And laden bees produced their drowsy hum,
Betrays the growth by heartless hands destroyed,
The gnarled trunks by cruel axemen scarred,
With murmuring pulses toward the watery main
And still they stand, those giants of the wood,
A stagnant tide spreads tangled grass amid,
Whose low rail-pen, half tottering, stood around,
From yon old spring how often have I quaffed
To bid me welcome to their rustic charms.

Art thou all dead, or in a better land
Dost thou beside my gentle father stand,
And in my heart thy memory still is greet-
And eager rushed the first embrace to claim.
Frisked round my steps, and gamboled as I came.
With rapturous joy mine eyes once more be
But now the fount in cane and rushes hid,
To crop the flower upon the mossy bank;
And mock the terrors of the wasting sky.
No more we hear the hum of busy strife,
Where all this vale was once instinct with life,
To crop the flower upon the mossy bank;
The negro's cottage by decay displaced;
All gaily happy, in their boisterous glee,
And eager rushed the first embrace to claim.
Frisked round my steps, and gamboled as I came.
With rapturous joy mine eyes once more be
But now the fount in cane and rushes hid,
To crop the flower upon the mossy bank;
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But now the fount in cane and rushes hid,
To crop the flower upon the mossy bank;
And mock the terrors of the wasting sky.
No more we hear the hum of busy strife,
Where all this vale was once instinc
But ah! my joys soon lost the scanty flow
Yet here, one hour, dear home of brighter days
And, roused to ponder times relentless change,
Lie muttering with these muttering ruins
My withered hopes, like flowers upon the ground,
With life and hope upon her palmy wing.
The flowers of bliss once more began to bloom.
With loving faith its beaming face it turns,
Of life that caused these genial flowers to blow,
Drive out my sorrows,—dissipate my pains,
The bloomy flush of fast returning spring,
Amid its gay companions, smiles to see.
So here, at first, on fancy's wing returned
As winter goes, it seeks to bloom again;
And swells its buds, amid congenial rains;
Leaves on the ground, with cheerless ice and
The scanty sap flows through its fibrous veins,
Like corpses scattered o'er the spectral ground.
And leaves my freezing pleasures all to lie
When hope withdraws, and pall her genial
The phantom hosts which dark despair arrays
So soon that fountain ceases its supply,
And turns my thoughts to wander with the dead;
And me, the wanderer, to her bosom Clasp,
And then I'll turn a pilgrim once again,
An exiled stranger from his native sky,
Upon some foreign strand to drop and die.

Wearing Mourning.
Not only does wearing mourning do no good, but it actually does harm. In the first place, it is injurious to the health of females who wear it. This is the testimony of medical men, of various intelligent females who have been the victims of wearing black, and is in accordance with the observation of all. Who has not perished in his heart of the poor woman loaded down in summer's heat, with heavy, worsted clothing, in order to be in the fashion of wearing black? Does not the bloom of health always depart from the cheek of her who wears mourning long at a time?

Wearing black is a mockery of the dead. It is sinful and baseless to make a fashion of sorrow so serious and solemn a thing as death. Mourning apparel is very often nothing but a black falsehood. Many times it says, I sorrow for the departed, when the truth is, it either is glad at heart, or at least indifferent.

When I was a boy, a young man, a few years my senior, lost his sister. I thought he ought to be very sad on account of it, and indicate it at least by a quiet and subdued manner. A few days after the decease of his sister,—not a week had elapsed—I saw him, and he had a sallow cast upon his sunburnt cheeks,

The waters of bliss once more began to flow.
But all my joys soon lost the scanty flow
Of life that caused these genial flowers to bloom.
And, roused to ponder times relentless change,
Now hopeless o'er the paths of youth I range.
My withered hopes, like flowers upon the ground,
Lie muttering with these muttering ruins round:
Yet here, one hour, dear home of brighter days!
the rich should not. Well, if anyone is so selfish as this, I have no appeal to make to him. I cannot reach him. He is incorrigible. I do not address myself to heathens.

