

# Raftsmen's Journal.

COME AND TAKE ME—DUVIER.

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## OUR UNION.

The blood that flowed at Lexington, and crimsoned bright Champlain,  
Streams still along the Southern Gulf, and by the Lakes of Maine;  
It flows in veins that swell above Pacific's golden sand,  
And throbs in hearts that love and grieve by dark Atlantic's strand.  
It binds in one vast brotherhood the trapper of the West,  
With men whose cities glass themselves in Erie's classic breast;  
And those to whom September brings the fireside's social hours,  
With those who see December's brow enwreathed with gorgeous flowers.  
From where Columbia laughs to greet the smiling Western wave,  
To where Potomac sighs beside the patriot hero's grave;  
And from the streaming everglades to Huron's lordly flood,  
The glory of the nations past thrills through a kindred blood!  
Wherever Arnold's tale is told it dyes in cheek with shame,  
And glows with pride o'er Bunker Hill or Moutrie's wilder fame;  
And where'er above the fray the stars of empire gleam  
Upon the deck or o'er the dust it pours a common stream.  
It is a sacred legacy ye never can divide,  
Nor take from village urchin, nor the son of city pride;  
Nor the hunter's white haired children who find a fruitful home  
Where nameless lakes are sparkling, and where lonely rivers roam!  
Green drew his sword at Entaw; and bleeding Southern feet  
Trod the march across the Delaware amid the snow and sleet;  
And lo! upon the parchment, where the natal record shines,  
The burning page of Jefferson bears Franklin's calmer lines.  
Could ye divide that record bright, and tear the names apart,  
That erst were written boldly there with plighted hand and heart?  
Could ye erase a Hancock's name e'en with a sabre's edge,  
Or wash out with fraternal blood a Carroll's double pledge?  
Say, can the South sell out her share in Bunker's hon'ry height?  
Or can the North give up her boast in Yorktown's closing fight?  
Can ye divide with equal hands a heritage of graves,  
Or rend in twain the starry flag that o'er them proudly waves?  
Can ye cast lots for Vernon's soil, or chaffer mid the gloom,  
That hangs its solemn folds about your common Father's tomb?  
Or could ye meet around his grave as fratricidal foes,  
And wreak your burning curses o'er his pure and calm repose?  
Ye dare not! is the Alleghanian thunder-toned decree,  
'Tis echoed where Nevada guards the blue and tranquil sea,  
Where tropic waves delighted clasp our flowery Southern shore,  
And where through frowning mountain-gates Nebraska waters roar.

From the Flag of our Union.

## THE SYBILL'S PREDICTION.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

La Vnette is a beautiful village. You might search through France, and hardly find a prettier. How indeed could it be otherwise with its fruit-vineyards, its substantial white farmhouses, and its streets lined on either side with varieties of fruit trees? Everything looks so comfortable and home-like, so expressive of peaceful plenty, that it is no wonder that the traveller, as he passes through the village, permits his eye to rest with pleasure upon its neat appearance, and exclaims, "Surely it is a little paradise!"  
After all, I have not named its chief recommendation. No where will you find prettier maidens than those of La Vnette. To be sure, they are not high-born, nor versed in the elegant accomplishments, since there is not one amongst them of higher rank than a farmer's daughter. Fortunately, however, beauty and high birth are not always inseparable, nor do they always go together. At least,

there is many a countess who would count no price too great by which she might purchase the charms of Marie Maillard, who outshone all other maidens of La Vnette as the sun does the stars. For all that, Marie was a great favorite with all her companions. Unconscious of her own superiority, she did not obtrude it upon others.

One afternoon it chanced that Marie and several of her companions were returning merrily from the vineyard whither they had been to estimate the probable amount of the coming vintage. All at once, one of them espied in the road an old woman, walking along by the help of a staff which she held in her right hand. She turned towards them, and awaited their coming.

"What can we do for you, good mother," inquired Marie.  
"Cross my hand with a silver piece, my pretty maid, and I will tell you your fortune."  
"You are a sybil, then?"  
"You may call me so. It is given to me to see ere they arrive the chances which fortune may have in store."

