Raftsman's Journal.

COME AND TAKE ME.—DEVIVIER.

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Poetry.

"THE OLD MOUNTAIN TREE."

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

Oh, the home we loved by the bounding deep
Where the hills in glory stood;
And the moss-grogu graves where our fathers sleep,
'Neath the boughs of the waving wood;
We remember yet, with fond regret
The rock and the flowery lea,
Where we once used to play through the long, long day,
In the shade of the old mohntain tree!

We are pilgrims now in a stranger land,
And the joys of youth are past;
Kind friends are gone, but the old trees stand,
Unharmed by the warring blast;
Oh, the larks may sing in the lands of spring,
[illegible] the swans on the silvery sea,
And [illegible] for the shade where the wild bird made
But we mou[illegible]ain tree!
Her nest in the old moun[illegible]ain tree!

Oh' the time went by like a tale that's told,
In the land of song and mirth,
And many a form, in the churchyard cold,
Finds rest from the cares of earth;
And many a day we will wander away,
O'er the waves of the Western sea,
And the heart will pine and vainly pray
For a grave by the old mountain tree!

Miscellaneous.

STREET ROMANCES.

A great writer has said that you cannot walk the streets without encountering a romance, and the remark has more truth in it than is generally believed. The saddest and gayest volumes, the most dramatic histories, the most extravagant vaudevilles, the most singular tales, pass by you every day under silk and broadcloth; but the volume is closed, the history is mute, yet its presence may be recognized; there may be only a rough sketch, but the sketch is visible.

Shall we take one amid a thousand? Follow us into the labyrinth of streets, and we have only to choose.

Do you know the *Lady of the Hat?* She has never been produced upon the stage, but she drives every day in the *Camps Elysees*, or the *Bois de Bonlogne*. The frequenters of these places have remarked her for a long time.—She is always alone, half-reclining in her carriage, with a little dog lying upon the chushions opposite to her. No one accosts her, and she recognizes no one.

Her application is derived from the hats which she wears, and which she changes every day. She has seven, one for each day of the week, and the color of one day never encroaches upon that of the next. Monday is devoted to white, Tuesday to blue, Wednesday to straw color, Thursday to pink, Friday to brown, Saturday to grey, Sunday to green.

What does this regularity amid variety mean? Why all these hats, and what mystery is concealed under their tints? Is the lady a Parisian or provincial, or a foreigner? Is she a widow or wife? Does she desire an "exchange of souls," as the romances say, and does she seek in the *Camps Elysees* the blue bird of her dreams; or, like the Calypso of the fables, is she consoling herself for the disappearance of her illusions.

Seven illusions; it is quite enough.

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If chance had led you to the *Rue Pigale*, at the corner of the *Rue de la Rugere*, a week or two since, you might have seen a coupe with two horses, standing every day at the angle of the sidewalk. The coachman was on his seat, reins in hand, a footman walked back and forth by its side. This empty coupe served as a clock to all the street. At the first sound of its wheels the neighbor's said, "It is ten o'clock; there is the coupe."

But if it arrived at a fixed moment, it was by no means so regular in its departure. Sometimes it remained but a few moments, at others it might be seen in the same place at three or four in the afternoon. If any idler asked the coachman what he was doing there, he replied invariably: "I do not know."

The departure of the coupe always coincided with the passing of a nursery-maid, who trotted along the house in a white apron and a little bonnet, with the most innocent air in the world. She held in her hand a book or a work-basket, and sometimes, but rarely a flower.

If the little nursery-maid, who never spoke either to coachman or footman, came by the *Rue Pigale*, the coupe drove away by the *Rue de la Bruyere*; if, on the contrary, she came by the *Rue de la Bruyere*, the coupe departed by the *Rue Pigale*.

Eight days since, the coupe did not make its appearance at its accustomed corner, nor has the little nursery-maid since been seen.—The neighbors remembered only, that the last time she appeared, she had neither book, nor work-basket, nor flower in her hand.

The romance has broken off at its first volume.

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A little mystery, three or four years old, had for its theater the *Rue des Trois-Freres*.—This street was bordered on the right by the wall of a large garden, which communicated with the street by a small door, with a poor fastening, and which appeared very old. It was of the same color as the wall, and would not be readily noticed.

