THE OLD PLANTATION: A POEM.

The Wanderers refers to the Negro House—The Negro Connection— их happy contentment compared with the Anxiety of many free negro—Reference to their Spirits—The Dance and the Corn-song—Their Tales of Spirit and Ghosts—Deduction from their childish simplicity—Mercy in governing them. Recommended—Invention to the Abolitionists—Their Power of Self—Plan for the Negro—Description of the country church—Worship in it—Description of the Minister and Camp-meeting—Descriptive of the Camp-meeting Ground.

In lengthened line stretched out by yonder wood,
The negro servants' humble hovels stood;
Yet Heaven more bliss dispensed within their huts
Than splendid gold in many a palace shuts.

Slaves were they called: but *ye the vacant mind
Was free from chains which freemen often bind.
Their food and raiment bounteously supplied,
Content with these, no wasting sorrow tried;
No proud ambition filled their breasts with care,
No costly pew the needy kept away,
No stimptuous luxury the bosom froze;
No costly pew the needy kept away,
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Drew down in showers the choicest blessings there.
With voice subdued the benediction said,
Heaven pours its blessing on each humblehead,
When each departs, a happier home to find,
With blissful heart, and thought to Heaven reigned,

Well suited to fight the battle stern of life,
And armed for victory in the deadly strife.

Amid you oaks that stretch their giant forms Pious toward the sky, and still defy the storms,
The coldest heart would kindle to the flame.
Now all the woes the maids of God pronounced,
And now the flesh and all of sin denounced,
As when the bolt of angry thunder falls,
And hope for mercy calls, and then despairs.

Convicting power descending from on high,
Now all the woes the maids of God pronounced,
His words directed with unerring aim,
And searched the heart of every listener well;
His gleaming eye upon his hearers fell,
As well he pleaded Calvary's holy cause,
Whose words directed with unerring aim,
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NOVEMBER 24, 1862.

There is a pretty robin flying about the room. We must give him something to eat. Fetch some bread for him. Throw the crumbs on the floor. Eat pretty robin. He will not eat. I believe he is afraid of us. He looks about, and wonders where he is.

O, he begins to eat. He is not afraid now. He is very hungry. How pretty it is to see him pick up the crumbs, and hop upon the floor, the table, and the chairs. Perhaps when he is done eating, he will give us a song.

My Grand-Father's Chair.

"De omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis."

BY W. W. TURNER.

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Boys.

"Now I will believe That there are unicorns; that in Arabia There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; I see phoenix At this hour reigning there."

The race whose name stands at the head of this article is fast becoming extinct. Specimens are, even now, and have been, for a good while, objects of curiosity. Some years ago, a wag, in the town of Greensborough, walking along the street one day, called to some of his acquaintances, telling them to follow him, and he would show them a sight, such as they had not viewed for many a day. Well, they accompanied him, and he stopped at the cake table of an old negro woman—it was court-week—where they beheld a genuine 15-year-old boy, clad in a complete suit of copperas homespun, round jacket, and trousers, eating gingerbread, and drinking peppermint beer. There was no mistaking him, for he was as different from the modern yearling as if he had belonged to another and distinct genus.

Boys, I say, are fading from the earth. The time will probably come when it will be doubted whether such beings ever had existence. All authentic record of them may be lost, and men will be able only to wonder and conjecture concerning them, as they now speculate about the dodo. The only evidence that such a race flourished will be, not actual, tangible skeletons, like those of the mastodon, which we dig out of the earth, but certain anecdotes; certain mental remains, that will tell something of their manners and habits. Long ages hence, people may read how young persons were modest, respectful to the old, and distrustful of themselves; in short, the very reverse of anything known in that degenerate day; and then those who read will perceive that those characteristics must have belonged to a kind of animal then forever passed away from the face of the globe. From scattered passages in ancient books, men will gather materials out of which to construct a theory concerning a species to which they may or may not give the proper name of boys.