But to Christian men and women—(not church members exclusively)—but to all who profess to be governed by the cardinal tenets of Christ’s code, I do address myself. I appeal to those who “feel another’s woe,” as they feel their own. I appeal to those who, with the feeling of brotherhood in their bosoms for the whole human race, profess to be governed by the golden rule; and to these I say, even if you are wealthy enough to buy mourning apparel, you should not do it, because your less favored neighbor is not able to do it. You, wealthy mother, have lost your child, and sorrow smites your heart; but you poor mother has lost hers too, and her heart is no lessacerated than yours: and now by all a mother’s sad sorrow and broken-hearted woe, I charge you that you would have your own grief respected, so do you respect the silent sorrow of your poorer sister of humanity, whose anguish is no less keen than yours. Don’t go and flaunt your fashionable attire in her face, and add to her sorrow the mortifying reflection that she is too poor to wear black for her son who poured out his heart’s blood, as well as yours, in defence of our common country. I tell you it is wrong. She feels that if there is any honor to the dead in wearing black for a deceased son, the same homage is due to her that there is to yours: nay, she has made a greater sacrifice than you: for while you have your wealth to maintain and sustain you, the staff of her declining years has dropped down in the narrow channel—house, to be her staff and comfort her comfort more; and her heart will rebel, if it does not murmur, if not against Providence, at least against her country, for having required the life of her only son. And so you will see that not only religion and humanity require you not to wear black, particularly during this war, but the wisest statesmen of patriotism require it. For if your son, ye wealthy parents, have all hommage rendered him, and none is rendered the sons of the poor who die in the same cause, these are not going to give up their sons willingly, and the government which forces them away, cannot retain their affections. But respect the grief of the poor; respect their silent sorrow; respect their poverty that cannot buy mourning apparel, and share their depredations with them, and they will still give up their sons, with anguish, but with alacrity and patriotism, to fight your battles and mine. I wish I could impress the importance of this view of the case upon my countrymen and countrywomen.

“...My Grand-Father’s Chair.”

See another column.—This will prove an attractive feature of The Countryman. It is quite an acquisition. The gentleman who has been installed Chairman has made a reputation as a writer bound only by the limits of both the Confederacy and the United States. The attractions of this journal will be more than doubled by the discussion of such questions as may be submitted to The Chair. Some such assistance was absolutely necessary to The Countryman, whose other avocations have prevented him from bestowing upon this journal his undivided attention. While I shall not relax my own efforts, and while my pen will be as busy as ever, I now move forward with less of a burden upon my shoulders, and with the assistance of my associate, shall march on with greater confidence in reaching the point upon which the eye of of this journal has been fixed from the beginning: To be excelled by none in the world.

Judge Nisbet.

The Georgia legislature will have to elect a senator at its next session. The newspapers are saying a great deal in connection with this election, about intellect, ability, character, patriotism, moral worth, and all the other qualifications of a senator. Who can so well fill the bill as Judge Nisbet?

Georgia has reason to be proud of her distinguished son, whose name heads this article. Of Judge N’s. solid and sterling character as a man and Christian, it is unnecessary to speak. There, in connection with other qualifications, give him great weight of character, and his country should be glad of an opportunity to avail herself of his ripe experience and accomplishments in every department of government.

Not only is Judge Nisbet a man of great moral worth—of superior intellect—of enlarged statesmanship—and an accomplished jurist, but he is what so few of our statesmen are—a ripe scholar and man of letters. Judge N’s reputation as a scholar, man of letters, and a writer, is second to Edward Everett’s, not because of any inferiority in any respect, but simply because he has been placed upon a different arena, and has not had the same journals and the same opportunities, owing to the habits and character of our people, to herald his fame, and to lead him to exertions in the same line which has been pursued by Everett.

And who can forget Judge Nisbet’s great services in the Georgia Convention of Secession? Who can forget the marked influence which he exerted in bringing the solid men of the land into line, and giving character to the revolution? Where can the legislature do better than send Judge Nisbet to honor Georgia in the senate chamber of the Confederate States?

By Order of Gen. Beauregard,

It is announced in the papers that

By Order of Gen. Beauregard,

The abolitionists attacked in force, Porcupine and Coosawhatchie.

Now I wish to know why Gen. Beauregard gave the abolitionists any such order. I was it that they might be whipped as they were?

