Iron.

“In a little while, iron will be as scarce as salt is now, and yet we hear of no efforts to manufacture this indispensable article. Salt might have been abundant now, if our people had commenced making it soon enough. There is yet time enough to have iron in abundance, if we go to work at once, but there is not a moment to be lost. There is sufficient ore, water-power and coal in the Southern Confederacy to make iron sufficient to supply the whole human family for generations to come. There is an abundance of unemployed capital and labor. Shall the government and people suffer for lack of this greatest element in civilization? There are, we believe, inexhaustible beds of coke within 10 miles of this town, contiguous to water-power and heavily timbered forests, where iron can be made profitably. Why don’t some of our capitalists embark in this business, instead of speculating on salt, corn, flour, and goober-peas?”

The foregoing is from the Athens Watchman.—Why don’t our capitalists embark in manufactures? That is the question. The reason is obvious. Nobody can afford to manufacture any article at a low price. This is out of the question. But if they manufacture it at a high price, they are denounced as extortioners, and their property is seized as salt, and their manufacturers, or seizure is held up as a constant terror before their eyes. Our capitalists don’t embark in manufactures because they do not believe either their reputation or their capital will be safe in such enterprises. With the whole press and people to hunt them down as extortioners— with a mob without law, or under color of law—a mob of private persons or government officials, from governors down to corporals, to do violence both to their persons and their property, no wonder our misguided men don’t engage in manufactures.

There is a very unwholesome, and very hurtful public sentiment on this subject, and the press, as I shall presently show, is mainly to blame for it. Our government and people need manufactured articles, and yet their whole policy is directed against manufactories. Instead of fostering and encouraging them, the whole aim seems to be to break them down—to thoroughly crush them out. The consequence is that our people, our army, and our government are suffering, and will suffer still more.

At this time there are perhaps a dozen or more bills before the Georgia legislature, the effect of whose passage would be to cripple all the industrial resources of the country, when the development of those resources is just as essential to the salvation of the country, as is the success of our armies in the field. The motives which influence the actors in this matter are various. Some are controlled by want of sense; some by mistaken motives of patriotism; while the large majority are playing the demagogue. All the latter, having the base and cry of the press and people against factories and extortion, think to make a cheap reputation by putting down extortion and factories. It is a great thing to be with the crowd.—When you stab at what is truly extortion, this is all right: but when you stab at the manufacturing interests of the country, you stab at your country’s vitals.

Gov. Brown seized some salt once. Did this bring salt down? Not by any means. If it had any effect, it raised the price, for it prevented people from importing it, or from manufacturing it. The Southern Confederacy knows that there are parties now, who have salt which they wish to bring in to the state, but which they are deterred from bringing, on account of the fear of inimical legislation, or unlawful seizure. Nobody is going to manufacture or import salt, costing them from $5 to $35 per bushel, when the Georgia legislature threatens to make them lose from $5 to $32 per bushel on it. And so it is that this constant interference with private property is paralyzing all industry, and constantly carrying up, instead of bringing down the price of things. If our authorities would undisturb the energy and enterprise of our people, instead of striking them with dead palp all the time, then we might hope that articles needed by the country, would be produced by our people.

This business of seizing private property is all wrong. Seizing salt don’t produce it, and unless you produce it, and increase the supply, you can’t cheapen it. The highway robber seizes upon a gentleman’s purse, and it makes the money very cheap to the robber, but it does not increase the wealth of the country of which the bandit is an unworthy citizen. And so seizing salt, or manufactured articles, may make these things come very cheap to the government, but it does not add to the supply of manufactured articles, and does not benefit the country; but the government stands as a robber upon the highway of enterprise, and no one regarding its purse, will travel that way. Government with its acts of unlawful seizure is like a pirate craft upon the high seas, and as effectually blockades all commerce as the corsair on the ocean. The “290” doesn’t strike more terror into Yankee ships than governors, legislators, press and people now do into all manufacturing industry. And yet it is asked, “Why don’t our capitalists go to manufacturing?” The answer is plain: it is because they dread robbers and pirates.

