Raftsman's Journal.

COME AND TAKE ME.—Duvivier.

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PARODY ON HOHENLINDEN.

In seasons when our funds are low,
Subscribers are provoking slow,
And new supplies keep up the flow
Of dimes, departing rapidly.

But we shall see a sadder sight,
When *duns* pour in from morn till night,
Commanding every sixpence bright
To be forked over speedily.

Our bonds and due bills are arrayed—
Each seal and signature's displayed—
The holders vow they must be paid
With threats of "Law and Chancery,"

Then to despair we're almost driven—
There's precious little use in livin',
When our *last* copper's rudely riven
From hands that hold it lovingly.

But larger yet these dues shall grow
When interest's added on below,
Length'ning our chin a foot or so;
While gazing at them hopelessly.

'Tis so, that scarce have we begun
To plead for time upon a dun;
Before there comes some other one
Demanding pay ferociously.

The prospect darkens. On, ye brave,
Who would our very bacon save!
Waive, Patriots! all your pretexts waive!
And pay the Printer cheerfully.

Ah! it would yield us pleasure sweet,
A few delinquents now to meet,
Asking of us a clear receipt,
For papers taken reg'larly.

THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

A Thrilling Sketch.

I shall never forget the commencement of the temperance reform. I was a child at the time, of some ten years of age. Our home had every comfort; and my parents idolized me, their child. Wine was often on the table, and both my father and my mother frequently gave it to me in the bottom of the glasses.

One Sunday at church a startling announcement was made to our people. I knew nothing of its purport, but there was much whispering among the men. The pastor said that on the next evening there would be a meeting, and an address on the evils of intemperance in the use of alcoholic drinks. He expressed himself ignorant of the object of the meeting, and could not say what course it would be best to pursue in the matter.

The subject of the meeting came up at our table after the service, and I questioned my father about it with all the curious eagerness of a child. The whisper and words which had been dropped in my hearing clothed the whole affair with a great mystery to me, and I was all eagerness to learn some strange thing.

My father merely said it was some scheme to unite Church and State.

The night came, and troops of people gathered on the tavern steps, and I heard the jest and the laugh, and saw drunken men reeling out of the bar-room. I urged my father to let me go, but he refused. Finally, thinking it would be an innocent gratification of my curiosity he put on his hat and we passed across the green to the church. I remember well how the people appeared as they came in, seeming to wonder what kind of an exihibition was to come off.

In the corner was the tavern keeper, and around him a number of friends.

For an hour the people of the place continued to come in, until there was a fair house full. All were curiously watching at the door wondering what would appear next. The pastor stole in and took a seat behind a piller under the gallery, as if doubtfull of the propriety of being in church at all.

Two men finally came in and went to the alter, and took their seats. All eyes were fixed upon them, and a general stillness pervaded the house.

The men were unlike in appearance, one being short and thick-set in build, the other tall and well formed. The younger had the manner and dress of a clergyman, a full round face, and quite a good natured look, as he leisurely looked around the audience.

But my childish interest was all in the old man. His broad, deep chest, and unusual heighth, looked giant-like as he strode up the aisle. His hair was white, his brow deeply seamed with furrows, and around his handsome mouth lines of calm and touching sadness.—His eye was black and restless, and kindled as the tavern keeper uttered a low jest aloud.—His lips were compressed, and a crimson flush went and came over his pale cheek. One arm was off above the elbow, and there was a wide scar over the right eye.

The younger finally arose and stated the object of the meeting, and asked if there was a clergyman present to open with prayer.

Our pastor kept his seat, and the speaker himself made a short prayer, and then made a short address, at the conclusion calling upon any one present to make remarks.

The pastor rose under the gallery, and attacked the positions of the speaker, using the argument which I have often heard since, and concluded by denouncing those engaged in the new movement as meddlesome fanatics, who wish to break up the time-honored usages of good society, and injure the business of respectable men. At the conclusion of his remarks, the tavern keeper and his friends got up a cheer, and the current of feeling was evidently against the strangers and their plan.

