THE OLD PLANTATION:
A POEM.

The Wanderer takes a view of his old paternal Cottage—The Woodlands that grew by the Cottage—The Cotter's Burial-Ground—Invocation to the Vine—Reflections on Death—The Early Settler—Reflections on Freedom and Slavery—Picture of the Cotter's Cottage—In the Cotter's Life—Other Settlers—Clearing the Forest and filling the Land—View of the country after the Forest is subdued and the Land cultivated.

In happier days, here from the cottage fire, The wreathing smoke sent up its airy spire, With upward instinct, chambering toward the sky.

In rich luxuriance—trained to mount on high, The fragrant woodbine round the chimney twined, And mossy stones in graceful folds enshrined. Nor even now the vine is wholly dead, Creeping slow-paced along the mossy shed, Turn from the chimney by some blazing storm, Despatched by winds of half its ancient form. The hand that trained it, moulders 'neath the shade, The heart that loved it gladdens by its God; But grateful scions from the parent vine, The humble cotter's peaceful grave enshrined, Transplanted by some loved and tender hand, Where tomb-stones chiseled but by nature stand; Those granite fragments, mossy, gray, and rude, That mark the spot where angel pinions brood, Guarding the rest of humble sleepers where Too close obtrudes the sacrilegious share.

The artist's with the laborer's skill displayed, Across young time, the useless timber cleared; And round his door the useless timber cleared; For freedom's sake he crossed the envious brine, And to his goddess reared an humble shrine; Such thoughts as these the exile's breast inspired, While freedom all his glowing passion fired: But scorning chains, he sought the western wild, Born to be free, by bondage made her child: Small evils these if freedom's halo shed, Designed by Heaven to wear a master's chain, Supplying veins of sluggish languor full, Though still with chains the prisoner be oppress'd. But wind and tide were evils light as air, Enslaved no joy in thraldom's path may find, Save when high hope commands him burst his chain.

The homely cottage, in its humble frame, Blvded by woods and fields, as forests were, It was the home of honest and true men, Whose native soil with native blood was shared, The heart that loved it gladdens by its God; The humble cotter's peaceful grave enshrined, Transplanted by some loved and tender hand, Where tomb-stones chiseled but by nature stand; Those granite fragments, mossy, gray, and rude, That mark the spot where angel pinions brood, Guarding the rest of humble sleepers where Too close obtrudes the sacrilegious share.

The heart that loved it gladdens by its God; But useless thought! the stranger owns the soil And here my heart may, never rest its toil. Leaving a name for history's page in vain And leave the heart in desolate pomp to lie; To varnish o'er, and gloss his vicious reign.

When in the tomb my heart hath ceased to thrill. With thee, fast friend, to linger near me still, Quitting thy pride to make the humblest blest, Mindful alike of master and of slave, Clasping thy tendrils o'er the lowliest grave, Stooping from height to guard the feeble breast, To think that man will thus the place invade, Embowering still this consecrated shrine, Even now I hear the rustle of their plumes, That yet are spared to decorate yon bowers; That mark the spot where angel pinions brood, Guarding the rest of humble sleepers where Too close obtrudes the sacrilegious share.

With upward instinct, chambering toward the sky.
But none I have! No living being knows, Much less would...
The church was built, the sacred altar revered, the gospel preached, Jehovah loved and feared. While learning came, and with its potent rod, Enlarged the mind, yet kept the heart to God.

A True Picture.

The Hardshell Baptists are a very sensible set of people, and always were. They know a thing or two about the hypocrisy there is abroad in the land, under the name of religion. They know almost as much about it as I do. Hence I would like to see you fooling them with your corn-cakes, when they know a genuine article of wheat bread. I would like to see you throw dust in their eyes, with regard to the fancy article of religion which so much abounds nowadays, and which forms the flash stock in trade of those who huckster their religion as they do their merchandize, and who make God's house a den of thieves.

I have been led to these remarks by an article in the Southern Baptist Messenger of Dec. 1, 1861. The foundation of the writer's essay is the 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Matthew:

"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my father which is in heaven."

After some introductory remarks, the writer proceeds as follows:

"Some make great pretensions to piety, seem to be very religious, even righteous over-much; wear a sanctimonious mask; pray loud and long; fill the churches and pulpits with fleshy members; lock down with supreme contempt upon those who are doubting yet hoping, and by this means deceive their fellows, who can only judge by appearance. Many are deceived, no doubt, and really believe that they are Christians, and that they are on their way to heaven. These ought to be pitied. But many are hypocrites, and know they have not been changed, and make all this parade to conceal their real character, intending from the first to accomplish some wicked design, and then reveal themselves. Such are to be avoided as the pestilence. The devil wants no better tools to further his plans. These are always ready to say, Lord, Lord, and can boast of having done many wonderful works in the name of the Lord, even prophesied, and cast out devils."