Government, in seizing private property, if not a robber, is certainly the greatest speculator, extortioner, and engrosser of them all. For it not only produces nothing, but destroys all the sources of production, and takes from the producers of the country what little has been already made. It has been thought the policy in some countries, and used to be thought the policy in the old United States, by some, to encourage manufactures—encourage them to benefit the people and country at large. Our officials and people (and the press encourage them in it) seem to think it our policy to destroy all manufactures. And their policy is succeeding very well indeed.

The whole course on this subject has been wrong. If government does not offer bounties and premiums for manufactured articles, it at least ought not to destroy manufactures. It ought to leave manufacturers to reap the fruit of their labors. It ought to protect them in their property, instead of robbing them of it. If it had pursued this course, manufactories would have sprung up all over the land, and production and competition would, by now, have brought prices down. If our governors, legislators, people, and press, persevere in the course they are now pursuing, everything will continue to grow higher and higher, all the time, because while the demand will be increasing, the supply will be shortened, and finally cut off.

As I have said, the press is very much to blame for this. Editors and newspaper writers are generally consumers and not producers. They have had to pay high for their consumption, while for their only production—that is their newspapers—they have been compelled to take very irremediate prices. Hence it is natural they should have pursued the course which they
moves public opinion, and which controls
government and people. And hence the
supply of all the prime necessities of life.
has already commenced the good work.
The Southern Confederacy goes in for ar-
It is high time that the press should go to.
ground.
pealed. Our people who produce the ne
ductions the markr ; price. This will sti:
this is the only w«y under the sun to bring
down prices t< liyin^ r:ites. Any other course
nlate production ol all the necessaries, and
Heaven only k...»©!iat will be the result.
cessities of Hie, should he allowed©to go in
their operations (}

Spelling Book T

The last Christian Index announcesthat

B. the elm tree old and hoar?

THE WANDERER’S RETURN.

I have left the hall of the tempter’s power,

The Atlanta Commonwealth has come
to the rescue of the industrial pursuits of
the country against those who are endeavor-
ing to destroy them. It recommends
that premiums or bounties be offered by
government to those who will increase the
manufactured supplies of the country. I
agree with the Commonwealth, in the main,
but think the proposed bounties unneces-
sary. Manufactured articles are selling at
sufficiently remunerative prices to supply
in themselves a sufficient bounty, were it
necessary. Manufactured articles are selling
above from 2 though not under good
headway, have, amid some delay, begun
their operations for printing and publish-
ing. Over 10,000 copies of their forth-
coming edition of Webster’s Elementary
Spelling Book have been ordered.”

Brother Wood

Says he was not angry when he wrote
about that church-member (i.e. Baptist) that
communed with Stonewall Jackson, who is
not a church-member, but only a Presby-
rian. Well, I am glad you were not, my
brother.
The Countryman "thinks, also, he is
not fairly represented,” says brother Wood.
The Countryman proved that brother Wood
misrepresented him, when he accused The
Countryman of being in favor of admitting
"scoffers" to the Lord’s table, when brother
Wood had evidence of the contrary right
before his eyes.
Brother Wood accuses me of making
"garbled extracts" from his piece. I defy
you to show it so, brother Wood. Point
out the "garbled extract," and I will make
the amend.—I never made a "garbled ex-
tract" in my life.

When you conclude to discuss fairly
any distinct issue,” says brother Wood,
“just let me know it. But if teasing is
your highest aim, that’s another matter.
Some men cannot rise above that.”—I see
that you cannot, brother Wood. That you
have been considerably worried by the
course of that church-member (i.e. Baptist)
who communed with Stonewall Jackson,
who is not a church-member, but only a
Presbyterian, and by my remarks "teasing"
you on the subject, is very evident. And
that you “cannot rise above that” is quite
as evident.