While the pastor was speaking, the old man had fixed his dark eye upon him, and leaned forward as if to catch every word.

As the pastor took his seat, the old man arose, his tall form towering in its symmetry, and his chest swelling as he inhaled his breath through his thin dilated nostrils. To me, that time, there was something awe inspiring and grand in the appearance of the old man as he stood with his full eye upon the audience, his teeth shut hard, and a silence like that of death throughout the church.

He bent his gaze upon the tavern keeper, and that peculiar eye lingered and kindled for half a moment.

The scar grew red upon his forehead, and beneath the heavy eyebrows his eyes glittered and glowed like those of a serpent. The tavere keeper quailed before that searching glance, and I felt a relief when the old man withdrew his gaze. For a moment he seemed lost in thought, and then with a low aud tremulous tone commenced. There was a depth in that voice, a thrilling pathos and sweetness, which rivited every heart in the house, before the first period had been rounded. My father's attention had become fixed upon the speaker with an interest which I had never before seen him exhibit. Insensible of what the old man said, though the scene is as vivid before me as any that I ever witnessed.

'My friends!—I am a stranger in your village, and I trust I may call you friends—a new star has arisen, and there is hope in the dark night which hangs like a pall of gloom over our country.' With a thrilling depth of voice, the speaker continued: 'O God, thou who lookest with compassion upon the most erring of earth's children, I thank thee that a brazen serpent has been lifted, upon which the drunkard can look and be helped; that a beacon has burst out upon the darkness that that surrounds him which shall guide back to honor and heaven, the bruised and weary wanderer.'

It is strange what power there is in some voices. The speaker was slow and measured, but a tear trembled in every tone; and before I knew why, a tear dropped upon my hand, followed by others like raindrops. The old man brushed one from his own eyes, and continued:

'Men and Christians! You have just heard that I am a vagrant and fanatic. I am not.—As God knows my own sad heart, I came here to do good. Hear me, and be just.

'I am an old man, standing alone, at the end of life's journey, there is a deep sorrow in my heart, and tears in my eyes. I have journeyed over a dark and beaconless ocean, and all life's hopes have been wrecked. I am without friends, home or kindred upon earth, and look with longing to the rest of the night of earth.—Without friends, kindred or home! I was not so once.'

No one could withstand the touching pathos of the old man. I noticed a tear trembling on the lid of my father's eye, and I no more felt ashamed of my own.

'No, my friends, it was not so once! Away over the dark waves which have wrecked my hopes, there is the blessed light of happiness and home. I reach again convulsively for the shrines of the household idols that once were, now mine no more.'

The old man seemed looking away through fancy upon some bright vision, his lips apart, and his fingers extended. I involuntary turned in the direction where it was pointed, dreading to see some shadow invoked by its magic movements.

'I once had a mother. With her old heart crushed with sorrows, she went down to her grave. I once had a wife—a fair, angel-hearted creature as ever smiled in an earthly home.

Her eyes as mild as a summer sky, and her heart as faithful and true as ever guarded and cherished a husband's love. Her blue eyes grew dim as the floods of sorrow washed away its brightness, and the living heart I wrung until every fibre was broken. I once had a noble, a brave and beautiful boy, but he was driven out from the ruins of his home, and my old heart yearns to know if yet he lives. I once had a babe—a sweet, tender blossom, but my hands destroyed it, and it liveth with one who loves children.

'Do not be startled, friends; I am not a murderer, in the common acceptation of the term. Yet there is a light in my evening sky. A spirit mother rejoices over the return of her prodigal son. The wife smiles upon him who again turns back to virtue and honor. The child-angel visits me at hightfall, and I feel the hallowing touch of a tiny palm upon my feverish cheek. My brave boy, if he yet lives, would forgive the sorrow of an old man for the treatment which drove him into the world, and the blow that maimed him for life. God forgive me for the ruin I have brought upon me and mine.'

He again wiped a tear from his eye. My father watched him with a strange interest, and a countenauce unusually pale and excited by some strange emotion.