J. P. K.

I have received your communication covering your Dougherty County Treasurer’s “Certificate of Deposit” ($2). Being uncertain up here, I have put it in a sealed envelope, addressed to you, and dropped it in the P. O. in Estontoa. By sending the P. M. 10c to pay postage, no doubt he will send you your shinplaster. Even were your money current up here, I have no leisure to hunt up change for you, to get the 60c which you designed leaving with me. Editors have no time to run about and get money changed for Mt. Zion school boys.

I have complied with your request to “reply instantly.”

California.

In a late number of the Columbus Enquirer, it is announced that the yankies, “in force, were landing at 2 points on the California coast.”

Is not this like the Dutch taking Holland?

“Titania.”

You are right, brother Wilkes, in saying that I kindly reproved your correspondent “Titania.” Certainly she ovisces excellent taste and discrimination, for one “just in her teens,” and I would encourage her to write. I read her articles and selections in the Journal, with much pleasure.
My Grand-Father's Chair.

"De omnibus rebus, et quihmdam aliis."

BY W. W. TURNER.

It is no creation of the imagination; no poetical fiction; no unsubstantial myth, like most of the editor's "chairs," "drawers," &c, that we read of,—but a real, solid, foot-board, a writing-board large enough to support a candlestick and all the appliances for reading and writing, underneath which is a box capable of containing a great many magazines, newspapers, or any of those nameless little conveniences that add so much to the enjoyment of one disposed to be contemplative or studious. It is the chair in which my grand-father sat, for many, many years before his death, the board of which upheld his Bible, or other book, in the box of which were stowed his newspapers, his pipes, tobacco, &c. It is hallowed in my mind, by association with him in his last days, and because he himself gave it to me, the youngest-born of William, his first-born.

It used to occupy a warm corner by the fire-place in the old brick house, close to a deep window, cut in the thick wall; and not only the chair itself, but the broad-window-sill and the facing on each side, were all filled with little boxes, shelves, and racks, containing every imaginable curiosity that could amuse an old man or a boy, from a fly-gun to a microscope. To my childish imagination, it and its circumstances constituted a store-house; a whole world of interest and wonder. It was my highest delight; the very core of my happiness, to visit my eccentric grand-parent and hang around his knee, sit on the foot-board of his chair, or sometimes be elevated even to the book-board, and look ever what was to me his vast museum, or listen to some strange story, such as he loved to relate to children.

Finally the chair was delivered to me, when my grand-father had to abandon it for a couch,—his bed of death,—and the gift was to me, I think, because it was perceived that I had a peculiar veneration and love for the old relic. I do most of my reading and writing in it. In winter, hitherto, it has occupied a place in my sanctum sanctorum, and in summer it has stood in the cool hall which runs across our house, through which there is a constant draught of fresh air. Almost everyone has seen chairs like it, and those who have visited us, during the warm season, within the last half dozen years, have seen this identical one, in its summer quarters.

To these, and to all the subscribers of The Countryman, I send greeting, and express the hope that they and I may live to have frequent cosy chats together, during the long evenings of the coming, and many succeeding winters. I give fair warning, however. The motto that stands at the head of my column, shall not deceive me. Probably the chief characteristic of my sketches, paragraphs, or essays, will be discursiveness. This is one of the privileges of an editor, and such, de facto, I now become. I shall often be grave, for it is my nature; I hope to be sometimes gay; for this my well-being requires. I shall try sometimes to be instructive, for this is one chief end of writing; always to be entertaining, for few will read my productions otherwise. Doubtless I will frequently prove prosy, but at any rate, I will be sincere and honest. I may occasionally be charged with pravity, but hope generally to say too little, rather than too much. The former occupant of this chair, an old, white-haired man, who fought in the first revolutionary war, was not opposed to serious, instructive conversation, on the one hand—for he was a Christian—nor on the other hand, did he fail to encourage cheerfulness and even boisterous hilarity, as long as it was harmless—for he was a true philosopher.

I am to be editor only of this corner of the paper. Mr. J. A. Turner is still editor, and proprietor of The Countryman. I am responsible, though, and not he, for everything that appears in my department, and the reader will please not to saddle either, with the sins of the other.

That men, grown up children, like all other children, are pleased with new toys, has been said long ago, and it receives new illustrations everyday. However many and various, however costly and beautiful, those already possessed, a new play-thing is always opposed to serious, instructive conversation, on the one hand—for he was a Christian—nor on the other hand, did he fail to encourage cheerfulness and even boisterous hilarity, as long as it was harmless—for he was a true philosopher.