Let me say this, brother Wood: That I
never expect to go into any regular discus-
son on any unimportant sectarian matter
such as the mode of baptism, or any other
equally unimportant matter in the creed of
the sects. I expect to wage only a gue-
villa warfare against the errors of all of
them, and, like John Morgan, be here to
to, and these tomorrow, and "shout at folly
as it flies." My object is to get Christians
to stop quarrelling about minor matters,
and with united effort give their energies
and resources to the grand cardinal prin-
ciples taught by Christ—universal love and
brotherhood.

Seventy-five Per Cent.
The law of congress limiting the profits
of manufacturers to 75 per cent. in order to
secure them exemption from military
service is an unwise one. The law should
be this—that everyone who is bona fide a
supplier of the demand of the country for
manufactured articles, such as the country
most needs, should be allowed to remain
engaged in his industrial pursuit. This
might diminish the army a little, but at the
same time would get up a corps of pro-
ducers that would add very materially to
the supplies of the country, and so dimin-
ish their prices. This is the only way in
the world that prices can be brought down.
Allow manufacturers, and all who will be-
come manufacturers, mechanics, artisans,
&c., to sell their products in the market
without fear of seizure, and exempt them
from military service, and the result will
highly benefit the country.

Burke, Boykin & Co.
The last Christian Index announcesthat
the above firm “is not under good
headway, have, amid some delay, begun
their operations for printing and publish-
ing. Over 10,000 copies of their forth-
coming edition of Webster’s Elementary
Spelling Book have been ordered.”

By the way, I have seen objections in
several of the public prints to a republica-
tion of Webster’s Spelling Book.
The writers say, “Why not have a Southern
Spelling Book?”

There is no force in the question, just
now. It is much better to republish so
a good Spelling Book as Webster’s, than
to get up another in a hurry, which would
be an inferior one. Time will no doubt
bring out Southern school books of all
kinds.

Rogersville, Ga.
I have received a 50 cent shiplaster on
“The County of Meriwether,” from a
name which I can’t make out. It is uncer-
rent here, and has been deposited (in a sealed
envelope to the owner’s address, as near
as I can guess at it) in the P. O. in
Enid. By sending 10c to pay postage,
to the P. M. at that office, the proprietor
can no doubt have his shiplaster returned
him. It is refused for 2 reasons: 1st,
because it is uncerent; 2dly, because I
won’t receive any subscription for less than
1 year.

“This world cannot explain its own dif-
ficulties without the assistance of another.”
God Bless our Southern Women!

From the lovel of the poor and the tent of the soldier, the bivouac and the hospital, ascends this earnest prayer to the Creator.

In the heart of every true Southerner, or he rich or poor, warrior or civilian, the sentiment finds an echo. A whole nation, uniting as one man, invokes the choicest favors and blessings upon the women of his home. A sentiment. A conception, construction, and presentation.

He who went to the field was strengthened and buoyed up when he remembered the words of encouragement that came from the homes of all. It was then that he ceased to remember so much the hardships and dangers of war. He was rendered strong to endure and accomplish.

About every soldier, when he first enters upon camp life, there is much of this enthusiasm and romance. Especially was this the case with the first who went into service; and these feelings were for some time kept alive by such thoughts as I have spoken of. But the time came when all that passed away; the novelty was lost; the enthusiasm died out; the romance had gone. Then, unless a sense of duty, unless firm, unyielding principle came to his aid, he drooped and faltered. It was then that he began to remember so much the kindnesses and inspiriting words of woman, and her benevolent acts began to impress themselves upon his mind.

Nor did it require long for woman to discover and begin to discharge her new duties. She commenced to work, as before she had talked and smiled. To-day the true heart of woman manifests itself, and substantial deeds of kindness and charity betray the benevolent instincts within.

The hospitals are visited by those who dwell near them; the sick and wounded are taken into private houses and nursed, and wasted upon by kind hands; the depot along our great thoroughfares of travel are constantly watched by bands of noble women, and the poor soldier, perchéd with fever, weary with travel, mutilated by the weapons of the enemy, is furnished with water, towels, change of clothing and food. Some of the poorest, wealthiest classes in our land occupy themselves constantly in such employment. In our cities, on our railroads, almost on the very battle field, are found true sisters of charity, ministering to every want of those whom they can reach.