Still farther, in the course of time, even these evidences may be wanting. All such accounts will be considered fabulous, and the boy will be ranked with the strange beings which peopled wood and stream in the heathen mythology. Even now, it is thought, by many, that if some Barnum would capture a good specimen of the real, old-fashioned boy, he would be amply repaid for any outlay of money that the experiment would cost him. People would flock to his museum in such crowds as he never dreamed of, and he would realize such sums as would astonish even the proprietor of Joyce Heth. Mermaids and woolly horses would be entirely overshadowed and forgotten, in the presence of so rare and strange an animal as a sure-enough, live, kicking, playful boy.

Before the very last of them shall pass away, reader, let us examine some of their peculiarities. Perhaps, in a future age, the antiquarian may pore over this description, and wonder whether it has any foundation in truth. I will do what I can to preserve at least the name of the boy from threatened oblivion.

The pure and unadulterated boy is known, at once, by the fact that he actually believes grown-up people to be wiser than he is. When in company with them, he listens with profound respect to what they say, and never presumes to dispute with them. If he differs with them in opinion, still he keeps silence, or states, with diffidence, what he "thought" in the premises. Somehow he cannot rid himself of the idea that old persons, having had more opportunities for observation, everything else being equal, must have more knowledge than young ones. Especially is he convinced that his parents can tell what is best for him. He has something akin to reverence for his father, a sweet and holy love for his mother. The displeasure of either is exceedingly painful to him.

He is in conflict with boys' clothes. A decent hat, a round jacket, plain trousers and shoes, with a nice turn-down collar—these satisfy him.

His amusements are suited to his age. He loves tops and marbles, kites and balls. Minnow-fishing, chinchapin-hunting, &c., delight him. He dearly loves to get a pack of curs, half-bounds, fieses, &c., and chase the hares through the swamps and fields, on Saturdays. All these sports he follows with avidity, except when his parents have some other employment for him. Few children love to labor, but the true boy, if required by his parents, does not consider it a very great hardship to work part of the time, when not at school. He loves shows—how can he help it?—but he does not take it for granted that he must throw away a quarter or half on every company of vagabonds who stroll through the country. If he has a sweetheart—and who among my readers can blame him if he has?—he loves her in a boyish, blushing kind of way, that does nobody any harm. So, far from spoiling the younger, this makes him better.

Nowadays, the age of boyhood is skipped; passed over; left out. From childhood to the grown-up state, there is but a single leap. In place of boys, we have Young Americans; fast young men; b'boys. These have little respect for age. They have a poor opinion of the wisdom of parents, whom they call "the old man" and "the old lady." They consider sober-sided, decent people as old foggies, who are ignorant of what is fit and proper. Such amusements as are afforded by tops and balls have no charms for them. These are too slow; too boyish. Minnow-fishing and rabbit-hunting are beneath their notice. They want fast horses, cigars, hilliards and brandy.

The fast youth will not wear boyish apparel. He looks on round jackets with contempt. A long-tailed coat must dangle around his calves. Some sort of wide-awake hat, the uglier the better, sits jauntily on one side of his skull to show how empty it is. Fantastic pantaloons encase his legs. A flaming vest displays itself on his front. His feet are crowded into high-heeled boots, or costly shoes, so tight that he appears to walk on sharp-pointed rocks. A garrulous collar protrudes itself out of a leopard-spotted neck-tie, and frequently a byzantium-looking shirt completes the ridiculous costume.

Such are the boys, who are fast taking the place of those concerning whom we may soon say:

"The wind blows out, the bubble dies; The Spring entombed in Autumn lies; The dew drips up, the star is shot; The flight is past, and boys forgot."

"Perfect valor consists in doing, without witnesses, all we should be capable of doing before the whole world."
The President and Leaders of the Confederate States.