'I was once a fanatic, and madly followed the malign light which led me to ruin. I was a fanatic when I sacrificed my wife, children, happiness and home, to the accursed demon of the bowl. I once adored the gentle being whom I injured so deeply.

'I was a drunkard. From respectability and affluence, I plunged into degredation and poverty. I dragged my family down with me.—For years I saw her cheek pale, and her step grow weary. I left her alone amid the wreck of her home idols, and rioted at the tavern.—She never complained, yet she and the children went hungry for bread.

'One New Year's night, I returned late to the hut where charity had given us a roof. She was yet up, and shivering over the coals. I demanded food, but she bursted into tears and told me there was none. I fiercely ordered her to get some. She turned her eyes sadly upon me, the tears falling fast over her pale cheek. At this moment the child in the cradle awoke and sent up a famishing wail, startling the despairing mother like a serpent's sting.

'We have no food, James—I have had none for several days. I have nothing for the babe. My once kind husband, must we starve?'

'That sad, pleading face, and those streaming eyes, and the feble wail of the child, maddened me, and I—yes, I struck her a fierce blow in the face, and she fell forward upon the hearth. The furies of hell boiled in my bosom, and with deeper intensity as I felt I had committed a wrong. I had never struck Mary before, and I stoopod as well as I could in my drunken state, and clenched both hands in her hair.

'God of mercy, James!' exclaimed my wife, as she looked up in my fiendish countenance, 'you will not kill us—you will not harm Willie;' and she sprang to the cradle, and grasped him in her embrace. I caught her again by the hair and dragged her to the door, and as I lifted the latch, the wind burst in with a cloud of snow. With the yell of a fiend, I still dragged her on, and hurled her out into the darkness and storm. With a wild ha! ha! I closed the door and turned the button, her pleading moans mingling with the wail of the blast, and sharp cry of her babe. But my work was not complete.

'I turned to the little bed where lay my elder son, and snatched him from his slumbers; and against his half-awaked struggles, opened the door thrust him out. I could not wrench that frenzied grasp away, and with the coolness of a devill as I was, shut the door upon his arm, and with my knife severed it at the wrist.'

The speaker ceased a moment and buried his face in his hands, as if to shut out some fearful dream, and his deep chest heaved like a storm-swept sea. My father had arisen from his seat, and was leaning forward, his countenance bloodless, and the large drops standing out upon his brow. Chills crept back to my young heart, and I wished I was at home. The old man looked up, and I never have since beheld such mortal agony pictured upoh a human face as there was on his.

'It was morning when I awoke, and the storm had ceased, but the cold was intense. I first secured a drink of water, and then looked in the accustomed place for Mary. As I missed her, for the first time, a shadowy sense of some horrible nightmare began to dawn upon my wandering mind. I thought I had had a fearful dream, but I involuntary opened the outside door with a shuddering dread. As the door opened, the snow burst in, followed by the fall of something across the threshold, scattering the snow and striking the floor with a sharp, bad sound. My blood shot like red-hot arrows through my veins, and I rubbed my eyes to shut out the sight. It was—O God, how horrible!—it was my own injured Mary and her babe frozen to ice! The ever true mother had bowed herself over the child, to shield it, her own person stark and bare to the storm.

She had placed her hair over the face of the child, and the sleet had frozen it to the white cheek. The frost was white in its half-opened eyes and upon its tiny fingers. 'I know not what became of my brave boy.'

Again the old man bowed his head and wept, and all that were in the house wept with him. My father sobbed like a child. In tones of low and heart-broken pathos the old man concluded:

'I was arrested, and for long months raved in delirium. I awoke, was sentenced to prison for ten years, but no tortures could have been like those I endured within my own bosom. O God, no—I am not a fanatic. I wish to injure no one. But while I live, let me strive to warn others not to enter the path which has been so dark and fearful a one to me.'

The old man sat down, but a spell as deep and strong as that wrought by some wizard's breath, rested upon the audience. Hearts could have been heard in their beating, and tears to fall. The old man then asked the people to sign the pledge. My father leaped from his seat, and snatched at it eagerly. I had followed him, and as he hesitated a moment with the pen in the ink, a tear fell from the old man's eye on the paper.

