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THE COUNTRYMAN.

BY J. A. TURNER.

—“BREVITY IS THE SOUL OF WIT”—

\$1 A YEAR.

VOL. III.

TURNWOLD, PUTNAM COUNTY, GA., MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1862.

NO. 1.

Third Volume.

With the beginning of the 3rd volume of this journal, its form is changed, so as to make it more convenient for binding. This is a change which I am sure will meet the approbation of all my readers. I desire them to preserve *The Countryman* as the best and cheapest book they can have in their houses, and no doubt they desire the same thing. Even where you do not intend to have it bound, you can file the paper. Fold it carefully, cut it carefully, and with two strips of wood such as you have seen used in filing newspapers—with these two strips of wood and a couple of soft leather strings, you can preserve *The Countryman*, and secure for yourselves a book, every year, which will be worth more to you and your children than any other book you can obtain (except the bible) and at a much cheaper rate than you can obtain it, from any other source. For such a book as each annual volume of *The Countryman* will give you, you would have to pay, elsewhere, \$10 or \$12. It contains the best things from all the best authors of the world.

The success of *The Countryman* has been remarkable. It had at first to contend with the odium of being a little paper. This has been neutralized, partly by my giving the history of little papers, showing that Addison, Swift, Johnson, Goldsmith, and many other great lights of English literature published papers much smaller than *The Countryman* is, and partly by the practical illustration which *The Countryman* gives that a little paper need not necessarily be a low, scurrilous, mean, and contemptible sheet. As the *Banner & Baptist* remarks, in its notice of this journal, “good things are usually put up in small packages.”

One universal acclaim of approbation has gone up from the Southern press in favor of this journal, and from divines, scholars, doctors, lawyers, citizens, and soldiers, have come notes of encouragement to its editor. Nor has this been the only success of *The Countryman*. Most remarkable of all, has been its pecuniary success, at a time when it would seem ruin to begin the publication of a newspaper at only \$1 per annum. A circulation in Virginia, N. Carolina, S. Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, and Tennessee, and which would also have reached Kentucky and Missouri, but for the war, has enabled *The Countryman* already to more than pay expenses, and opens a bright future for it, when the clouds of war shall be dispelled, and peace once more smile upon our land.

The cheapness of *The Countryman* is unparalleled for the South and the times. I shall continue to publish it for awhile longer, at \$1, but no doubt shall be compelled to raise the price. So you who want the paper at \$1 instead of \$2, had better subscribe immediately.

As to the future of this journal, I will only, on this occasion, say this: There shall be no dim-

inution in the interesting characteristics of its columns. On the contrary, its excellence shall ever wax higher and brighter.

Sketches.

N I A. G. A R A.

Great was my rejoicing at leaving Saratoga, for I was very much bored, short as was my stay there. They were cutting oats, all along the route, as we proceeded in the direction of Niagara. Indeed it seemed as if we happened to follow up the harvest, everywhere, after we left home. We arrived at the International Hotel about supper time. I slept that night by the sound of the mighty cataract, whose ceaseless roar came in at my window.

The next day we went to see the falls. They are, of course, indescribable. Thousands and tens of thousands have said this before, and yet how many have attempted the impossibility of portraying some of the wonders that greet the eye at every turn, on this spot of lavish grandeur!

Five of us took a carriage, immediately after breakfast, and drove down to the suspension bridge. In going over it, I caught my first glimpse of the cataract. It is some distance from this, my first point of observation, and, as has been the case with so many others, my first sensation was one of slight disappointment. After looking a short time at the falls, I turned my eye down the stream, and beheld a sight of singular and terrific beauty. The mighty volume of water, here forced into a comparatively narrow gorge, rises, in the middle, ten or twelve feet higher than at the sides, and greets the eye, a tremendous torrent of heaving, surging water, of a dark green color, streaked with long, waving lines of sparkling white foam. On it goes, with its heavy, irresistible swell, as the eye drinks in all its wild and indescribable grandeur. One cannot help thinking, “If I could only transfer this to canvass, what a passport to immortality would be mine!”

We passed the bridge, and drove up the river on the Canada side, to one of the houses where they furnish dresses in which to go behind the sheet of water. Suddenly I recollected that I had left an article at the hotel which I wished to take with me. It was a long way back, by the bridge, and I wished to detain the party as short a time as possible. A little row-boat lay on the water, at the foot of the cliff on which we stood, many, many feet below, and I started for it, down a precipitous, rocky path,

which wound through the shrubbery. Arrived at the bottom, I got on board, and was soon tossing upon the mimic waves. In going back to the American side, I obtained a fine view of the falls. The spray came down, borne on the wind, forcing me to button my coat, and turn my face. When the boat struck the shore, I sprang out, and started, at a run, up a flight of steps, without looking toward the top, supposing them to be fifty or sixty in number. Soon I began to tire, but found I was not near the end. I came down to a walk, though still taking several steps at a stride. Finally, when about half way up, I could rise only one step at a time, and on arriving at the last of the flight, I could hardly drag one foot after the other. My article at the hotel was quickly procured, and on going back down those steps again, and counting, I found there were 290 of them.

The little boat carried me quickly back to the Canada side, and I walked, alone, close to the falls. Soon I began to realize the full measure of sublimity in the scene before me. A little distance above the cataract, all is turmoil and confusion, but on the very brink of the precipice, the immense body of water appears to grow slow in its movement, and then, with a deliberate, solemn, awful majesty, it glides down, down, till, toward the bottom, it meets piles of smoky mist and snowy spray, rising up from the boiling waters below. In many places, soon after making its first plunge, it is broken into spray by the projecting rocks, but at this particular point it goes down in one smooth, unbroken sheet, giving the idea of calm, self-reliant, irresistible power.

It requires views from many different positions, to give an adequate idea of Niagara Falls. I wandered about, and gazed till I despaired of ever satisfying myself.