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Lige.

Lige was a sable genius, who, without any teaching, learned to make drums, cross-bows, and wagons. His drums were little drums for children; his cross-bows little cross-bows for children; and his wagons little wagons for children. How all the children loved Lige, and how Lige loved all the children! How he delighted to make drums, and wagons, and cross-bows for them!

When Lige first began to contemplate manufacturing his wagons, &c., being a young man, he thought about the subject so much, day and night, that it crazed his brain, and his master had to confine him as a madman: but he emerged from his madness and his prison, a skillful manufacturer of the articles he so much longed to make.

It was my delight to visit Lige's little work-shop. It was a very small, rude log-hut, but all the dearlyer to me on that account. You know how children love to make "little house." You know how they love a "little house" to play in. Well, Lige had a little house to work in—just about the size of a house I would have been pleased to have for a work-shop, and a play-house combined: for, when a child, I always had my little box of tools with which I delighted to work, and beth, and cobble. What child does not like a hammer and a gimlet?

Well, there stood Lige's little shop—my own ideal of what a shop ought to be. It pleased my childish fancy much better, of course, than would a machine shop that could turn out from its bowels of steam, everything, from a horse-shoe nail, to a steam-engine. I loved Lige's shop best, because that was within my comprehension, and my hopes. I could understand that, and I could see the possibility of my having one like it. But what is there but infinity to a child's mind about those tremendous steam-works, with their huge wheels; their everlasting clatter; their broad bands; their puffing, blowing, and screeching; and their clouds of steam and smoke! How can he see any beginning or ending to any of it? It is all past his comprehension.

He can neither understand it, nor does he hope for one like it, nor does he wish to hope for one like it.

But Lige's shop I could understand. It was all plain to my childish mind. Lige had no great number of tools. A hammer, saw, chisel, drawing-knife, an auger or 2, and 1 or 2 gimlets, with a scoop to hollow out his drums, were about all. I loved to see him work on his wagons, drums, and cross-bows.

And then his shop was always attractive on other accounts: he generally had hickory-nuts, walnuts, chestnuts, chickpeas, or something of the sort to give the children who visited him.

My acquaintance with Lige began when I was some 5 or 10 years old. Being at that time unable to walk, on account of a very severe attack of white-swelling, my father bought one of his wagons that I might ride about the yard and garden, in it. There was great joy in my heart on this account, and I have always been very partial to Lige ever since.

Several years after this, I got so I could walk about on crutches, and being on a visit to my young friend Wm. H. Chambers—now of Eufaula, Ala.—he gave me a very large cross-bow made by a man by the name of Battle, a mechanic of this county. Col. James M. Chambers then lived at old Pop-Castle, the present home-stead of the family to which I referred in my article about "the old place," and he is the father of my friend Wm. H. My boyish fancy was entirely captivated by this huge cross-bow. But it was too large to be of any service to me, and my old friend Lige came to my rescue again, by making me a smaller cross-bow—one that I could shoot. I shot at a great many birds with it, but don't think I ever hit one. It is likely the dogs, cats, cows, hogs, chickens, and turkeys suffered some; but I think I never shot anything "fero naturae"

Lige used to have some ambition to extend his mechanical genius into the gun or pistol making line. He once got some pewter, and a joint of elder, and by placing a stick exactly in the centre of the elder, he moulded a pistol-barrel, drilled out the touch-hole, and put it in a very respectable stock. He could not make the lock, however. The stock was in the shape of a rifle stock, and the pewter barrel was some 10 or 12 inches long. This was a little gun, with a bright barrel, and of course I was much pleased with it. By some means—gift or purchase—I obtained it from Lige, and with it I learned to shoot at a great many birds, and I shall never see them without regarding them as shafts reared to the memory of my departed friend.

And Lige lives to make drums and wagons yet. The same hand that made these things for the boy Countryman, now makes them for the man Countryman's boys. It seems but yesterday that Lige made these things for me, when a child, and now, every few months, he comes to see me, and brings for my boys a drum or a wagon; for it does not take my boys long to destroy a drum or wagon, to be succeeded by another to be destroyed in its turn. And so we go on. My boys have learned the martial step to the noise of Lige's drums, and speeding years will soon bring them to the day when they may have to step time to another drum, to repel an insolent foe. No man can foresee time's changes.

