Educated Negroes.

There is a law on our statute book forbidding the teaching of negroes to read. Some of my good friends belonging to the different sects of the country, who imagine that they can see into the counsels of the Almighty, and can tell you very flippantly all about his motives in suffering our country to be scourged with war, have become alarmed, lest this law is one of the causes which has brought upon us all this bloodshed, and are now proposing to repeal it, as a peace-offering to Jehovah.

I shall discuss this subject, possibly at some length, in this and future articles, and I know, in advance, that some people will accuse me of a want of reverence, in what I shall say. I know this will be the case, because the minds of many people are so narrow and contracted with reference to what reverence is, and with reference to every idea they have of God, that if you don’t reverse those narrow and contracted ideas, then you are wanting in veneration for your Maker. Now, I tell such, in advance, that I have no veneration, and I can succeed in having but very little respect for their prejudices and ignorance. I have tried as hard as anyone ever did to respect even men’s prejudices, because courtesy perhaps requires it: but I have been singularly unsuccessful in all my efforts in this line. But for my Maker I have as much veneration as any man who ever lived: and if anyone says I have not, I tell you, right here, you lie, sir! In the pulpit, or out of it, you lie!

Well, then, having settled this point, I proceed.—The letter of my friend Dr. Talmage, on the subject matter of this article, published lately in the Confederate Union, is before me. What he says is entitled to great weight. Therefore I make his article the nucleus of my remarks. He knows that I don’t know how to treat him and his opinions otherwise than with respect. And yet I must be allowed to consider my esteemed friend (for I am proud to rank him as such) in error at certain points.

Let me say here, in passing, that no man knows the specific causes influencing the mind of Deity, in producing, or allowing this war. He who attempts to penetrate the arcana of Jehovah’s mind, is guilty of great folly, if not wickedness. In all ages of the world, God has scourged, or suffered the human race to be scourged with war.

It matters but little what form of expression you use—whether God does a thing, or suffers it done—the practical result is the same, and he being omnipotent, the act is his. It must be accepted, then, as a truth, that it is God who is scourging this land with war. The remote cause of it is his hand. The immediate cause of it is the evil passions—the lusts—the ambitions—the fanatics of Seward, Greeley, and Sumner, and the treason of Brownlow, Crittenden, and Johnson. Possibly the evil-passions and ambition of some of our own southern men, coming in conflict with those of the creatures above mentioned, caused this war by concussion, sooner than it might otherwise have come. But it all ends in the same place—that the immediate cause of the war is the evil passions of men. Why God scourges, or (if the reader prefers it) suffers the human race to be scourged by these evil passions, neither I nor any other mortal who breathes, knows, whatever he may pretend to know. This is the great mystery of God. I have the faith to believe, nay, my own consciousness makes me know it is all right.

It is almost impossible to prevent being too discursive in this article. But I will try to condense.

It is certain that the wrong-deeds of men are the cause of this war. In the statute against teaching negroes to read, one of these wrong-deeds? I think not. I don’t think the statute is of any importance, any way. I think that without it, there would be no more negroes taught to read than are with it. Notwithstanding the statute, a good many negroes have learned to read a little, and everyone who desired it, and had strength of purpose and will enough to carry out that desire, has learned to read a little, and is neither the better nor the worse negro for it.

Why not take a practical view of this subject?—Is there any sin in the Georgia statute against educating negroes? None whatever: because God himself enacted that very statute, long before the Georgia legislature was ever conceived of: and God is not going to punish any people for re-enacting one of his own statutes.

The negro is either capable of education, or he is not. (I speak of him as a race.) If he is capable of education, it is a sin to withhold it from him. If he is incapable of it, and so created by his Maker, it may be folly to say, by law, he shall not have an education, but it is neither wickedness, nor sin.

Now if the negro is capable of education, he is also capable of freedom. Our whole system of slavery is founded upon the idea that the negro is incapable of enjoying freedom; and upon the truth of this proposition depends the propriety of slavery. I hold that the negro is incapable of enjoying freedom—that God did not intend him to enjoy it, and hence I am pro-slavery in my views and feelings. Convince me that the African race is capable of enjoying freedom, and you convince me that God designed them to be free. Convince me that God designed them to be free, and I go for stripping the bonds from the limbs of everyone of them, to-day: I will then support Lincoln’s abolition proclamation: for I will not, if I know it, fight against God’s designs.

If the negro is capable of education, he is capable of freedom. Education and slavery are incompatible: and when you strike at the ignorance of any people, you strike at their letters.

I say I think the statute which I am discussing is of little importance any way, if things are allowed to go on in their natural course. If schools of any kind are gotten up for the negroes, though, then I do think the statute mentioned is of some importance.

I think the agitation of the subject I am discussing, has been gotten up at a very unfortunate time. It will divide and distract the attention of our people upon a subject upon which their minds should be a unit.

But my sectarian brethren, some of them, are afraid the statute against teaching negroes to read, may be the cause of this war. Repeal it, and the war will cease.—Now God considers the motives of men. If this statute is wrong now, it has been wrong all the time. And I am afraid my friends will hardly get credit with the Omniscient, for their motives: and I am afraid the repeal of the law will hardly end the war.

The germ of this whole movement about teaching negroes to read, is the same germ from which sprung abolition. It is planted in the idea that the black race, as well as the white, is capable of education, of freedom, and such other blessings as the orthodox pro-slavery man believes, from every teaching of the Almighty, God has designed for a superior race alone. The abolitionist holds, or used to hold, before our negroes showed themselves such a powerful,
element for us in this war, that we were a people cursed on account of negro slavery. Now that they are convinced that it is no curse at all, either for the negro or the white man, some of our own people are beginning to get very tender on the subject: and though they don’t strike at the root of slavery, they propose to lop off one of its twigs—ignorance. Negroes must be educated, at least to a degree. Then they must be allowed to intermarry, when, how, and where they please: then they must be allowed to vote: then to bear arms: then to do this thing: then the other: and so on, until they would be slaves no more, but for the fact that God himself has written slavery in every fiber of their being. Once start out with the assumption that the negro must have education (even to a degree) and then one thing, and then another, because these things are sources of happiness or enjoyment to a superior race, and but for the stern law of the Almighty, you abolish negro slavery.