At length I forced myself away, for that time, and we drove to the burning spring. Paying our fee, we entered a small ante-room, and after a little delay were carried into the darkened apartment containing the mysterious fountain. The attendant lit a match and applied it to the end of a tube that rose out of a churn-like vessel, sitting in the wooden enclosure over the spring, and immediately a tall, flickering flame shed its light over the room. After allowing it to burn a short time, the man extinguished it by placing his thumb over the aperture whence it issued. Then he relit it. Again

he obstructed it, and it shot out beautifully, first on one side and then another, according to the way in which he held his thumb. He also placed a cambric handkerchief over the aperture, allowing it to remain for some time, and then showed us that it was not burned, or even scorched. At length he removed the churn, and put a lighted taper down into the spring. The gas—for of course it is only that which burns—immediately kindled into a blue flame all over the surface of the water. Finally he dipped up some water, and each of us drank a glass. Its taste was not so disagreeable as I had expected to find it, judging from the odor which filled the room.

Lundy's Lane was the next thing in order. I expected to walk over it, and we alighted at the door of a house where I supposed we should get tickets or directions. "Just follow that man, gentlemen," said the office-keeper, and we obeyed, starting up a flight of steps. Arrived at the top, we went up another, another, and still another, till we were nearly tired out, and perceived that we were winding toward the top of an observatory. "How many steps have we come up?" I asked, when we stopped. "One hundred and forty three," was the reply. ~~433-113=433~~. I had gone up a hundred at another tower: 433-1-100=533: So I had gone up 533 steps. Coming down doubled this number. Counting all, including those at the hotel and other places, I must have taken 1200 steps on stair cases, in one forenoon.

Our attendant explained the order of the battle as well as he could; pointed out the house where Scott lay wounded—which he said was the only one remaining of those standing at the time of the engagement; told us where many of the killed were buried, &c.

We spent the balance of the day in visiting various places of interest, and in getting views of the Falls from different points. I did not go into the cave of winds, nor did I venture on the table rock, nor behind the sheet of water. Some of our party did make this last-mentioned trip, and it came near causing L. to turn back home. Col. T. tried to persuade him off, offering to bear his expenses, but he finally concluded to remain with the party.

The next day, many of us took a trip on the little steamer, Maid of the Mist. It was a perfect jumble. Putting on oil-cloth over alls—not as defined by Webster—long enough to completely hide the ordinary dress, with hoods to envelop the head, ladies and gentlemen all looked

alike. Such a set of uncouth figures I never beheld before.—Those that went behind the sheet of water were almost as funny.—We took our stand on the forward deck, and steamed slowly up through the foaming waters. Soon the spray began to fall like rain, blinding us; and rendering our foothold exceedingly treacherous. There was many a slip, and many a one measured his or her length on the floor, amid the roar of the waters and the shouting, screaming laughter of the passengers. I often think of this as one of the most ludicrous scenes I ever witnessed. We approached very near the falls on the American side, and then wended our way slowly round, just below the Canadian falls, and so on back to our landing place. Owing to the fact that the spray and mist hid everything from sight, we did not gain much by this trip, except a regular frolic—but this was worth a great deal.

We went over Goat's Island, of course climbing the tower that is planted almost on the very edge of the precipice over which the mighty stream plunges. While we were thus "perched aloft," the Maid of the Mist came close up under us. Seeing her make the trip from where we stood, is much more interesting than being on her deck.

While standing there, we beheld the beautiful rainbow which so often spans that scene of terrible grandeur. What a contrast it presents to the boiling waters over which it hangs! The cataract speaks of God's majesty and power—aye, even of his frown; but that soft, lovely apparition reminds us of his goodness, his mercy, and his gentle kindness to mortals. The impression it made was visible on the countenances of many who looked on it.

"Its presence to all was the path of the Lord!
Each full heart expanded, grew warm, and adored.
Like a visit, the converse of friends, or a day,
That bow from my sight passed forever away;
Like that visit, that converse, that day to my heart,
That bow from remembrance can never depart."
W. W. P.

Another case of Pouring.

"A short time since the *Index* reported that Elder Lee, a Baptist minister, had poured water on a sick man, calling it baptism.

I am informed, by good authority, that recently, Elder Spivey, pastor of the Baptist church at Calhoun, Ga., received, at a private house, a sick man *into the church(?)* and poured water on him in the name of the Holy Trinity, calling it baptism, and afterwards gave him bread and wine, calling it the Lord's supper! The man died in a few minutes after receiving the bread and wine. There appears to be no excuse for this, except that the man begged that it

might be done—he wished to be in the church—wished to be baptized—wished to partake of the Lord's supper.

As a Baptist, I most solemnly protest against any such proceedings, and say that in my opinion Elder Spivey owes to God, to the church, and to the public, a most solemn acknowledgement. Failing to make it, the church at Calhoun should exclude him forthwith. There is not a particle of justification for his conduct, judging from the teachings of the scriptures. The ordinances are under the control of the churches, and they ought to see to it that they are not abused, disgraced, by indiscreet and officious men.

It is to be hoped that brethren Spivey and Lee will see their great error, their great sin, and make public confession. J. M. W."

The above is taken from the Banner & Baptist of Atlanta, Ga. I wish to ask J. M. W., one of the associate editors, what course he would have pursued in case the dying man had desired him to receive him into the church, and administer the eucharist. If the poor dying sinner desired, and thought it essential to his salvation, to be a member of the church and receive the Lord's supper, what course should have been pursued with him? I ask this in no captious spirit, but merely for information.

Superior Court.

Our Superior Court met on last Monday, and adjourned Tuesday evening. Very little business was attended to. Judge Harris presided with his usual ability and urbanity, after delivering a splendid charge (as usual) to the grand jury. Solicitor General Lofton was in attendance, also, courteous and kind, but able and willing to guard the interest of the state, and see that the criminal law should be properly administered.

Corn and Oil.

"Our maize, says the Richmond Whig, is a precious plant. It gives us bread; it makes our pork; it is toothsome for kine; it is grand for hominy; our poultry is mostly made from it; its stalks supply sugar; the syrup from it produces alcohol; the envelop of the ear, dried, makes a sweet and refreshing bed; and now it is found that it produces a clear burning fluid, that burns with a soft light, without odor, without smoke, that is inexpensive, affording a good light in an ordinary kerosene lamp, for half a cent an hour. The corn oil is as clear and colorless as water."

"In conversation confidence has a greater share than wit."