No one had ever seen it open during the day, but often at night, between two and three in the morning, it opened suddenly, a bright light was thrown across the street, and a man leaped from the garden upon the sidewalk—The gate was instantly closed, the light extinguished, and the man disappeared.

He was always alone, and enveloped in a cloak. He appeared tall and thin, but it was impossible to distinguish his features.

It was remarked that the door never opened until a small light like a star appeared at the upper window of a house opposite the garden. It shone only for a moment, but during this moment, the door always opened, and the man of the cloak appeared. As soon as the feet of the unknown touched the pavement, two shadows detached themselves from the extremities of the street; one from the direction of the *Rue St. Lazare*, the other from that of the *Rue de la Victorie*, and accompanied him in his rapid walk. One might have imagined them two *sbirri* of ancient Venice, following a member of the *Council of Ten*.

A neighbor, one night, took a fancy to penetrate this mystery. He watched for the man of the cloak, and followed him, regulating his own step by step. But as he turned the corner of the street, one of the shadows turned and barred his passage. He attempted to pass him, but was repulsed, and a war of words ensued. While they were quarrelling the second shadow came up and interposed, saying:

"I beg your pardon, sir. I know this man; he is my comrade, but he is intoxicated. Pay no attention to him, but pass on. He is very strong, and at such times very violent. If I do not succeed in restraining him, he might injure you.

In the meanwhile, the man of the cloak had disappeared.

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About a month since, a horseman arrived every day at the *Bois de Boulogne* about noon, and galloped around it twice or three times; he then darted down a narrow lane, stopped near a thicket, fastened his horse to a tree, and sat down upon the grass. He next drew a knife from his pocket, and, like a shepherd upon the banks of the Ligon, he began tracing figures and letters upon the silvery bark of the birches. Nothing could divert him from this occupation. As soon as the work was completed, he detached the bark from the tree.

I said that nothing could distract him; the gallop of a negro, however, had the power of drawing him from his reverie. As soon as he made his appearance, the man with the penknife leaped upon his black horse, and departed in pursuit of him.

The two horsemen left the *Bois de Boulogne*, and soon arrived before a small house, situated on the road to Neully, and entered the garden, at a single bound, leaping the hedge which surrounded it, after which they could no longer be seen.

A looker on, one day, after the passage of the negro, collected the remnants of bark left under the birches by the dreamer. One of them had the letter C, upon it, the other the figure 16.

Was it an initial and a date?

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At the extremity of the *Faubourg du Boule* a Spaniard resided last year who had the superb, haughty mien of a descendant of the Cid. He was still young, had no acquaintances, and occupied a handsome house with a court and garden.

This Spaniard, who only wanted a rapier and a pourpoint of velvet to represent an hidalgo of the time of Philip 2d, remained often a week without leaving his house. When he went out, it was on horseback, and always alone. He was never seen to smile.

Twice every year, since he had inhabited the mansion, on the 17th of December, and the 15th of March, the windows were brilliantly illuminated, the doors thrown open, vases and baskets of flowers filled the apartmants, and long files of carriages entered the court-yard; but if any curious person had looked into the court, he would have seen that no one alighted from these carriages. They stopped a moment at the door, then drove away, and others followed them.

An inquisitive stranger one night glided into the door, ascended rapidly the broad staircase, and, concealing himself behind some hangings at the entrance of an apartment brilliantly illuminated, gazed around him.

He saw the Spaniard standing at the extemity of this empty room, by the side of a full-length portrait of a lady, which was placed in the arm-chair. The picture was singularly beautiful.

Whenever a carriage stopped, a servant in livery announced with a loud voice the name of some imaginary personage. The Spaniard advanced to meet his invisible guest, saluted him, and, making a gesture as if to take him by the hand, conducted him before the portrait. The orchestra mean while was playing waltzes and polkas.

An hour after midnight, the Spaniard entered a neighboring apartment in which a splendid supper was prepared; he sat down at the table, and a servant placed the portrait opposite him. He took a glass, filled it, and turning to his immaginary guests said—"Gentlemen we will drink to the health of Madame the Marchioness."