There are so many things to be said on this subject that, for the present, I conclude. I have a great deal more to write, when I will perhaps attempt to point out the errors of Dr. Talmage’s letter, whose details I have not touched in this article.

Writers and Speakers.

“Men whose reputation stands deservedly high as writers, have often miserably failed as speakers. Their pens seem to have been enriched at the expense of their tongues. Addison and Gibbon attempted oratory in the senate, only to fail.” *The good speakers,* says Gibbon, *filled me with despair, the bad ones with apprehension.* And in more modern times, the powerful depicter of Harold, and the elegant biographer of Leo, have both failed in oratory. The capital of the former is so great in many things that he can afford to fail in one. But to return. Many reasons might be offered to reconcile that contradiction which my subject seems to involve. In the first place, those talents that constitute a fine writer, are more distinct from those that constitute an orator, than might be at first supposed. I admit that they may be sometimes accidentally, but never necessarily combined. That the qualifications for writing and those for eloquence, are many points distinct, would appear from the reverse of the proposition, for there have been many fine speakers who have proved themselves bad writers. There is good ground for believing that Mr. Pitt would not have chosen as an author; and the attempt of Mr. Fox in that arena has added nothing to his celebrity. Abstraction of thought, exclusion from popular tumult, occasional retirement to the study, a difference in our own opinions, a deference to those of other men, a sensibility that feels everything, a humility that arrogates nothing, are necessary qualifications for a writer; but their very opposites would perhaps be preferred by an orator. He that has spent much of his time in a study will seldom be collected enough to think in a crowd, or confident enough to talk in one. We may also add, that mistakes of the pen in the study, may be committed without publicity, and rectified without humiliation. But mistakes of the tongue, committed in the senate, never escape with impunity.

*Fugit irrevocable verbum!* (The word uttered is irrevocable.) Eloquence, to produce its full effect, should start from the head of the orator, as Pallas from the brain of Jove, completely armed and equipped. Diffidence, therefore, which is so able a mentor to the writer, would prove a dangerous counsellor for the orator. As writers, the most timid may boggle 20 times in a day with their pen, and it is their own fault if it be known even to their valet; but, as orators, if they chance to boggle once with their tongue, the detection is as public as the delinquency; the punishment is irremissible, and immediately follows the offence. It is the knowledge and the fear of this that destroys their eloquence as orators, who have sensibility and taste for writing, but neither collectedness nor confidence for speaking: for fear not only magnifies difficulties, but diminishes our power to overcome them, and thus doubly debilitates her victims. But another cause of their deficiency as orators, who have shone as writers, is this: *noloquent socius.* They know they have a character to support by their tongue, which they have previously gained by their pen. They rise determined to attempt more than other men, and for that very reason they effect less, and doubly disappoint their hearers. They miss of that which is clear, obvious, and appropriate, in a laboriously search after that which is far-fetched, recondite, and refined; like him that would fan us with better bread than can be made of wheat. Affectation is the cause of this error, disgust its consequence, and disgrace its punishment.”

Comptroller’s Report.

Friend Thwaites will accept my thanks for a copy of his Report. I shall file it as one of my most highly prized documents.

Extortion.

“Flour has fallen $10 per bbl. in Atlanta, Ga. It is now $30 to $32. The speculators had put it up to $40. Is there no hemp there?—So asks the Huntsville Advocate.

To which an exchange replies:

There is hemp enough, no doubt, and stones enough, but who in Atlanta is innocent enough to cast the first stone, or to use the hemp?”

You might not only ask this question about Atlanta, but about every other locality. There are more lying and hypocrisy about extortion and speculation than about anything else. Everybody in Atlanta and out of it, gets all he can for everything he has to sell, but abuses everybody else for doing the same. Supply, demand, and a redundant currency regulate all alike. And yet certain thinkers think legislation can remedy it all. They will only make matters worse.

Substitute for Salt.

“A writer in the Columbus Guardian proposes a substitute for salt for preserving meat. It is, he says, pyroglyceric acid, which is made from any kind of hard wood, and the quantity of acid obtained is nearly one-half the weight of wood used. The writer remarks:

This acid has been manufactured in the neighborhood of the writer on a small scale, and a few families have used it during the summer and fall, for curing meat, and it is a perfect success. It does not answer the purpose of seasoning, but a small quantity of salt does for that purpose. The only objection to it, if it may be called one, is, that it imparts a smoky flavor to the meat. It should be condensed in a copper tube or pipe, as iron turns it black. I desire to do no more than call attention to the subject, hoping that we may soon see several distilleries in operation, turning out at least 1500 gallons per day. Twelve or 15 gallons will cure 1000 lbs. of meat.”

Brimstone.

“The Renegade Chief is said to have his headquarters at Brimstone, a small stream in Scott County, Tennessee. The old scamp is said to have a considerable number with him, skulking through the mountains, and occasionally making a dash upon some unprotected settlement, burning and destroying.”—So says the Knoxville Register.

Never mind, brother Register. He will change his headquarters after awhile, tho’ he will still be in the neighborhood of brimstone. Where could you find a more appropriate locality for him?
My Grand-Father's Chair.

"De omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis."

BY W. W. TURNER.

VOL. I. NOVEMBER 17. 1852. NO. 2.