I love to go occasionally, now, to "the old place." As I said in another article, I was there not very long ago, to assist at the burial of a friend. The same oaks, and the same shadow and solitude, were there. Two cedars planted by the hand of my friend—the band that now moulders in Virginia—send up their straight shafts, one on each side of the front porch, and I shall never see them without regarding them as shafts reared to the memory of my departed friend. The same cedars are there: the same oaks stand sentinels in the old yard; the same purifying stream flows in the valley; the owl still hoots down on
the creek swamp: the coon and the possum still roam the wild forest: the squirrel still chatters in the tree: the blackberry, nut, walnut, chestnut, and chinquapin still lade the wild harvest of autumn: but my boyhood’s friends—where are they? Scattered and gone—some to distant lands, and some to the dreary mansion of the dead.

Soon of us who survive, must follow them: and death is not all gloom: the creek swamp: the coon and the possum still roam the wild forest: the squirrel still chatters in the tree: the blackberry, nut, walnut, chestnut, and chinquapin still lade the wild harvest of autumn: but my boyhood’s friends—where are they? Scattered and gone—some to distant lands, and some to the dreary mansion of the dead.

My soul—

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
to that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Then go not, like the quarry-slave, at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams!"

Another Glorious Victory.

Last week I chronicled the splendid victory obtained for the South by the establishment of a cotton and wool card factory at Cartersville, Ga. Another victory still more splendid (if possible) has been achieved upon Georgia soil. Hurrah for Georgia! Read the following from the last Christian Index, and rejoice. Under the head of New Publishing House, that paper says:

"We have entered into partnership with experienced business men, for the publication of books, papers, &c., and have secured several presses—both Hoe’s and Adams—an engine, a complete book bindery, with a large amount of stock, and will, in a few days, be prepared to enter upon the publishing business in all its branches.

We will publish, immediately, a large edition of Webster’s Elementary Spelling Book, Smith’s Grammar, and other useful and needed works. We expect a stereotype foundry to be established in connection with our office, under the care of an experienced workman, and we will be prepared for jobs of all sorts and sizes. Our main attention will be turned to supplying the pressing wants of schools, by supplying grammars, spelling, and reading books. We will soon issue a prospectus, and solicit orders for the works we intend publishing.

The name of the firm will be Burke, Boykin & Co., and authors desiring to publish salable books, are requested to communicate with us at Macon, Ga.

The establishment will be an extensive and efficient one—capable of printing and binding in the best style.

Our own paper, the Index, will share the advantage of this arrangement, and, as soon as we can get the new presses in operation, will appear in a much-improved garb."

Now, who that knows anything about the great antithesis upon the world by abolition literature, will say that this is not a splendid victory? I have studied this subject so long, and so thoroughly, and my life has so long been devoted to the cause of seeing the South independent in her books, her journals, and her literature, that no one need be surprised that I am all excitement and enthusiasm on hearing of the foregoing victory.

But to drop the metaphor: The new publishing house is in excellent hands. Messrs. Burke and Boykin are both young men, in the prime of life, known far and near for their energy and perseverance, and are "clever fellows" in the companionable sense of the word, notwithstanding the former is a Methodist preacher, and the latter a Baptist minister. This I consider fortunate: for it is a guarantee that the new House will not assume a sectarian cast.

And now, John and Sam, let me charge you that ye fall not out by the way: don’t get into any scrimmages about baptism and ritualizing (though you both, and I too, may be allowed to rant as much as we please about the new publishing house) and glorious success will be yours.

Planting Cotton.

I see that Mr. Stephens recommends the planting of cotton next year. His statesmanship is at fault, here, certain. If our people follow his advice, we are ruined, and that without remedy.

The Presidential Bullet.