After firing the foregoing broadside into the hypocrites, my Baptist brother continues: "Let us notice the experience of the nominal professor, or the religion that consists only in name. He generally commences the work in the time of some great excitement, when his fears are powerfully aroused by appeals to his imagination; the most vivid pictures wrought by eloquence—the result of heated imagination in the preacher—of the lost in torment; their wailings are described with powerful con- tortions of the body; now heated, he gives himself up to the occasion; knows he is lost, and will do all that is required by his spiritual advisers. They mark out his course for him; prescribe for his disease, and after he has undergone a certain amount of penance, and mortification of the body—his mind, and the whole nervous system having undergone the strongest tension—he is persuaded that it is now time to believe in Christ, and is told that he can believe and rejoice: that this is his privilege. He questions nothing that is told him. Eloquence has prevailed, and wishing to gratify those who seem to take such a deep interest in his welfare, he professes to be converted, and as the day of mourning is past, his time to rejoice has come. Those who were instrumental in his salvation, of course are delighted that they have converted another sinner from the error of his ways; another star is added to their crown, and it is a time of great joy. This convert's experience, of course, will be, the more he prayed and wept, the better he got—the more God was pleased with him. He continued to pay the debt, amount for amount charged, until it was all paid, when, as a matter of course, God balanced the account; the book was entered settled; and as he procured his religion himself, he can, if he will, hold on to it; but if he grows cold, God gives him up to the devil. But I will not continue his experience; every Christian can anticipate it. Every Christian knows there has been no change only for the worse—and it is much for the worse, for his ears cannot endure sound doctrine now. It is sickening to contemplate this condition. I write in sorrow. Man's works, his power and ability, great as they are, are utterly worthless when compared to the works of God. What He does stands forever; it is like him, glorious to contemplate. If any of us are saved, it is because He willed it; He purposed it; it was not by our willing nor running; we have nothing to boast of; grace has made the difference, and to God belongs the glory."

These are my views, precisely: but if I had written them, I would have been accused of prejudice. It would have been said I wrote them because I am "heterodox," and a "heretic."—But here they are, written by an "orthodox" man, and published in an "orthodox" paper. All honor to the Hardshells for speaking the truth.

By the way, I see in the Messenger before me, that brother Beebe, like other editors, is complaining of hard times, and urging his patrons to come to the rescue. I trust they will do so, and not suffer the Messenger to dwindle away and die. There are so few journals that dare to speak the truth, that the Messenger cannot be spared. I urge the Hardshells to support their paper. It were a shame for it to be discontinued. To brother Beebe—my brother editor and brother Hardshell—I wish abundant success in his calls upon his old patrons, and a long list of new ones. And not only should all of brother Beebe's denomination subscribe for his paper, but all others should, who desire to uphold truth spoken in a plain, straightforward way.


Your dollar was receipted, on 18th Oct., entered to your credit, and the paper has been sent you regularly ever since.

W. I., same office. Your brother paid for your paper several weeks ago, but by some oversight it was not entered upon the mail-book, until today. O. K., now. You have credit for 1 year from today.

SMALL-POX.

Mr. Countryman:—As the people are very much interested in knowing what progress the small-pox is making in our community, I will say, through your paper, that at Mrs. Spivey Fuller's, 5 miles west of Eatonton, there are 7 cases, all mild, except 1 or 2. The place is well guarded both night and day, which precludes the probability, or even possibility, of the spread of this loathsome disease.

Also, at Mr. Thos. Vincent's, 15 miles west of Eatonton, in Jones county, there are 3 cases, all mild.

The disease was brought into these families by the return of their respective sons from our army in Virginia—contracted in passing through, perhaps, Stanston. It is strange, and fortunate too, that it has not been more wide-spread, as the young men visited, and were visited, freely, by their friends and relations, up to the time of its appearing on the skin, having high fevers for several days, before—which goes far to prove that the disease may be highly contagious, but certainly not highly infectious.—J. G. Gibbons, M. D.—Eatonton, Ga., Nov. 5th 1862.

"Most people, as they approach old age, show in what manner their body and mind will decay."
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise and taste."