"And, Epic of Pride, in Sorrow Reason's Spire.
One thing is clear, whatever it is, right."

Most of us, believe, with Pope, that God has ordered all the affairs of this world right, and we often attempt to explain what seems inconsistent with this idea; but ponder and analyze as we may, there are still many things that, to our finite conceptions, remain deep and hidden mysteries. Without dreaming of calling in question the wisdom or goodness of the Creator, we lose ourselves in vain speculations as to the object of certain provisions in nature. For instance, we wonder why ferocious and blood-thirsty beasts are allowed to infest portions of the earth, to the terror and danger of the inhabitants. However, men would trouble themselves, comparatively, very little about these, for they are confined to particular localities that can easily be avoided; but what is least understood is the reason why annoying and loathsome reptiles and insects, are permitted, like the plagues of Egypt, to spread over the whole land, and inhabit our most private chambers.

We cannot rid ourselves of them. No spot, however secluded, no apartment, however guarded, is free from the presence of the roach, the ant, the caterpillar, and myriad of other insects still more troublesome and repulsive. The bloated and venomous spider, the slimy, creeping worm that glides across our path, though seldom the cause of actual suffering, and though they may be crushed with the slightest impulse of man's being, are, nevertheless, the objects of insuppressible, almost shuddering aversion.

Well-meaning people endeavor to inform us why such creatures are suffered to inhabit the earth. They tell us that the man-eater of Asia or Africa is placed in those lands, by Providence, to prevent the too great increase of such animals as would over-stock the country and rend it unfit for the habitation of the human race; forgetting that where nothing of this sort exists, man, with the numerous appliances perfected by means of the divine instinct within him, has managed, without the aid of lions and tigers, to keep within bounds everything that would encroach on his domain. It is asserted that the unmitigated insects which crawl about our houses, are executors of others that might multiply and invade us beyond measure; that these last, in their turn, destroy others, these still others, and so on; while the first, when too numerous, are devour'd by those still larger or stronger, and thus an endless circle of destruction is described. But these expounders fail to say how or why it is that Infinite Power and Wisdom and Goodness has not devised some method of relieving us of one object of fear or disgust, without afflicting us with another at least equally as frightful or odious as the first. They speak they know not what. They try to elucidate that which will ever remain dark to us, so long as our understandings confine so narrow and circumscribed as they now are.

We also have it demonstrated that ambitious warriors, mighty conquerors, are sent upon the earth as instruments for the punishment of its inhabitants on account of their sins. But no, I believe, has yet had the hardihood to essay the task of accounting for the existence, or saying what is the use, of those two-legged animals that are not possessed of sufficient intellect to become the sarcophagi of mortals, yet are born into the world with such a repulsive deformity of the moral man; so entirely wanting in the fair proportions of a social being—though perhaps without physical defect—so utterly selfish and heartless, so full of petty malignity, as to prove objects of repugnance as well as contempt to all whom they approach. Such people, like vermin, abound everywhere, but most of all do they diminish among the innumerable of what some amongst us call society—a word that once had, that in some parts of the world still has, and that will again have in this country, whenever we are entirely free from the all-pervading evil influence that has arisen from our connection with the North, a noble significance—but which, now, has been so perverted from its meaning, or rather so misapplied, by certain apes, that the very sound of it almost makes the gorge of a sensible man rise.

These pests excite a certain kind of dread wherever they go; not that they are strong, or valiant, or able in any way to do great harm; but by means of their insignificance, they prove tiresome; from their moral ugliness, their presence is hateful; on account of their corruption, their touch is defilement. We shrink from them as we do from the filthy bird that feeds on carrion. Sometimes confident and smiling, again humble and cringing, always false and pernicious, there is no repelling the advances they make. Generally desirous of making a figure, they are unscrupulous in the means they use to gratify this ambition. They crouch and fawn, and, if necessary, lick the very dust beneath your feet, one day, that so they may obtain something that will enable them to strut and swagger the next. Without self-respect, they hesitate at nothing that they think will enable them to carry a point, but plead poverty, and beg favors from those whom they have treated with indignity, and having obtained what they wish, they straightway require their ancient insolence. No humiliation is too deep for them to undergo, no acknowledgement is too galling for them to make, in private, if thus they may be allowed to swell and carry themselves loftily in the eye of the world.

To the debatable class very imperfectly described in the foregoing paragraphs, belongs Olotus, who, as an individual, will perhaps furnish, in future numbers, more matter for detail than is to be found in the present paper.

Valer.

"Perfect valor, and perfect cowardice are extremes men seldom arrive at. The intermediate space is prodigious, and contains all the different species of courage, which are as various as men’s faces and humors. There are those who expose themselves boldly at the beginning of an action, and who shackle, and are dishonored at its duration. There are others who aim only at preserving their honor, and do little more. Some are not equally exempt from fear at all times alike. Others give occasionally into a general panic. Others advance to the charge; because they dare not stay at their posts. There are men whom habitual small dangers encourage, and fit for greater. Some are brave with the sword, and fear bullets; others defy bullets, and dread a sword. All these different kinds of valor agree in this, that night, as it augments fear, so it conceals many, good or bad actions, and gives every one the opportunity of sparing himself. There is also another more general discretion: for we find that those who do most, would do more still, were they sure of coming off safe: so that it is very plain that the fear of death gives a damp to courage."

Pascal.

"Pascal, when only 11 years of age, wrote a treatise on Sounds. At 12, he had made himself master of Euclid’s Elements, without the aid of a teacher. When only 16, he published a treatise on Optic Sections, which Descartes was unwilling to believe could have been produced by a boy of his age. When only 19, he invented the arithmetical instrument, or scale for making calculations."
THE OLD PLANTATION.