Conversation of the Vultures:

(Supposed to be held between an old Vulture and her young ones, and overheard by a Bohemian shepherd while tending his flocks.)

"My children," said the vulture, 'you have seen me snatch from the farm the household fowl, seize the leveret in the bush, and the kid in the pasture. But you remember the taste of more delicious food. I have often regaled you with the flesh of man.'

'Tell us,' said the young vultures, 'where *man* may be found, and how he may be known. His flesh is surely the natural food of the vulture. Why have you not brought a man in your talons to the nest.'

'He is too bulky,' said the mother: 'When we find a man, we can only tear away his flesh and leave his bones on the ground.'

'Since man is so big,' said the young ones, 'how do you kill him? You are afraid of the wolf and the bear: by what power are vultures superior to man? Is man more defenceless than a sheep?'

'We have not the strength of man,' returned the mother, 'and I am sometimes in doubt whether we have his subtlety: and the vultures would seldom feed upon his flesh, had not nature that devoted him to our use, infused into him a strange ferocity, which I have never observed in any other being that feeds upon the earth. Two herds of men will often meet, and shake the ground with noise, and fill the air with fire. When you hear noise, and see fire which flashes along the ground, hasten to the place with your swiftest wing, for men are surely destroying one another. You will find the ground smoking with blood, and covered with carcasses, of which many are mangled for the use of the vulture.'

'But when men have killed their prey,' said the pupils, 'why do they not eat it? When the wolf has killed a sheep, he suffers not the vulture to touch it, till he has satisfied himself. *Is not man another kind of wolf?*'

'Man,' said the mother, 'is the only beast who kills what he does not devour, and this quality makes him so much a benefactor to our species.'

'If men kill our prey, and lay it in our way,' said the young one, 'what need shall we have of laboring for ourselves?'

'Because man will sometimes,' replied the mother, 'remain for a long time quiet in his den. The old vultures will tell you when you are to watch his motions. When you see bodies of men in great numbers, moving closely together like a flock of storks, you may conclude that they are

hunting each other, and that you will soon revel in human blood.'

'But still,' said the young one, 'I would gladly know the reason of this mutual slaughter. I could never kill what I would not eat.'

'My child,' said the mother, 'when I was young, I used to visit an old vulture on the Carpathian Rocks. He had fed, year after year, on the entrails of men. He said that as the boughs of an oak are dashed together by the storm, that swine may fatten on the fallen acorns, so men are, by some unaccountable power, driven one against the other, till they lose their motion, that vultures may be fed. And those that hover round them, pretend that there is, in every herd, one that gives direction to the rest, and seems to be more eminently delighted with a wild carnage. What it is that entitles him to such pre-eminence, we know not. He is seldom the biggest or the fleetest, but he shows, by his eagerness and diligence, that he is more than any of the others, a friend to the vultures.'

A Phenomenon---Sword in the Heavens.

"We are informed by gentlemen whose veracity cannot be questioned, that on the 23d ult., near Grooversville, Georgia, a phenomenon of remarkable significance was witnessed in the heavens, at about 4 o'clock in the evening. It was a perfect representation of a sword—handle, blade and point all visible. The blade was red, and the handle silver color. The blade pointed to the northeast, and the handle to the southwest. It was high up in the heavens, appearing to the eye to be about twenty feet long, and two feet broad. Soon after it was witnessed, a wind springing up, heavy clouds appeared, and screened it from view.

We are not one of those who attach a peculiar significance to remarkable dreams, believe in witchcraft, or view every celestial phenomenon as an omen of good or evil. But no similar phenomenon to the one in question has been witnessed for many generations, and we are, therefore, owing to the peculiar circumstances surrounding us, inclined to regard it as significant.

Flavius Josephus, in his history of the Jews, refers to a similar appearance in the heavens just previous to the destruction of Jerusalem. He says that a star, *resembling a sword*, stood over the city, and a comet that continued a whole year. Another writer, we are informed, describes the sword as hanging over the city with the point down.

After the destruction of Jerusalem, the star disappeared. This phenomenon has always, by learned divines, been described

as the "*Sword of the Lord.*" From the destruction of Jerusalem to the present period, no such representation has been beheld in the heavens."

The above is copied from the Family Friend of Monticello, Fla., in order to show what folly and fanaticism exist, even in our day.

"Here's Your Mule."

The editor of the F. & F. having been written to concerning the origin of the above phrase, says: "It is said to have originated near Manassas, sometime last year. A member of an Alabama Regiment was imitating the nasal intonations of a certain long-eared animal, when one after another of his comrades joined in the refrain; whereupon a member of a Mississippi regiment remarked, 'here's your mule.' Instantly there was a deafening chorus of 'here's your mule,' from the Mississippians, which completely drowned the braying of the Alabamians: whereupon, it is said, the original brayers were peculiarly indignant, and avowed that they could whip the Mississippians: but timely intervention prevented any attempt at the fulfilment of the belligerent purpose."

In response to the above, "A Member of the 6th Alabama" writes to the F. & F. as follows:—"Having seen in the Fireside your answer to the interrogatory, as to the origin of the phrase, 'Here's your mule,' I take this method of correcting you. It originated from a member of the 6th Alabama Regiment, Capt. Weem's Co., from Russel Co., Ala., on their way from Montgomery to Corinth, Miss., about the latter part of May, 1861. I was a member of that company, and on the cars at the time, but do not recollect the exact particulars of it, but suppose it started, as you said, (by Perkins, for that was his name) imitating a mule, and some one in his own company cried out, 'here's your mule, Perkins'—and from that the whole regiment got hold of it, and it finally spread over the whole army at Manassas, after we got there. Poor Perkins was taken prisoner, just before the battle of Manassas, while out on picket, and did not have the pleasure of participating in it. He was kept in Washington 6 months, and finally released on parole. It was a general saying amongst the boys, that he had gone to Washington city to hunt his mule. I should have said that there was no Mississippi regiment about, when it originated. I wish you to publish this for the information of 'C. D. K.' "

"Few people know how to be old."

TURNWOLD, GA., SEPTEMBER 29, 1862.

Why the Hessians Enlist.