"Madison," writing to the Chronicle & Statesman, from Covington, Ga., Oct. 4th, says: "The great scarcity of wool, compassed with the wants of the Confederacy, has been, and still continues to be, a source of anxiety to our people. It is now selling at a price which, almost places it beyond the reach of the poorer classes, with the prospect of a still further advance, as the winter approaches. In this county, a substitute for wool is now being made into cloth by a great many persons, with the design of using their wool for our soldiers in the field. This substitute is cow-hair. The cloth made of it is perhaps not quite so smooth as that made of wool, but it is heavier, and no doubt will be nearly, if not equally, as warm, and will last fully as well. The hair is washed perfectly clean, and pulled, or beat, so as to have no bunches. After it is well dried, it is ready for use. Like wool for ordinary cloth, it is used only for 'filling,' and is mixed with about one-third cotton. The common and easier way of mixing, is by ginning it with the cotton, although it could be, I suppose, mixed fully as well by carding. If the same quantity, in weight, of seed cotton and hair, be thoroughly mixed, and placed in the gin, after the seed are separated the cotton lint will be about one-third of the hair. The breast of the gin should be a little raised, or the hair will make the saws choke. Cow-hair, thus mixed with cotton, may be carded, spun, and made into cloth, with no more trouble than is required for wool, or cotton. The hair can be purchased at the tanner's at 15 cents per pound. It is the cheapest material that can now be had for making cloth, and it is hoped that all who have goats to clothe, and have cars, and wheels, and a loom, and can get the hair, will use it, instead of their wool—keeping the latter for our soldiers."

Thanks.

Thanks to you, brother Sheed, for your kind invitation. My engagements will keep me away from Milledgeville at the time you suggest, but I appreciate your invitation none the less on that account—merely for the genial glow of the heart which is at the bottom of it, than for the sake of the other glow, however highly I may appreciate that. You and other friends must fill one bumper to the absent Countryman. From what you say of Coolidge's liquors, I judge "One sip of this will bathe the drooping spirits in delight Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise and taste."

**AWAY FROM YANKEE LAND, AIR:—"Dixie."**

Oh! southern men, awake to glory,
Heed no more the Union story,
But away!—but away!—away from Yankee land,
Valiant sons of the old plantation,
Row no more to the Yankee nation,
But away!—but away!—away from Yankee land.

Oh! freedom and secession,
Hurrah! hurrah!
Come weal or wo, my heart shall go,
For freedom and secession!
Hurrah! hurrah for freedom and secession!—
Hear the war-cry loud resounding,
Northern hordes to crush you bounding,
And away!—and away!—away from Yankee land;
Southern men, arouse your section,
Arm your children for protection,
And away!—and away!—away from Yankee land.

Sad to think in the Old Dominion,
Freedom drops her bleeding pinion,
Not away!—not away!—away from Yankee land:
And, ah! in Tennessee, boys,
Johnson swears you shan't be free, boys,
Nor away!—nor away!—away from Yankee land.

One long shout for South Carolina,
In our hearts we will enshrine her,
Far away!—far away!—away from Yankee land:
Hail the Pleiad constellation,
Banner of the old plantation,
Far away!—far away!—away from Yankee land.

**P. M., Union Springs, Ala.**

John Leonard, Esq., of the Leonid Saloon, paid the subscription of Homer Blackmon, Esq.—He paid it in money, too: for, as it happened, I didn't owe "John" anything at the time he subscribed for Homer.

In paying me the money, "John" added, that he had not owed me anything, and that he paid it in good faith.

"The countryman desires it particularly," he said, "and I have the money now, and will pay it at once."

"It is a great help to me," I said, "and I am glad to have you pay it now."

"I am glad to help you," he said, "and I am glad to have you pay it now."

"I am glad to help you," I said, "and I am glad to have you pay it now."

"I am glad to help you," he said, "and I am glad to have you pay it now."

**The Turtle Dove.**

*(For the Children.)*

Mister King had 2 sons named John and Sam. They were going along through the orchard, one day, with their father; and when they got near a peach-tree, the boys saw a dove drop out of the tree, on the ground, as if it had been shot.

So John and Sam ran to it, to pick it up. And when they got near it, it began to flutter off, as if it had a broken wing. The boys ran fast, to see which could catch the dove first.

And by and by, when it had gone a long way from the tree, it flew off as if there had been nothing the matter with it. And there was not anything the matter with it, either.

John and Sam asked their father what made the dove do so.

Mister King told his boys to go back with him to the tree that the dove dropped out of, and they would see what made it do so.

So the 2 boys and their father went back to the tree. And when they got to it, Mister King said to his sons, Look in the tree, and you will find the dove's nest.

And John and Sam looked, and they found the nest upon a limb, very near the ground. And in the nest were 2 young doves that did not have any feathers on them.

Mister King told his boys that the reason the bird fell down out of the tree, and did like it was crippled, was to get them to run after it, and thus lead them away from its young ones; for it was afraid that they would hurt them. When it led them far away from its nest, it then did not pretend to be crippled any longer, but flew away.

