many gentlemen of the quill contend that editors and printers are the only people, noways, who are not extortioners—that they alone have not raised their prices, since the present war broke out. That they are not extortioners, I very readily admit; that none of them have advanced their charges, I deny. How many have raised their rates, lately, I cannot say, but a few of them have. Some of your brethren are selfish. They consider newspapers and editors of more importance than anything, or anybody else, and hence, with the infirmity so natural to man, they fail to look around them, and see what they might see, with a little more care than they are in the habit of doing. My remarks are not applicable to The Countryman, for your journal has never been guilty at the above points.

When they assert that editors and printers are the only men who charge the same old prices, they are mistaken, first, as has been already stated, because they all do not confine themselves to old rates, and, in the next place, there is a much-forgotten, much-overlooked, much-unappreciated, class—carped for class of people, who do charge and receive no more than the old prices—and they are very likely if they obtain them—for their labors. I allude to school-teachers. Some of your readers, I am sure, have seen their teachers, in their printed reports, charging the same rates of tuition that they did before the war. If a single one has advanced at all, I have not heard of him. What has been done is, the matters of board, books, instruments &c., is altogether another question. I speak of the price of teaching—the remuneration received by instructors for their labors in the school-room. Why, so far from rising, some of their patrons want them to fall—to go down, down, while everything else goes up, up.

You will perceive, Mr. Countryman, from the earnestness with which I write, and the difficulty with which I hold in, that I speak from experience—that, in short, I am a teacher.

High Prices of Shoes and Hats.

"A Mr. C. H. Stillwell, writing in the Rome Courier, and abusing extortioners, says that 'coarse brogan shoes are now selling at 7 to 10 dollars per pair, and hats from $8 to $16 apiece.' 'Leather and wool,' he says, 'are constantly rising, and soon the shoes that now cost 10 dollars, will demand $15, and the hat that can now be bought for $5, will be priced 12 dollars.'"

The Child's Friend.

"We have received a copy of this hand-some little paper for children. It is well printed and admirably filled with useful and attractive matter for the young. It is issued by the Presbyterian Committee of Publication, Richmond, at 25 cents per annum, to clubs of 20 or more. We welcome this and all kindred papers to our exchange list. We cannot help thinking, however, that it is unfortunate that juveniles publications should be of a sectarian character. The Baptists and Presbyterians have each just started little papers for children; the Methodists, Episcopalians, and others will doubtless be led to do the same. The result will be that the children of the country will be filled with sectarian bigotry before the grace of God has made any impression on them. We do not think the children should be taught the dogmas of sectarianism by the press. The press will never correct the wrong, it remains for the secular press to combat, all it can. This great evil. The F. & F. has commenced the good work, and I hope will continue it.

Extortion—The Kettle and the Pot.

When men abuse each other for extortion, these days, I am reminded of the kettle calling the pot black. Everybody, now, endeavors to get all he can for everything he sells, and abuses everybody that does just as he does. This is a great world, and there are great people in it.—We editors are particularly severe on high prices: but where is there one of the fraternity to be found who would not put his paper up to the highest prices of the times, if he thought his subscribers would stand it?"

Syrup.

Mrs. Haley and her 2 sons, John and Henry, sent me, a few days ago, a first-rate article of syrup manufactured from the ribbon cane. It is fully as good as sugar-house syrup.—Everybody should go and do likewise, instead of asking, what are we to do?"

"The accent of a man's native country is as strongly impressed on his mind as on his tongue."
THE COUNTRYMAN.

What is Life?
It seems to have been only a little while ago that I was chasing the butterflies from flower to flower, with childish glee; but now I am in the prime of life. Yet a few more years, and the bloom will fade from my cheek, old age will come upon me, and this frail, yet wonderful structure—this "temple of clay"—will return to its mother dust—my spirit to the God who gave it, and I shall be known no more among men, save in the memory of a few friends. —Such is life!

The genial warmth of spring glows on the tender twig; the vital fluid begins to course its delicate fibres, and the bud puttheth forth. Soon the blossom appears in all its beauty, pleasing the fance, and charming the eye for a few days, until touched by the finger of time, when it fades, loses its vigor and beauty, and finally decays, and is known no more. —Such is life!

The sun—the golden orb of light—rises in the morning, and peeping over the eastern hills, sends his glowing rays over the earth to enliven and to cheer; but soon he reaches the zenith of his glory, where his beams become more powerful, searching the tender plant, and burning the earth with his heat. Now it is that all animated nature quaffs the refreshing draught with increasing pleasure, and seeks the inviting shadow of the umbrosous oak. But ere long, the king of day begins to wound his way down the western skies, his power becoming less and less, until finally he sinks behind the western horizon, and is lost to the sight. Darkness soon ensues, and all nature is wrapped in the dark mantle of oblivion and night!—Such is a picture of human life. —Youth is the morning of existence, in which all is hope and aspiration in the budding mind; manhood is the noonday, when the intellectual and physical powers are fully developed; and old age is the evening-time, when the sands of existence are nearly run out, and how soon the sun sets! —and the body disappears beneath the sod and the individual is lost in the oblivion of death, and quickly the darkness of forgetfulness closes in upon the scenes of earthly pilgrimage—Such is life, and such are its vicissitudes! —Sim. Alex.

