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THOS. W. ATKIN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF THE MESSENGER:

Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum in advance, or Three Dollars within the year.

No paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the Editor, until all arrears are paid.

Advertisements will be received at One dollar per square of ten lines or less, for the first insertion, and Two dollars per square for each continuation. The number of insertions desired must be marked on the margin, or the advertisement will be continued till paid, and charged accordingly. Court Orders will be charged six dollars, invariably.

The charge for announcing the name of a candidate for office is \$2.50 in advance, \$3.00 if paid, and \$1.00 delayed.

Letters to the Editor must come free of postage.

POETRY.

"Tis sweet to Love—

Dream, In which the light of a year,
Is which our hearts with beauty's beam,
Illumes our minds; a known no tears,
And the soul's similitude knows no tears.
Ah! yes, it is a dream of heaven,
In which earth's angel charms the heart,
With more of joy than gold hath given,
Or proudest diadems impart.

"Tis sweet of all life's bliss,
The dearest hour that we have known,
—With that of earth, what the kiss
Of fond affection met our own!
Oh! in a green spot on the waste
Of retrospect, at the last;
The grave of buried bane, oft-traced;
The heaviest spectre of the past.

"Tis sweet to love—fond memory
Will turn the tears, and oft repeat
The tokens of that ecstasy,
First felt when no joy at beauty's feet;
And there is a joy below,
More sweet than earth can e'er impart,
It is—O! ye fits to kind pure heart.
We love, and own—own pure heart.

"Tis sweet to love—
Brightens beauty's grace; move;
With many a tear, on mem'ry's page,
Monuments of early love;
And while the heart holds out to beat,
How sweet to his soul that spot
Where first full love's hopes so sweet,
Which ne'er in life can be forgot.

"Tis sweet to love—let ev'ryone share;
And anthonies their coldness prove;
There's not a joy on earth so dear—
No, wretchedly like woman's love;
Without her love, so pure, so cease,
Life were a solitary sleep;
The world a wilderness—a waste,
And man a wretch, devoid of hope.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Fire-Hunt.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MAY JONES' COURTSHIP."

Samuel Sikes was one of the most inveterate hunters I ever knew. He delighted in no other pursuit or pastime, and though he pretended to cultivate a small spot of ground, yet a large portion of his time was spent in the pursuit of game, that his agricultural interests suffered much for the want of proper attention. He lived a few miles from the town, and as you passed his house, which stood a short distance from the main road, a few acres of corn and a small patch of potatoes might probably attract your notice as standing greatly in need of the hoe; but the most prominent objects about Sam's domain pertained to his favorite pursuit. A huge pair of antlers—a trophy of one of his proudest achievements—occupied a conspicuous place on the gable end; some ten or a dozen old fishing poles, though modestly stowed behind the chimney, projected far above the roof of the little cabin, and upon its unchristened walls many a coon and deer skin were undergoing the process of drying. It all these did not convince you that the proprietor was a sportsman, the varied and dolorous music of a score of hunting hounds, as they issued forth, in full cry at every passer-by, could not fail to force the conviction.

Sam had early found a companion to share with him his good or ill luck, and though he was yet on the green side of thirty, he was obliged to provide for some five or six tall fellow-faced "responsibilities," so he not only deserved the chase from choice, but when his wife—who hated "fishermens' luck," worse than Sam did a "miss" or a "mifflie"—took him to account for spending so many broken days, Saturday afternoons, rainy days, and odd hours, to say nothing of whole nights in the woods, without bringing home a sum such as a cut squirrel or horney-head, his reply was, that he was "bleeged to do this here, he could get meat for her and the children."

The Fire Hunt was Sam's hobby, and though the Legislature had recently passed an act prohibiting that mode of hunting, he continued to indulge, as freely as ever, in his favorite sport, resolutely maintaining that the law was "unconstitutional and against reason." He had often urged me to accompany him, just to see how skilful he could shoot a buck's eye; and such were the glowing accounts he had from time to time given of his achievements in that way, that he had drawn from me a promise to go with him "some of these times."