It is no small compliment to be president of the Provisional Government of the Confederate States. The world will assign the man who holds that office, if he fills it well, a proud position upon the page of history. Millions of people have trusted their homes, their firesides, and their wives and children to his guardianship. It required a degree of heroism which has never been surpassed, for the Southern people to dissolve a government which was the admiration of the world, and in the teeth of the prejudices of the nations of the earth, to plant, as the corner stone of their new constitution, the inequality of the races, and write in bold, legible letters in their organic law, the word SLAVERY.

But dissolving their national government, and planting slavery in unmistakable terms in their constitution were not the only barriers to be overleaped by the men of the Confederate States. The words traitors and rebels stared them in the face, and the haunchman's rope was suspended in no very inviting coils above their heads. To dare this, for the sake of establishing upon a secure basis, what the world blindly supposed to be slavery in its old and odious sense, is what will make the nations gaze in astonishment upon the chief actors in our revolution.

There are no ordinary men. The world does not contain their superiors, if it does their equals.—1861.

Theory.

"Theory is worth but little unless it can explain its own phenomena, and it must effect this without contradicting itself; therefore the facts are sometimes assimilated to the theory, rather than the theory to the facts. Most theorists may be compared to the grand-father of Frederick, who was wont to amuse himself, during his fits of the gout, by painting likenesses of his grandsons. If the picture did not happen to resemble the grand-nephew, he settled the matter by painting the grand-nephew to the picture. To change the illustration, we might say that theories may be admired for the ingenuity that has been displayed in building them: but they are better for a lodging than a habitation, because the scaffolding is often stronger than the house, and the prospects continually liable to be built out by some opposite speculator. Neither are these structures very safe in stormy weather, and are in need of constant repair, which can never be accomplished without much trouble, and always at a great expense of truth. Of modern theorists, Gall and Spurzheim are too ridiculous even to be laughed at. We admire Locke and Hartley for the profundity and ingenuity of their illustrations, and Lavater for his plausibility, but none of them for their solidity. Locke, however, was an exception to this paradox so generally to be observed in theorists, who, like Lord Montbelbo, are the most credulous of men with respect to what confirms theory, but perfect infidels as to any facts that oppose it. Mr. Locke, I believe, had no opinions which he would not most readily exchange for truth. A traveller showed Lavater two portraits: the one of a high-wayman who had been broken upon a wheel; the other was the portrait of Kant the philosopher. He was desired to distinguish between them. Lavater took up the portrait of the highwayman; after attentively considering it, he says he, we have the true philosopher; here is penetration in the eye, and reflection in the forehead; here is cause, and there is effect; here is combination, there is distinction; synthetic lips, and an analytic nose! Then turning to the portrait of the philosopher, he exclaims, The calm, thinking villain is so well expressed, and so strongly marked in this countenance, that it needs no comment." This anecdote Kant used to tell with great glee.

Dr. Darwin informs us that the reason why the bosom of a beautiful woman is an object of such peculiar delight, arises from the fact that all our first pleasurable sensations of warmth, sustenance, and repose, are derived from this interesting source. This theory had a fair run, until some one happened to reply, that all who were brought up by hand had derived their first pleasurable sensations from a very different source, and yet that not one of all these had ever been known to evince any very rapturous or amatory emotions at the sight of a wooden spoon!"—Wit by the Way Side.

"In the neighborhood of Hoddam Castle, Dumfrieshshire, there is a tower called Repentance. A pleasant answer of a shepherd's boy to Sir Richard Steele, founded on the name of this tower, is related. Sir Richard having observed a boy lying on the ground, and very attentively reading his bible, asked if he could tell him the way to heaven? 'Yes, sir,' answered the boy, 'you must go by that tower.'"

"We ask advice, but we mean approbation." —Resolutions of '88 '90.