They looked at her with growing reverence, despite her tattered garments and unprepossessing face, but none spoke at first. However much one may wish to know what is to happen to him or her, he cannot avoid feeling a little reluctance—a little disposition to defer the eventful moment.

"Here mother," at length said Lizette, one of the gayest of the party, holding out her hand to the old crone, "you may tell my fortune. But I must tell you beforehand, that you need not take the trouble to provide me with a husband, as I have vowed to be an old maid."

The sybil took the hand of the laughing maiden, and, after a single glance, fixed her penetrating eyes upon her.

"I see," she said slowly, "a bridal train marching slowly to the village church. Flowers are strown along the way, over which pass the bridal pair. Need I mention the name of the bride?"

Lizette drew back with a blush; the sybil was right, for on that day week she was to stand at the altar. Another took her place, and still another, till Marie, alone remained.

"Come, Marie," said the girls impatiently; "don't keep us waiting. We want to know what your fortune will be. It should be a good one."

Marie came forward and submitted her hand to the interpreter of fate. The sybil started, as if suspicious that her art had failed her. But a moment's survey dissipated her doubts and she murmured, as if to herself.

"Maiden, a brilliant destiny awaits you. You will wed a title and become the mistress of a fair estate. Servants shall be in waiting to do your bidding, and wealth will pour forth its choicest blessings at your feet. Such is the decree of destiny."

"Mother," said Marie in extreme astonishment, "you have certainly read wrong for once. Such a fate is not for me, and I would not that it were. Enough for me that I settle down in the same position that I now occupy, surrounded by my friends and acquaintances."

"No matter," said the sybil, composedly; "you cannot change the course of events.—Wait patiently for their unfolding. Be not apprehensive of evil, for this line," and she placed her withered finger on Marie's palm, "betokens a long life and a happy one."

"I am much obliged to you, mother," said the latter laughing, "for your favorable prediction, and when I become a countess, I will take care that you are provided for."

"You owe me nothing," was the reply, "I am but a mouth-piece of fate. I may demand the fulfillment of your promise sooner than you think."

"Be it so mother. When you are entitled to make it, be sure that I shall not withdraw from my engagement."

When the sybil had hobbled away, richer by some francs than before, Marie was battered not a little by her companions on the destiny which had been marked out for her.

"Which shall it be, Madame La Duchesse, or Madame La Comtesse?" inquired Lizette, gaily.

"I have a good mind," said Marie, "in return for your malice, to steal away your Philip, and marry him myself. In that case, at least, the prediction—"

Lizette, who would have been very unwilling for Marie to attempt in earnest what she threatened in jest, thought it best to drop the bantering tone she had at first assumed. As for Marie, she thought little of the prediction. To her mind it was so altogether improbable that she did not think it worth while to waste a thought upon it.

The soil of La Vnette is somewhat uneven, though it contains no very high hills. In the northern part there is a little brook flowing over a rocky bed, with considerable impetuosity. Over this stream, which is, however, too shallow to be dangerous, there is a narrow foot bridge for the accommodation of passengers.

It so happened that about a week after the events above described, Marie, who was just returning from a visit to a neighbor, the other side of the stream had occasion to pass over the bridge. Doubtless her thoughts were preoccupied, or she would have been more care-

ful. As it was, her foot slipped when half way across and she fell in. It was not a very serious affair, but she felt awkward enough, and vexed at the necessity which compelled her to wade through the water. She had hardly picked herself up, when a pleasant voice was heard at her side, saying:

"Mademoiselle permit me to escort you to the other side."

Marie looked up, and encountered the respectful gaze of a young man dressed in working attire, with a broad brimmed straw hat upon his head. She had time, though it was but a moment to perceive that he had fine black eyes and a prepossessing countenance. Not being disposed to prudishness or coquetry, she accepted without hesitation the proffered aid and was soon upon the bank.