I was sitting one evening, after tea, upon the steps of the porch, enjoying the cool autumn breeze, when my friend Sam Sikes suddenly made his appearance. He had come for me to go on a fire-hunt, and was mounted on his mule, Blaze, with his pan on one shoulder and his musket on the other. Determined to have every thing in readiness before calling me, he had gone to the kitchen, and lit a few light wood splinters, which were now blooming in his pan, and which served the double purpose of lighting him through the enclosure, and of demonstrating to me a manner of hunting by night. As he approached the house, his light discovered me, where I was sitting.

"Good evening, Major," said he, "I've come to see if you're a mind to take a little hunt to-night."

"I believe not, Mr. Sikes," I replied, feeling entirely too well satisfied with my pleasant seat in the cool breeze to desire to change it for a night ramble in the woods. "Not to-night, I thank you—it looks like rain."

"Oh, shew, 'taint givin' to rain, no sir—and I'm all fixed—come, come along, major."

As he spoke, he rode closer to the porch, and his mule made several efforts to crop the shrubbery that grew by the door, which Sam very promptly opposed.

"How far are you going, Mr. Sikes?" I inquired, endeavoring to shake off the heavy fit which induced me to keep my seat.

"Only jist up the branch a li'l bit—not beyond a mile from your fence at the outside. Look at this!" he exclaimed in a louder tone, as he gave the reins a jerk. "This's deen a play up at the fork, and we'll have it right again. Come, you'd better go, and—Why, look at him!" giving the reins another jerk, at the same time that he sent a kick to his mule's ribs that might have been heard a hundred yards—"and I'll show you how to shine the eyes of a buck."

As he sat in his saddle persuading me to go, his mule kept frisking and turning in such a manner as to annoy him exceedingly. Upon his left shoulder he bore his blazing pan, and upon his right he held his musket, holding the reins also in his right hand; so that any effort on his part to restrain the refractory movements of his animal was attended with much difficulty. I had about made up my mind to go, when the mule evinced a more resolute determination to get at the shrubbery.

"Whoa! whoa, now!—blast your heart—now look at him!"—then might be heard a few good lively kicks. "Come, mister, git your gun, and let's—will you hold up a hand squeal, and a noise like the snapping of bridle reins.

"Thunder and lightnin'" exclaimed Sam, as he dropped gun, pan and all, and stood fixed to the spot. "I've shot old Blaze!"

So soon as he had recovered from the shock, we hastened to the spot, and, sure enough, there lay the luckless mule, still thundering in the agonies of death. The gun had been too good, and poor Blaze was hurt "past a laundry." Sam stood over him in silent agony, and, notwithstanding the bitteraledness he had so recently bestowed upon him, now that he saw the poor animal stretched upon the ground in death, and knew that his "internal power" would give him no more for ever, a flood of tender recollection of past services poured over his repentant heart. He uttered not a word until after the last signs of life were extict; then, with a heavy sigh, he muttered:

"Poor old critter! well, I reckon I've done the business now, sure enough. That's what I calls a pretty night's work, anyhow!"

"A bad beginning doesn't always make a good ending, Mr. Sikes," he continued.

"Coss us, mister, it will run so sometimes, still he in a sulky tone, as he commenced taking the saddle off his deceased donkey—"I'm blamed if I see how I got so jilted round."

By this time it had commenced to rain, and we were anxious to get home; but Sam had dropped his gun and pan, as the awful truth struck upon him that he had killed a true mule possessed in the world, and we now found it difficult to recover them.

After searching about for half an hour in the drizzling rain, Sam chanced to come upon the spot from whence he had taken the helpless animal, and having regained his gun and pan, we endeavored to strike a fire; all our efforts, however, to produce a light proved ineffectual, and we essayed to grope our way through the darkness.

"Hello, mister, what is yours?"

"Here."

"What are you gwine?"

"Home."

"Well, that ain't the way."

"Why, we game this way."

"No, I reckon not."

"I'm sure we didn't come that way."

"Whar, in the devil's name, is the house?" I petulantly inquired. Sam. "If I could only see the branch, I could soon find the way."

"It must be down in this way," I replied.

"S'mowhowather, I'm t'got to go back to-night," remarked Sam, as he came trudging through the briars with his strong iron dangling about his neck, his gun in one hand and frying-pan in the other. "If I hadn't be completely dambozed, I'd never kill'd Blaze like I did."