I have before me a copy of these Resolutions published by order of the Union Meeting held in Milledgeville on the 16th Dec., 1833." These resolutions are accompanied by Mr. Madison's letter of 1830, on the subject of the resolutions, and some remarks of William A. Tonnille, chairman of the Central Committee of the Georgia Union Democratic party. The object of the publication is to show that the Nullifiers of 1833 could not claim the resolutions of '88-'90 in support of their nullification schemes. Be this as it may, we have no use for the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions now. Our new constitution is plain enough without any exposition. Every principle contended for by the State Rights party has been engrafted upon that instrument. May it be perpetual!—The Bushmen.

"On the 14th, we went out on foot after a troop of ostriches, one of which we wounded, and came home much exhausted. The very ground was as hot as the sides of a stove. The following day we were visited by a party of Bœns from the neighboring encampments, who had come to see how we were getting on. Finding our brandy good, they made themselves very agreeable, and set for many hours conversing with us. The leading subject of conversation was gam-bol and lion shooting, and the slying and capturing of whole tribes of running Bushmen in by-gone days. They informed us that when they first occupied these districts the game was far more abundant, and eland and koodoo were plentiful. The herd of cattle were constantly attacked and plundered by the vindictive wild Bushmen. Unlike the Caffree tribes, who lift cattle for the purpose of preserving them and breeding from them, the sole object of the Bushmen is to drive them to their secluded habitations in the desert, where they massacre them indiscriminately, and continue feasting and gorging themselves until the flesh becomes putrid. When a Kaffir has lifted cattle, and finds himself so hotly pursued by the owners that they never show the Bushmen
any quarter, but shoot them down right and left, sparing only the children, whom they take and convert into servants. The people who suffer from these depredations are Boers, Griquas, and Bantuans, all of whom are possessed of large herds of cattle, and the massacres of the Bushmen, arising from these raids, are endless.

The Boers informed us that in a country to the southwest of our actual position, a tribe of these natives for many years were in the habit of practising raids with impunity upon the herds of the farmers in the Raw-foldt, assisted by a vast and impregnable desert which intervenes between their country and the more fertile pastoral districts. They seemed to prefer extremely dry seasons for these incursions, their object in this being that their pursuers, who, of course followed on horseback while they were always on foot, should not obtain water for their horses. Their own wants in this respect they provided for in the following curious manner. They had regular stages, at long intervals, in a direct line across the desert, where, assisted by their wives, they concealed water in ostrich eggs, which they brought from amazing distances, and these spots, being marked by some slight inequality in the ground, they could discover either by day or night from their perfect knowledge of the country. They were thus enabled fearlessly to drive off a herd of cattle, whose sufferings from thirst gave them little concern, and to travel day and night, while their mounted pursuers, requiring light to hold the spoor, could necessarily only follow by day, and were soon obliged to give up the pursuit on account of their horses being without water.

**Choice of an Imperial Heir.**

"Kang Hi was one of the most illustrious princes that ever sat on the throne of China. He came to the crown in 1661, and from his earliest life, exhibited that ar

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| Listen! What noise is that? It is uncle Tom, and uncle Ben, and uncle Frank, and the other black men whetting their scythes. They are going to cut wheat. The scythes are very sharp. Do not go near them. Come into the field, and see them cut wheat! How fast they cut it down! They swing their cradles round, and every time they do so, they cut a handful of wheat. Then the women and boys come along, and tie up the wheat in bundles. After the wheat is tied up into bundles, it is then put up in small stacks called sheaves. By and by the thrasher will come along, and then the wheat will be threshed out. When it is threshed out, it will be carried to the mill, and ground into flour to make cakes, and pies, and biscuit for Annie and Johnny, and all the good boys and girls. Here comes the little black boy, Jake. He has got something in his tin-cap, and he is grinning from ear to ear, and his teeth and eyes look very white. What have you got, Jake? I have got some partridge eggs. How many have you got? I have got 10. I found them up yonder in the corner of the field. And what are you going to do with them? I want to sell them to miss Annie, and marse John for some old clothes. So John took the eggs, and said he would give Jake one of his old coats. Then he divided them, and gave his sister Annie 6 eggs, and he kept only 4; for John was a good boy and loved his sister more than he did himself. But Annie was a good girl too, and she would not have but 5 eggs. So she had 5, and Johnny had 5. When dinner-time came, and the horn blew for the negroes to go to their dinners, Johnny did not forget his promise to Jake, but gave him an old coat, and a piece of pie. Jake was very proud indeed: and when Sunday came, he put on his coat and wore it to meeting, and heard a black man preach. It was very good in Johnny to give Jake a coat, and a piece of pie, and make him happy. My little readers must all treat their little negroes well, and not be cross to them, or beat them. God wants us to be kind to our slaves. And Jake should be very glad that he has a good little master, and a good big master, to feed him, and clothe him, and take care of him. For many little negroes, in this country and Africa, have no kind masters to take care of them: and so they have no bread and meat to eat, and no houses to live in, and they are not happy. It is best for all negroes to have masters.