"When Oliver Cromwell entered upon the command of the Parliament’s army against Charles I, he ordered that every soldier should carry a bible in his pocket.\nAmong the rest there was a wild, wicked young fellow, who ran away from his apprenticeship in London, for the sake of plunder and dissipation. Being one day ordered out on a skirmishing expedition, or to attack some fortress, he returned to his quarters in the evening without hurt. When he was going to bed, pulling his bible out of his pocket, he observed a bullet-hole in it, the depth of which he traced till he found the bullet had stopped in Ecclesiastes xi, 9: ‘Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart be glad in the days of thy youth, and walk thou in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes, but know thou that all these things God will bring thee into judgment.’ The words were sent home upon his heart by the Divine Spirit, so that he became a sincere believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. He lived in London many years after the civil war was over."

At the 1st battle of Manassas, a bible or a testament, in the pocket of 1 of the soldiery, saved his life. This incident was published in many papers as showing that there was something providential in it, and was urged as an argument in favor of the soldiers’ carrying bibles in their pockets. (This they certainly ought to do, and in their hearts too.)

But unfortunately for the theory of those who published the occurrence for the purpose they had in view, another incident occurred at the 1st battle of Manassas. I learn from a young man, in whom I have every confidence, that the son of a distinguished Georgia statesman had a deck of cards in his breast-pocket, and that these stopped the ball which would otherwise have pierced his vitals. Is this an argument in favor of carrying a deck of cards in the breast-pocket?

I am aware that I lay myself liable to censure from a certain class of religiousists, for publishing the last above occurrence. But it seems to me that all the occurrences mentioned, teach us a lesson which we should ponder seriously, in order to form a just appreciation of the character of the Almighty. God is not a God to be turned from his purpose, or to suspend for every trivial occurrence, the great laws upon whose certainty and uniformity depend the well-being and happiness of all his creatures. There is a great physical law enacted by the Supreme Ruler of the universe, for good and sufficient purposes, that when a projectile strikes any object which offers sufficient resistance, the momentum of the missile is overcome, and the projectile stops. It matters not whether the obstruction is a bible or a deck of cards—the operation of the law is the same, and the result is the same. Hence a button on a person’s coat—a watch in his pocket—or any similar thing, has been known to save many a man’s life, whose moral character would not warrant the belief of any special providence in his behalf; while, on the other hand, many a good man’s life has been cut short, when it would appear to man’s weak mind, that Providence sought certainly to interpose in his behalf. But God’s ways, and God’s providence are inscrutable to the human eye. It is presumptuous for man to pretend to know what God should
do, and what he should not do. And to make him a Being to be moved about and changed by every breath of wind—by this good act, or that bad act of man—is to make him a very imperfect Deity, and not the Grand Essence of Perfection which his revelation through the volume of inspired writ, and the volume of nature, tells us he is. I object to one of the lessons inculcated in the two foregoing anecdotes about soldiers' bibles, because it gives men a wrong idea of God; and every wrong idea of Deity demoralizes and degrades. Every proper idea of God, elevates and exalts.

Your shipplaster (50c) uncurrent here, has been deposited, in a sealed envelope, to your address, in the P. O. in Eutawton. On sending the P. M. 10c to pay postage, he will forward it to you.

Mr. Traylor and Salt.
Mr. Traylor, in a letter to the Columbus Enquirer, seems to think that I “doubt” the efficacy of Judge Huey’s plan for saving pork. I cannot say that I do not doubt it, but I can say that I think his plan will answer the purpose. My “funny article” is to this effect, and, as I said before, the funny part was merely intended to give interest to the useful part. It seems, at any rate, that the Countryman is creating a spirit of inquiry into economical plans for curing meat. Mr. Traylor calls upon a gentleman in Eufaula to give his experience in saving pork by the recipe suggested by Mr. Traylor. I hope the Eufaula gentleman will comply: and if he does, it will be owing to the “funny article” of the Countryman.

Cold Weather Coming.
The Mobile Register shows that there are unmistakable natural signs of an early winter’s impending, if not a severe one. The Mobile sportsman finds that robins are already migrating from the North, as well as blue-jays, which are not generally seen in that latitude till the 1st of November. Besides them, the snipe and other birds are already showing their winter plumage, which does not generally appear until that date. These indications are with justice regarded as warning, for nature never makes mistakes in such matters.

The above is going the rounds of the papers.—In the first place do Mobile sportsmen shoot blue-jays? It is the first time I ever heard of these being game birds.

In the next place, I did not know that blue-jays were migratory. We have them all the time here. It may be different in a lower latitude.