"A correspondent of the Southern Presbyterian recently received the following facts from the venerable Dr. Bachman of Charleston :

After the Secessionville fight, it appears the Dr found, in his usual rounds at the hospitals, some of the enemy's wounded mixed up with our own suffering men, and sought and obtained the removal of these strangers, so that our boys might be by themselves. The wounded Yankees, 8 in number, sent from their new quarters, a request for him to repeat his visit. He complied with the request, of course. On entering the room, he inquired if there were any Germans there, and found one man who was overjoyed to meet a Lutheran clergyman, and requested the sacrament, as he expected to die that night. Our friend told him that it was necessary that he should first understand whether or not he was prepared to participate in those sacred emblems: and a conversation ensued in the German language, which is worthy of the attention of your readers, as it sheds light on the character of the army that has invaded our country.

Dr. B.—What made you enlist in this war?

PRISONER.—I was cutting wood, with the snow 1 foot deep, at 25 cents per day; lived in a log hut, and had my four children scattered amongst strangers to earn their own bread; and so I enlisted because I got better wages and a bounty.

Dr. B.—But what else were you to get besides the bounty and your wages?

P.—We were each to get a farm with a house on it.

Dr. B.—But where were you all to find farms?

P.—Oh, the farms of the secessionists were to be taken from them and given to us.

Dr. B.—But do you think it a right thing that you should come here to dispossess these people of their property?

P.—Oh, that was the affair of the government. They were to give us the farms.

Dr. B.—But would you think it right for strangers to go into your native country of Wurttemberg, and take possession of the farms of the people there?

P.—Well, I had not thought of it in that light before.

Dr. B.—Well, what have you secured since you came on our coast?

P.—A good deal of plunder.

Dr. B.—How? Did you break open the people's houses?

P.—The negroes broke them open, and then we helped ourselves out of the drawers.

Dr. B.—What did you get for yourself?

P.—I got clothes enough to last my children for several years.

Dr. B.—Any spoons?

P.—No large ones, but several small silver spoons, besides knives and forks.

Dr. B.—Had you no knives and forks at home?

P.—No: my children have to eat with forks made out of hickory.

Dr. B.—What have you done with your plunder?

P.—I have sent it all home to my family. The government made arrangements for us to send it. I hope it has reached my family safely.

Dr. B.—But what were you to get after the fight at Secessionville?

P.—Oh, we were to get all Charleston for ourselves.

Dr. B.—But what if the people there would not give it up to you?

P.—Oh, then we should have killed them all.

Dr. B.—Now, do you think, after all that you have told me, that you are a fit man to receive the sacrament? I cannot give the Lord's supper to a man that has hired himself out for money to come down to this country to kill and rob people.

P.—But what shall I do? I am going to die, and I must have the sacrament.

Dr. B.—Well, you must go to a higher Power than mine to help you. I can do nothing for such a person.

P.—Are there no other ministers of your church here?

Dr. B.—Yes, four others, but no one of them would give the sacrament to such a man as you describe yourself to be.

P.—But what then will become of me, for I shall die to-night?

Dr. B.—If you die without repenting of these sins you confess, you must go to hell—that is what will become of you.

Addressing the whole company, then, in English, Dr. B. told them he thought it right to explain to them, as he had come at their request, that he has two sons in the Confederate army, and that he viewed them as unrighteous invaders, but would pray for them if they still desired it after this statement. They begged him to proceed, and he did so.

No comment is necessary from me upon this narrative. It speaks for itself."

In the few comments which I have to make on the foregoing, I shall speak plainly, but intend no disrespect to anyone, and

least of all to the venerable Dr. Bachman, whose character in the main, as a man of science, and a christian minister and gentleman, I venerate and esteem. But it does seem to me there is a fiendish vindictiveness in telling a poor dying man who has sent for you to administer comfort and consolation to him in the agony of death, and in reply to the enquiry "what will then become of me," "you must go to hell—that is what will become of you." I say, it seems to me that there is a fiendish vindictiveness in this answer, unbecoming a member of the human family, let alone a minister of God.

The case is this: A poor German "was cutting wood with the snow one foot deep, at 25c per day, lived in a log hut, had 4 children scattered among strangers to earn their own bread, and so he enlisted because he got better wages and a bounty."—In this I can scarcely find it in my heart to blame the poor wretch. On the contrary, I rather blame the criminals and malefactors who hold the reins of the yankee government—who in their insane stivings after negro philanthropy, reduce the white man to the pitch of misery and we reached by the German, and then force him into the army, either as a means of preventing his children from starving, or by drafting him into the service.

But it seems that this wretched vagabond indulged in the futile delusion impressed upon him by his deceivers, of securing a farm at the South, and that he got his share of the spoons stolen by the yankees on the Carolina coast, besides some knives and forks, which he sent home to his family, before which event, his "children had to eat with forks made out of hickory."

Even living, it seems to me that this wretched, starving, and misled vagrant was rather an object of pity than of vindictiveness. But in the midst of his folly, God has said to him, "Thou fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee!" The monster that advances with equal tread upon the door of the pauper and the king, salutes this German, wounded and suffering in the hospital in Charleston. He is about to die, and in that solemn hour he seeks the consolations of religion. He seeks them at the hands of a Christian minister, and that minister refuses them. "But what then will become of me," says the poor fellow, "for I shall die to-night?" "If you die without repenting of these sins you confess," says Dr. Bachman tauntingly "you will go to hell—that is what

will become of you." We do not read that there was any effort on the part of the Doctor to persuade him to repentance, but he rather vindictively tells him he will "go to hell." This seems to me to be wrong, and particularly in a minister of Him who is all mercy, all love, all forgiveness.

I yield the palm to no one in my undying hatred of the yankees. I wish that everyone of them would drop dead as he sets his foot on Confederate soil. But my hatred shall pursue no one of them beyond the grave, not even to taunt them that they will go to hell. And were it in my power, I would administer the consolations of religion to everyone of them on his dying bed, and forgiving them, as I wish to be forgiven, pray for their entrance into the kingdom of heaven. This much would I do: and a minister of the gospel should certainly do better than The Countryman.

The extract upon which these remarks are founded was first published in the Southern Presbyterian, and then in the Southern Christian Advocate, from which I copy it. Will my brethren pause and think? It seems to me they are guilty of unchristian thoughts and feelings.