Away from hospitals and cities and railroads, in small villages and sparsely-settled country neighborhoods, the same spirit prevails. All over the country, woman is at work. She sews or knits, spins or weaves. Those who, a few years ago, never made any further attempt at industry than is the accomplishment of a c Ambri needle and a piece of muslin, now knit the substantial woolen sock, or make the coarse shirt, or cover and begin to discharge her new duties.

In this war, she stops not to ask whether she can perform some deed of daring that shall astonish the world, but how she can be useful. She does not wait for an opportunity to do something that will entitle her to a place on the page of history, but exerts herself wherever wants are to be relieved, or suffering alleviated. With the spirit and the intellect to accomplish all that the favorites of Fame have done, she hesitates not to act the smaller and obscurer parts that are necessary to be sustained in this great drama of the age.

God bless our Southern women! They are rearing for themselves a monument more lasting than the brass that perishes. Search history as you will, you can find no record more glorious than that they are making. No Sparta nor Rome could afford mothers more heroic, wives or sisters more devoted. No war, either ancient or modern, ever developed a purer patriotism or more ardent love and support of a just cause than they display. Generations to come shall rise up to call them blessed.

The poet will write his brightest garlands with which to deck their memory, the historian will choose the story of their deeds as his most pleasing theme, and never, so long as civilization shall last, the Southern women of this age, or their good works, be forgotten.
THE OLD PLANTATION:
A POEM.


Where spreading oaks obscure you quiet spot, Reposed, in shade, our nearest neighbor's cot, Retreat for all who sought its bounteous fare, For liberal hearts and ready hands were there.

His heart with glowing fervor fraught, Our honest neighbor spoke his most heartfelt truth, Despised all fiction, loved the naked truth, Was frank and kind, alike to age and youth.

Outspoken candor made his listeners smile, 'Mid talk abrupt, though humor reigned the while, And all who knew him, knew him but to love.

Such power have honest hearts and thoughts to move,

Oft have I smiled, when having aught to tell By way of secret, on my hearing fell His thundering whisper, while the laughing crowd Heard better than if he had spoken loud. Yet were no secret, for his honest heart Ne'er borrowed aught from secrecy or art.

When age his silver sprinkled o'er his head, He left yon spot, by love paternal led, His pacing steed that amblel down the dell; Embowered in rose-vines, clambering o'er the dell,

And back his children brought our neighbor sooth to say, When blasting hope and ruined virtue weep.

Oh! God of heaven, why do thy thunders sleep? When blasted hope and ruined virtue weep?

Why should the villain high upon the side Of wealth and power in cruel triumph ride, Gone all the bliss his victims once enjoyed,

Crushed all the hope the cruel fiend destroyed? Thy sleeping vengeance will not ever sleep, The weeping mourner will not ever weep:

Till then, tried heart, repose thy faith in God, And needly bow thy head to kiss the rod.

Teaching Negroes to Read.

I expected to notice, last week, somewhat in detail, the letter of my friend, Dr. Talmage, with reference to a repeal of the law which forbids the teaching of negroes to read, but for want of space was compelled to omit any allusion to the subject.

This week, I advert to the topic again.

My esteemed friend has one error of fact running through his whole article. In the beginning of that article, he speaks of a "repeal of the law prohibiting the right to teach our negroes to read the holy scriptures." He seems to think that the specific wording of the law to prevent negroes from reading the Bible.

"Teaching Negroes to read."

This is his conception of the law, is evident from the whole tenor of his article, and especially from that part of it in which he says, "The very prohibition leads the ignorant to a suspicion that the inspired word is against us, and that there is something there which we would fain conceal from them." This goes to show that Dr. Talmage thinks there is a law on our statute book specifically prohibiting the teaching of negroes to read the Bible. If this is his conception of the law, he is in error.