I volunteered to carry his gun, but he was in no humor for the interchange of civilities—still "karping" on his mule, he trudged on grumbling to himself.

"What," he muttered, "will Poly say now—I never hear the last of that critter the longest day I live! That's worse than chop the cuhn tree across the settin' hen's wing, and I lied never to hear the end of that."

After groping through the briars and briars which seemed to grow thicker the farther we proceeded, for some time, Sam stopped—

"I swear, mister, this windin' way."

"Well, then lead the way, and I'll follow you," I replied, beginning, myself, to think I was wrong.

Correspondence of the New York Herald.

The members of the House of Representatives have been practicing target shooting, and on and on, for a week past, with Jenkins' potent carbine. The spot selected for this sort of exercise, is directly west of the Government buildings, being a range clear across the country to the Potomac.

In order to show you so me of the advantages which this carbine possesses over any other sort of gun now in use, I shall give you a few details of its qualities, derived from the most authority:

First the United States musket, now in use, weighs 10 1/2 pounds. Jenkins' carbine complete, only 6 1/4 pounds.

In one of the experiments made by a board of officers, it was found that no other injury to the piece was sustained, after firing it 4,500 times, than the opening of the stock in the vicinity of the lock, an slender fish of an inch.

"One of the soldiers fired about seven eighties of the 4,500 discharges, and expressing the belief that we'll have a better shootin' next time."

"My curiosity is satisfied," I replied, "would it pass such another night in the woods for all the deer in Georgia?"

"Now, I wouldn't care a tinker's cuss, said Sam, "if I only just hadn't killed Blaze—That's what sets me back, mister."

"That was, indeed, an unlucky mistake. I should think a few such exploits as that would cure you of your fire-hunting propensity. But I expect you never had such luck before to-night."

"Well, Mr. Sikes," I replied, "I don't."

"No not exactly—the I've had some mon-

sterous bad luck in my time, too. I reckon you never heard about the time I got among the painters."

"No—how was that?"

"Well, it was bout this time last fall, I and Dadie went out and camped on Spruce Creek. Well he took his pan and went out one way, and I went another. I went shinny along jist as you seed me to night, till I got a good hit from the camp, and bimby, sure enough, I sees eyes not more'n forty yards off. I fetched out old Blaze up to my face and cut loose, and the deer dropped right in my tracks; but somehow, in my hurry, I dropped my pan, jist like I did to night, when I heard old Blaze squeal. While I was tryin' to kindle up a light, what should two more eyes shinny way down the hollow. I dropped the fire and loaded up old Blaze as quick as I could, to be ready for the pursuit, when I heard old Blaze squeal again. I raised on tiptoe with eager anticipation—I heard the click of the lock—there was a moment of portentous silence—then the old musket blazed forth with a thundering report, and in the same instant was heard a loud squeal, and a noise like the snapping of bridle reins.

"Thunder and lightnin'" exclaimed Sam, as he dropped gun, pan and all, and stood fixed to the spot. "I've shot old Blaze!"

So soon as he had recovered from the shock, we hastened to the spot, and, sure enough, there lay the luckless mule, still thundering in the agonies of death. The gun had been too good, and poor Blaze was hurt "past a laundry."

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He uttered not a word until after the last signs of life were extict; then, with a heavy sigh, he muttered:

"They might have eaten you, too."

"That's a fact. Blaze can be wonered they didn't make hole of me."

The drizzling shower which had already nearly wet us to the skin, now turned to a drizzling storm, which continued for more than an hour without intermission. When the storm abated we discovered the down upon the ground beneath the edges of the gums, around the necks of the teeth, in their inter-tissues, and various indentations and fissures, and when taken into the mouth in another form. These particles are not so numerous as nuclear, around which the thickened and vitiated secretions of the mouth gather, but also, from their stimulating properties, and their retarding action beneath the edges of the gums, and in the crevices of the teeth, are destructive of much resistance, both to the gums and growth.

It is a powder that would soon be manufactured, if the soil, containing a sufficient amount of lime, were to be converted into a fine powder, as lime-spar, and is intended to be used in a variety of liniments and poultices, and in the treatment of ulcers, and in the preparation of ointments, as well as in the preparation of dentures, especially in the teeth.

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