# Raftsman's Journal.

COME AND TAKE ME.—DUVIVIER.

VOL. 1. CLEARFIELD, TUESDAY, JUNE 27, 1854. NO. 2.



**RAFTSMAN'S JOURNAL.**

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### The Burial of Old Dog Towser.

A LYRIC FOR THE TIMES.

Not a growl was heard, nor a whine, nor a bark,
As his carcase from Court street they carted;
Not a master stood near at the time to mark,
When the life of old Towser departed.

They carted him off in the noon-day sun,
The wheels round indifferent going,
And the straggling people beheld it done,
And the deputy chief was knowing.

No box or barrel enclosed his breast,
Nor in salt-mat or carpet we wound him,
And he lays as we've seen him when taking his rest,
With the flies all buzzing around him.

Few and short were the words that were said,
And we looked with a feeling sickenin'
On the form of the son of a dog that lay dead,
And we bitterly thought of the strychnine.

We tho't as we straightened in perfect shape,
And gave him a brick for a pillow,
We wished we could have the man by the nape,
Who poisoned old Towser, poor fellow!

Lightly they'll laugh at the quadruped gone,
Rejoice that they thus did destroy him;
But his fate than their's is a far better one—
Where policemen can't come to annoy him.

But half of our weary work was done,
When the clock told the hour for retreating,
And we heard the old South bell ring for one
That summoned the folks to their eating.

We tipped him over into the dock,
The victim of cowardly slaughter;
We carved not a line on a post or a rock,
And we left him alone in the water.

WIDESWARTH.

### PRAYER.

There is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts
When sink the beams of light.

There is an arm that never tires
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails
When earthly loves decay.

That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That ear is filled with angel's, songs;
That arm upholds the world on high;
That love is thrown beyond the sky.

But there's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain;
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain;
The power is prayer, which soars on high
And feeds on bliss beyond the sky

*From the Flag of Our Union.*

## THE PRIESTESS OF THE SUN.

### A Tale of Peru.

BY JAMES DE MILLE.

### CHAPTER I.

The ice-crowned summits of the Andes were were gleaming and glistening in the rays of the setting sun, as a single horseman rode slowly along one of the mountain roads of Peru. It was a road whose massiveness of construction, and excellence of formation, excited the wonder of the beholder as much as any of the works of the Incas. Now it wound with serpentine turnings up the almost precipitous sides of some lofty height, and again it descended by the same intricate turnings, round many a projecting cliff into some deep gully. Passing over the gully by a slender, yet strong bridge, it again went on as before.

Along this road went the horseman. He was a Spaniard, and his dress consisted of the heavy armor of the Spanish adventurers under Pizarro. A breastplate of gleaming steel protected his body. A strong buckler was on his head. A carbine was slung over his shoulders and a heavy sword hung down from his side. His form was tall and well knit together, and his face, though bronzed by exposure and hardship, was noble and lofty in its expression.

"By San Jago!" he muttered, as he drew up his steed before a slender bridge which crossed a deep gully, "this is a road such as is seldom found. A wonderful people are these Indians! Come, get up, good horse! What? you are afraid. Now then." And spurring his horse, he went boldly and quickly across. The bridge swayed and cracked beneath him, and scarcely had he touched the other side when it fell.

"A narrow escape, by heaven!" he cried, looking back. "Pizarro did wisely in sending but one man on this expedition to Quito. But what a country! The people are all hidden, the villages empty, the fields untilled."

He looked around him. Far beneath the fertile plains of this once peaceful region spread before him. Countless trees, and shading groves, and running rivers, threw indiscribable charms around the landscape. The mountains rose up like guardians, cultivated in many places by terraces far up their sides. But no people could be seen. The villages, the immense royal granneries, the roads and fields, all were empty.

"I would not wonder,—by the holy virgin, I would not, if these mountain recesses were full of them," said the Spaniard. "Yonder projecting rock—Ha!—"

He uttered an exclamation of surprise, as looking forward toward a place where the road turned round a lofty cliff, he saw a crowd of men running up toward the summit.