"I am much indebted to you for your kind assistance," said she, casting down her eyes, for she could not avoid noticing that those of the young man, were fixed upon her in admiration.

"There is no need, mademoiselle. The obligation is all on my side," was the reply.

"Will you be kind enough to inform me," he added after a pause, "whether there is any one in the village who would be likely to employ me upon his farm? Pardon my troubling you, but I am a stranger, and know no one here."

"I think," said Marie, after some hesitation, "that I heard my father say lately that he wished to secure additional assistance. If you would like to inquire, you can accompany me."

"Thank you," said the young man, "nothing would please me better."

They walked along together, conversing sociably. Marie learned incidentally that her companion's name was Henrique Armand, and that he was the only son of a widowed mother, living in a village some twenty miles away, and that it was for the purpose of relieving her necessities, and placing her in a more comfortable situation, that he was now about to hire himself out. This information led her to regard Henrique with still greater favor, and she could not help wishing that her father might engage him.

Farmer Maillard was also prepossessed in favor of Henrique, and as he really wished to hire some one to gather in the vintage and aid in other farm-work, it was not long before a bargain was struck, and the new-comer was installed as a member of the household. Henrique's after course did not belie these impressions. It was not long before he became a general favorite. When the labors of the day were over, he would get his flute or guitar for he was versed in the use of both instruments, and play for the entertainment of those who were attracted to him. Occasionally he would accompany himself on the guitar, in a peculiarly rich and melodious voice. These songs were so pleasing that a repetition would often be demanded. On one occasion, having rehearsed a popular song to the general satisfaction, he was pressed to sing it through once more.

"No," said he, "I will not do that, but if you like, I will sing you one of my own composition."

This proposal was received with evident pleasure, and after a moment's pause he commenced:

Know'st thou my love? Her dark blue eyes  
Shine with soft and pleasant glow,  
As if the colors of the skies  
Had found its way to earth below.

Know'st thou my love? When morning comes  
And sunbeams on her pathway fall,  
She trips along the flowery meads,  
Herself the fairest flower of all.

Know'st thou my love? Full well I know  
No fairer dwells beneath the sun;  
Ah! would that our divided lives  
Might in one peaceful current run.

The rich voice of the singer lent much sweetness to the simple words of the song. All applauded the effort—all except Marie. She stood apart from the rest with a pensive and abstracted air, and said nothing.

"Don't you like it, Marie?" asked one of her companions.

"It was very pretty," she replied in a constrained voice. "M. Armand is a good singer." So saying she went into the house, Henrique not appearing to notice the movement.

"But are the words true? Have you really a lady love, M. Armand?" asked a lively maiden of fifteen. Come, describe her. What does she look like? What is her name?"

"You are altogether too fast," said the young man, smiling. "Don't you know that we poets are not obliged to adhere strictly to the truth. In fact I have usually noticed that those who are in love, are the very last to write songs about it. How do you know but it may be so with me?"

"I don't believe it at all," said the young girl, shaking her head. "You sang with too much feeling for that. Depend upon it I will find out who it is—this love of yours—if I can."

"It is well accepted," said Henrique. "I defy you to the discovery."

From this time Marie treated Henrique with less familiarity and more coolness than she had been accustomed. Her spirits became less buoyant and more sedate. One afternoon,

Henrique, in passing through the garden, saw her sitting in an arbor, at its foot, with her eyes fixed musingly on the ground.

"It is a fine day, Mademoiselle Marie," said he, approaching her.

She started, for she had not been aware of his approach, and murmured an affirmative. He laid down his pruning knife, and stepping into the arbor, he sat down on a rustic bench at her side. It was now his turn to look embarrassed.

"Marie," said he, after a pause, "there is a question I wish to ask, but I hardly know how to set about it. Will you promise not to be offended?"

"I do not think you would ask any question which would render it necessary."

"Tell me then why for some days past you have seemed to avoid me, and when in my presence, have shown a reserve and constraint altogether different from the friendly familiarity you used to evince. Have I offended in any way? If so, I will gladly make reparation, for I value your regard and good opinion highly."