TOURNALD, GA., NOVEMBER 17, 1862.

THE COUNTRYMAN.

A POEM.

The Wanderer describes the School—The Schoolboys and the Cows—The School-master described—Tricks of the Boys—Their sports at Playtime—Episode concerning a Yankee Teacher.

Soon as the morning lent its rosy ray,
To yonder grove the children held their way,
To learning sacred, reared its humble wall.
In neat attire, from many a happy home,
Along yon lane the smiling youngsters come,
Where, hid in shade, the consecrated hall,
Where browzing cows obstruct the narrow path,
Fit objects for the dire destructive wrath.

Their kindling wrath desires some good excuse,
Ere they shall turn their heaving anger loose,
And easy 'tis a good excuse to find,
For doing that to which the heart's inclined:
Lo! 'tis enough! the cows that dared to cross
The path they tread, turn, in the air to toss.
And easy 'tis a good excuse to find,
For doing that to which the heart's inclined:
Lo! 'tis enough! the cows that dared to cross
The path they tread, turn, in the air to toss.

While merry laughter rends the morning sky,
And drives the circling purple bounding high.

Upon their arms the burnished bucket hung,
Around their necks the tattered satchel swung,
The silvery bell-notes on their clamor fall,
The teacher comes with merry, tinkling call.

As one has drunk, they everyone must drink.

He flogged them all, but that with eager zest,
The master chides the loiterers to their seats,
And for whose sake is spared the pushing crowd,
And mystified them all from A to Z.

Some vacant from New England with his rod,
Forcing each child a weary way to plod,
Sure when some favorite found a golden path,
And thus escaped the master's direful wrath.

And easy 'tis a good excuse to find,
For doing that to which the heart's inclined:
Lo! 'tis enough! the cows that dared to cross
The path they tread, turn, in the air to toss.

Some tomes the hall, then run the pageant,
With eager bet, and smiling, glowing face;
Those little boys, the sappings bending down,
Call them to books, and bid them cease their sport.

And thus escaped the master's direful wrath.

And when the large boys angry grown amid,
He flogged the small for what the larger did.

And easy 'tis a good excuse to find,
For doing that to which the heart's inclined:
Lo! 'tis enough! the cows that dared to cross
The path they tread, turn, in the air to toss.

And easy 'tis a good excuse to find,
For doing that to which the heart's inclined:
Lo! 'tis enough! the cows that dared to cross
The path they tread, turn, in the air to toss.

The gathering crowd of boys begin to pour,
Or when his years make haste on winter's wing.
Upon their arms the burnished bucket hung,
Around their necks the tattered satchel swung,
The silvery bell-notes on their clamor fall,
The teacher comes with merry, tinkling call.

Now they munch, from pockets slyly drawn,
Their thefts from trees upon the neighboring lawn.
Hold up their books to hide the stolen fruit,
And let their neighbors bite to keep them mute.
With pins they filled the master's cushioned chair,
And rubbed melasses where 'twould smear his hair.
With paper stuffed, to silence thus, his bell,
And bribed the little fellows not to tell.
Some fastened placards on his coat behind,
With stones and rubbish all his pockets lined.
Some holder boy would draw his homely face,
And post the picture in some public place,—
A horrid thing, a wonder in its way,
With ears prolonged, and open mouth to bray.

And the master to his neighboring home,
For dinner gone, the laughing roisterers roam,
Over field and wood, with free and happy air,
Searching each scene for pleasure's quaintest lure.
Some press the maid's, who rustily snatch away,
Yet manage for one moment to decay,
Coyly enraged that one should dare to taste
Of willing lips, or zone the anxious waist.
Now heareth the shade they spread the ample store,
Their buckets clearer of good things running o'er;
The nice broiled ham, the biscuit crisp and brown,
The hard-boiled eggs, all swiftly swallowed down;
Fried chicken too, the savory breast and wing,
And butter milk cooled in the neighboring spring,
Beneath open room, to supply the school,
And keep the bottled smoky fluid cool.

Their meals dispatched, to various sports they rise,
And merry voices rend the ringing skies;
Their trundled hoops on youthful party trace,
In prison house those smaller fellows race;
Beneath low tree, some sprawl upon the ground,
While marbles shot, and tops are spinning round.

The girls, confined to fewer sports than these,
Play with their dolls beneath the shady trees,
While one, perfec, with cunning steals away,
And cloud the pleasure they would like to feel.

A horrid thing, a wonder in its way,
With ears prolonged, and open mouth to bray.
Brother Wood.

I cautioned brother Wood of the Banner & Baptist, not to get angry because his Baptist brother commended with that outsider, Stonewall Jackson, who is not a church-member (that is to say not a Baptist) but only a Presbyterian: but in spite of my caution, brother Wood is angry a little, either with his erring brother Baptist, or with me for my comments on his "error." Hence he (in his wrath, which will make people see wrongly) accuses me—

1.—Of "thinking it a trifling matter to bring God's word lightedly;"

2.—Of "going in for inviting everybody to the Lord's table—Christians, infidels, drunkards, murderers, thieves, scoffers, Jews and Gentiles;"

3.—Notwithstanding his 2nd accusation, he accuses me of being very intolerant—of being a "Methodist Universalist," with but "little toleration for any other creed;"

4.—He talks about "murder" and "vipers" in connection with The Countryman.

Now, brother Wood, you should not suffer yourself 'ripped' for thereby you furnish the best evidence of being wrong in your notions of baptism and close communion.

But about your 1st accusation: You are in error, my brother, and you have not a particle of evidence to sustain your accusation, except that I take ground against exclusive immersion, and against close communion. And if this is "treating the word of God lightly," then not only I, a sinner, am guilty, but all the denominations of Christians besides the Baptists, are equally guilty as myself—including Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and all.