Beneath the portrait a date was written, the 15th of March; above it, another, the 17th of December.

The concealed looker-on afterwards learned from a servant, that the Spaniard was married on the 15th of March to one of his cousins, whose birth-day was the 17th of December.—She died three years after her marriage.

During the life-time of his wife, he used to give two balls in memory of these two anniversaries, and since her death he had celebrated them in this strange fashion. As soon as the day dawned, after these imaginary festivities, he entered his own apartment, preceded by the portrait of his wife, shut himself up, and received no one. The orchestra departed, the candles were extinguished, the flowers removed, and the deserted mansion became sombre and silent as a tomb.

This would do for the commencement of a first volume or the termination of a second.

From the Cincinnati Columbian.

GEOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES.

A gentleman who recently arrived in this city from Venango county, Pennsylvania, had in his possession, and has had on exhibition for several days past, some very curious petrified human bodies, which were found by him in the bed of a stream which is one of the principal branches of the Allegheny river.

These remains are supposed to be those of a man and woman, who, by the wonderful petrifactive powers of nature, have been turned into solid stone, which, on being struck, gives out a clear ring, and is very hard. As petrifactions, these stones are objects of great interest; but as much of the appearance of humanity has been lost by the attrition from the running water of the stream, in which they had probably lain for ages, they might, after attracting brief attention, have been classed with ordinary petrifactions and been forgotten, had not their close examination by one of our *savans* led to the discovery that they are irrefragible proofs of the existence of man upon this revolving globe long before the period when corals, crinoidea and tribolites, first made their appearance.

Heretofore no fossils have been found in primitive rocks, and hence geologists have inferred that for vast periods in the world's history, nothing but plants and the lower types of animal life, were in existence, and that for ages the earth was inhabited by saurians and other creatures now found only as fossils.

The petrifactions to which we refer above, and which overturn this theory, may have been carried a considerable distance by the stream; but we do not need to know the locality in which they were originally placed. They show by their constituent character that they belong to the very earliest period of the world's history. The remains supposed to be a female are evidently of the sandstone strata, and have nothing peculiar about them except their indefiniteness and wanting feet.

The petrifaction supposed to be that of a man is the great curiosity. Its feet are now wanting, its body and legs are composed of sandstone, and its head of quartz and gneiss. From this single fact science has evolved conclusions which overturn the speculative hypothesis of Agassiz, Lyell, Dana, and the whole host of modern geologists. It is well known that quartz and gneiss are primitive rocks, which underlie the sandstone rocks.—It is assumed that when first found the feet were on this male petrifaction, but as they seemed slaty, and of a coal-like texture, they were burned by the women, who prefer utility to scientific discovery.

If this was so, then probably the body was originally so buried that the feet extended upwards into the carboniferous strata, and were petrified into coal. As the feet are now gone, it is, perhaps, improper to speculate upon their character, but luckily science has this wonderful body and head. The body being a sandstone proves that the petrifactfon must have been done in the sandstone strata, and the head being of gneiss and quartz, proves that it must have been petrified into gneiss and quartz in the gneiss formation.—We may be asked how this could happen, and the answer is obvious.

It is certain that the man when alive must have inhabited the sandstone for a period, and if, as we think is evident, he was buried head downwards, and at just such a depth that his head came in the gneiss and his body in the sandstone formation, then it is easy to conclude that his body petrified into sandstone, and his head into quartz and gneiss. Upon no other hypothesis can the quartz and gneiss head of this petrifaction be accounted for.—It is hardly likely that the man was buried in the sandstone strata, where all but the head petrified, and that then, by some convulsion of nature, he was jammed into the lower primitive rocks, where he lay for ages, until by some other convulsion of nature, he was thrown out into the stream, where found.

Whichever of these theories is adopted, the old theory about man not being found in the primitive rocks, is completely overturned, and geologists will have to acknowledge that there "are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in their philosophy."

☞ A midshipman asked a priest to tell the difference between a priest and a jackass.—The priest gave it up. "One wears a cross on his back and the other on his breast;" said the midshipman. Now," said the priest, "tell me the difference between a midshipman and a jackass." The midshipman gave it up, and asked what it was. The priest said he did not know of any.