Mr. Fox's India Bill.

"When the India Bill of Mr. Fox was brought from the committee, and read in the House of Commons, Mr. Sheridan observed that twenty-one new clauses were added, which were to be known by the letters of the alphabet from A to W. He therefore hoped that some gentleman of ability would invent three more for X, Y, and Z, to complete the alphabet, which would then render the bill a perfect horn-book for the use of the minister, and the instruction of rising politicians."

Not Drunk.

"The correspondent of the Richmond Dispatch, speaking of Gen. Jackson, relates the following:

He is said to be, under ordinary circumstances, inclined to take 'cat naps,' and before and during the late battles around Richmond, he took little regular slumber. One evening, as he was riding with a single companion, he was observed to be asleep and to be nodding. His companion wondered, but did not wake him. Presently they passed a man lying on the roadside, who cried out, 'Halloo, where did that man get that liquor?' This woke Jackson, who said, 'Well, I think I'd better keep awake now.'

"Women affect coyness as an addition to their beauty."

The Southern National Anthem.

I.

"God save the South!
God save the South,
Her Altars and Firesides!
God save the South!
Now that the war is nigh,
Now that we're armed to die,
Chanting our battle cry,
Freedom or Death!

II.

God be our shield,
At home or in field:
Stretch thine arm over us,
Strengthen and save!
What though they're three to one,
Forward each sire and son,
Strike till the battle's won,
Strike to the grave!

III.

God make the right,
Stronger than might!
Millions would trample us,
Down with their pride!
Lay Thou their legions low,
Roll back the ruthless foe,
Let the proud spoiler know
God's on our side!

IV.

Fame! honor call,
Summoning all,
Summoning all of us
Unto the strife.
Sons of the South, awake,
Strike till the bonds shall break!
Strike for dear honor's sake,
Freedom and Life!

V.

Rebels before
Our fathers of yore:
Rebel, the glorious name,
Washington bore.
Why, then be ours the same,
The name that he snatched from shame,
Making it first in fame,
Foremost in war.

VI.

War to the hilt,
Theirs be the guilt,
Who fetter the freeman,
To ransom the slave.
Then still be undismayed,
Sheathe not the battle-blade,
Till the last foe is laid
Low in the grave!

A gallant young officer, who hands us the foregoing lines, tells us, says the Atlanta Intelligencer, 'they are sung by the patriotic ladies of Kentucky as The National Anthem.' It was his intention, he says, 'to have them published *immediately* on his arrival from Yankeedom (being a prisoner there) into the Confederacy, but being engaged in military duties he has been unable till now to do so,' and he asks for their insertion in the Intelligencer. We comply with great pleasure with his request. What the 'patriotic ladies of Kentucky sing,' we esteem it a high privilege to lay before our readers."

R. R. Meeting.

On Tuesday 23d inst., a R. R. meeting was held at the court-house in Eatonton. Col. Credille was called to the chair, when E. D. Brown, Esq., of Milledgeville, representing the company proposing to build the new road, explained the object of the meeting. He made an informal proposition to build a road to Madison, provided the Central Road will guarantee 7 per cent. upon the capital stock.

A committee to confer with the Central Road was appointed by the chair, consisting of the following members: M. Dennis, D. R. Adams, Edmond Reid, W. D. Terrell, Saml. Pearson, and J. A. Turner. On motion, the chairman was added to the committee, and the meeting adjourned.

Two Wishes.

"It were to be wished," says Pascal, "that the enemies of religion would at least learn what it is before they oppose it."

It were to be wished, says The Countryman, that many of its indiscreet devotees would at least learn what it is before they are so intolerant and inhuman in its advocacy.

Lincoln as Described by Seward.

"Chas. Francis Adams was sent by Mr. Lincoln, as his minister, to Great Britain. Under date of April 10, 1861, Mr. Seward, as Secretary of State, addressed Mr. Adams a long letter of instructions, a copy of which we have before us in a U. S. official publication. The troubles in this country formed the almost exclusive subject of the letter; and President Lincoln's views were largely unfolded for the benefit of Mr. Adams, and through him, of the British Government. From this letter we take the following extract:

'For these reasons (the president) would not be disposed to reject a cardinal doctrine of (the Southern leaders) namely, that *the Federal Government could not reduce the seceding states to obedience by conquest*, even although he were disposed to *question* that proposition. But, in fact, the president *willingly accepts it as true*. Only an *imperial* or *despotic* government could subjugate thoroughly disaffected and insurrectionary members of the state. This federal republican system of ours is, of all forms of government, the very one which is most unfitted for such labor."

"There are relapses in the distempers of the soul, as well as in those of the body: thus we often mistake for a cure, what is no more than an intermission, or a change of disease."

TURNWOLD, GA., SEPTEMBER 29, 1862.

Killed and Wounded.

At Fairfax, Va., on the 1st Sept., inst., W. H. Alford of the Putnam Light Infantry was killed, and J. N. Bullard of the same company wounded.

Secretary Seward on the Object of the War.

“On the 22d day of April, 1861, Mr. Seward, writing to Mr. Dayton, our minister at the Court of the Emperor Napoleon, and treating of the subject of the present rebellion, said :

I need not further elaborate the proposition that the revolution is without cause. It has not even a pretext.

It is just as clear that it is without object. Moral and physical causes have determined inflexibly the character of each of the territories over which the dispute has arisen, and both parties, after the election, harmoniously agreed on all the Federal laws required for their organization. The territories will remain in all respects the same, whether the revolution succeed or shall fall. The condition of slavery in the several States will remain just the same, whether it succeed or fall.

There is not even a pretext for the complaint that the disaffected states are to be conquered by the United States, if the revolution fall; for the rights of the States and the condition of every human being in them, will remain subject to exactly the same laws and forms of administration, whether the revolution shall succeed or fall. In the one case the states would be Federally connected with the new Confederacy: in the other, they would, as now, be members of the United States, but their constitutions and laws, customs, habits and institutions, in either case, will remain the same.