You quote 2 passages of scripture about false doctrine, against me. It is easy to capture that battery. Let me charge your guns. Forward! It is you who teach false doctrine. There now, the guns are mine, and I turn them against you. But as they are only Wooden ones, like those our boys put behind their breastworks to fool the Yankees, you need not apprehend much harm from them. In their place, the passages you quote are good ones. Handled by me against you, they will be as harmless as they were when you operated them against me.

But about admitting "infidels, drunkards, murderers, thieves, scoffers," &c., to the Lord's table: You knew when you wrote that, brother Wood, that you were bearing false witness against your neighbor; for in the very article upon which you comment, and which you reproduce in your paper, I say that Stonewall Jackson "should have invited all to the table who felt duly impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, and who were ready and willing in their hearts to render homage to the great God of heaven and earth. No secoffer nor no mocker should have been there."

How then, brother Wood, can you say that I go for admitting scoffers to the Lord's table?

But you think I must be a "Methodist Universalist," with but "little toleration for any other creed."

Don't be uneasy about that, my brother. I don't think the Methodists or Universalists, either, would have me, and I am certain I wouldn't have either of them. I am no sectarian. I belong to no sect, and would not, for any consideration. I believe in the gospel as delivered by Christ, and am only sorry that I am not as good as he taught in the Bible. I should prefer to be a sinner, than to be the deliverer of this nation on the battlefield, and have God's curse resting upon me, The Countryman to the contrary notwithstanding.

You say farther, "But our friend [The Countryman] thinks that Christians should have some ground on which all might meet, and asks if that ground is not around the Lord's table, where is it to be found? We answer, in following God's word."

That is to say, brother Wood, in being Baptists: for this, evidently, is what you mean. But I answer that all are not Baptists, and others found their faith upon the Bible in being Presbyterians, Methodists, and Episcopalians, as much as you do yours in being a Baptist, and they recognize you as being a church-member, and invite you to commune with them; but you don't recognize them as church-members, and you assume to keep them away from the Lord's table, because they are not church-members. And while I do not say, brother Wood, that you are illiberal—(for I take it that you are a liberal Christian gentleman)—I say your doctrine at the point under consideration, is very illiberal, indeed.

And so, brother Wood, is not only your doctrine unheroing all denominations except your own illiberal, but any sect which assumes to be "the church," to the exclusion of all other sects, and other Christians who are not church-members, holds to very illiberal doctrines, indeed. The Catholic church, in the view of Catholics, is the church. The Episcopalians think they have the church. The Presbyterians think theirs the church. The Methodists think that they are the church. And the Universalists, Unitarians, and all the balance are equally illiberal. And I mean to condemn the illiberality of all, but commend the virtues of all. And if this be intolerance, then I am intolerant. But if you sects would all show Christian fellowship for each other, I would have more confidence in all of you.

"Ye various sects who all declare 'Lo! Christ is here, and Christ is there,' Your stronger proofs divinely give. And show me where the Christians live."

THE COUNTRYMAN.
Mr. Mitchell took the bill, an red it over, an ses, "Aunt Sally," ses he, "the objic of the bill seems to be good, particu

letter from Mrs. Poke.

Mr. Countryman.—Accordin to the agreement made, swtchen you an me, for to cum down here an be yore reglar correspondent, durin the sessn of the legislature, an accordin to a patritick determinashun, swtchen me an myself, to cum down here an regglate the affars of the state an the nashun, an accordin to an invitatashun from the governor an legislatur, an the sewpreem corte to the same effec, I am here, stoppin at the Milledgeville Hotel for the purposes aforesaid.

The first thing that I gin my attentshun to, after cummin down here, was the subjic of speculashun an extorshun. That I am determin to stop at all hazards, an to the last extinty. So the first thing I duz when I gits here, I draw out from my bag a bill that I had prepared afore I left home, whose objic is to bring things down, an I sent for Mr. Mitchell to cum to my room, an see me. After he had got in my room, ses I, "Mr. Mitchell," sez I, "don’t you want to immortalize yourself?" Mr. Mitchel ses, "Aunt Sally," sez he, "I don’t know that I have any particular objecshnn to bein immortalized. That’s what my konstituence sent me here for: in fact aunt Sally, ses he, “that’s what we legislatur men cum to the legislatur for. An I know you ken put me in the way to do it. Anybody what rites for The Countryman, ken showly put me or anybody else, in the way of immortalizin themselves."

Sez I, in reply, "Mr. Mitchell," ses I, "I am more’n glad you appreheesh my rite kerpacerty. As an evidenc of my good will for yore doin youself so much honor, I will give you this bill to introduce into the legislatur. It is entitled, you see, "A Bill to be entitled An Ac to bring things Down."

Mr. Mitchell took the bill, an red it over, an ses, "Aunt Sally," ses he, "the objic of the bill seems to be good, particul

THE COUNTRYMAN.

turnwell, Ga., November 17, 1862.

Mr. Mitchell, ses I, "I see plainly you don’t want to immortalize youself. Ef you don’t, say so, an Mrs. Poke will give her bill to sum other legislatur man."

—This I said with great dignity, an kon-

"Mr. Lumpkin," ses I, drawing back with varous indignashun, "how do you dar to take sick liberties with a varous female, an nobody azed you? What would Mrs. Lumpkin an my ole man say, of they was to see sich?" But Joe Henry, he put on one of the sweetest, winnest smiles that ever you seed, an he heart begin to relent rite away, while the gunner begin to look pizen. He knoed what Joe Henry was arter.

"Aunt Sally," ses Joe Henry, "come this way, a minit. It is more’n probabl that the kornskrip Ac will be up in a few days afore the sewpreem corte, an I want you to give us yore advice an influence."