The partridge, the killdee, the sparrow, and the bull but all do like the dove did, to get any one away from their nests.

Sam asked his father if he might take the young doves home. But Mister King told him not to do so, as it is very wrong to take the eggs, or the young ones out of a bird's nest.

A Base Brief Honorarily Refused.

"The Emperor Sevems, when dying, recommended his 2 sons to the protection of Papinianus, a lawyer equally eminent for his integrity and eloquence. The impious Caracalla having embroiled his hands in the blood of his brother Geta, solicited Papinianus to extenuate the matter to the senate and people. "No, sir," replied the worthy man. "It is more easy to commit a fratricide than to justify it." Caracalla, incensed at this manly denial, caused the head of his incorruptible guardian to be cut off."
Oratory.

"Twas like a torch race—such as they
Of Greece performed in ages gone,
When the fleet youths, in long array,
Passed the bright torch triumphant on.

I saw from ready hand to hand
The clear though struggling glory burn."

On witnessing a contest in declamation among a number of young gentlemen, and the subsequent delivery of a prize to him who had excelled his companions, I was led into a good many reflections, such as naturally suggest themselves, on occasion of this sort. Well did the youthful orators acquit themselves; manfully did they struggle with each other; nobly did they run the race. Long time it was doubtful on whose brow would rest the laurel wreath. Victory appeared to be first with one and then another, and seemed, as it thus veered about, like a bright light transferred from hand to hand, and finally it remained, steady and lustrous, with one favored speaker.

The task of presenting the prize to the victor was a pleasing one. It ever delights a man of proper feeling to be the instrument of affording pleasure to others; a peculiar joy thrills him whenever he can make glad the heart of youth; most of all does he rejoice when he knows that he is recognizing and distinguishing superior talent. What can be more gratifying to him, than to assist in encouraging boys to noble effort toward making intellectual progress? Who would not be proud to join in fostering a noble emulation; a pure and exalted ambition? Where is the man whose heart is so insensible that it does not warm with genuine enthusiasm, as he views a contest for intellectual eminence among a number of brave youths, and who does not give utterance to a mental huzea, as the winner in the fairly-run race, rears the goal of his ambition?

After I left the scene of the declamation, I continued thinking of the noble art of oratory; its high end and aim; its boundless scope; its incalculable power. A philosophical analysis of the thing we call eloquence could not be contained within the limits of a paper like this, nor could less than a volume do the subject justice; but a brief consideration of the pleasure to be afforded; the influence to be acquired; the glory to be won; the good to be accomplished, by a proper use of this mighty agency, may arouse some to a sense of its importance, and induce them to bestow on the art of speaking the attention and study that it deserves.

To bring before our imaginations, at a single view, the all-pervading influence which oratory has exerted in every period of the world's progress, from the most remote ages, down to the present day, we have but to glance back at history. Prominent in the picture that rises to the mind's eye, appear the great orators of antiquity. Foremost in the senate, and the forum, on the public squares, and in the courts of monarchs, stand these majestic figures, and we hear their voices in fiery harangues, or calm debate; angry philippics, or well-considered argument; fierce denunciation, or harmonious and stately periods. We recollect how they swayed multitudes, or controlled; senators and kings; how they pleased the rude mob, or charmed the senses of scholars and poets.

Monarchs trembled at their rebuke. Senators yielded to their persuasive eloquence. And so all along down to this the 19th century, the orator has "ruled the count, the camp, the grove." Who can measure his wonderful control over the soul of man? Who will venture to set bounds to his power? He is acquainted with all the nicely attuned chords of the human heart, and he toucheth them with the skill of an accomplished musician. He knows when and how to breathe a gentle melody, like that of the "lute touched softly," and when to say as of the lofty harp.

"But bid the strings be wild and deep.
Nor let thy notes of joy be first."

At one time, he does his "spiriting gentle, and the quivering lip and silent, streaming tear attest how deep and genuine is the pathos. Again he lades the waves of human passion, till they heave and surge like old ocean's foaming billows. He stretches over his audience a magic wand, and by its potent influence, raises the tempest and directs or subdues it. As he recites a tale of wrong, of rights trampled under foot by some proud oppressor, or vindictive foe, the strained eye, the rigidly compressed lip, and upraised arm proclaim his master power. The low mutterings and half-breathed imperceptions are the first articulations of the rising tempest. Slow the deep feeling moves, and still—still as the breeze but dreadful as the storm." The lightning of anger flashes, and ere long the boiling of all man's fierce passions ends in wild and fearful tumult.

"Who shall calm the angry storm
Who the mighty task perform
And bid the raging tumult cease?"