Does the Register mean to say that the snipe and other birds leave their winter plumage precisely on the 1st of November? My impression is that birds molt about regular times in the spring and fall, without much regard to the weather. Certainly it takes them some weeks to go through with the molting process, and they do not put off one stress, and another on, all in one morning, or in one day, as the writer in the above paragraph seems to intimate.

It is about as hard to tell anything about the weather by the movements of the birds as it is to regulate everything by the moon. For the last 20 years I have been endeavoring to deduce some weather regulations from the movements of the robins: but they have been so erratic in their movements, that it has been impossible to do so.

For a long time, I tried to make the appearance of the robins prognosticate cold weather; but warm spells would follow their appearance in spite of me. Then again I was almost ready to conclude that robins were the precursors of warm weather; but a cold spell would come and knock this theory in the head. So I had to let the robins come and go at their pleasure, without jumping to any hasty conclusion. I have seen them in abundance here during cold spells, and then again only during warm spells.—By the way, I saw the 1st old-field lark on his return South, on thurs. 16th Oct.

How to Make Matches.
"Dr. L. T. Roberts sends the La Grange Reporter the following recipe for making matches:

Take strips of wood and dip them into melted sulphur, and let them dry, which will be done in a minute after dipping them. Then the points of these sulphured matches must be dipped in a composition, made in the following manner, viz: Dissolve, in hot water, gum arabic, 4 parts; chlorate of potassa, 1 part; and phosphorus, 1 part. These are all to be added to the pot separately, and in the order herein prescribed, and as soon as the 1st ingredient is dissolved, then add the 2d, &c., until all are dissolved. This must all be done in a water bath (like glue is prepared) and the mixture must be kept in the water bath while the process of dipping is going on. The matches must be thoroughly dried before they are used. Dry in the shade for 24 hours. Cover the mixture closely."

I publish the above for the benefit of those who ask, what are we to do? At the rates at which matches are now selling, a man can take a pocket knife, and make a living by selling matches.

The Fox Chase.
A correspondent, "J. T." (not Joe Turner but a man of Banks' Co.) has been sending a poetical account of a fox chase to the Athens Watchman. "It may not be amusing," says the Watchman, "to state that Fanny Cox is the name our correspondent gave the female depredator upon pigs and poultry, not because, as he took occasion to inform us, that that is the proper name for such animals, but solely because it rhymes with fox." Here are the verses:

"Old Fanny Cox was a cunning old fox,
Old Fanny run away, just to hear the dogs yelp.
When the dogs gallopped old Fanny round,
Old Fanny hardly touched the ground.
When she run where the woods were thick,
They made old Fanny step very quick.
When she run where the woods were thin,
They made old Fanny step as quick again.
When they all run in ahead,
They made her run her very best.
When she heard the dogs cry,
It made Old Fanny nearly fly.
We took old Fanny by the tail,
And rode old Fanny on a rail.
We made old Fanny cry,
And then laid old Fanny by.

Shade of Somerville, how canst thou bear such a rival?

Tallow Candles.
"It may be of some interest to your numerous readers to know that, with a cent of additional expense, tallow candles can be made fully equal in point of merit to the common star candle.

To 2 pounds of tallow add 1 teaspoonful of good strong ley, from wood ashes, and simmer over a slow fire, when a greasy scum will float on top; skim this off for making soap (it is very near soap already) as long as it continues to rise. Then mould your candles as usual, making the wicks a little smaller, and you have a pure, hard tallow candle, worth knowing how to make, and one that burns as long, and gives a light equal to sperm. The chemistry demonstrates itself. An ounce or 2 of beeswax will make the candle some harder, and steeping the wicks in spirits turpentine will make it burn some brighter. I write with one before me."

ADVERTISEMENTS

WINES, WHISKIES, Bitters, &c. A huge assortment of the above, at very reasonable prices. Any person can order by mail, and have them forwarded. Enquiries solicited.

MILITARY BUTTONS.—Several sets for sale at this office.
Candid Beggar.