Then Joe Brown he begin to pull me on towards the x-centiv offis, an Joe Lumpkin he begin to pull me back towards the hotel. Sich a struggle you perhaps never see. I thort they woud a pulled evry rag of close I had on, offis me, rite out thar, a-fore everybody. Two Josephs pullin away at me as hard as they could, put me in mine of the scuffle that Mrs. Potipher an Joseph of ole had, though it was for a differant purpose, I assure you.

"Gentlemen," sez I with indignashun, "its a scandal for you to do so, rite out here, in broad open day-time, an in presence of the gran korncorse of Georgia legislatur men. Let me go, in God’s name, let me go!"

About this time, here cum Judge Harris, an he cussed powerful, when he seed what was gwine on. An then here cum Gus Kinion, an he cussed powerfuller still. Says he, "Aunt Sally, step down to the hotel a mit mit me. I’ve got a telegraph from president Davis for you." An so I went down. The gunner look an mad as blazes, an went on. He seed that everytthing was lost with him.

When I got to the hotel, Gus Kinion tuck out a little slip of paper from his vest pockt, an red as fellers:

"Richmond, 8th Nov., 1862.—My Dear Aunt Sally:—Ef you don’t go for the kornskrip Ac, an git yore sewpreem corte to do the same, the nashun are misnoed. Ef yore ever loosed me in yore life, now is the time to show it. Yore affecshnn neffew.

—Jeff Davis."

I coudn’t stand that: so I turned rite an over, an went fur the kornskrip Ac. I rote out my opinion, an give it to Charles J. Jinkins, who polished it over a leetle, an red it as the opinion of the corte. It seems to give full satisfashun, an everybody is praisin Mrs. Poke, an wantin to git her influence fur ther bills.—Sum people pretends to say Gus Kinion fooled me about that telegraphic message, an the president did not sent it. But I know Gus well enough to know he woud not take sich liberties with his aunt Sally.

Joe Brown has been so mad with me ever since they tuck me away from him, that he has not spoke to me since.—Yore frien, Sally Poke.—Milledgeville, the 14th Nov., 1862.
FAMILY JARS.
You've heard, no doubt, of family jars, Where the wife 'rips out,' and the husband 'swears,' And a showing is made of the spirit of Mars, And the children are ordered to 'make themselves scarce.'
And they flee with perturbation:
And I believe some fellows have sung them before, But I think I remember his verses were poor, And a showing is made of the spirit of Mars, And the subject is so important, I'm sure, And though I admit in the family niche
But morning comes, and they all get up, .

Now who can blame if a man returned
From his toil, when he finds his bacon burned, And the bread destroyed by fire he'd earned,
Should say in his wrath that he'd be 'durned'
If he liked to see such cooking?
But, my trien
Though the meat were cooked in a stew or boil,
And the wife 'rips out,' and the husband
You've heard, no doubt, of family jars,

So unconcerned and still when she

We would remind our country friends
"Suppose some of them should offer to square off with shanks; would you stand it?"
Why not brother Ned? Could you

And let him to Rome in triumph, gave orders
That the father and the elder of the brothers
should be slain.

And the minister of excretion, on coming to the place of confinement, enquired which was the eldest. On this, there arose an earnest contention between two young princes, each of them affirming himself to be the elder, that by his own death, he might preserve the life of his brother. When they had continued this heroic and fraternal emulation for some time, the afflicted mother, with much difficulty, prevailed on her son Dyntus, that he would permit his younger brother to die in his stead, hoping that by him she might still be sustained. When Augustus was told of this example of brotherly love, he regretted his severity, and gave an honorable support to the mother and her surviving son.

I have seen,
When after execution, judgment hath
Repeated over his doom."

WANTED.
"We want to buy a coon and possum dog, to hunt our meat with, during the coming year. It is foolish for a man to think about buying hog meat, who is printing a paper at $2 a year. A dog that will hunt coons, possums, and kill a sleep occasionally, will command a good price at these head-quarters."

But I reckon I'd better quit right here, And pen no more on the subject for fear

Mil the general row my boat might steer
In a place where it 'hadn't enter.'
For a man's no business to tell all he knows,
Let in talking he trends on some feminine's toes,
Whose digits might light on the top of his nose,
And for fear of that member's coming to blows,
I'll run from the carnage and slaughter.

Typographical Error.
In the notice to the Drs. and Crs. of W. H. Montieith and W. W. Paschall, the Adm'r's name should be John Paschall instead of W. W. Paschall, as printed.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE COUNTRYMAN is a paper original and distinctive in style, tone, and purpose, intended to be a form convenient for binding, and is well worth the trouble and expense of preserving and preserving.

GREEN WIGGINS'S SALE. Under an order of the Court of Ordinary of Putnam County, I will sell, on the premises of the said county, between the legal hours of sale, on the 1st Monday in Jan., next, the estate of Green Wiggins, deceased, consisting of 120 acres of land more or less, adjoining the lands of W. B. Griffin and W. A. Hulley, for the benefit of the heirs and creditors of said deceased—Terms on the day.

T. C. GRIEMES'S SALE. Under an order of the Court of Ordinary of Putnam County, I will sell on the plantation of T. C. G., deceased, in Hampden Co., on a day and place to be notified hereafter, the negroes belonging to the estate of T. C. G., deceased, consisting of 8 negroes belonging to the estate of the said deceased—Terms on the day.

SALE OF PIKE'S WALKER'S NEGROES. Under an order of the Court of Ordinary of Putnam Co., we will sell 8 negroes belonging to the estate of Pikes Walker, deceased, on the 1st Monday in Jan., next, before the court-house door in the town of Easton. Sold for the purpose of a division.