"There is nothing in which you have offended me," said Marie in a tremulous voice.

"I am glad of it," said Henrique, his face brightening, for it emboldens me to make still another request. I love you, Marie," he added, impulsively. "I love you most devotedly. You must have noticed it in my looks, and every action. Do you remember the evening when I sang by request a song, 'Know'st thou my love?' It was of my own composition, as I said. Did you not divine, dear Marie, that it was of you I was singing?"

Marie started with surprise, and a blush of pleasure mantled her features.

"Was it indeed of me that you were singing? I thought—that is, I did not know—"

Marie did not finish the sentence. Henrique perceived at a glance, that herein lay the secret of her apparent estrangement, but with true delicacy he forbore to speak of it.

"May I hope," he asked timidly, "that I am not wholly indifferent to you? I am poor it is true, but the recent legacy of a relative has given me the means of supporting you in comfort."

"If you think me worth taking," said Marie, with engaging frankness, "you may have me."

When the engagement of Henrique, and Marie became known, it was universally pronounced an excellent match. It was a mooted question which was the more fortunate, the bridegroom or the bride.

"I shall never more believe in fortune telling," said Marie to Henrique one day as she sat busily employed in preparations for her approaching marriage.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because," was the reply, "it was foretold of me that I should wed a title, and become mistress of a fair estate."

"Was that the prediction?" he asked in surprise. Who told you?"

"A sybil who was passing through the village. But I put no credit in it. I told her if ever it should come to pass I would provide for her."

"And are you sure that you do not regret the non-fulfillment of the prediction?"

"Can you ask?" said she reproachfully.

It was the bridal morning. The sun shone out with more than ordinary splendor, as if to do honor to the occasion. Before the altar of the village church stood reverently Henrique and Marie, and the white-haired priest pronounced with trembling voice the word which united them. The nuptial blessing was scarcely over when an old woman bent with infirmity passed up the aisle and stood before the bride.

"I have come to claim your promise," said she.

It was the old sooth sayer.

"But," said Marie, "it was dependent on my marrying a title. You see I have not done so. You were wrong."

"Rather," said the old woman, raising her voice, "it is you who are wrong, Madame La Comtesse."

"What can she mean?" asked Marie, looking towards her husband with surprise.

"She is right, Marie," said he gently. "In me behold not Henrique Armand simply, but Count Henrique D'Armand, the possessor of much wealth, but of none more precious than yourself. Listen, and I will explain all. Being desirous of seeing country life in all its varieties, and mingling in it without being known, I found my way to your pleasant village. The rest you know. Will you forgive me?"

It is needless to say that pardon was accorded, and that Marie graced the high station to which she had been elevated. Her promise to the sybil was fulfilled so the letter.

A SUFFERER.—A garrulous fop, who had annoyed by his frivolous remarks his partner in the ball-room, among other empty nothings, asked whether "she had ever had her ears pierced?"

"No," was the reply; "but I've often had them bored!"

"Will you rise now, my dear?" said a broker's wife to her sleepy spouse; "the day broke long ago." "I wonder," replied the somnolent financier, "if the endorser were secured."

A fashionable lady, a would-be-somebody said to a friend:

"My new house, now 'directing,' is to be sublimated and 'splendiferous.' There is to be a 'Por to Rico' in front, a 'Pizarro' in the rear, and a 'lemonade' all around it. The water is to come in at the side of the house in an 'anecdote,' and the lawn is to be 'degraded' and some large trees are to be 'supplanted' in the 'scritche' in the rear."

Some lazy fellow spells Tennessee, after this fashion: 10 a C.