- A Cheap Mode of Curing Bacon.

"I saw to day, at the house of Wm. Morton, a well-known and respectable citizen of this place, good bacon, from a hog weighing 250 pounds, killed last week, made by dipping in boiling brine, hung up, and smoked immediately. The plan is simple and commendable for its economy of salt. Take a kettle or large pot nearly full of water, put in a little more salt than the water will dissolve, bring to a boil, cut up the meat, and while the animal heat is in it, put in the kettle, and keep from 2 to 4 minutes, according as the meat is thick or thin; rub on meal to keep off the flies, then hang and smoke it. The brine must be kept up to its full strength by occasionally adding salt. When the work is done, the remaining brine may be boiled down, and the salt saved for other uses, or for the next killing. Mr. Morton tells me he learned this plan from an old man 40 years ago, who had used it for years previous. He has frequently tried it in the month of August, with invariably success. Everyone who knows him, will vouch for the truth of his assertion. He has never weighed the salt to ascertain the exact amount saved in this way, having heretofore found its chief advantage in being able to save meat at any time, but is satisfied it saves at least three-fourths, I peck being equal to a bushel in the old way. The only difference between his meat, and the best winter cured bacon is, that it loses slightly its flavor, and tastes a little old. That which I saw was dry and salt enough, with no appearance of having been cooked. He saves beef in the same manner.

When this plan was published last spring, I was a skeptic, believing that the meat, being partially cooked, would sour, and become worthless. I knew nothing of Mr. Stubbs, and was not prepared to take for granted what he said. I knew Mr. Morton, and am satisfied. Others may still doubt. Let everyone who has tried it, publish the fact, and benefit the public. Some of our blood-thirsty speculators may be hurt yet, and those planters who give the high price of salt as the reason for raising the price of their corn to unreasonable rates, may learn that honesty is the best policy.


-"—The foregoing is from the Columbus Sun.
The camp-meeting orator finds his origin
of the instalment of The Old Plantation
the Sev. Wm. Arnold as the original of
the pastor of the country church.
for that is snes, is Wm. H. Sewarcl. In tne
instalment for this issue, all will recognize
fled to the woodf, and cried in frenzied
Johnson lived, and the effect of his elo
quence was almost miraculous.
It is related of Bessnet that on one occa-
son, while preaching, so powerful was
the effect of his oratory, that one fine
flight of eloquence brought his whole au-
dience, involuntarily, to their feet. It is
certainly true, as stated in the poem, that
the eloquence of Bishop Capers strack
many of his hearers to the ground.
On one occasion, while preaching at the Put-
nam camp-ground, his subject was one of
the passages in Revelation. He was pro-
nouncing the wo pronounced in that book.
Said he, in a voice all but omnipotent, after
rousing his hearers to the highest pitch,
"Woe! woe! woe unto the inhabitants of
the earth!" As he denounced sin with suc-
cessive brilliant flights, he each time wound
the earth!" As I have said,
the effect was almost miraculous. It struck
terror into every bosom, and appalled the
inhabitants who felt the power of that elo-
cuence. But I paid no atten-
tion to its bearing on the political ques-
tion of his oration.