He who raised the storm can control it. He can pour oil on the troubled waters, and where all is rage and confusion, can issue the resistible mandate, "Peace, be still." An art which gives one so much power, all will admit, is to be desired and sought after; but let it be remembered that its acquisition is the fruit of only long years of persevering application. Most people imagine that "orator nascitur, non fit." It is a popular error; the idea that orators and poets are born, and do not become such by patient toil and study. Never was there a greater mistake. In illustration of this fact, the following anecdote is related of Hon. John Philpot Curran, who seemed to breathe the natural language of eloquence, on all occasions.

"One day, after dinner, an acquaintance, in speaking of his eloquence, happened to observe that it must have been born with him. "Indeed, my dear sir," replied Mr. Curran, "it was not; it was born three and twenty years after me." He then went on to tell of his first effort as a public speaker, and said: "I stood up, trembling through every fibre; but remembering in that I was but imitating Tully, I took courage, and had actually proceeded as far as 'Mr. Chairman,' when, to my astonishment, I perceived that every eye was riveted upon me. There were only 6 or 7 present yet was it, to my panic-struck imagination, as if I were the central object in nature, and assembled millions were gazing upon me in breathless expectation. I became dismayed and dumb. Yet was it, to my panic-struck imagination, as if I were the central object in nature, and assembled millions were gazing upon me in breathless expectation. I became dismayed and dumb. My lips, indeed, went through the pantomime of articulation, but I was like the unfortunate fiddler at the fair, who, upon coming to strike up the solo that was to ravish every ear, discovered that an enemy had maliciously snatched his bow. So you see, sir, that it was not born with me."

I need but refer to the well-known fact that nearly all the effective orations of both ancient and modern times which have been preserved, even those that appeared most brilliant, most like the result of unpremeditated feeling and passion, were prepared and elaborated in the closet; and no speech, of any length, has ever long survived the occasion that produced it, except such as were composed with much care, or were delivered by men who had subjected themselves to a long course of training, in order..."
to acquire the art of extemporaneous speaking. In oratory, as in everything else, it is certainly true that there is no excellence without labor.

No one, I presume, will think that I underrate the art of extemporaneous speaking. As a means of influence, of almost limitless sway over the passions of the multitude, it cannot be too highly rated. But this art, as already stated, is to be acquired only by much practice and industry. I am considering oratory in its highest sense, and I go farther than I have yet gone, by saying that no man, without warning or preparation of any kind, can deliver a long oration that will live after him. And the orator, on great occasions, should have a higher aim than merely to captivate the imaginations, or play upon the passions of those within the sound of his voice. He should speak to a larger audience than that which can congregate within the walls of a room, or around the speaker's stand. His ambition should be to produce something that will bear to be recorded as well as spoken; which, long after the tomb shall have closed over his mortal remains, will be read by thousands and thousands, wherever the march of civilization shall reach. He should feel within himself the consciousness that the world is his audience. He should speak to the human race; "to time and to eternity, of which he be a portion."

It may be asked, can all men, with the proper amount of toil and study, accomplish the great results spoken of above? To answer this, instead of enabling me to bring this article to a close—for it is already long enough—would open a wide field, and be the beginning of a long dissertation. It is very certain that men do differ very much in natural capacity, but it is equally certain that the minds of all can be improved by culture. Cicero expresses it exactly, in his oration for the poet Archias, when he says: "Cun od naturam eximiam atque illustrem accesserit quaedam conformitatis doctrina, tum illud necesse quid praecelarum ac singularis solere existere." "The Banana tree," said Humboldt, "will furnish food for 60 persons upon the same surface, which, under wheat, will maintain but 2. The potato will maintain 3 times as many as wheat." Hope—"Hope is a prodigious young heir, and experience is his banker. But his crafts are seldom honored, since there is often a heavy balance against him, because he draws largely on a small capital, is not yet in possession, and if he were, would die."

TURNWOLD, GA., NOVEMBER 16, 1862.

Caster Oil.

"Because the season is near when the Palmæ Christi (castor oil) bean of the present year's crop will be ready for use, it is proper that all persons engaged in its production be informed of the processes by which the said bean may be brought into use as a medicine."

When the capsule is about to expel the bean, it is ripe. The ripe branches should be removed from the stalk with a knife, and laid thinly over a hard and dry floor of earth, plank, &c., on a hot and sunny day, when the heat of the sun will cause the capsules to expel the contained beans. Now rake away the straw, and winnow away the chaff.

The cleaned beans are now to be beaten in a mortar with a pestle, or ground in a mill to a good degree of fineness. The mass may now be made to give out the contained oil, either by decocction or by expression.

1. By decocction: Put the loose mass in an iron pot, and add sufficient water, or enclose it in a coarse bag, and suspend it in the water, and boil it until the oil is extracted: then carefully skim it from the surface of the water, from time to time.