"By San Christofero!" he cried. "The villains will stop me. They will throw rocks down upon me—"

He reined in his steed and stopped to consider. He delayed but for a moment.

"I must on," he cried; "never shall it be said that Don Alberto de Reggio feared a foe! A Christian can overcome a hundred heathen Indians. Then *Reggio y Dois!* Hurra!"

Shouting his battle cry and holding his head erect, he spurred his horse and rode like the wind down the road. He neared the rock. A wild cry came from the summit. Loose rocks fell before him.

"*Reggio y Dios!*" he shouted.

He rushed like the wind around the rock. A hundred missive fragments of stone fell crashing down. They poured down like hail but Reggio was beyond their reach. The rocks fell upon the road behind him. Some rested, others bounded on, and descended thunderingly down the declivities, awaking the echoes in the deep recesses of the gorges which lay around.

On rode Reggio.

The Peruvians uttered a louder cry. A shout of disappointment, mingled with vengence. The sound struck coldly upon the Spaniard's ear.

"They have something worse in store for me," he muttered, as turning his head he beheld them descending into the road behind him.

The road ascended before him, and then with a short turn descended steeply into a valley. He drew up his horse suddenly as he stood upon the top of the eminence, and the reins dropped from his hands.

In the valley before him was a crowd of men dressed in the cotton armor of the Peruvians, with their sharp spears, and steel pointed maces glittering in the last rays of the sun, toward which all knelt in adoration. Hoary priests moved among them, and virgins dressed in white stood around an altar. As the sun sank a loud cry ascended. But a louder, a wilder, a more fearful shout arose, as they saw Reggio and recognized one of their hated persecutors!

"The invaders! Vengence!" The cry came up from all. Terror at first seized upon many for they knew not the number which might be behind the single horseman.

"Courage!" cried a venerable priest. "Fight for your country! Though there be a hundred you can surely withstand them, for thousands of warriors are here."

Reggio looked,—he saw the dark body of warriors closing upon him,—their level spears, their upraised weapons. A shower of arrows flew towards him, but fell harmlessly from his strong breastplate.

"There is no hope! I must on!"

He spoke with desperate energy. He took his gun, and giving spurs to his horse, rode down into the midst of his enemies.

Again his battle cry arose. His fierce charger rushed among the Indians;—the thunder of the Spaniard's gun struck deadly fear upon their hearts. But they closed in all around him, and arrows from afar struck his arms, and hundreds of blows fell upon him. With his heavy sword the Spaniard struggled bravely against the fearful odds. Now terrified at his strength and slaughter, they retreated for a little space,—and again gathering courage, they sprang forward. They leaped upon the horse, they seized his legs, they fell beneath him, and were trampled down while they held the reins in a frenzied, deathly grasp. The horse, held back by so many, stood still. Reggio, wounded and weary, could not struggle much longer. A huge warrior jumped up behind him, and wound his strong arms round Reggio's neck. A score of others seized him and pulled him to the ground.

"Yield!" cried an old priest to him."—"Yield, fool or you die—"

"I will not!" cried Reggio in Peruvian; and he sought to free himself. But strong men held him down,—his sword was wrenched from his grasp,—his horse was led away,—he was lost! They bound his arms tightly behind him, and then four strong warriors took him upon their shoulders and bore him away.

"To the sacrifice! the sacrifice, at to-morrow's dawn!" exclaimed a hundred voices.

### CHAPTER II.

Reggio lay bound in the room of a strong house whose walls of massive stone presented a barrier through which he might never escape. He lay upon his back fastened to the floor.—The wind from afar blowed through a small aperture, and gently fanned his heated brow.

"A sacrifice! I—a sacrifice? Deliver me! O, deliver me!" he cried.

He groaned, and sought to calm himself, but no efforts could detach his thoughts from the fearful doom which awaited him on the morrow. Suddenly a voice spake close beside him. He turned, and a tall form dressed in complete white stood near. At first a shudder of superstitious terror passed through him as he saw the white robes fluttering in the breeze and he feared that he had evoked a spirit.

"Christian!" said the figure, in Peruvian.

"Who speaks?" answered Reggio, boldly.

"A friend—"

"Then you must have come from the dead, for all who love me are there."