THE LITTLE PEDDLER.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

One rainy afternoon in the early part of Autumn, I heard a low knock at my back door, and upon opening it I found a peddler. Now peddlers are a great vexation to me, they leave the gates open, they never have anything I want, and I don't like the faces that belong to most of them,—especially those of the strong men who go about with little packages of course goods, and I always close the door upon them, saying to myself—lazy.

This was a little boy, and he was pale and wet, and looked so cold that I forgot he was a peddler, and asked him to come in by the fire. I thought he appeared as though he expected I was going to buy something, for he commenced opening his tin box, but I had no such intention. He looked up in my face very earnestly and sadly, when I told him to warm himself by the fire, and did not wish to purchase anything. He rose slowly from his seat, and there was something in his air which reproached me, and I detained him to inquire why he was out in the rain. He replied:

"I am out every day, and can't stay in for a little rain; besides, most peddlers stay at home then, and I can sell more on rainy days."

"How much do you earn in a day?"

"Sometimes two shillings, and sometimes one, and once in a while I get nothing all day, and then, ma'am, I am very tired."

Here he gave a quick, dry cough, which startled me.

"How long have you had that cough?

"I don't know ma'am."

"Does it hurt you?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Where does your mother live?

"In heaven, ma'am," said he, unmoved.

"Have you a father?"

"Yes, ma'am, he is with mother," he replied in the same tone.

"Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"I have a little sister, but she went to mother about a month ago."

What ailed her?"

"She wanted to see mother, and so do I, and I guess that's why I cough so."

"Where do you live?"

"With Mrs. Brown on N. Street."

"Does she give you medicine for your cough?"

"Not Doctor's medicine,—she is too poor; but she makes something for me to take."

"Will you take something, if I give it to you?"

"No ma'am, I thank you; mother took medicine, and it didn't help her, though she wanted to stay, and you see I want to go; it wouldn't stop my cough. Good day, ma'am."

"Wait a minute," I said, "I want to see what you carry."

He opened his box, and for once I found what I wanted. Indeed, I didn't think it would have mattered what he had. I should have wanted it, for the little peddler had changed in my eyes—he had a father and mother in heaven, and so had I. How strange that peddlers had never seemed like people—human, soul-filled beings, before. How thankful he was, and how his great sunken blue eyes looked into mine; when I paid him.

"You don't ask me to take a cent less," said he, after hesitating a minute; "I think you must be rich."

"Oh, no," I replied. "I am very far from that; and these things are worth more to me now than I gave for them. Will you come again?"

"Yes, ma'am, if I don't go to mother soon."

"Are you hungry?"

"No, ma'am, I am never hungry now, I sometimes think mother feeds me when I sleep, though I don't remember it when I am awake. I only know I don't wish to eat now, since my sister died."

"Did you feel very sad then?"

"I felt very big in my throat, and thought I was choked, but I didn't cry a bit, though I felt very lonely at night for a while; but I am glad she's up there now."

"Who told you you were going to die?"

"Nobody, but I know I am. Perhaps I'll go before Christmas."

I could not endure that, and tried to make him stay, but he would run and tell Mrs. Brown what good luck he had met with. He bade me good-day again cheerfully, and went out into the cold rain, while I could only say, "God be with you, my child!"

He never came again, though I looked for him every day. At length, about New Year's, I went to the place he called home. Mrs. Brown was there, but the little pilgrim! his weary feet were at rest, and never more would his gentle knock be heard at the door of those, who, like myself, forgot that necessity and stern want often sent about these wanderers from house to house, and that their employment might be far more unseemly to them than annoying to us. I have learned a lesson, and I never see a peddler bending with his load, but my heart softens to them, and I wonder if they too do not wish to lay aside their burden and be at rest.

☞ A Clergyman, catechising the youths of his church, put the first question from the catechism to a girl: "What is your consolation in life and death?" The poor girl smiled but did not answer. The priest insisted. "Well, then," said she, "since I must tell, it is the young printer on Third street."

WASHINGTON'S STYLE OF LIVING.