I seated myself in the newspapers tother
day about Mr. McClellan cryin when Mr.
Burnside knm to relieve him of Ins kum-
mand, so as I cood gain some military
reputashun as well as otherwise, an this
kornscrip biziriess necked my chance so hi,
in this regard, that I coodn't help gittin
mad, sum, when you declared it kornstitu-
shnal, an especially when I had rit 500
yards, lackin a fue inches, agin it. As I
was a sayin, aint Sally, I got mad with
you on this account, but I am now truly
sorry for it, an axes your pardin. I fine I
knt git along with the affairs of the state
without yore kounsel an advice."
Saying this, he boohood rite out, an start-
ed to fling himself rite on my bosom. But
I told him I reckniiii he had better knot.
Then I spoke up, and sez, "Joseph," sez I,
"you ortn't to git mad with yore aunt Sal-
y, no time : for what she das, she doz it
all for yore good. You must always re-
member that you cant git along with the
affairs of the state without yore aunt Sally:
an especially is this so sence you hav korn-
cluded to dopsome yore kozzin Jeff, an assume
the ranes of the konfederat as well as the
state gvernment. Yore aunt Sally's ad-
cise is more necessary to you now than
ever."

But oh! Lord," sez Joseph, "how ken
I bar to bese the chance of winnin military
reputashun, an hav no army under my
kurman?"
At this I seed what was a workin on
Joseph's mine, an I node he was a cryin
more on akcount of losin his general's appy-
lets than he was on akcount of axin my
parlont. But I didn't let on that I seed his
motives: for it is policy, sumtimes, to make
out you don't see things.—An about this
time a bright idee struck me, an I sez—

I seed sumthin in the news-papers tother
day about Mr. McClellan cryin when Mr.
Burnside kom to relieve him of his kum-
mand on the Putomone, an they sed how
the teers kersed down his classic feechers,
as they rita powerful to-do about it. Now
of them had jest a seat the teers korsein
his classic feechers for thei illustrat-
ed journals. I tell you, they was sub-
lime.

Joseph seed I was relentin, and axed me
to walk in ; and so I walked in, and he
started to shet the core. Sex I, "Joseph," sex I,
"you mustn't ; thar is neba dy here
but you an me : an hit mout cres scandil."

Then the guvner sex, "Aunt Sally, thar
is no danger of scandil : my name's Jo-
shul an I aint no Methods neither."
An at this he smiled through his lears, like he
kant git along with the affars of the state
without yore aunt Sally: you don't do jest as I tell you, I will forsake
you again, an I will go in opposition to the administration—yore administration I mean—not your kosmen Jeffs."—At this he looked powerful sneer'd, an the tears cum in his ize again. Then I thrift I wood soothe him, and I see—

See 1. "Joseph," sez 1, "you hesitate about appointin me major-general, but be- kaws you think Henry R. Jackson must want the appointment, and second, because I belong to the gender of the female sex—An in this I don't know that Jackson are got much the advantage of me. But even ef I am a woman you own Joan of Arc—

"No, I don't eny sich gal," sez the gunver: "I never heard of her."

"Well then, sez you know Nancy Hart—

"Ah yes," sez Joseph, "you speak accordin to my historikil notij now. Nancy Hart is the oman what Hart County is named arter, ain it? An she killed 500,000 Britishers, didn't she?"

"Edzacy," sez 1; "she killed 500,000 of the Britishers, an they named Hart County after her."

"Well, aunt Sally," sez the gunver, "pleaze tell me who Joan of Arc was. War she raised up in the Cherokee nashun?"

"No," sez 1. "Joseph," sez 1, "she was an Irish gal what killed jest as many Brit- ishers in Ireland, as Nancy Hart killed up in Hart County."