"I am alive—"

"A peruvian? a friend? No, no—"

"I am all that I have said, and have come to save you."

"Tis the voice of a maiden!" murmured Reggio. "I have heard that voice before. O, tell me who are you—"

"Waste no words. I am a friend. I come to save you from death!"

She stooped down, and with a sharp knife severed his painful bonds. The Spaniard rose to his feet. The figure before him was enveloped in white, and but a small part of her face was visible. Riggio looked at her, and fell upon his knees before her.

'Rise, rise!' she said impatiently. 'Think only of safety. Follow me—'

And she glided from the room without noise; a small light which she held in her hand, guided him for a distance as he followed softly after her. She stopped at length, and put a string in his hand, one end of which she held herself. Then extinguishing the light, she left it upon the floor and walked on. Reggio followed. They went through wide rooms, and long halls, through narrow passages and labarynthian galleries, until at last the freshness of the air told Reggio that he approached the outside. She drew back some heavy bolts that slipped noiselessly to her touch. She opened the ponderous door.

Reggio repressed an exclamation of joy.—Looking out he saw his horse standing there with muffled feet, ready to bear him away in silence. A gun, and a sword lay there also.

'Beautiful being! How can I ever repay my debt of gratitude to you?' cried Reggio in a transport.

''Tis my debt. I repay it. Haste. No words more.'

'I will not go without you', he cried passionately. 'Come, O, come with me!'

The maiden stood still,

'O, come!' he cried, imploringly. 'You will not force me to stay—'

'No!' she said, tenderly. 'You can go without me.'

'Never!' he cried. He took her in his arms. She did not resist. In a few moments both were seated on a strong horse. A few cheering words, a light stroke, and the horse and its riders were gone. They went slowly, until out of hearing. Then Reggio dismounted and took off the cumbersome foot coverings.

'Ha!' he cried, 'what noise is that?'

'They have discovered it—up, or you are lost!' cried the maiden. 'Up—'

Reggio sprang upon the horse. Far behind him sounded a deep murmur, as though many voices were crying together.

'O, were some of my brave comrades near!'

'Think not of that. Think not of that. Fly!'

'Hold me tightly,' he cried, as his horse fled swiftly along the road. 'Hold fast!' His own arm was around her. She clung closely to him, and away they went far from their enemies. When the sun arose, danger was far away. The two travellers paused upon the summit of a gentle ascent which overlooked a small town. There the ensign of Spain fluttered from a large building which appeared to be used as a barrack.

'Let me down here,' said the maiden, to Reggio. 'I must descend.'

Reggio dismounted and took her to a rock upon which she sat.

'Christian we must part here.'

'What!' cried Reggio with a start.

'We must part—'

'Never, never shall you leave me.'

'Christian, you must not detain me. Would it be fit for him whom I have delivered, to keep me a prisoner?'

'Not a prisoner. O, no! but something dearer,' cried Reggio passionately. 'But who are you? I have heard your voice before.'

'Yes. At Caxamalca—'

'What?' cried Reggio, starting—

'Do you not remember when the perfidious invader came to Caxamatca? Our Inca thought not of deceiving them. He treated them as a great king should. Do you not remember how his hospitality was returned? Thousands of the dead can tell. The ghost of a murdered Inca can speak from its gaave and tell.

Reggio was silent.

'O, what a scene of terror there was,' said his companion, 'when the invaders, armed with thunder, rushed on their unarmed and unsuspecting hosts. The guest murdered his entertainer. Those whom we had treated with hospitality became our murderers.'

Reggio sighed deeply.

'Yet you were not among them. You, I know abhorred the deed. There was a maiden there—a maiden of the royal blood—her name was Alanola. When the fierce Spaniards came out upon their victims, she fled in terror across ths plain. Her white robes fluttered in the breeze, and after the slaughter, the Spaniards, pursuing those who fled, beheld her also. They came towards her on their fierce demons of beasts. She fell, overcome with terror. Then—ah then! there was a generous heart found—a soul that pitied her, who saved her from dishonor and torture. You are he—'

Reggio started up, and looked earnestly at her. But the face of his companion was concealed behind her veil.