## Omer Pacha.

A friend in Paris has furnished us with an interesting anecdote of Omer Pacha, one of the master spirits of the Turkish Empire.—The son of a poor Austrian Lieutenant of the name of Hattah, Omer was, in his youth, appointed Sub-Inspector of Roads in Dalmatia. Already he was tired of Austria, whose Government he detested. Turkey being the neighboring country, offered him the best chance of making his fortune; with a passport and some money he passed the frontier, and entered by the village of Omer-Assay. Hardly had he penetrated into Bosnia, than he was plundered by robbers of all he possessed, even to his shirt. A Turkish peasant took pity on him, and furnished him with clothes and money. Arriving at Benja Loaka without resources, he was happy to find employment in the house of a Turkish merchant; he had a daughter, with whom the young Austrian became enamored, and was about to marry her, when, unfortunately, she died. From this time Hattah turned Mahometan, and took the name of Omer, in remembrance of the first Turkish village he stopped at. From Benja Loaka, Omer went to Widdin, to seek service under Hussim Pasha. At this time he was in the flower of manly beauty, representing one of the most graceful models of the Croat race, with pure soft complexion, eyes soft and penetrating, and a splendid figure. He presented himself before Hussim. The Pacha was encamped in sight of Widdin, in a superb green tent, lined within with red velvet and gold. According to the Eastern custom, Omer entered the tent without ceremony just as the chief had risen from his siesta.

"What do you want?" asked the Pacha.

"To enter the service of your Excellency."

"We have already too many strangers in our troops," was the reply.

Omer then took out of his pocket a small package, neatly folded, and begged the Pacha to accept it.

"What is all this?" asked the chief.

"Some gloves, your Excellency."

"And what are they used for?" (gloves being a thing unknown to him.)

"When you are marching in the broiling sun," replied Omer, "have not your fair hands sometimes blistered, and do not your fingers often get stiffened holding your hard bridles?"

"And how do you get them on?" said the Pacha with a smile.

Omer quickly showed him. Having got them on, Hussim raised his arms and gazed upon his hands in astonishment, as did his officers, who then entered the tent. These gloves got Omer employment, and soon after he became the Pacha's aid-de-camp. When the Governor of Widdin died, he set off for Constantinople, and rising gradually, became Generalissimo.

First Step to Ruin.

"My first step to ruin," exclaimed a wretched youth, as he tossed from side to side on his straw bed in one corner of his prison house, "was going fishing on the Sabbath. I knew it was wrong; my mother taught me better; my Bible taught me better; but I would heed none of them. I did not think it would ever come to this! I am undone! I am lost!"

What a warning is contained in the above lines, to Sabbath-breakers! The wanton desecration of that holy day, may be looked upon as a light thing, by frivolous young men; but it is not so. God, in his Word and in his Providence, makes it a very serious matter. It is more corrupting to the heart than many suppose. It seems to lead directly away from God; and, consequently to crime, with a strange facility! Just watch the course of the habitual sabbath-scornor, and you will most likely see him come to some bad end. Perhaps he becomes an infidel, and "says in his heart," "There is no God!" Beware of "the first step to ruin!"

"Don't carry on so," said Mrs. Partington to Ike as she saw him resting his head on the ground in a vain attempt to throw his heels into the air. There was solicitude in her tone and a corn broom in her hand as she looked at him.

"You must not act so gymnastically, dear," continued she, "you will force all the brains you have got into your head if you do. You can't do like the circus riders, because Providence has made them o'urpose for what they do, out of Ingee rubber, and it don't hurt 'em at all. They 'at got bones like other people, and can turn heels over head with perfect impunity. Don't do it!" screamed she as the boy stood on one leg upon the wood horse, and made a feint as if about to throw a sun-meret, "you'll desecrate your neck by and by with your nonsense, and then you'll regret it as long as you live."

A fashionable lady, a would-be-somebody said to a friend:

"My new house, now 'directing,' is to be sublimated and 'splendiferous.' There is to be a 'Por to Rico' in front, a 'Pizarro' in the rear, and a 'lemonade' all around it. The water is to come in at the side of the house in an 'anecdote,' and the lawn is to be 'degraded' and some large trees are to be 'supplanted' in the 'scritche' in the rear."

Some lazy fellow spells Tennessee, after this fashion: 10 a C.