It is hardly necessary to add to this incontestible statement the further fact that the new president, as well as the citizens through whose suffrages he has come into the administration, has always repudiated all designs whatever, and whenever imputed to him and them, of disturbing the system of slavery as it is existing under the constitution and laws. The case, however, would not be fully presented, if I were to omit to say that any such effort on his part would be unconstitutional, and all his actions in that direction would be prevented by the judicial authority, even though they were assented to by congress and the people.

“The truly honest man is he who valueth not himself on anything.”

The Pauper's Burial.

“Bury him there,
No matter where—
Hustle him out of the way!
Trouble enough
We have with such stuff,
Taxes and money to pay.

Bury him there,
No matter where,
Off in some corner at best:
There's no use of stones
Above his bones—
Nobody'll ask where they rest.

Bury him there,
No matter where—
None by his death are bereft.
Stopping to pray?
Shovel away!
We still have enough of them left.

The foregoing lines too truly delineate the cold indifference with which the poor remains of those who are born to suffer and die, are huddled into the grave.”

Pyroligneous Acid.

The following is from the Charleston Courier:—“We invite renewed attention to the uses and possible applications of pyroligneous acid (which can easily be made anywhere) to the preservation of fishes and meats. In the present condition of the salt market, a brief statement of the uses and value of pyroligneous acid will be interesting to many of the readers of the Courier. We quote from the U. S. Dispensatory :

“The crude acid is advantageously applied to preservation of animal food. Mr. William Ramsey (Edin. Phil., 111, 21) made some interesting experiments with it for that purpose.

Herrings and other fish simply dipped in the acid, and afterwards dried in the shade were effectually preserved, and when eaten were found very agreeable to the taste.

Fresh beef dipped in the acid for a minute, in summer, was perfectly sweet in the following spring.

Prof. Silliman states that one quart of the acid added to the common pickle for a barrel of hams, at the time they are laid down, will impart the smoked flavor as perfectly as if they had undergone the ordinary process of smoking.”

Is there not enterprise enough to begin the manufacture and use of this acid?”

Epigram.

One of the New York journals has the following epigram from the German :

“Adam in Paradise to sleep was laid,
Then was there from his side a woman made:
Poor Father Adam! much it grieveth me
That thy first sleep thy last repose should be.”

Chloride of Lime.

“Chloride of Lime is manufactured on a very large scale, at the Maryland Chemical Works at Baltimore. A large chamber lined with lead is made use of, and about 5000 lbs. of hydrate of lime is placed thinly on movable shelves. The chlorine gas is then introduced into the chamber, and is absorbed by the lime. The top shelves are saturated first. The lime is then stirred and the shelves reversed, the top placed at the bottom, and the bottom at the top, and so on through the whole, introducing additional quantities of chloride, as the shelves are transposed, and the gas absorbed or united. The chloride thus made is considered fully equal to the best bleaching salt which can be imported.

It is an article extensively employed in the arts, especially in bleaching. One grain of it will destroy the coloring matter of two grains of the best Spanish indigo.

It is generally employed in solution, which is made in the proportion of four ounces to one pint of water: and as only one half of the lime is dissolved, it will be necessary to filter, in order to obtain the clear solution. Dilute one part of the liquid with 40 parts of water, a pint with 5 gallons, or a wine-glass full to three quarts of water, stir the mixture, and it is then fit for use. It is the most powerful disinfecting agent hitherto discovered, and an instantaneous destroyer of every bad smell. It is an infallible destroyer of all effluvia, arising from animal and vegetable decomposition, and effectually prevents their deleterious influence. Hence it is particularly recommended to the attention of those residing in epidemic districts, as there is reason to expect that the mixture sprinkled about apartments would prevent the access of contagion to a certain extent around. Its value will be appreciated by the faculty in the examination for inquests, dissection, and anatomical preparations. For all these desirable purposes, it is only necessary to sprinkle the diluted liquid in the apartment, or on the object requiring purification.

The effluvia from drains, sewers, and other receptacles of the same nature, will be destroyed by pouring into them a quart of the mixture, added to a pailful of water, and repeating the operation until it is completely removed.

Tainted meats, and animal food of every kind may be rendered sweet by sprinkling them with the mixture. Water in cisterns may be purified, and animalcula destroyed by putting into it a small quantity of the pure liquid, say about half a pint to

120 gallons of water, and consequently it is highly valuable on board of a ship.

The nuisances arising from disagreeable and unhealthy manufactories may be equally obviated by the mere sprinkling of the chloride of lime, and the health of the workmen very materially preserved in such a deleterious process as the preparation of oil colors. It destroys the smell of the paint so effectually that a room painted in the day may be slept in that night, without any smell of paint being perceived, if it be sprinkled some hours before with the mixture.

Smelters of lead, glue, and size makers, tallow and soap manufacturers, skin dressers, &c., may deprive their premises of all offensive smell by the same process. The close and confined air of hospitals, prisons, ships, &c., will be almost instantaneously purified by sprinkling the diluted chloride of lime in small quantities from a watering pot. The stains from fruits, &c., may be removed from table linen, by dipping the article stained, in water, applying the chloride of lime until the stain is removed, and then rinsing well in cold water previous to being washed."—The foregoing was published 30 or 40 years ago.

Samuel Daniel.

"Samuel Daniel was the son of a music-master. He was born in 1562, near Trenton, in Somersetshire, and seems to have been educated under the patronage of the Pembroke family. In 1579, he was entered a commoner of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, where he chiefly devoted himself to the study of poetry and history. At the end of three years, he quitted the university, without taking a degree, and was appointed tutor to Anne Clifford, daughter of the Earl of Cumberland. After the death of Spenser, Daniel became what Mr. Campbell calls 'voluntary laureate' to the court, but he was soon superseded by Ben. Jonson. In the reign of James (1603) he was appointed Master of the Queen's Revels, and inspector of the plays to be represented by the juvenile performers. He was also to be preferred to be a Gentleman-Extraordinary and Groom of the Chamber to Queen Anne. Towards the close of his life, he retired to a farm at Beckington, in Somersetshire, where he died in October, 1619.