"Edzacy," sez the gunver: "I reliek lur now, an I will put lur in my nex mesay, as a historikil personij."

Then the gunver proceed'd an said: "I persueve, aunt Sally, that God ar no res- peccer of sexeks, so fur as military talent ar konsacred. An ef ever eny oun war kalkilated to be a major-ginal, that oun am for you."—So he got up an ro*e out my konnissian an sez—

"Aunt Sally," sez he, "jest make me up an army, an you shall hav my everlas- tin gratitude. You needn't be particular who you take. Take men, winmin, chil- dren, niggers, an nigger chil- dren: in a word, cut out the merlyish: that singh word x-presess it all. An then I will have my eppylets after all—an teers of gratitud korsed down his classic feeders. I couldn't help cry in a little myself, even at fast, an then as he cride louder, I cride louder, un- til we had a little camp-meatin thar, all to ourselves. By-an-by Ole Billy Mosely an Dr. Talmij kum along to git ther shee thinkin maybe we had konvertad eevrybody, jest as the other denominations always daz when we Methodis have a tumultuous revival. We kills the game, and the balance kums along and bags it all. An Billy an

San, both jin the me in prr. But the coldness of a Prisepeterian an a Hardshell is enuff to dry up eny camp-meatin in the worl: an so they dride on'r up torec- tely. Jack Billups, he kum along towards the windin up of the show, and sorter peeped in, in one of his perfeet ways, an walk'd as strate on as Chesterfield, with a mitty quixical look on his feechees.

Presently we send Linton Stephens kun- min on, an we cawled him in, an desired him to say in the legistur that we want a gwince to resist the kornscript Ac, but do pray to git Georgy to keep lur record ri. She ort to protest agin the kornscript Ac, but go aloog anolicit. Well, it is a grate thing to protess in the rite place, an it ar a grate thing to keep the record r.

The fast kumpany I shall call out, un- der the authority given me by the gunver, are the Rockville Rosers. I will appint a kumpany to go ahead of all the balance, an open the rodes, as I understand ther capti- ar an x-cellanl band at sid proceedings. An then he must have so much of "em— ah! that's the good of havin a fast-rate engineer for army rodes an other rodes.

As Rockville is cleste by yore homs you will please post up the follier notis for me:

"To the Rockville Rosers:—You ar hereby kommanded, men, winmen an chil- dren, to appeer for drill on the 28th day of Nov., at Krooked Kreek Meetin-house, armed an equiped the best you can. Ef you haven't got guns enuff, the winmin must bring ther broum-sticks, an you must all bring an axe or hatchet to cut down trees. Lige Acows is ordered to bring his drum, an Gording his sie. Yore aunt Sally will be that to reveer you all on hoss-back.—By order of Sally Pcke, Ma- jor General kommandin; — Nov. the 20th, 1862."

It must be proper for me to state that I have appinted a lady in yore connty Ad- jutitant Ginal. I have no more to rite now, but I subscribe myself Yore fren SALLY

"The three great apostles of practical atheism, that make converts without per- secating, and retain them without preach- ing, are wealth, health, and power."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO THE PLANTERS OF GEORGIA.

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DISTRICT OF GEORGIA,

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DISTRICT OF GEORGIA,

B. T. ROGERS'S SALE.—The sale of B. T. Rogers' perusable property will take place at the residence of Henry Rogers in Savannah, on the 6th of Decemhur, 1862. Sold under order of the court of probate in the county of Savannah. P. R. PHILLIPS, Atty. HENRY ROGERS,
THE COUNTRYMAN.

JAMES and his Mother.

James one day asked his mother why she did not want him to fish all the time, but to stay at home, and learn to spell and read.

His mother told him he must learn to spell and read, so that he might be wise.

But James did not know the meaning of wise; so he asked his mother what wise meant.

His mother said, Did you not ask me how bows sail on the sea? And what the stars are made of? And how the earth turns round?

James said that he did ask his mother about these things, and that he would like very much to know.