'Sign it, sign it, young man. Angels would sign it. I would write my name there ten thousand times in blood if it would bring back my loved and lost ones.'

My father wrote 'Mortimore Hudson.' The old man looked, wiped his tearful eyes, and looked again, his countenance alternately flushed with a red and deathlike paleness.

'It is—no, it cannot be—yet how strange, muttered the old man. 'Pardon me, sir, but that was the name of my brave boy.'

My father trembled, and held up the left arm, from which the hand had been severed.

They looked for a moment in each other's eyes, both reeled and gasped—

'My own injured son!'

'My father!'

They fell upon each other's necks and wept, until it seemed that their souls would grow and mingle into one. There was weeping in that church, and sad faces around me.

'Let me thank God for this great blessing which has gladdened my guilt-burdened soul!' exclaimed the old man; and kneeling down, he poured out his heart in one of the most melting prayers I ever heard. The spell was then broken, and all eagerly signed the pledge, slowly going to their homes, as if loth to leave the spot.

The old man is dead, but the lesson he taught his grand-child on the knee, as his evening sun went down without a cloud, will never be forgotten. His fanaticism has lost none of its fire in my manhood's heart.

Amateur Farming.

People generally make a great mistake in [illegible] while all other acupations require a considerable share of attention to the practical [illegible] to secure success, that one can plunge into farming without any previous acquaintance with it—without, perchance, knowing the difference between a rake and a wheelbarrow, or a plow and a sickle. Such, however, is frequently the case. Even farmers who should know better, are apt to undervalue the amount of knowledge and skill requisite to a successful carrying on of their business.

When Mr. Hunter, a city merchant, died, his widow was seized with a strong desire to go into the country to live. She had read in the Bible of sitting under one's own "vine and figtree," and she thought she would like to realize it. As her husband had left considerable property, she was enabled without difficulty to carry out her desire. She purchased a large farm, and stocked it through the agency of others. Of course there was a great probability of her being cheated. Chancing to be out there a few weeks after she had established herself on the farm, as she was dscoursing in glowing terms of her arrangements, we asked if she kept hens?

"Yes," said she, "but I sha'nt much longer. They're more plague than profit. I've been here four weeks, and the lazy creatures hav'nt laid a single egg. Besides, the're fighting all the time."

We requested to be shown to the coop. Looking in, we asked with surprise, "where are your hens?"

"There—don't you see them? Those are all I have."

"No wonder, then, you don't get any eggs, madam. Those are all *roosters!*"

"What! and don't roosters lay egg?" asked Mrs. Hunter in surprise. "I thought they did, or I should'nt have bought them."

Mrs. Hunter kept to agriculture for a year, and then had the wisdom to sell off, having sunk several thousand dollars in "amateur farming."

Advantage of Paying for a Newspaper in Advance.—One of the facts put in evidence at the supreme court, to sustain the will of the late Wm. Russell, was, that only a few days before he made his will, he called at the office of the *Democrat* and paid for his paper a year in advance thereby saving fifty cents. This fact was dwelt upon at length, by counsel, and commented upon by the judge in his charge, as one of great importance. Verdict of the jury would seem to sustain the position, that a man who has mind and memory enough to pay for his newspaper in advance, is competent to make his will.—*Franklin Democrat.*

☞The Springfield Post says, if you open an oyster and retain the liquor upon the deep shell, on examining it with a microscope you will find it full of little oysters floating about, one hundred and thirty of which only cover an inch: you will also perceive in it a variety of animalculæ, and myriads of worms of three distinct species, gamboling in the fluid.

☞Glass bottles were first made in England about 1558. The art of making glass bottles and drinking glasses was known to the Romans in the year 79, A.D.,—they have been found in the ruins of Pompeii.

A Leaf from Fanny Fern.

Dear me, I must go shopping. Shopping is a great nuisance, clerks are impertinent; feminity victimized. Miserable day, too; mud plastered an inch thick on the side walk.—Well, if we drop our skirts, gentlemen cry "Ugh;" if we lift them from the mud they level their eye-glass at our ankles. The true definition of a gentleman (not found in compleate Webster) is—a biped, who, of a muddy day, is pefectly oblivious of any thing but the shop signs.