W. M. ARNOLD'S SALE. Under an order of the Court of Ordinary of Putnam County, I will sell, on the premises of the said county, between the legal hours of sale, on the 1st Monday in Jan., next, the negroes belonging to the estate of W. M. Arnold, deceased, consisting of 18 negroes belonging to the estate of W. M. Arnold, deceased, and being on the same side of said town, adjoining W. B. Marshall, and others, where W. M. Arnold now lives. This lot has on it a comfortable dwelling, kitchen, and smoke house. Sold to pay the debts of said deceased—Terms of sale on the day.

DUTIES & CSS. T. ROGERS, DEC'D.—You are hereby notified, the one to make immediate payment, and the other to claim, according to law.

W. W. McFARLAND, Adams's.

WANTING. I wish to hire 10 or 12 likely men or boys for the harvest. Those who can whip and drive horses, are preferred. The wages will be proportionate to the time employed. The negroes must be intelligent, handy, trusty, and of good moral character. They will be well clothed, well fed, well sheltered, and worked moderately. No objection to receiving the balance immediately.

Nov. 17, 1862. 163 H. J. WYNE, Etc.

THE COUNTRYMAN. The country is a paper original and distinctive in style, tone, and purpose, intended to be a form convenient for binding, and is well worth the trouble and expense of preserving and preserving.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE COUNTRYMAN is a paper original and distinctive in style, tone, and purpose, intended to be a form convenient for binding, and is well worth the trouble and expense of preserving and preserving.

GREEN WIGGINS'S SALE. Under an order of the Court of Ordinary of Putnam County, I will sell, on the premises of the said county, between the legal hours of sale, on the 1st Monday in Jan., next, the estate of Green Wiggins, deceased, consisting of 120 acres of land more or less, adjoining the lands of W. B. Griffin and W. A. Hulley, for the benefit of the heirs and creditors of said deceased—Terms on the day.

T. C. GRIEMES'S SALE. Under an order of the Court of Ordinary of Putnam County, I will sell on the plantation of T. C. G., deceased, in Hampden Co., on a day and place to be notified hereafter, the negroes belonging to the estate of T. C. G., deceased, consisting of 8 negroes belonging to the estate of the said deceased—Terms on the day.

SALE OF PIKE'S WALKER'S NEGROES. Under an order of the Court of Ordinary of Putnam Co., we will sell 8 negroes belonging to the estate of Pikes Walker, deceased, on the 1st Monday in Jan., next, before the court-house door in the town of Easton. Sold for the purpose of a division.

W. M. ARNOLD'S SALE. Under an order of the Court of Ordinary of Putnam County, I will sell, on the premises of the said county, between the legal hours of sale, on the 1st Monday in Jan., next, the negroes belonging to the estate of W. M. Arnold, deceased, consisting of 18 negroes belonging to the estate of W. M. Arnold, deceased, and being on the same side of said town, adjoining W. B. Marshall, and others, where W. M. Arnold now lives. This lot has on it a comfortable dwelling, kitchen, and smoke house. Sold to pay the debts of said deceased—Terms of sale on the day.

DUTIES & CSS. T. ROGERS, DEC'D.—You are hereby notified, the one to make immediate payment, and the other to claim, according to law.

W. W. McFARLAND, Adams's.

WANTING. I wish to hire 10 or 12 likely men or boys for the harvest. Those who can whip and drive horses, are preferred. The wages will be proportionate to the time employed. The negroes must be intelligent, handy, trusty, and of good moral character. They will be well clothed, well fed, well sheltered, and worked moderately. No objection to receiving the balance immediately.

Nov. 17, 1862. 150 R. J. WYNNE, Etc.

NOTE. As I am writing up my business, and making arrangements to leave Easton with a short time, all persons indebted to the undersigned are respectfully but urgently requested to send account and make immediate settlement.

Nov. 17, 1862. 163 E. ELLINGER.

GEORGIA, PUTNAM COUNTY.—Whereas Mr. L. J. Martin applied for letters of administration on the estate of J. F. Martin, deceased:

These are therefore to cite and excomnia all and singular the kindred and creditors of said deceased, and all others interested, to the end appear at my office, within the time prescribed by law, and file their objections, if any they have, why said letters should not be granted.

Given under my hand, at office, this 14th day of November, 1862.

W. H. CARTER, Ordinary.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.—On Thursday, the 27th day of this month, a part of the perishable property of Andrew J. McCall, consisting of stock, household furniture, &c., will be sold, on the premises of the said property, at the usual rate of interest, at 10 a.m., for the benefit of the creditors of the said McCall.

Terms to be made known on the day of sale.

Nov. 17, 1862. 150 JOHN E. FOUNR, Adm'r.
James and George had been good boys at school, all the week. They had been kind and good to their playmates, and their father said they might go with him to the show.

They saw there a great many wild beasts in cages, and some with a chain round one leg, made fast to a post. There were lions, and tigers, and elephants. The boys walked round slowly, looking at everything. They felt a little afraid of some of the beasts, but were much pleased with what they saw.

The showman went in the cage with the lion, and James and George said they were afraid. But a man who sat near them, told them there was no danger. The showman struck the lion with a switch, which made the lion growl very loud, and look cross; but he did not hurt the man.

James said, I wish the man would come out. I do not love to see him in the cage. That lion might eat him up, and then I would feel sorry. James was a good boy, and did not like to see anybody hurt.

After James and George had seen the show, their kind father took them to the book-store, and bought each of them a new book.

Prospectus.

The Countryman is a Little Paper published on the editor's plantation, 9 miles from Eatonton, at $1 per annum, in advance. I do not propose to publish a weekly as other newspapers do, for the following reasons: that is, that I do not believe in such a thing. It is my aim to fill any Little Paper with Wit, Humor, Anecdotes, Sketches, Agricultural Articles, and Short Tales. I do not intend to publish anything that is dull, didactic, or prosy. I wish to make a nicely-priced, select Little Paper—a pleasant companion for the leisure hour, and to relieve the mundus of our people somewhat from the engrossing topic of war news.