2. By expression: Subject the mass of ground beans to hard pressure, when enclosed in cloths, by means of wedges, or by a screw, or lever, when enclosed in a hollow cylinder made of iron or wood, lined with sheet iron or tin, of sufficient capacity, and receive the oil in suitable vessels.

To clarify the oil: Boil it with a little water, added, and remove the coagulated albumen, and gummy matter from the surface, by skimming. Let the boiling be not carried too far, or it will alter the quality of the oil, and render it acid, and unfit for medicine.

The beaten beans may be used as a purgative, but an overdose is sure to act powerfully as a cathartic, and often as an emetic. Three beans (a little more or less) is generally enough for a dose. Such is the information which I have derived from other persons, and from the books upon the matter.—E. A. CRENSHAW."

A Cheap Light.

"Take a saucer and cover the bottom of it with lard, a quarter of an inch. Then cut a piece of newspaper in the shape and size of a silver dollar. Pinch up the centre about a quarter of an inch in height, so as to form a slight protuberance. Saturate the paper thoroughly with the lard, before lighting. Set fire to the little pinched up knot, and you will have a light about one-fourth the intensity of a candle. The lard in the saucer will last a week, 2 hours a night. The paper must be replaced once or twice a week."—The foregoing is from the Educational Journal.

Salting Pork.

"The cheapest, and most expedients way to salt meat, even in times of plenty, is by injecting brine into the arteries. Considering our emergency, the scientific ought to be experimenting. In 15 minutes after the hog is dead, I can have him salted throughout, with 1 quart of salt. It will be plenty salt for table use, but not for bacon. Who will discover some way to make water hold more salt in solution, or some additional curing condiment, to make out this deficiency, so that the meat will need no more salting, after the one simple injection?—J. H. G."—The foregoing is from the Columbus Sun.

We need not be much concerned about these faults which we have the courage to own."
Save a dollar.
All who wish to secure the Countryman for $1, for another year, had better subscribe, or renew, between this and Christmas, as I shall be compelled, after that time, to raise the price of subscription to $2. This paper is well worth $10 a year; and the speculators and extortioners have raised everything so, that I shall be compelled to put it up to one-fifth of that amount. — Be in time to save your dollar.

Evil Effects of Dancing.
"The following anecdote is related of a tract distribution, at the hospital in Nashiel:
A soldier, whose legs had been carried away above the knees by a cannon ball, and who had been long a patient in the hospital, one day, while sitting up in bed, said to his nurse, "When will these tract distributors be around again?" "Today," she replied. "When they come, I would like something to read," he added. "A colporteur came in during the afternoon, and made a hasty distribution of tracts, giving one to each bed, without stopping to read the titles, or to see the fitness of the selection. The poor fellow who had lost his legs, received a little 4-page message, and began to read with great eagerness. The nurse, noticing his interest, stole up behind him, to see the subject of the tract, when, to her astonishment, she read the following title: "The Evil Effects of Modern Dancing." Repressing her laughter, she said to the man, "That tract is hardly suited to your condition."
"Well, madam," he replied, "to tell the truth, I think my dancing days are about over."
Instead of distributing tracts to make the soldiers long-faced and gloomy, every means ought to be adopted to make them laugh, and be cheerful and happy. Instead of distributing tracts to keep them from dancing, some humane society ought to print my articles in favor of dancing, in a tract, and circulate that in the army, and set about opposing the Evil Effects of Modern Dancing, as our national army is too small to turn the soldiers long-faced and gloomy, every means ought to be adopted to make them laugh, and be cheerful and happy. Instead of distributing tracts to keep them from dancing, some humane society ought to print my articles in favor of dancing, in a tract, and circulate that in the army.

P. M. Marcellin, Ga.

I WOULD FOR ALL WHO DIE.
I weep for all who die!
Friend of my heart, in pallid slumber laid,
I seek thy tomb in you requesetered shade,
And weeping, sadly sigh:
"Stranger that mourn'st the sea
Of sombre death, to voyage with the dead,
No friend nor kinsmen near thy dying bed,
I weep for thee.
Infant who sip'st of life
One single drop, then shun't the bitter draught,
I who the chalice long have quaffed,
I weep for thee.

An Adventure.
The other day, I went to Eatonton, and as I was going to my office, I saw a man under one of the oak trees in front of the bank, take something out of his buggy, and shake it at me. From its appearance — (it was wrapped up in paper) — I took it to be a bottle, and commenced to make tracks — of course in an opposite direction — for the bible says, resist the devil, and he will flee from you: and if a bottle is not the devil, what is it? And I often find it best, instead of standing still to resist any sort of a devil, and wait for him to run from me — I often find it best to run from him. But notwithstanding I made the tracks, I soon found myself confronting the bottle. I put it to my lips, at the request of the donor who put it in my hands, and the contents tasted very well indeed. It took me a long time to get a taste. The within' was so thick it wouldn't run out fast.