The works of Daniel fill two considerable volumes: but most of them are extremely dull. Of this nature is, in particular, his History of the Civil War (between the houses of York and Lancaster) which occupied him for several years, but is not in the

least superior to the most sober of prose narratives. His Complaint of Rosamond is, in like manner, rather a piece of versified history than a poem. His two tragedies, Cleopatra and Philotas, and two pastoral tragi-comedies, Hymen's Triumph and The Queen's Arcadia, are not less deficient in poetical effect. In all of these productions, the historical taste of the author seems to have altogether suppressed the poetical. It is only by virtue of his minor pieces and sonnets, that Daniel continues to maintain his place amongst the English poets. His Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland is a fine effusion of meditative thought.

Early Love.

Ah, I remember well (and how can I
But evermore remember well) when first
Our flame began, when scarce we knew what
was

The flame we felt; and when we sat and sighed
And looked upon each other, and conceived
Not what we ailed, yet something we did ail,
And yet were well, and yet we were not well,
And what was our disease we could not tell.
Then would we kiss; then sigh, then look. And
thus

In that first garden of our simpleness
We spent our childhood. But years began
To reap the fruit of knowledge. Aye, how then
Would she with sterner looks, with graver brow,
Check my presumption and my forwardness!
Yet still would give me flowers, still would
show

What she would have me, yet not have me
know."

The Devil to Pay.

"We have heard a good story on Stonewall Jackson. It has come to be commonly said in camp that nobody knows Stonewall's secrets except his old negro body-servant. Some one talking to the old negro asked him how he came to be so much in the confidence of his master:

'Lord, Sir,' said he, 'massa never tells me nothing, but the way I knows is this: Massa says his prayers twice a day, morning and night: but if he gets out of bed two or three times in the night to pray, you see I just commences packing my haversack, for I knows there will be the very devil to pay next day.'

Church Militants.

"During the Irish rebellion, a Roman Catholic priest of the name of Roche is said to have told the soldiers that he would catch the bullets in his hand, and actually exhibited some which he pretended to have got in that manner. The imposture was by no means new. The celebrated anabaptist demagogue, Muncer, who, adding the fanaticism of religion to the extremest enthusiasm of republicanism, by his

harangues to the populace of Mulhausen soon found himself at the head of forty thousand troops, thus addressed them: "Everything must yield to the Most High, who has placed me at the head of you. In vain the enemy's artillery shall thunder against you—in vain, indeed, for I will receive in the sleeve of my gown every bullet that shall be shot against you, and that alone shall be an impenetrable rampart against all the efforts of the enemy." Muncer, however, was not so good as his word, for the Landgrave of Hesse and many of the nobility marching against him, his troops were defeated, himself taken prisoner, and carried to Mulhausen, where he perished upon a scaffold in 1525."

Robert Adam.

"Robert Adam, an architect, was born, in 1728, at Kirkcaldy, in Fife, was educated at Edinburgh university, learnt the principles of architecture from his father, and studied the art in Italy. After his return, he published, in a splendid folio, with engravings, an Account of Diocletian's Palace at Spalatro, was appointed architect to his majesty, chosen a member of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, and subsequently elected M. P. for the shire of Kinross. Many of the most eminent men of the age were his friends. In conjunction with his brother James, he erected numerous mansions, and public buildings, among which is the Adelphi. He died in 1792, and his brother, in 1794.

Themistocles.

"As Themistocles was leading the forces of Athens against the Persians, he met some cocks fighting, on which he commanded his army to halt, and thus addressed them: 'Fellow soldiers, observe these animals: they do not assail each other for the sake of country, nor for their paternal goods, nor for the sepulchres of their heroic ancestors, nor for glory, nor for liberty, nor for children, but for mastery. How then ought you to fight, who have all these things to contend for?' This homely, but apt speech is said to have had a powerful effect in animating the Athenians to victory: and in order to perpetuate the memory of the incident, a law was afterwards passed, that 'there should be a public cock-match on the stage every year.' And hence, says Ælian, arose the pastime of cock-fighting.

Quin.

"The instruction of King George III, in elocution, was assigned to the celebrated Quin, under whose direction plays were sometimes performed at Leicester House by the young-branches of the royal family. Quin, who afterwards obtained a pension for his services, was justly proud of the distinction conferred on him, and when he heard of the graceful manner in which his majesty delivered his first speech from the throne, he cried out, 'Aye, I taught the boy to speak.'

"Naturally to be without envy is a certain indication of great qualities."

TURNWOLD, GA., SEPTEMBER 29, 1862.

Salt Meeting.

At a meeting of the citizens of Putnam County, held on last Tuesday, on motion of J. T. Bowdoin, W. C. Davis was appointed agent to receive and disburse the portion of salt coming to our people under Gov. Brown's arrangement to supply the country with this much-needed article.

Newspapers.

"Many persons like newspapers, but few preserve them: yet the most interesting reading imaginable is a file of newspapers. It brings up the past age with all its bustle and everyday affairs, and marks its genius and its spirit more than the most labored description of the historian. Who can take up a paper half a century old, without the thought that almost every name there printed, is now upon a tombstone, or at the head of an epitaph? The newspapers of the present day will be especially interesting, years hence, as containing the current record of events fraught with tremendous import to the cause of freedom in all the civilized world. We therefore would urge upon all, the propriety of preserving their papers. They will be a source of pleasure and interest to them hereafter."

The father of the editor of The Countryman was one of the most indefatigable preservers of newspapers, and newspaper slips. Hence one of the rich store-houses from which this journal draws its excellent selections with so much facility.

Soap without Grease.

"A correspondent sends us the following recipe for making soap without grease, which is of importance to house-keepers at this time:

'To four gallons of strong lye, add ten pounds of distilled rosin: or eight pounds of pine-gum not distilled and free of trash is better. Boil steadily, until there is no rosin to be seen: and if the quantity of lye is not sufficient, add more, and continue to add until the rosin is out, and boil until it makes a brown jelly soap. I have used this soap for a year, and it is equal to the best soap made with grease.'

Henry IV. of France.

"Before the battle of Ivry, Henry made an address to his soldiers. It was brief, but singularly impressive:

'Enfans, je suis votre Roi: vous etes Francois: voila l'ennemi: donnons!' (Soldiers, I am your king: you are Frenchmen: behold the enemy: let us charge.')

"Virtue would not go so far, if vanity did not bear her company."