There is a general law against teaching negroes to read, but not against reading the Bible. The practical effect of the law is of course to exclude the reading of the Bible by slaves—but this, as it is enforced, and it never has been—but it presents the matter in a less favorable light to suppose that the specific subject matter of the statute is a prohibition of reading the Bible by negroes.

As I have said before, the law is obsolete, and never has prevented a negro who desired it, from learning to read. I have never known a case of punishment for its violation.
It may be asked, then, what need of keeping a law which is practically void, upon the statute book? I answer this question by asking another: Why repeal it? There must be an object sought in its repeal, and that object must be to establish schools for the slaves; and to this I am opposed, because education and slavery are incompatible. Negroes are incapable of education, and it will be a waste of our time and resources to attempt to confer it upon them, besides proving injurious to the slaves. These positions will be elaborated, I trust be.

But I return now to the letter of my esteemed friend. He says the bible is altogether on the side of slavery, and so I believe. But it is true, at the same time, that many a Yankee says it is not, and New England divines and politicians both quote it against slavery. Make the negro learn in the bible, and he might make the same use of it that the Yankee does.

Dr. Talmage asks, “Is it right in an enlightened, Christian, and Protestant land, to withhold the revealed will of God, by law, from any human being, when the plain command of Heaven to all the inhabitants of Christendom is, ‘Search the Scriptures’?”

To this I answer, that any person, white or black, may know enough of the mandates of the bible to perform all the Christian duties, and yet never read a syllable in the bible. The negro may have as much knowledge of the word of God imparted to him by oral instruction as is necessary and proper for him in his sphere. Pollok, in writing of the unequal distribution of intellectual and intellectual culture, by our Creator, says:

“But stranger still is the distribution seemed of intellect, though fewer here complained. Each with his share, upon the whole, content. One man there was—and many such you might have met—who never had a dozen thoughts In all his life, and never changed their course, Little above the ox which grazed the field his reason rose. So weak his memory, The name his mother called him by, he scarce Remembered; and his judgment so untaught. That what at evening played along the swamp, The world’s extreme, and thought the silver moon,

That nightly o’er him led her virgin host,
No broader than his father’s shield. He lived—
Lived where his father lived—died where he died.
Lived happy, and died happy, and was saved.
Be not surprised. He loved, and served his God.”

I invite the attention of those who are uneasy about the salvation of the negro, on account of his not knowing how to read, to the foregoing portrait and sentiments of the author of the Course of Time.—And yet I say, at the same time, that it is no wonder Christians are becoming uneasy at their failure to impart to negroes the moral and religious instruction which they should have done. Their neglect at this point has been most shameful, and I hope to lend my aid in ettering them up to a sense of their whole duty to their slaves.

I commented, in a previous article upon the idea that the law under consideration may be “one of the many reasons, why God is withholding, in a degree, his smiles from the righteous struggle which we are waging with our cruel foes.”

There are several points of doctrine and theology in Dr. Talmage’s letter from which I must dissent, but as they are not essentially germane to my subject, I pass them by. On the other hand, he says many good things, which he is certain to do when he speaks, or writes, and which should engage the serious attention of our people. For instance, he says, “Let our slave laws be amended, and fixed on high Christian principles.”—There are some few amendments which should be made to our slave code: and at the proper time, I will, as a public journalist urge this amendment upon our people. But in the main, our slave code is now “fixed upon high Christian principles.” He who will thoroughly examine the subject, will find it so. I have written before, upon this subject, and crave the leaders of the press and pulpit must, in good time, lend their best energies.

Dr. N. H. Crawford

Has written and published in the Christian Index, 3 very able essays on God, Revelation, and Miracles. I would be very much pleased to see these essays, and others like them, republished in book form, for convenient handling.

Our Resources, State and Confederate.