'Who are you? How did you hear this?'

'I never heard it. I saw it. Look at me.'

The veil fell from her head, and the maiden stood up before him. And never, even among the beauties of his own native land, had Reggio beheld such loveliness. Her eyes were black and lustrous. Her hair was black as night, and golden jewels gleamed among her luxurious locks like stars.

'Alanola!' cried the Spaniard. 'O, heavens, am I thus repaid—?'

'You saved my life, and I saved yours—'

Reggio caught her in his arms.

'This is the last time that we can look on one another,' she said, mournfully.

'No, no,' cried Reggio. 'Why will you speak thus? You have fled with me. With me you must stay.'

'I cannot.'

'And why?'

'I am a Priestess of the Sun. I tend the ever burning fire. I have sinned in letting you behold my face, or touch me.'

Reggio seemed struck dumb.

'Farewell then,' she said.

'You must not go. Where will you go.'

'To Cuzco—to the holy temple.'

'There is no holy temple now. There is no Cuzco. 'Tis taken by us. Your temple is overthrown.'

'O, holy light of heaven!' exclaimed the maiden, in agony and amazement.

'It is true. Did I not sea it a month ago.'

'Then all is over!'

'You cannot go anywhere now—'

'Alas, no, except to the grave.'

'No, no, Alanola. Come with me and find a home in my heart. Though your false god has forsaken you, I will not!' and he took her unresisting hand.

'Your god is powerless. Come with me and learn the worship of my God—the Almighty.'

Tears stood in her eyes.

Reggio again lifted her upon his horse. She all unresisting, suffered him. And putting spurs to his noble charger; Reggio and his lovely burden arrived shortly after in the town of Caltufo.

For a year longer Peru, though conquered, was tumultuous. The new Inca Manco spread terror among the mountains, and Reggio was employed in subduing him. Alanola was placed in safety by him. But after the year was up he left the mountains, and brought the lovely priestess to Lima. There in the palace of the viceroy Pizarro, which rose proudly among the mansions of the new city, Reggio saw the Priestess of the Sun baptized in the private chapel, and on the same evening he was united by Das Casas to his lovely bride, the Priestess of the Sun and royal princess.

### Curtain Lecture by Mrs. Fubbs.

"Fubbs, I want to talk to you a while, and want you to keep awake while I do it. You want to go to sleep? Yes you always want to *go to sleep*, but I don't. I'm not one of the sleepy kind. It's a good thing for you, Mr. Fubbs, that you have a wife who imparts information by lectures, else you would be a perfect ignoramus. Not a thing about the house to read, except the bible that the Christian Association gave you, and a tract that a fellow called Porter left one day, entitled 'Light for the Heathen.' It's well he left it for you are a heathen, Fubbs. You thank God you ain't a Mormon? Yes, I understand that insinuation, too, you profane wretch? You mean you are glad you hain't but one wife. You never would have known there was a Mormon, Mr. Fubbs, if I hadn't told you, for you're too stingy to take a paper. N-o-w, Fubbs! I declare your name ought to be Fibbs, you tell so many of 'em. It's only last week that I lost one dollar and fifty cents on butter that I sold to a peddler, because I didn't know the market price, which is published every week.—This would have paid for the paper a whole year. And then you are so ignorant, Fubbs! Didn't you take your gun t'other day, and walk clear down to the Big Marsh a hunting, because somebody told you the Turkeys were marching into Rushes? Y-e s, y-o-u d-i-d, Fubbs, you needn't deny it. But the Turkeys were all out of the Rushes, I guess, before you got there. Didn't kill any, did you? It was a bad day for turkeys, wasn't it? Ha! ha! ha!"

Always look out for No. 1. It is the only figure that will enable you to cut a figure. This principle refers alike to getting a rich wife, a pretty companion, freedom from measles, the best pew in church, and the first shad of the season.

☞ A Quaker in New Orleans is so upright in all his dealings, that he won't sit down to eat.

### A Den of Horrors.

Kirwan, in a recent volume of travels, in Europe, gives the following account of a fearful chamber in the castle of the Duke of Baden-Baden in Germany.