Taking the bottle with me to my office, and setting it down on the table before me, I read on a piece of paper pasted on the bottle, as follows: — "For J. A. Tuner. Made from ribbon cane. One gallon of syrup to 8 of juice. One gallon of first-rate molasses to 7 of juice." Average — 1 pint of juice to the stalk. Eight hours to boil down to syrup. Seven and a half hours to boil to molasses. I will make something instead of standing still to resist any sort of a devil, and wait for him to run from me — I often find it best to run from him. But notwithstanding I made the tracks, I soon found myself confronting the bottle. I put it to my lips, at the request of the donor who put it in my hands, and the contents tasted very well indeed. It took me a long time to get a taste. The within' was so thick it wouldn't run out fast.

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Instead of distributing tracts to make the soldiers long-faced and gloomy, every means ought to be adopted to make them laugh, and be cheerful and happy. Instead of distributing tracts to keep them from dancing, some humane society ought to print my articles in favor of dancing, in a tract, and circulate that in the army.
THE COUNTRYMAN.

Worldly Goods.

"It would be most lamentable if the good things of this world were rendered either more valuable, or more lasting; for, despicable as they already are, too many are found eager to purchase them, even at the price of their souls!"

J. P. W., Stoney, Ga.

"I find, on my mail book, J. B. Wood credited on 5 Aug. last to 22c, raised afterwards to 75c. New if these amounts are properly credited to you, then your 50c enclosed in your letter of 26th ult., will extend your credit to $1.25, and pay for your paper up to 5th Nov., 1863. Correspondents should write their addresses very plainly. If there are 2 Woods of you, you must write me again.

Recipe for Making Soap.

"Pour 12 quarts of soft boiling water upon 6 lbs. of unslaked lime. Then dissolve 5 lbs. of washing soda in 12 quarts of boiling water. Mix the above together, and let the mixture remain together from 12 to 24 hours, for the purpose of chemical action. Now pour off all the clear liquid — being careful not to disturb the sediment. Add to the above 2 1/2 lbs. of clarified grease, and from 3 to 4 ounces of rosin. Boil this compound together 1 hour, and pour off to cool. Cut it up in bars, for use, and you are in possession of a superior chemical soap, costing about $3 per pound."

Discoveries at Pompeii.

"A correspondent of the London Athenaeum writes on August 8th, last, that on that day a baker's house in Pompeii was excavated, in one corner of which was found a heap of silver and copper coins, to the number of about 500, which had seemingly been tied up in a little bag. At the same time, and near the same spot, were found two large shears, and soon afterwards a house mill of the ordinary description, together with a little heap of corn, the grains of which were blackened and somewhat shrivelled, but yet fully preserving their shape, and very little diminished in size. In the next apartment was found the metal shovel with which the loaves were placed in the oven; the oven itself, the mouth of which was closed with a large iron door, not on hinges, but cemented at the edges to the faces of the 4 large slabs which formed the mouth of the oven. The door was soon removed, and we were rewarded with the sight of the entire batch of loaves, such as they were deposited in the oven 1763 years ago. They are 8 in number, and all, so far as regards form, size, indeed every characteristic, except weight and color, or precisely as they came from the baker's hand. When it is recollected that up to the present time but two such loaves have been discovered, and all of them imperfect, the interest of the discoveries will be fully appreciated."

Answering an Opponent.

"In answering an opponent, arrange your ideas, but not your words: consider in what points things that differ, resemble: reply with wit to gravity, and with gravity to wit: make a full concession to your adversary, and give him every credit for those arguments you know he can answer, and shrive those over which you feel you cannot: but above all, if he have the privilege of making his reply, take especial care that the strongest thing you have to urge is the last. He must immediately get up and say some thing, and if he be not previously prepared with an answer to your last argument, he will infallibly be hogged: for very few possess that remarkable talent of Charles Fox, who could talk on one thing, and at the same time think of another."

The Earl of Rochester.

"This nobleman, whose brilliant wit and talents rendered him so distinguished in the court of Charles II. and who, during a temporary disgrace with his sovereign, made himself a mighty favorite with the lower orders, by his exhibitions, under the mask of an Italian mountebank, on Tower Hill, felt so much difference in the House of Lords, that he never was able to address them. It is said, that having frequently attended, he once essayed to make a speech, but was so embarrassed, that he was unable to proceed. My lords, says he, I rise this time — my lords, I divide my discourse into four branches. Here he faltered, for some time. At length he was able to add, My lords, if ever I rise again in this house, I give you leave to cut me off, root and branch, forever."