Viva la France! Ingenious Parisans, send us over your clever invention—a chain suspended from the girdle, at the end of which is a gold hand to clasp up the superfluous length of our promenading robes, thus releasing our human digits and leaving them at liberty to wrestle with rude Boreas for the possession of the detestable little sham bonnets, which the milliners persist in hanging on the backs of our necks.

Well, here we are at Call & Ketceum's dry goods store. Now comes the tug of war; let Job's mantle fall on my feminine shoulders.—"Have you blue silk?

Yardstick, entirely ignorant of colors, after fifteen minutes snail-like research, (during which time I stand impatiently on one l—imb) hands me down a silk that is as green as himself.

Oh! away with these stupid masculine clerks, and give us women, who know by intuition what we want, to the imense saving of our lungs and leather, patience and prunella!

"Here's Mr. Timathy Tape's establishment."

"Have you any lace collars (points) Mr. Tape?"

Mr. Tape looks beneficent, and shows me some rounded collars, I repeat my request in the most pointed manner for pointed collars. Nr. Tape replies with a patronizing grin—

"Points is out, ma'am."

So am I."

Dear me, how tired my feet are! Nevertheless, I must have some merino. So I opened the door of Mr. Humbug's dry goods store, which is about a half a mile in length, and inquired for the desired article. Yong Yardstick directs me to the counter at the extreme and arrive there just ten minutes before sworn by my repeater, when I am told that they "are quite out of merinoes—but wont Lyonese cloth do as well?" I rush out in a high state of frenzy, and taking refuge in the next-door neighbour, inquire for some stockings.—Whereupon the clerks inquire (of the wrong customer) "what price I wish to pay?" Of course I am so verdant as to be caught in that trap and, tetotally disgusted with the entire institution of shopping, I drag my weary limbs into——new saloon to rest.

Bless me, what a display of gilding and girls, and gingerbread! What a heap of mirors! There's more than one Fanny Fern in the world. I found that out since I came in.

"What will you be pleased to have?" J-u-l-i-u-s C-æ-s-a-r! look at that white-aproned waiter pulling out his snuff-box and taking a pinch of snuff right over that bowl of white shugar that will be handed in five minutes to sweeten my tea! And there's another combing his hair with a pocket comb over that dish of oysters.

"What will I have!" Starve—but I'll have nothing till I can find a cleaner place than this to eat in.

Shade of old Paul Pry Boston! what do I hear! Two [well, I declare I am not shure whether they are ladies or women.] I don't understand these New York femininities.—At any rate, they've got on bonnets, and are telling the waiters to bring them "a bottle of Maraschine de Zara, some sponge cake, and some brandy." See them sip the cordial in their glasses with the gusto of an old toper.—See their eyes sparkle and their cheeks flush, and just hear their emancipated little tongues go! wonder if their husbands know that they—but of course they don't. However, it is six of one and half a dozen of the other. They are probably turning down sherry-cobblers and eating oysters at Florence's and their poor hungry childern—while their parents are daintyizing—are coming home hungry from school to eat a fragment of dinner picked up at home by a lazy set of servants.

Heigho! ladies sipping wine in a public saloon? Pilgrim rock! hide yourself under ground! Well it is very shocking the number of married women who pass their time ruining their health in these saloons, devouring Parisian confectionary and tainting their childern's blood with an appetite for strong drink.—Oh, what a mockery of home must theirs be! Heaven pity the childern reared there, left to the chance training of vicious hirelings!

☞I ain't going to be called a printer's devil any longer—no I ain't, exclaimed our Flibstee the other day, in a terrible pucker. 'Well what shall we call you—hey?' 'Why, call me a typographical spirit of evil, if you please; that's all.'

☞A restaurant in Brooklyn, has the following soul stirring couplet displayed in charters of living light on its door post:

'This is the spot,
Where good oysters is got.'

Who are your Aristocrats?