Washington, by his marriage, had added above $100,000 to his already considerable fortune, and was enabled to live in ample and dignified style. His intimacy with the Fairfaxes, and his intercourse with brother officers of rank, had perhaps, had their influence on his mode of living. He had his chariot and four, with black postilions in livery, for the use of Mrs. Washington and her lady visitors. As for himself, he always appeared on horseback. His stable was well filled, and admirably regulated. His stud was thorough bred and in excellent order. His household books contain registers of the names, ages and marks of his favorite horses—such as *Ajax, Blueskin, Valiant, Magnolia*, (an Arab) *&c.* Also his dogs, chiefly fox-hounds—*Vulcan, Singer, Ringwood, Sweetlips, Forrester, Music, Rockwood, Truelove, &c.*

He was an early riser, often before daybreak in the winter, when the nights were long. On such occasions he lit his own fire, and wrote or read by candle-light. He breakfasted at seven in summer, at eight in winter. Two small cups of tea and three or four cakes of Indian meal (called hoe-cakes,) formed his frugal repast. Immediately after breakfast, he mounted his horse and visited those parts of the estate where any work was going on, seeing to everything with his own eyes, and often aiding with his own hands.

Dinner was served at 2 o'clock. He ate heartily, but was no epicure, nor critical about his food. His beverage was small beer or cider, and two glasses of old Madeira. He took tea, of which he was very fond, early in the evening, and retired for the night about 9 o'clock.

If confined to the house by bad weather, he took that occasion to arrange his papers, post up his accounts, or write letters—passing part of the time in reading, and occasionally reading aloud to the family.

He treated his negroes with kindness, attended to their comforts, was particularly careful of them in sickness, but never tolerated idleness, and exacted a faithful performance of allotted tasks.

Washington delighted in the chase. In the hunting season, when he rode out early in the morning to visit distant parts of his estate, where work was going on, he often took some of the dogs with him for the chance of starting a fox, which he often did, though he was not always successful in killing them. He was a bold rider and an admirable horseman, though he never claimed the merit of being an accomplished fox-hunter.—*Irving's Life of Washington.*

The Origin of the White, Red and Black Man.

From Washington Irving's new work, "Woolfret Roost," we take the following pleasant legend:

When the Great Spirit had made the three men, he called them together and showed them three boxes. The first was filled with books and maps and papers. The second with bows and arrows, knives and tomahawks. The third with spades, axes, hoes and hammers.—"These, my sons," said he, "are the means by which you are to live; choose among them according to your fancy.

The white man, being the favorite, had the first choice. He passed by the box of working tools without notice; but when he came to the weapons for war-hunting, he stopped and looked hard at them. The red man trembled, for he had set his heart upon that box. The white man, however, after looking hard upon it for a moment, passed on, and chose the box of books and papers. The red man's turn came next, and you may be sure he seized with joy upon the bows and arrows, and tomahawks. As to the black man, he had no choice left but to put up with the tools.

From this it is clear that the Great Spirit intended the white man should learn to read and write; to understand all about the moon and stars, and to make everything, even rum and whiskey. That the red man should be a first rate hunter, and a mighty warrior, but he was not to learn anything from books, as the Great Spirit had not given him any; nor was he to make rum or whiskey, lest he should kill himself with drinking. As to the black man, as he had nothing but working tools, it was clear he was to work for the white and red men, which he has continued to do.

AN EVIDENCE OF ILL BREEDING.—There is no greater breech of good manners—or rather, no better evidance of ill-breeding—than that of interrupting another in conversation while speaking—or commencing a remark before another has fully closed. No well-bred person ever does it, or continues a conversation long with any person that does. The latter often finds an interesting conversation abruptly waived, closed or declined, by the former, without even suspecting the cause. It is a criterion which never fails to show the breeding of the individual. A well-bred person will not interrupt one who is in all respects greatly his inferior. If you wish to judge the good breeding of a person with whom you are but slightly acquainted, mark such persons strictly in this respect, and you will assuredly not be deceived. However intelligent, fluent, easy, or even graceful, a person may appear, for a short time, you will find him or her soon prove uninteresting, insipid, and coarse.

Sabbath Reading.

THE OLD KIRK YARD.