## Beautiful Eulogy on the Bible.

We would be pleased to know the author of the following most eloquent eulogy on the Bible. It appears to have been addressed to the young men. We have seldom read anything finer:—

"Study now to be wise; and in all your gettings, get understanding. And especially would I urge upon your heart-bound, soul-wrapped attention, that book upon which all feelings are concentrated—all opinions; which enlightens the judgment while it enlists the sentiments, and soothes the imagination in songs upon the harp of the 'sweet songster of Israel.' That Book which gives you a faithful insight into your heart, and consecrates its character in—

"Shine, Such as the keen tooth of Time can never touch."

Would you know the effect of that Book upon the heart? It purifies its thoughts and sanctifies its joys; it nerves and strengthens it for the sorrows and mishaps of life; and when these shall have ended, and the twilight of death is spreading its dew-damp upon wasting features, it breaks upon the last glad throbb, the bright and streaming light of Eternity's morning. Oh! have you ever stood beside the couch of a dying saint, when

"Without a sigh,  
He gave his hand to the stern messenger,  
And as a glad child seeks his father's arms,  
Went home."

Then you have seen the concentrated influence of this Book. Would you know its name? It is the Book of Books. Its author? God—Is there? Heaven—Eternity. The Bible! Read it—search it! Let it be first upon the shelves of your library and first in the affections of your heart. Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me. Oh! if there be sublimity in the contemplation of God—if there grandeur in the displays of Eternity—if there be anything ennobling and purifying in the revelation of man's salvation—search the Scriptures, for they are they which testify of these things.

The Miser.

Of all the creatures upon earth, none is so despicable as the miser. It is not impossible that the prodigal may have a friend, for there is usually left about him some touch of humanity—some unbroken chord of the finer feelings of our nature; but the miser meets with no sympathy. Even the nurse hired to attend him in his latest hours, loathes the ghastly occupation, and longs for the moment of her release; for although the death-damp is already gathering on his brow, the thoughts of the departing sinner are still upon his gold; at the mere jingle of a key he starts from his torpor in a paroxysm of terror; lest a surreptitious attempt is being made upon the sanctity of his strong box. There are no prayers of the orphan and the widow for him—not a solitary voice has ever breathed his name to Heaven as a benefactor. One poor penny given away in the spirit of true charity, would now be worth more to him than all the gold that the world contains; but, notwithstanding that he was a church-going man, and familiar from his infancy with those awful texts in which the worship of mammon is denounced and the punishment of Dives told, he has never yet been able to divorce himself from his solitary love of lucre or to part with one atom of his gold. And so, from a miserable life, detested and despised, he passes into a dear eternity; and those whom he has neglected or misused, make merry with the hoards of the miser!

Sam Slick on Courting.

Courtin' a gal, I guess is like catchin' a young horse in pasture. You put the oats in a pan, hide the halter, and softsawder the critter, and it comes up softly and shyly at first, and puts its nose to the grain, and gets a taste, and stands off and munches a little, looks round to see that the coast is clear, and advances cautiously again, ready for a go if you are rough. Well, you softsawder it all the time: so-so, pet! gently, pet! that's a pretty doll! and gets it to kind of like it, and comes closer, and you think you have it, make a grab at its mane, and it ups head and tail, snorts, wheels short round, lets go both hind feet at you, and is off like a shot. That comes of being in a hurry. If you had put your hand up slowly towards its shoulder, and felt for the mane, it might perhaps have drawn away, as much as to say, hands off, if you please; I like your oats, but I don't want you, the chance is, you would have caught it. Well, what's your play, now you have missed it? Why, you don't give chase, for that only scares the critter; but you stand still, shake the oats in the pan, and say, cope, cope, cope, and it stops and looks at you, and comes up again, but awful skittish, stretches its neck out ever so far, steals a few grains, and then keeps a respectful distance. Now, what do you do then? Why, shake the pan, and move slowly, as if you were going to leave the pasture, and make for hum; when it repents of bein' so distrustful, comes up and you slip the halter on.

Mr. Ferguson says that he ought to be considered a friend of the Maine Law, for he has made as great personal efforts to put down liquor as anybody.