“The following remarks of the Richmond Examiner, showing the necessity for the States as well as the Confederate government giving encouragement to those pursuits which are necessary to self-defense, must meet with general concurrence: ‘We believe that it is more appropriately the work of the State than the Confederate legislature to develop the resources of the State, and to guide the industry of the people. We hope our legislatures and governors will everywhere rise to the full level of the present great occasion. Let us have wise foresight and energetic action, and let such countenance and protection be given to indispensable pursuits as will ensure their prosecution.’ ”

The foregoing I clip from one of my exchanges. A policy the very reverse of the one here recommended, is being pursued by the Georgia legislature. Instead of encouraging indispensable pursuits, they seem
bent on crushing them out. Our authorities have tried seizure, and are thereby driving all supplies from the market. Instead of taking warning from the plain effects of this course—instead of growing wiser by experience, our quick legislative doctors persevere in pouring their nostrums down the throat of the suffering patient, and, instead of curing, are fast killing him.

These demagogues who seize upon the clamor of the people about high prices to win a little temporary popular applause, by paralyzing the industrial pursuits of the country, will be held to a terrible responsibility when the effect of their short-sighted selfish policy fully develops itself.

Letter from Mrs. Poke.

Mr. Countryman.—In the absence of any excitement of political or military matter, I will relate you fast con safe a true theological kil pint, an then proceed to a few miscellaneous items.

A few mornings ago, I met Dr. Talmij in the parlor of the hoeel, an he an I had a confab concerning the eddycians of niggers. I tell the doctor my notion was that a hee of the niggers node too much already for ther own good, an the white folks's too. The buck niggers and nigger wenches is jest as sassy as they ken be, ennowh : an eddycate um, an they will be ten times sassier, an ther will be no such thing as gitting along with um in the same company.

There was another pint I urged upon the doctor's attention : an that war that ef the Fedo-baptist did not wish the Baptist without any P. to um, to git the start of us with the black sex, they must not lern um to reed the bible : for I never seed a nigger out any P. to um, to git the start of us with doctors's attention : An if you call the big kittykizums, little nor big. Now you see, why not call its little cattykizzum? The big 1 ar for everything, and everything for an ear. They are as deadly as an ape, and yet as deceptive as a reptile which lubricates its hills out of mountains. They have an ear and probe; track and trace; rummage and ransack, in order to get something to talk about. They will pump you, and then probe you, and probe you; will pump you, and then probe you; will pump you, and then probe you; will pump you, and then probe you.

At this, I sat back gran in my cheer, an watched to see what eff effer my display of larin wood have on the president of a college. I think he war powerfully impress with my literary kerposy, an have hopes that in consideration of the fact that larin the niggers to read will make um all Baptist without enny P. to um, he will not want um to tort to read. One thing ar ser,—he ar not a worthy Peedo, ef be goe into this sweepen oppyrashun of ad lin to the nummers of the Baptist without enny P. to um.

After I had finished talkin to the doctor about eddycians the niggers, I introduced another pint to his attentun, which I alowed war for the good of the Pispeterians. You noe the Pispeterians ar got 2ocket mints ritten in ther favor, kalled the Westminister cattykizzums. One of um ar kalled the larger cattykizzum, an the other the shorter cattykizzum. Now I ar always war opposed to takin 2 words to say ennything, when 1 word wood de jest as well, an particulairly when 1 word wood de grate deal better. I ar always studdyin the fitness of things : an the other nite az I was a layman, an couldn't sleep, my mine got to runnin, an I couldn't stop it. As a matter of course, it run fast on Joseph and his miliary sciences. But by an by it run cleen then that, an had to begin on sumthing else. Then it tack up the Pispeterians andarar the2 cattykizzums. Now I ar not a worthj Peedo, ef be goe into this sweepen oppyrashun of ad lin to the nummers of the Baptist without enny P. to um.

The cattykizzums Kum up before me, an I sez to myself, ain it a pitty the Prispeterians aint got any influence, an I dont see nuthin in it bout baptism influence, leecher. Every passun that war evr baptized in the bible war a groose passun. "So you see, doctor," sez I, "how these shaller drafts of wolleidge inxocates the brains of the niggers, and de-moralizes ther noshuns on the subje of baptism. Ef they only drink largely at the high periop spring, like you and I ken, lit wood be a diffrient matter."