'We made a morning call at the castle of the Duke, which surmounts the hill, and were shown through all the apartments. As if for our accommodation, he had just retired from his breakfast-room that we might see the table at which a reigning Prince sipped coffee. We have seen the breakfast room and table of many in America more richly furnished. The apartments wore quite an air of poverty, after having seen those at Versailles, the Quirinal, and Turin. But the underground apartments possess a fearful interest. With lighted torches we went down into the cellar of the palace, thence by a spiral inclined plane, we went down, down, until, by a door formed of one huge flag, and fitted to its place with remarkable exactness, we entered a small oval room, perhaps ten feet in diameter, and hewn out of a solid rock. The door was shut behind us, and we were buried alive under the mountain! A ray of light came from above, and we could look up as through a narrow chimney; a stone was moved beneath our feet, and we could look down perhaps two or three hundred feet, and could see a glimmer of light upon a dashing current, whose murmurings came to us from beneath. And all around the room were seats cut out from the rock. And what was the knowledge and history of this awful room?

Its history, as given us by our guide, and within its walls, is briefly as follows: In the days of feudal clemency and inquisitorial piety, those suspected of political or religious heresy were suddenly seized and confined in one of the adjacent cells. The little room above described was the room of judgement, and the judges were let down by machinery through the opening above. The accused were then introduced, and that heavy stone door was shut. And there shut out from every eye save that of God and their judges, they were tried and condemned. If not guilty, the accused were hated or feared, which made condemnation worse than guilt. When condemned, they were next ordered to kiss the image of the virgin in the apartment; in the movement, they touched springs, which caused her to embrace them, and in the embrace, to pierce them through with daggers. Then a trap was sprung beneath their feet, which let their bodies fall upon a wheel armed with knives, which was kept in constant revolution by a stream of water; by these knives they were cut in pieces, and the mutilated fragments fell into the stream below.

And there we were receiving this awful narrative, in the very apartment where these atrocities were committed in the name of Justice and Religion, with the tunnel beneath us, through which the bodies of their victims were let down for mutilation, so as to be beyond the reach of recognizance! For a moment our blood ran cold, and we were filled with horror! Oh! if those stone seats, and those walls of solid rock could speak—if the injunctions of perpetual secrecy were removed by him who upheaved the mountain, what an awful narrative they would give of the scenes of treachery, hatred, and blood, there perpetrated in the name of God and Religion.

The stone door swung open and we groped our way through a labyrinth of chambers and passages dark as midnight into the open air. We all breathed easier and a feeling of fear gave way to one of security. We were soon on the railway from Frankfort-on-the-Main, deeply affected by the beauty and wickedness of Baden-Baden, thankful that its days of penal tyranny were at an end.

We look with horror upon a time and creed which could enact such terrific scenes as are described in the above article.

Let us for a moment look at th[illegible] spiritual evils of our day and creed. [illegible] my mind this moment, one of [illegible] ful of all my girlhood's frien[illegible] ic beauty and sweetness and [illegible]

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☞ The Borough Item will accept our thanks and we hope it is already wide circulation may be profitably increased. It is the spickest little daily printed in the State and deserves a liberal share of patronage. Published at Harrisburg for $4 00 per year.

☞ Playaway.—We are under obl[illegible] for of the "Yankee Privateer;" [illegible] last number of his excellent [illegible] the best weekly journals [illegible] at Boston; price $2 00.

☞ The Phi[illegible] a morning to an [illegible] most excellent daily [illegible]

craft up the which way he is going. Election, we met his ark, going up were coming down the day [illegible] beautifully dis pilot singing [illegible] road to travel.

[illegible] promi- [illegible] airo [illegible] dionsky.

Plain [illegible] fidence [illegible] shances [illegible] insack's [illegible] ale by [illegible] its just about [illegible] ARFF.

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### EDUCATION.