Small Pox

There have been 1 or 2 cases of small pox in our county, lately. The cases have been light, however, and the patients have gotten on very well. Efficient measures have been adopted by our Inferior Court to prevent the spread of the disease.

Yankee Episcopalians.

In a late yankee Episcopalian convention, the Rev. Dr. Vinton introduced some resolutions to the effect, "That the House of Bishops concuring, this general convention of the Protestant Episcopal convention in the United States of America pronounce the action of the bishops of Virginia, Georgia, and South Carolina, in their consecration of Richard Wilmer, D. D., to the Episcopal See of the bishopric of Alabama, to be irregular, uncanonical, and schismatical, and that his jurisdiction in the Diocese of Alabama is void and of no effect, and that the special committee be instructed to consider and report what further action, if any, the general convention shall take to assert the dignity and enforce the rights of the Protestant Episcopal church in the premises." —Now is not here the brazen-faced effrontery of the old boy! The 'dignity' of the Episcopal church (yankee) must be asserted, and the 'rights' of the Episcopal church (yankee) be enforced.

Why don't the yankee Episcopalians send down an army to conquer and subdue the ecclesiastical rebels South, and hang the rebel ecclesiastical leaders, the bishops of Virginia, Georgia, and South Carolina? Well, well, well! These resolutions of the fanatic fool, Vinton heat all the folly that has been eneeted even by the government of the idiot monkey.

"The man who thinks he loves his mistress for her sake, is much mistaken.

"Envy is destroyed by true friendship, and coquetry by true love.

"The great fault of penetration is, not the falling short of, but the going beyond its mark.

"We may give advice, but we cannot give c-advice.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.—Will be sold, at the late residence of Mrs. Sarah Cox, on Wednesday, Nov. 28th, all the movable estate belonging to said estate, consisting of horses, cattle, stock and pork, hogs, sheep, goats, fowls, boxes, wheat, corn, fodder, household and kitchen furniture, and many other articles too tedious to mention. Terms on the day of sale. S. J. McMillan, Admin't.

Oct. 22, 1862.

HAT SHOP.—I cannot take any more orders for hats, because I cannot get suitable hair, binding, or bands. They are not to be had in the country. But I will manufacture hats lined and bound with homespun, and put them in Mr. Farmer's store in Eatonton, where those who want them at the price I have to pay for 3 pounds of wool can get them. Four pounds of wool for 1 hat used to be the old price — Persons who have wool can send them at my shop can have it returned to them, or receive the highest cash price for it, if my boarding andboarding do not suit them. J. A. Turner.

Oct. 27, 1862.

AN EXCELLENT OVERT-CAOT FOR SALE, very cheap, at this office.
The Countryman.

To a Young Correspondent.

I am reluctantly compelled, to decline your article, but return it to you. Take it, and keep it carefully until you are older, and you will thank me for rejecting it.

Your fault is that of all young writers: you employ too much language to convey your ideas. Your article contains some very good ideas, but they constitute only about one fourth of your piece, while the other three fourths are mere words. The only use in the world you have for words, is to serve as a medium for conveying your ideas, and the fewer words you use the better.

Your language should be the plainest and simplest possible. You have an exuberant fancy. Cultivate it, and cultivate your judgment. Abstain, as far as possible, from all artfulness of style—do not invent the trite or the hackneyed, but on the contrary, so that all my young friends and correspondents may profit by it.

You have a talent for writing, and I advise you to cultivate it. There is a glorious field to be harvested—do not let what I say discourage you. I have been rejected hundreds, if not thousands of times, by publishers, but never allowed this to overcome me. John Bunyan, Walter Scott and the author of Jane Eyre, did not with just the trouble you have met with. But just as Bunyan, Scott, and Bronte still—you have a talent for writing, and I advise you to cultivate it.

There is no depth of feeling, heart or soul, that cannot be expressed in words. As the death-knell, overshadowing all the bright hopes and fidelities of the heart. No words can express the beauty of returning brightness.

The Countryman is a Little Paper published for the benefit of the student. It makes return upon those who have for words, is to serve as a medium for conveying your ideas, and the fewer words you use the better. Your language should be the plainest and simplest possible. You have an exuberant fancy. Cultivate it, and cultivate your judgment. Abstain, as far as possible, from all artfulness of style—do not invent the trite or the hackneyed, but on the contrary, so that all my young friends and correspondents may profit by it.

Beautiful Extract.

"There lies in the depths of every heart that dream of youth, and the chastened wish of manhood—which neither cares nor fears can ever extinguish—the hope of one day resting from the passions that absorb us; of interweaving between our old age and the tomb some tranquil interval of reflection, when with feelings not subdued but softened, with passions not exulted but mollified, we may look calmly on the past without regret, and on the future with without apprehension. But in the tumult of the world, this vision forever recedes as we approach it; the passions which have agitated our life disturb our latest hour and we go down into the tomb, like the sun into the ocean, with no gentle and gradual withdrawing of the light of life back to the source that gave it life, but, smiles, in its beamless descent, with all its fiery glow, long after it has lost its power and its splendor."

"Affected simplicity is refined impudence."