At this, I got back gran in my cheer, an watched to see what eff effer my display of larin wood have on the president of a college. I think he war powerfully impress with my literary kerposy, an have hopes that in consideration of the fact that larin the niggers to read will make um all Baptist without enny P. to um, he will not want um to tort to read. One thing ar ser,—he ar not a worthy Peedo, ef be goe into this sweepen oppyrashun of ad lin to the nummers of the Baptist without enny P. to um.

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Verbal Inaccuracies.

Mr. Countryman.—The fact that we are strangers to each other, is certainly not a passport to your favor, and I should forbear writing to you, were it not for the admiration of your endeavor to establish a Southern literary paper.—It is, indeed, very essential, at this time, for Southern authors to impart a healthy tone to our literature, which must be the mark of that national greatness just now beginning. "La loco sigmo vinces!" and it must be free from that effeminacy, I would remark, which is now characteristic of the T. S. Arthur school, and that "coaeeoth ex scribendor" which believes "Th's surely fine to eve one's name in print, A book's a book, although there's noth'ng in't."

This reflection leads me to an explicit declaration of what I conceive to be a great error, which originated years ago, and, growing daily, is fast becoming a great abuse. To it I wish to direct your attention, calling upon you to apply the lash of criticism, till the abuse is rectified. I refer to the carelessness of authors in using words which destroy the harmony of a sentence, and lay them liable to the charge of incompetency. For instance:—"I had rather be right than president." is often quoted as the language of Clay. Should it not be "would" instead of "had"? "Rather" is defined as "more willingly"—a definition near enough to accuracy to answer our purpose in the present case. Let us insert this for "rather." It then reads, "I had more willingly be right than president," which brother Wombwell, I believe that Clay used "had" in the first example.

Some altogether misplaced, as they are aware, as well as I, of what is right. "Quod est novum opus aut recens est," you know.—Let those come out from among them, then. It desirable, I will then retract my words in their favor, who are determined to sustain the character of the South, by regarding as the palladium of her rights, a sound and distinguishing literature. With great respect, your obedient servant. Liss Bultón.—Greenville, Ga., Nov. 15, 1862.

Invoeation to an Absent Brother.

"Come home! Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep; Would I could wing it like a bird to thee, To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep With these unwearying words of melody— Brother, come home!"

Come home! Come to the hearts that love thee; to the eyes That beam in brightness but to gladden thee; Where cherisht mem'ry rears her altar's shrine, Brother, come home!

Come home! Come to the hearthstone of thine earlier days; Come to the love, like the o'er-wearied dove; Come with the sunlight of thy heart's warm rays; Where cherished mem'ry rears her altar's shrine, Brother, come home!

Come home! It is not home without thee. The lone seat Is still unclaimed where thou wast wont to be; I, in vain we list for what should herald thee! Brother, come home!"

The Evangelical Pulpit.

Vol. 1, no. 7, has been received, containing 1 sermon from Mr. Lundrum, and 1 from Dr. Talmage. This is a monthly publication by Wilkes & Marshall, Forsyth, Ga., at 50 per annum. You could not expend a dollar to a better purpose than subscribing for the Pulpit, unless you should lay it out for The Countryman.—Since writing the above, I have received the 8th no.

Epitaph on an Infant.

"He took the cup of life to sip, For bitter 'twas to drain; He put it meekly from his lip, And went to sleep again."

Evening Prayer.

For the children:—

I pray the Lord my soul to keep, If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take.

A Narrow Escape.

I very narrowly missed being elected state printer, a few days ago, in Milledgeville. The small matter of 175 or 180 votes more, would have given me the post. Considering the fact that I was no candidate, and never even dreamed of the possibility of being a candidate, the vote which I received was very flattering. My numerous friends supported me with singular unanimity. I return them every one my thanks, feeling confident that though I failed to "command success," yet I "deserved it."—By the way, why did the Recorder fail to report the vote which brother Wombwell, and brother Adair, and I, each got? I feel like making it a personal matter, myself. The other brethren can speak for themselves. And, by the way again, suppose Adair, Wombwell & Turner had formed a combination (so terrible to some of the defeated candidates)—who can say we would not have been elected?