How very little must those persons know who think that a system of equality pervades all nature, and that men collectively partake of the universal quality, and individually become equal. Let us look all over the world carefully, and we shall not fail to discover the very opposite to be the case, whether it be among the trees, and plants, the rocks or mountains, the rivers or the purling streams, oceans, continents, islands, and in fact all things the eyes rest on. Where shall we find *perfect equality?* and if naturally there be little approximation to such a thing, how much less will there be, when man in his aboriginal and uncertain discipline is trained and assisted by art. Take the wild flowers of the field, remove them within cultivated gardens, plant them in the well prepared soil, give them the attendence of the experienced gardener and will they be still the same, and only equal to their original and natural state. Let us look at the inferior animals. Is a horse, for example that is uncared for, untaught, and left to forage for himself equal in every respect to the one under kindly discipline, and care, and that comes out tractable, almost social, and with a shining coat. Look into the heavens and do we find all the planets and all the stars equal in brilliancy, in magnitude, in density or in velocity—where out of one hundred blades of grass can there be found a definition for the word identical, in fact, where is perfect equality?

That there are certain things which all nature enjoys in common, there can be no question, and great numbers of which the members of the human family rejoice in as their common privilege, but this does not alter the question, because we find that man as a gregarious animal associates only with those whose tastes are identical with the class to which each man by habit, intellect, but particularly by education, delights in; this dividing society by strong lines of demarcation in accordance with a law which has not been decreed yet is more incapable of alteration than [illegible] of the medes and Persians of old.

We have said, *but particularly by educa*[illegible] as we consider this a greater fulcrum than physical one wished for by Archimedes to raise the world. Has not education raised the world? Look back into history, and compare the vast improvements in everything connected with one mundane system, and all matters, contingencies on man's probationary state, and we can alone trace these advantages to Education.

The value of education might indeed appear to be an axiom, but we regret to think that there are yet persons in the community who fail to conceive the blessings that education bestows on mankind, and with shame be it confessed, some also who think that morals are made worse by its application, and allow their children to grow up as untutored weeds in this great garden of God's providence. To those we would suggest the impossibility of their offspring ever rising either to fame among men, or to be useful members of the community, failing as they assuredly will, to carry out that manifest destiny to which every individual has been called, and finally unable to give an account of the proper appropriation of the talents whether two, five or ten, that have been committed to their charge.

### Beautiful Extract.

Go out beneath the arched heaven in night's profound gloom, and say, if you can, "There is no God." Pronounce the dread blasphemy and each star above you will reprove you for your unbroken darkness of intellect—every voice that floats upon the night, will bewail your utter hopelessness and despair. Is there no God? Who, then, unrolled that blue scroll, and threw upon its high frontispiece the legible gleaning of immortality? Who fashioned this green earth, with its perpetual rolling waters and its expands of islands and the main? Who paved the heavens with clouds, and attuned amid banners of storms the voice of thunders, and unchained the lightnings that linger and lurk, and flash in their gloom? Who gave the eagle a state eyrie where the tempests dwell [illegible]nd beat strongest, and the dove a tranquil a[illegible]de amid the forest that ever echoes to the [illegible]strelsy of her moan? Who made light [illegible]sant to thee, and the darkness a covering [illegible] a herald to the first flash of morning? [illegible]o gave thee matchless symmetry of sin[illegible] limbs? The regular flowing of [illegible] [illegible]pressible and daring n[illegible] [illegible] love! And yet th[illegible] [illegible] the waters of ea[illegible] [illegible]in, but the [illegible]


[illegible]ARFF'S [illegible] for sale at [illegible]SOP & POTTARFF'S [illegible] alt, just received at the Cheap [illegible]ve and of MOSSOP & POTTARFF. [illegible] 14.

JACKSON CRANS—Attorney at Law. Office adjoining residence, Clearfield, Pa. [May 26, '54-1y.

JAMES B. GRAHAM—Merchant and extensive dealers in lumber. Grahampton, P. O., Clearfield county, Pa. [May 26, '54-1y.

TO SHOEMAKERS.—A fine lot of Spanish Kips, Men and Women's Morocco pink trimmings, and Sole Leather, for sale cheap, by June 13, '54. MOSSOP & POTTARFF.

BEREGE DELAINES.—A superior article Berege Delaines in dress patterns, at 25 per yard, never sold in this county before than 50 cents, at MOSSOP & POTTA[illegible] June 13, '54