Good, Easy People.

"There are a vast number of easy, pliable, good-natured human expletives in the world, who are just what that world chooses to make them. They glitter without pride, and are affable without humility. They sin without enjoyment, and pray without devotion. They are charitable, not to benefit the poor, but to court the rich. Profligate without passion, they are debauchees to please others, and to punish themselves. Thus a youth without fire is followed by an old age without experience, and they continue to float down the tide of time, as circumstances or chance may dictate, divided between God and the world, and serving both, but rewarded by neither."

"He must be a truly honest man who is willing to be always open to the inspection of honest men."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

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 profess to publish a news paper, for, under the circumstances, that is impossible. My aim is to model my journal after Addison's Little Paper, The Spectator, Steele's Little Paper, The Tatler, Johnson's Little Papers, The Rambler and The Adventurer, and Goldsmith's Little Paper, The Bee: neither of which, I believe, was as large as The Countryman. It is my aim to fill my Little Paper with: Wit, Humor, Anecdote, Essays, Poems, Sketches, Agricultural Articles, and Short Tales. I do not intend to publish any thing that is dull, didactic, or prosy. I wish to make a neatly-printed, select Little Paper—a pleasant companion for the leisure hour, and to relieve the minds 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 octavo 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.

This is decidedly the most readable paper which reaches our office, and we think a great many people would be much benefited by taking it, paying for it, and reading it. It is a small paper, but some one has said—perhaps "Stonewall"—that "Good things are usually put up in small packages." This aphorism finds illustration in The Countryman at any rate, as any one may prove for himself by sending his address, accompanied by \$1, to J. A. Turner at Eatonton, Ga.—We write these lines simply as a tribute to merit, and to induce, if possible, our people to encourage Southern literature by their patronage.—**BANNER & BAPTIST**

JOB WORK executed with neatness and despatch at this office. 2-14 tf
Sept. 15.

HAT SHOP.—The hat shop at this place has passed under my control, though Mr. Wail is still boss-workman. All orders for hats can now be filled with promptness and despatch, at the old rates of 2 lbs. of wool (or their equivalent in money) in payment for one wool hat. J. A. TURNER.
Sept 29, 1862. 3 1-tf

SUBSTITUTES WANTED.—Two able bodied men, over 45 years old: one for the 3rd Georgia, and one for the 44th Georgia Volunteers. A liberal price will be paid if good recommendations can be given. Apply to the undersigned in person at Stanfordville, Ga. or by letter to Eatonton, Ga.
September 22, 1862 tf B. B. ODOM.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.—Under an order of the Court of Ordinary of Putnam Co., I will offer for sale, on the 1st Tuesday in Nov. next, before the court-house door of Eatonton, the real estate of William Eakin deceased, consisting of 1020 acres, more or less. The property may be divided into two places, with good settlements, and a good proportion of woodland on each. Both places are well watered, and immediately join, the one a Methodist, and the other a Baptist church, besides being convenient to a post office and store, shoe-shops, lumber and grist mills, printing-office, and hat-shop. Two more desirable residences cannot be found. They will be sold separately, or jointly, as may be deemed best on the day of sale, when terms will be made known.
Sept. 22, 1862. (tds) A. H. FAKIN, Adm'r.

GEORGIA, PUTNAM COUNTY.—Whereas Presley E. Prichard applies for letters of administration on the estate of Benjamin F. Rogers, late of said county, deceased—

These are therefore to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and creditors of said deceased, and all others interested, to be and 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 27th day of August, 1862. WM. B. CARTER, Ordinary.
Aug. 30, 1862. 12 5t

GEORGIA, PUTNAM COUNTY.—Whereas Mrs. Mary Raney applies for letters of administration on the estate of Wm. F. Raney, late of said county, dec'd.—

These are therefore to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and creditors of said deceased, and all others interested, to be and 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 27th day of August, 1862. WM. B. CARTER, Ordinary.
Aug. 30, 1862. 12 5t

GEORGIA, PUTNAM COUNTY.—Whereas John Pinkerton applies for letters of administration on the estate of Wm. G. Pinkerton, late of said county, deceased—

These are therefore to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and creditors of said deceased, and all others interested, to be and 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 27th day of August, 1862. WM. B. CARTER, Ordinary.
Aug. 30, 1862. 12 5t

SIXTY DAYS after date, application will be made to the Court of Ordinary of Putnam County, for leave to sell the real estate of James Pinkerton, deceased.
Aug. 30, 1862. JOHN PINKERTON, Ex'r. 12-9t

SIXTY DAYS after date, application will be made to the court of Ordinary of Putnam County, for leave to sell the house and lot belonging to the Estate of William Arnold, lying in the town of Eatonton.
Aug. 16th, 1862. R. J. WYNNE, Ex'r.

SIXTY DAYS after date, application will be made to the Court of Ordinary of Putnam County for leave to sell the land and negroes of the estate of Mrs. Sarah J. Cox, deceased.
Aug. 9, 1862. (w.b.c.) S. J. McMILLAN, Adm'r.

NOTICE.—Persons indebted to either the estate of A. C. or E. A. Harton, are hereby notified that unless they make payment by the 15th Oct next, they will be sued indiscriminately. A. T. PUTNAM.
Sept. 6th, 1862. 2 13 7t

ALL persons having demands against the estate of A. John A. Cogburn, deceased, are hereby notified to present them, properly attested, to me, within the time prescribed by law: and all persons indebted to said deceased are hereby required to make immediate payment. D. A. WEAVER, Ex'r.
August 23, 1862. 2-11 6t

THE EVANGELICAL PULPIT: Published monthly, by Wilkes & Marshall, Forsyth, Ga., at \$1 per annum
Aug 23, 1862. 2-11- tf

FUR AND WOOL WANTED: for which I am paying the highest cash prices at my hat shop.
Sept. 15, 1862. 2-14-tf J. A. TURNER.

PRESS WANTED.—Any one having a good medium power press for sale, will please address The Countryman.
Sept. 15, 1862. 2-14-tf

WANTED TO HIRE: 2 or 3 likely men, or boys, for whom liberal monthly wages will be paid. Apply at this office.
Sept. 15, 1862. 2-14-tf