Then his mother said, Well, James, I wish you to study part of the time, and to learn to read, so that you may read books, and find out all that you wish to know. You may go fishing sometimes; but you must not fish all the time.

Charles IX. of France.

"This prince was only 10 years of age when he was crowned. His mother, Catherine de Medicis, mentioning her apprehension that the fatigue of the ceremony might be perhaps too much for him, he replied, Madam, I will very willingly undergo as much fatigue, as often as you have a crown to bestow upon me." When the Constable de Montmorency died, the young prince, then only 17, did not immediately name another person to that high office, saying, 'I will carry my own sword, in future.' And to his mother, who wished to keep him under her own direction, he said, 'That I would no longer be kept in a box like the old jewels of the crown.'

THEMISTOCLES.—When Themistocles was a boy, he was once, on returning from school, met by Pisistratus. 'Stand out of the way,' said the master of Themistocles, 'he has not room on the road.' Themistocles replied boldly, 'I will carry my own sword, in future.'

SALE OF PHOEBE WALKER'S NEGROS.—Under an order of the Court of Ordinary of Putnam County, we will sell for the benefit of the estate of Phoebe Walker, deceased, on the 45th day of this month, at the estate of said deceased, in the town of Eatonton, a slave of the name of William, a negro man, 6 feet 2 inches high, 70 years of age, valued at $100, or thereabouts; and $4 for the dog belonging to the estate of said deceased; for the benefit of the heirs and creditors of said deceased.

SALE OF BIGGS WALKER'S NEGROS.—Under an order of the Court of Ordinary of Putnam County, we will sell for the benefit of the estate of John Biggs Walker, deceased, on the 45th day of this month, at the estate of said deceased, in the town of Eatonton, a slave of the name of Samuel, a negro man, 4 feet 10 inches high, 18 years of age, valued at $50, or thereabouts; and $2 for the dog belonging to the estate of said deceased; for the benefit of the heirs and creditors of said deceased.

WANTED.—I wish to hire 10 or 12 likely men or boys for the year 1862. Persons having nothing to lose, and better apply immediately. The negroes must be intelligent, hard, true, and of good moral character, rather good, well fed, well sheltered, and well clothed. No objections to receiving the hens unattended.

R. J. F. WYNN, Eatonton.

W. C. GRIMES'S SALE.—Under an order of the Court of Ordinary of Putnam County, I will sell on the plantation of W. C. Grimes, deceased, in the town of Eatonton, a slave of the name of Robert, a negro man, 30 years of age, 5 feet 7 inches high, 170 pounds, valued at $50, or thereabouts; and $2 for the dog belonging to the estate of said deceased; for the benefit of the heirs and creditors of said deceased.

W. A. GORLEY, Administrator.

E. B. WALKER, Deputy Administrator.

ASSISTANT'S SALE.—On Thursday, the 26th of this month, at 10 o'clock A.M., at the court-house door, in Eatonton, for the benefit of the estate of W. P. Higginbotham, deceased, consisting of horses, mules, pork hogs, stock hogs, sheep, corn, fodder, blacksmith's tools, and other articles too tedious to mention—Terms cash.

W. A. GORLEY, Administrator.

EXECUTOR'S SALE.—Will be sold on the 1st Tuesday in Dec., next, before the court-house door in Eatonton, the real estate of John Biggs Walker, deceased, located on the 1st Tuesday in Dec., near, between the legal hours of sale, as the negroes belonging to the estate of Phoebe Walker, deceased, in the town of Eatonton; for the benefit of the heirs and creditors of said deceased; for the benefit of the heirs and creditors of said deceased.

W. A. GORLEY, Administrator.

SUBSTITUTES WANTED.—Two able-bodied men, over 40 years of age; for the sale of negroes belonging to the estate of John Biggs Walker, deceased, in the town of Eatonton. The negroes are sufficiently described in the notice.

B. B. GOD.