Lately From Ethiopia.

"Tom"—Say, Pomp, a Table darkey tell me just now, that Jeff Davis grain to "salute Haut de president's proclamation. He grain to declare all de niggers in de Nort States slaves, arter de fast of Janewery next. —Pomp—'Bress us all!'

The Countryman.—In looking over a file of an old paper, I find the following recipe for making black writing ink, which may prove valuable to you as well as your readers, owing to the scarcity of the fluid. Will you give it a trial, and report the result?

J. C. Harris.

Black Writing Ink.—Take 2 oz. ext. of logwood, 1 gal. soft water, simmer gently in an iron vessel 15 minutes. Disolve in a little hot water 24 grains bi-chromate potash, 12 grains prussiate potash, add it to the liquid, and stir a few minutes over the fire, take it off, and when settled, strain twice through common muslin. This ink is jet black from the first, flows easily, and is so indelible that even oxalic acid will not remove it from the paper. It costs about 40 cents per gallon.

We are sometimes less unhappy in being deceived, than in being undeceived by those we love."

A woman keeps her first lover long, if she happen? not to take a second."

Advertisements.

The Countryman.—The Countryman is always a welcome visitor. After a long week of careless grabbing through closely printed folios for news with which to satiate the greedy appetite for war news and military gossip, it is a pleasant repent to turn to the bright face of the little Countryman, and devour it palatable morsels of literature.—The foregoing is from the Columbus Sun—Dec. 1, 1862.
WIT IN WOMEN.

"It has been said that to excel them in wit, in a thing the men find it the most difficult to part with in women. This feeling, if properly cultivated, is right: if sly, it is wrong. For a high degree of intellectual refinement in the female is the most pleasant society can have for the improvement of the male. But wit in women is a jewel, which, unlike all others, borrows lustre from its setting, rather than bestows it, since nothing is so easy as to fancy a very beautiful woman extremely witty. Even Madame de Stael admits that she discovered, as she grew old, the men could not find out that wit in her at 50, which she possessed at 25; and yet the external attentions of this lady were by no means equal to those of her mind."

"Matches," wherein one party is all passion, and the other all indifference, will simulate about as well as ice and fire. It is possible that the fire will dissolve the ice, but it is most probable that it will be extinguished in the attempt.

"It is only when the rich are sick, that they fully feel the impotence of wealth."

"The keenest abuse of our enemies will not hurt us so much in the estimation of our friends, as the injudicious praise of our enemies."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Legal advertisements at the usual rates, and all others at 10c per line, for such insertion, cash in advance. Obtisories and marriages, short or long, are advertisements.

J. E. W. PRYOR executed with neatness on the 1st of this month.

JOE WOOD executed with neatness and dispatch at this office.

PULASKI E. HOYT, EXP. WILLIAM HOLT. Nov. 24, 1862.

HAT SHOP.—All persons are particularly requested not to bring or send weather for my hat shop, with the expectation of having hats manufactured for order. I cannot obtain material for lacing, binding, and dyeing them as I would desire, and hence I will take no order. I will have hats made, and other hats for sale. Those who wish them may buy them, and those who don't can let it alone. Nov. 24, 1862. J. A. TURNER.

CHRISMAN'S SALE.—Under an order of the Court of Ordinary of Putnam Co., I will sell, on the 1st Tuesday in January next, the house, lot and improvements of the late residence of John H. Pearson, dec'd., in the town of Sparta, in Putnam County, which property will be sold, after due legal publication, to the highest bidder, for cash. Nov. 30, 1862. J. A. TURNER.

G. B. ROGERS' SALE. — Under an order of the Court of Ordinary of Putnam County, I will sell, after due publication, the house and lot of B. T. Rogers, deceased, in the town of Sparta, in Putnam County, which property will be sold, after due legal publication, to the highest bidder, for cash. Nov. 17, 1862. HENRY ROGERS, Adm'r.