Twenty years ago, this one made candles, that one sold cheese and butter, another butchered, a fourth caried on a distillery, another was a contractor on canals, others were merchants and mechanics. They are acquainted with boath ends of sociely' as their children will be after them—though it will not do to say so out loud! For often you shall find that these toiling worms hatch butterflies—and they live about a year. Death brings a division of property, and it brings new financiers; the old gent is discharged, the young gent takes his revenues, and begins to travel—towards poverty, which he reaches before death or his childern do, if he does not. So that, in fact, though there is a sort of monied rank, it is not hereditary, it is accessible to all; three good seasons of cotton will send a generation of men up—a score of years will bring them all down, and send their children to labor. The father grubs, and grows rich—his children strut and use the mony. Their childern in turn, inherit the pride, and go to shiftless poverty; next, their children, reinvigorated by fresh plebeian blood, and by the smell of the clod, come up again.

Thus society, like a tree, draws its sap from the earth, changes it into leaves and blossoms, spreads them abroad in great glory, sheds them off to fall back to the earth, again to mingle with soil, and at length to re-appear in new trees and fresh garniture.—*Hunt's Merchant's Magazine.*

Taken at His Word.

Cromwell was thinking of marrying his daughter to a wealthy gentleman of Gloucestershire, when he was led to believe, by domestic gossop, that one of his own chaplins' Mr. Jeromy White, a young man of pleasing manners, and "a top wit at court," was secretly paying his addresses to Lady Frances, who was far from discourageing his attention.—Entering his daughter's room suddenly one day, the protector caught White on his knees, kissing the lady's hand. "What is the meaning of this?" he demanded. "May it please your highness," replied White, with great [illegible] maids, who happened to be in the room, "I [illegible] courted that young gentlewo- bly praying her ladyship to [illegible]" "How, now, hussy!" said Cromwell, to the young woman, "why do you refuse the honor Mr, White would do you? He is my friend, and I expect you to treat him as such." "If Mr. White intends me that honor," answered the woman, with a very low courtesy, "I shall not be against him." "Say'st thou so my lass?" said Cromwell, "call Goodwin! this business shall be done presently, before I go out of the room."—Goodwin, the chaplin, arrived; White had gone to far to recede, and he was married on the spot to the young woman.

Fanny Fern.

The following portrait of the celebrated authoress may be interesting to many of our readers. Not two years since, she was living in poverty; herself and children subsisting on bread and milk; with none to aid, or counsel, or sympathise with her; nursing her sick little infant day and night, and wearily writing at intervals while it slept—and now, she is wealthy; her name has become a household word in thousands of families in both hemispheres, where she is known by her works, and admired and loved for her brilliant genius, her womanly tenderness and her unmistakable goodness and purity of heart. I sometimes meet this lady in Broadway, and it may please your readers to hear what manner of woman she is like. Well, she is a little above the medium height, her figure is perfectly symetrical, and her bust and shoulders, and the setting and lift of her head, would excite the envy of Venus herself—she has a delicate, beautiful, florid complexion, glossy golden hair, an honest, handsome face; a keen dauntless, loving blue eye, and a hand and foot of the most juvenile dimensions. Her carriage is graceful; her step firm and elastic; her mein commanding and indomitable, yet winning; in short, she looks just like Fanny Fern. She dresses in perfect taste, generally wearing black, and sweeps along Broadway with a grace, *abandon* and self forgetfulness characteristic of the accomplished lady of society and nature's gentlewoman—two characters which are seldom united in the same person.

☞Said once a purse-proud, rich man just getting into his carriage with his wife and daughters flaunting in velvet and furs, to a poor laborer, who was shovelling coal into his vault:

'Joe, if you had not drunk rum, you might now have been riding in my carriage, for nothing else could have prevented a man of your education and opportunities from making money."

'True enough,' was the reply, 'and if you had not sold rum and tempted me to drink and become a drunkard, you might now have been my driver, for rumselling was the only business by which you ever made a dollar in your life."

☞Mrs. Partington asks, very indignantly, if the bills before Congress are not counterfeited, why there should be such a difficulty in passing them?