"Camerasus related the following pleasant story: 'As I was sitting,' said he, 'with some seamen of Bremen, before the gate of the Senate House, a certain beggar presented himself to us, who with sighs and tears, and lamentable gestures, expressed to us his miserable poverty, saying whithal, that he had about him a private disorder, which shame prevented him from discovering to the eyes of men. We all, pitting the case of the poor man, gave him each of us something, and he departed. One amongst us sent his servant after him, with command to inquire of him what his private infirmity might be, which he was so loth to discover! The servant overtook him, and desired him of that satisfaction; and having diligently viewed his face, breast, arms, &c., and finding all his limbs in good plight, 'I see nothing,' said he, 'whereof you have any such reason to complain.' 'Alas!' said the beggar, 'the disease that afflicts me is far different from what you conceive of, and is such as you cannot see; it is an evil that hath crept over my whole body; it is passed through the very veins and marrow of me in such a manner that there is no one member of my body that is able to do any work; this disease is, by some, called idleness and sloth.' The servant hearing this, left him in anger, and returned to us with this account of him, which after we had all laughed at, we sent to make further inquiries about this singular beggar, but he had withdrawn himself.'

"The most ridiculous of all animals is a proud priest: he cannot use his own tools without cutting his own fingers."

ADVERTISMENTS.

Legal advertisements at the usual rates, and on all orders at the per line, for such insertion, cash in advance, to the editor and the North Carolina Observer, is the only paper which will be sold under either of the Court of Ordinary of Putnam County.—Terms on the day of sale.

Oct. 20, 1862. J. A. TURNER, Adm'r.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.—Will be sold, on the 1st Tuesday in November next, in the town of Eatonton, 10 acres, situate in the 4th disj., 1st sub-division, in the plan of said district as no. 397. Terms on the day. Oct 20th, 1862. T. A. GOFIOY, Adm'r.

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

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.—Will be sold on the 1st Tuesday in Dec. next, between the legal hours of sale, in the town of Eatonton, the estate of William Eakin deceased, consisting of 1020 acres, more or less. The property may be divided into two parcels, and immediately join, the one a Methodist, and the other a Baptist church, besides being convenient to a post office and store, shoe-shops, lumber and grist mill, printing-office, and banks. Two murder districts, 2 buggies, a carriage, household and kitchen furniture, and many other articles too tedious to mention, Terms on the day of sale. J. M. McMillan, Adm'r.

Oct. 23, 1862.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.—Will be sold on the 1st Tuesday in December next, before the court house door of Eatonton, the real estate of Thomas W. Pinkerton, deceased, consisting of 1200 acres, more or less. The property may be divided into two parcels, with good dwellings, and a good proportion of woodland on each. Both places are well watered, and immediately join, the one a Methodist, and the other a Baptist church, besides being convenient to a post office and store, shoe-shops, lumber and grist mill, printing-office, and banks. Two murder districts, 2 buggies, a carriage, household and kitchen furniture, and many other articles too tedious to mention, Terms on the day of sale. Oct. 20th, 1862. T. A. GOFF, Adm'r.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.—Will be sold, at the late residence of Mrs. Sarah Cox, on washday, 4th November, all the perishable property belonging to said estate, consisting of horses, cattle, stock and pork hogs, sheep, corn, fodder, wheat, farm implements, household and kitchen furniture, and many other articles too tedious to mention, Terms on the day of sale. J. A. TURNER, Adm'r.

Oct. 27, 1862.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.—Will be sold, on the 1st Tuesday in November next, in the town of Eatonton, a certain lot of medicines and surgical instruments, &c. &c. Also will be sold at the residence of said deceased, on the 10th December next, the blacksmith tools, road wagon, harness, buggy and harness, one lot of medicines and surgical instruments, &c. &c. Terms on the day of sale. Sept. 29, 1862. J. A. TURNER, Adm'r.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.—Will be sold, on the 1st Tuesday in Dec. next, before the court house door of Eatonton, the real estate of William B. Pinkerton, deceased, consisting of 1200 acres, more or less. The property may be divided into two parcels, with good dwellings, and a good proportion of woodland on each. Both places are well watered, and immediately join, the one a Methodist, and the other a Baptist church, besides being convenient to a post office and store, shoe-shops, lumber and grist mill, printing-office, and banks. Two murder districts, 2 buggies, a carriage, household and kitchen furniture, and many other articles too tedious to mention, Terms on the day of sale. Oct. 20th, 1862. T. A. GOFF, Adm'r.

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