Corned Beef.

"We gave a simple recipe some day ago. A correspondent of the Roman Courier gives another, which we have often used with perfect success:

For pickling 100 lbs. beef. Take 6 gallons of water, 9 lbs. of salt, 3 lbs. brown sugar, 1 quart molasses, 3 ounces salt-petre, 1 ounce red pepper, and 1 ounce potash. Boil and skim it well, and let it stand until entirely cold; then having rubbed your meat with fine salt, and packed, and closely filled in a water-tight cask, pour the brine over it. After standing 6 weeks, rebuild the brine and return it to the tub, or if you prefer making it into bacon, take it out of the brine at the end of the 6 weeks, and smoke it well with green hickery wood. This recipe answers admirably for curing hams also."

Great Minds. — "A great mind may change its objects, but it cannot relinquish them. It must have something to pursue. Variety is its relaxation, and amusement its repose."

Jealousy. — "Our very best friends have a tincture of jealousy even in their friendship, and when they hear us praised by others, will ascribe it to sinister and interested motives if they can."

"Moderation resembles temperance. We are not unwilling to eat more, but we are afraid of doing ourselves harm."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

AT SHOP—To R. G. McKernan, Thomastown, Ga. — Your beaver skins and wool have been received — All right. To S. D. Blair, Linoton, Ga. — Your hat has been sent you according to directions. To J. D. Tease, Maccou, Ga. — Your beaver skins have been received.—All right. To W. T. Lawrence, Maccou, Ga. — Your hat has been re-blocked, and sent you by express.

NOTICE TO DEBTORS AND CREDITORS — All persons who are creditors or debtors of either W. H. Montgomery, or W. W. Paschal, both deceased, are requested to make immediate payment, or render in their demands, as the case may be.

PLAINS ISLAND.

Eakin's Sale. — The administrator will sell, at public outcry, on Wednesday, 2nd Dec., at the late residence of William Eakin, deceased, all the personal property belonging to the estate of said deceased, consisting of horses, mules, pork, hogs, sheep, cows, household and kitchen furniture, sheep, fodder, blacksmith's tools, and other articles not nuis-ance to remove. — Terms cash.

Plains Island.

BEAVER HATS. — Two choice fine beaver hats for sale at my store. Price $20. Call and see them.

Nov. 10, 1862.

W. C. Davis.

BUGGY AND HARNESS FOR SALE. — By W. W. Turner.

Nov. 10, 1862.
A Revenant Southern Literateur.

"Every reader of fiction has heard of Mrs. Terhune, whose nom de plume is 'Marion Harland.' In a late number of the New York World is found the following mention of the lady in a notice of forthcoming books:

'Sheldon & Co. will publish, in a few days, a new novel, by Marion Harland, author of 'Alone,' 'Hidden Path,' 'Nemesis,' &c., called 'Miriam.' The large sale of her previous works has rendered Marion Harland the most popular female writer in this country. 'Alone,' and 'Hidden Path,' each had a sale of about 40,000 copies. The scene of this new story is laid in the dark and bloody ground of Kentucky, and the work is dedicated to George D. Prentice, editor of the Louisville Journal. Marion Harland, although born and brought up in Richmond, Va., married, and is now living in loyalty, in Newark, N. J."

The house in which Marion Harland lived, and set the nib of her pen in motion, is pointed out to every curious literateur who visits Richmond. On the breaking out of the revolution, she was reported to be devoted to her attachment to her state, and to the holy cause of the South. This devotion seems to have vanished wholly away, and now we find that she is so far Yankeeized as to dedicate her new book to that mediocrity young, George D. Prentice. Marion Harland is of puritan origin, and held the history of her ancestors in the highest regard. This veneration for the fanatics of Haarlem never left her. This is but another evidence of the utter impossibility of uniting devotions in a Puritan.

While we turn away with sorrow at so melancholy an example of lack of fidelity to our cause, we, at the same time, turn with pride to the Southern devotion of such gifted beings as Miss Evans, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. French, and others, whose pens have, and will hereafter, embellish our literary history. When the war is over, we shall no longer import our books with our dry goods, but bring into life, and sustain a purely Southern literature. It is idle to talk of a great nation without a national literature. We shall never be respected in the highest circles in Europe, unless we show that we are bookmakers, as well as gun-smugglers."—The foregoing is from the Mobile Tribune.

Sensibility.—"Sensibility would be a good passport, if she had but one hand. With her right she opens the door to pleasure, but with her left to pain."