O, come, come with me to the old Kirk Yard,
I well know the path through the soft green sward;
Friends slumber there we were wont to regard—
We'll trace out their names in the old Kirk Yard.

O, mourn not for them;—their grief is o'er;
O, weep not for them;—they weep no more;
For deep is their sleep, though cold and hard
Their pillow may be, in the old Kirk Yard.

I know 'tis in vain, when friends depart,
To breathe kind words to a broken heart;
I know that the joy of life seems marred,
When we follow them home to the old Kirk Yard.

But were I at rest beneath yon tree,
Why should'st thou weep, dear love for me?
I'm wayworn and sad, ah! why then retard,
The rest that I seek in the old Kirk Yard?

Religion and Business not Distinct Things.

It has been a mighty mischief, that religion has so often been divorced from the other modes and ways of men. Men have looked at it, as something distinct and peculiar, having its own sphere and its own powers, and not as the father of goodness and truth. The man of God has been separated from the man of science, the man of literature, the man of politics, the man of business. The world has helped the separation, and so has the church. An ignorant piety, a strong and shrewd impiety, have done the same work. The general exercises of the intellect; the common charities of the heart, the familiar proceeding of the life, have been too frequently regarded as provinces into which religion has no right to penetrate, or should only come when invited, and be thankful to be treated as a guest, and not expect to be honored as a sovereign.—Hence literature, art, social life, worldly engagements, have been treated as things apart from godliness, and not as things which godliness is to possess, and through which it is to act and be seen. To borrow an expressive illustration, the partnership has been dissolved between religion and other business, and thus it has come to a disastrous bankruptcy. That it is so, is apparent from the fact, that there is a general disposition to regard immoralities connected with money matters in a different light from other immoralities. The same standard is not applied, the same measure is not meted out. There is more gentle treatment of the pecuniary sinner than of any other sinner. "It is the only way of business," covers a multitude of sins. A man, in many circles, had better defraud his creditors than deny a single article of the popular creed, or violate a single conventionalism of respectable society.

Vanity in Ministers.

Vanity is bad enough in anybody. But in young ministers it is fatal. It shows itself in a want of deference for age, which makes them odious to their older brethren. It gives them a pompous manner which exposes them to ridicule. When an unfledged stripling rises in the pulpit, and gravely announces some new metaphysical theory which is to throw light through the whole realm of theology, we can hardly keep our countenances at his self-complacent air and the presumption which would thus teach wisdom to gray hairs. In truth we have had enough of these young peacocks fluttering in our desks. It is time that the whole tribe was exterminated.

Unfortunately, young ministers are less likely to be cured of this infirmity than other men. Lawyers are so knocked against each other that they soon find their level. But black coats throw around their wearer a charmed circle. In his own parish, a young preacher is exalted on a pedestal. "He is monarch of all he surveys." His congregation flatter him. "He is such a dear man"—"such a sweet preacher!" All this creates an illusion about him, which he never sees through.—Vanity covers him from head to foot. It oozes out of every pore in his body.

"'Tis like the choice ointment,
Down Aaron's beard did go,
Down Aaron's beard that downward went,
His garment's skirts unto."

And so he goes through life, the same prim and pompous little person as when he delivered to an awe-struck assembly his first pulpit oration! The great evil of this inordinate self-estimation is that it prevents a real progress. The most hopeful state of mind is a painful sense of one's defects with an earnest desire for improvement.—*The Presbyterian.*

UNTUTORED ELOQUENCE.

A Catawba warrior in 1812, named Peter Harris, made known his wants to the Legislature of South Carolina in the following language:

"I am one of the lingering survivors of an almost extinguished race. Our graves will soon be our only habitation. I am one of the few stocks that still remain in the field where the tempest of revolution passed. I have fought against the British for your sake. The British have disappeared and you are free; yet from me have the British taken nothing, nor have I gained any thing by their defeat. I pursued the deer for subsistence—the deer are disappearing, I must starve. God ordained me for the forest, and my ambition is the shade. But the strength of my arm decays and my feet fail me in the chase. The hand which fought for your liberties is now open for your relief. In my youth I bled in battle that you might have independence—let not my heart in my old age bleed for want of your commiseration."