

RURAL TRANQUILITY.

THE ROCK MOUNTAIN.

IN the interior of the state of Georgia, is a mountain composed entirely of naked granite, which on the map is set down as the Rock mountain. Finding myself once, in the course of my wanderings, within a day's ride of this curiosity, I exerted my influence to obtain a waggon, a horse, and a friend, and was soon jogging along a road which wound through almost endless forests, over leaves, into deep valleys, across rugged hills, and through the branches of streams which, although at this spot easily fordable with the aid of a horse, broaden gradually into wide rivers, and empty their waters into the Atlantic. At the foot of this extraordinary rock is a log hut, which the folks thereabout call a house of entertainment. Here we arrived some time after dusk. A long ride through these forests, where driving required considerable skill and constant attention, had overcome me with a feeling of drowsy fatigue. A cup of melancholy beverage, which passed under the appellation of coffee, was swallowed, without any material injury, and after basking a little time in the red light of a blazing fire, which they make here of light dry pine knots, nearly as combustible as powder, and caressing two or three fine large dogs, which rested in the capacious fire place, we retired to rest. My chamber was fashioned of logs, several inches from each other, and various openings appeared in the roof. I was soon deposited in a bed, rude but scrupulously clean, and began to loose myself in that delicious dreaminess, which makes sleep so welcome to the weary, when the sudden bark of a dog startled me. He was answered by about ten or fifteen others, in all the notes of the gamut. They growled, barked, howled, yelped, and uttered all the sounds of which dog's language is capable. Then came the tramping of horses' feet, the crack of whips, the report of a gun, and the footsteps of hounds patting across the entry, which was almost entirely exposed to the air. I started up, and putting my head through an aperture in the wall, where neither glass nor shutter offered any opposition, I perceived that a party of hunters had arrived, fully equipped for the pursuit of deer, and intended to rest at the "house of entertainment" till day break enabled them to resume their sports. It was now late; a starry sky stretched broad and clear over head, but the air was chilly, and I was feign to bid good night even to the yellow moon, just rising above the forest trees. Casting, therefore, a hasty glance at her spotted disk, her shadowy vales, her bright deserts and lofty mountains, and another at the