This journal will be divided into quarterly volumes, each of which will make a book, when reprinted, containing 400 pages of the most interesting matter found in the English language. No back numbers can be supplied now, but the volumes will be reprinted and bound hereafter.

J. A. TURNER, Eatonton, Ga.

October 13, 1855.

JOB WORK executed with neatness and dispatch at this office.

NOTICE TO DEBTORS AND CREDITORS.—All persons who are debtors or creditors of either W. W. Paschal, dec'd., or W. W. Paschal, adm't, are requested to make immediate payment, if not already paid, or tender in full, their demands, as the case may be.

W. F. PASCHAL, Ad'mr.

June 10, 1862.

BRAYER HATS.—Two extra fine horse-hair hats for sale at my store. Price $20.00. Call and see them. Nov. 10, 1862.

W. C. DAVIS.

WOOL HATS, on consignment, for sale at my store, for which I will receive the highest cash price.

Nov. 10, 1862.

A BUGGY and Harness for sale, by W. W. TURNER.

Sixty Days after date, application will be made to the Court of Ordinary of Putnam County for leave to sell the negroes belonging to the estate of Robert H. Griffin, dec'd. Sold under order of the Court of Ordinary of Putnam County. John Paschal, Ad'mr.

Oct. 10, 1862.

Mr. EARKE'S SALE.—The administrator will sell at public auction, on Wednesday, 3rd Dec., at the late residence of Mr. earke, dec'd., all his real estate, including 40 acres, situate in the 4th dist., 1st sec. in originally Davi, county, and known and distinguished in the county of Fulton, containing 40 acres, situated in the 4th dist., sec. 4, and 10 acres, situate in the 4th dist., 1st sec. in originally Davi, county, and known and distinguished in the county of Fulton, containing 10 acres, situate in the 4th dist., 1st sec. in originally Davi, county, in the name of Wm. W. Paschal, Ad'mr. Application will be made, to the first term of the Court of Ordinary of Putnam County, for leave to sell the negroes belonging to the estate of Robert H. Griffin, dec'd. Sold under order of the Court of Ordinary of Putnam County. John Paschal, Ad'mr.

Oct. 13, 1862.

The EVANGELICAL PULPIT: Published monthly, by Wilkes & Marshall, Forsyth, Ga., at $1 per copy.

Aug. 23, 1862.

FUR AND WOOL WANTED: for which I am furnished with furs and wool for the market at Eatonton, Ga. and being in the county of Fulton, containing 40 acres, situated in the 4th dist., sec. 4, and 10 acres, situate in the 4th dist., 1st sec. in originally Davi, county, in the name of Wm. W. Paschal, Ad'mr. Application will be made, to the first term of the Court of Ordinary of Putnam County, for leave to sell the negroes belonging to the estate of Robert H. Griffin, dec'd. Sold under order of the Court of Ordinary of Putnam County. John Paschal, Ad'mr.

Oct. 13, 1862.

Sculptor's Little Paper, The TASIS, Johnson's Little Papers The Robin, The Alderman and The Adventurer, and Good morning's Little Paper. The last, a model of good housekeeping, is so, that I believe, was as large as The Countryman. It is my aim to fill my Little Paper with Wit, Humor, Anecdote, Kswasa, Poems, Sketches, Agricultural Articles, and Short Tales. I do not intend to publish anything that is dull, didactic, or prosy. I wish to make a nicely-priced, select Little Paper—a pleasant companion for the leisure hour, and to relieve the mundus of our people somewhat from the engrossing topic of war news.

This journal will be divided into quarterly volumes, each of which will make a book, when reprinted, containing 400 pages of the most interesting matter found in the English language. No back numbers can be supplied now, but the volumes will be reprinted and bound hereafter.

J. A. TURNER, Eatonton, Ga.

October 13, 1855.

JOB WORK executed with neatness and dispatch at this office.

NOTICE TO DEBTORS AND CREDITORS.—All persons who are debtors or creditors of either W. W. Paschal, dec'd., or W. W. Paschal, adm't, are requested to make immediate payment, if not already paid, or tender in full, their demands, as the case may be.

W. F. PASCHAL, Ad'mr.

June 10, 1862.

BRAYER HATS.—Two extra fine horse-hair hats for sale at my store. Price $20.00. Call and see them. Nov. 10, 1862.

W. C. DAVIS.

WOOL HATS, on consignment, for sale at my store, for which I will receive the highest cash price.

Nov. 10, 1862.

A BUGGY and Harness for sale, by W. W. TURNER.

Sixty Days after date, application will be made to the Court of Ordinary of Putnam County for leave to sell the negroes belonging to the estate of Robert H. Griffin, dec'd. Sold under order of the Court of Ordinary of Putnam County. John Paschal, Ad'mr.

Oct. 10, 1862.

Mr. EARKE'S SALE.—The administrator will sell at public auction, on Wednesday, 3rd Dec., at the late residence of Mr. earke, dec'd., all his real estate, including 40 acres, situate in the 4th dist., 1st sec. in originally Davi, county, and known and distinguished in the county of Fulton, containing 40 acres, situated in the 4th dist., sec. 4, and 10 acres, situate in the 4th dist., 1st sec. in originally Davi, county, in the name of Wm. W. Paschal, Ad'mr. Application will be made, to the first term of the Court of Ordinary of Putnam County, for leave to sell the negroes belonging to the estate of Robert H. Griffin, dec'd. Sold under order of the Court of Ordinary of Putnam County. John Paschal, Ad'mr.

Oct. 13, 1862.