

Raftsmen's Journal.

COME AND TAKE ME.—DEUVIER.

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Poetry.

THE CRY OF SUFFERING WOMEN.

Help us now for we are weary,
Hope is dim and life is dreary—
Sorrow is our need—
We are daughters, wives, and mothers,
We have fathers, husbands, brothers,
Whom we love above all others—
Tis for them we plead.

We can hope for no to-morrow
That will find us free from sorrow
While their shame we see;
And the tyrant's chain has bound them—
With his deadly snares he's wound them—
And his strong arms are around them—
How CAN THEY BE FREE?

He has taken our freshest pleasures,
Robbed us of our household treasures—
Leaving bitter woe;
From our pillow banished sleeping,
Bade our eyes grow dim with weeping,
While our hearts have sorrow keeping
Heaven alone can know.

Must we see our loved ones perish,
And the last faint hope we cherish
Blotted out in grief?
Misery our life is wasting—
From the years of sorrow hastening
From the drops of woe we're tasting,
IS THERE NO RELIEF?

Original Moral Tale.

WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL.
THE
MARTIN FAMILY.

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CHAPTER XIV.

It is ten o'clock.
For an hour or more, the air has been filling up with thin, vapory clouds. There is no moon-light, and the few scattered stars are looking down upon the earth, pale, and languid; and the night is quite dark.

It is favorable, however, for the poor Christians. Under cover of the darkness, they can reach their secret places of worship with less risk or exposure. And an hour ago, one after another had descended the rough, damp flight of steps into the Catacombs; and followed the pale light in the hand of the guide, till the rude, subterranean chapel is filled.

On some accounts, the meeting to-night is one of more than usual interest. For the few past days, the Lord had been pouring out his spirit in a most copious and wonderful manner, filling up, with triple fastness, the falling ranks of his people. Hence, quite a number of those present are recent converts; and are there for admission into the sacred fellowship of the church, by the holy rite of baptism.

The cavern, therefore, wore a rather cheerful aspect,—more so, at least, than it had done for some evenings back. The old lamp in the niche burned brightly. The eyes of Prytheus sparkled with all the animation of his inner life, while the gratitude of his heart spread a fervid glow over his naturally kind and benevolent features. Then, in the looks of those who had so recently passed out of darkness into light, there were plainly visible the emotions of unutterable joy.

There were some things, however, in the cavern to-night, that were not in it the first evening of meeting. True—there was the rude stone altar standing just where it did, and the roll of unleavened bread, the goblet of wine, and the soiled parchment upon it; and, then, the stooping form of the holy man at its side,—all just as they had been. But, in addition to these, there were some sad remembrances—memorials of a people steadfast and faithful unto death. Around the rough, angling sides, and in hewn-out cavities in the soft rocky walls, were a dozen or more veiled earthen urns, filled with the ashes of the martyred dead; and, also, in the mouths of one or two of the dark, vaulted passages, lay several torn and mangled corpses, just fresh from the slaughter, to be deposited, with hymns and prayers, in some yet deeper and darker cavern.

These remains of their brethren, admonished the living present to-night, to be watchful. In fact, ordinary prudence had dictated that no more time be spent in solemnizing the mysteries of their faith, even in the deep places of the earth, than was consistent with propriety. The enemy were everywhere on the look out, and might be upon them any moment.

Prytheus, therefore, had quickly taken his stand at the side of the altar; and, having looked for an instant at the interesting assemblage of young and old before him, he had commenced repeating over in a low, solemn voice, the lines of a familiar hymn. And now their voices, all blending in its sweet and plaintive harmony, fill the cavern with the great redeemer's praise.

This indeed, with raised hands and closed eyes, but an open, overflowing heart, he is addressing a throne of grace, in a prayer that bears every heart away with it, in penitence and gratitude, to the Being to whom it is offered.

Just as the *amen* and *amen* fell from the lips of all present, the guide, stooping, and holding out his dim lamp in his hand, came hurriedly along the entrance vault, followed closely by two persons,—a male and female. They were both in disguise. Stopping short as they entered the cavern, they stood together in silence.

The exercises continued—the bread and wine as usual were dispensed—another hymn sung, and the throne of grace again addressed.

As to those present for baptism, it was not necessary that they should be any farther instructed in the nature of the rite. They are all known to the holy man. He had visited them at their homes, and talked and prayed with them in his little chamber. Hence the rite was forthwith administered, and some twenty persons initiated into the suffering, bleeding church.

At the close of this exercise, which occupied some time, the man who had last entered, stepped forward and whispered a few words in the ear of Prytheus.

The countenance of the holy man brightened with every word.

"I do,"—in Jesus, the Saviour of my soul."

"The man then returned, and led the female to the altar.

"Thou desirest a place in our master's kingdom," said Prytheus.

"I do," was the prompt reply of the female.

"His kingdom is not of this world," said Prytheus.

"I expect my good things in the life to come," said the female.

"Whereas I was once blind, now I see."

"The cross is in the way."

"With the help of the Lord, I shall take it up."

"Thou believest?"

"I do,—in Jesus, the Saviour of my soul."

"Seest thou our brethren there?" said Prytheus, pointing to the mangled and bloody corpses in the vault.

"Death is the passage to life," said the female, looking at them with a sorrowful smile.

"Who forbids thee a name among us?" said Prytheus, casting his eyes inquiringly around him.

Vertitia was then baptized, at the side of her father, who, all the while, wept with joy.

There is a brief silence. All are mentally engaged in prayer.

The last duty now to these, our dead," said Prytheus, turning round, and taking the old lamp out of the niche in his hand.

He entered a narrow tortuous passage, where the men taking up the dead bodies, followed after. The women likewise followed in the melancholy procession behind, and as they moved slowly along, all united in singing a solemn dirge.

At length, arriving at a large cavity in the rock, they halted; and there—while a hymn was sung expressive of the glorious resurrection of the righteous,—the bodies were carefully deposited—to await that great day when earth and sea shall give up their dead, and there shall be no more death.

Returning to the chapel, prayer was again made. An affectionate farewell followed.—Then, in small parties, conducted by the guide, they ascended the rocky stair-way, and dispersed for their homes.

It is twelve o'clock—dark—dreary—drizzling.

The Jewess has just returned from the door, and resumed her seat. She has finished her sewing, and had been to the door, watching for the return of her sweet, dear boy who had gone to attend that night's meeting in the Catacombs.

Her movements indicate a slight uneasiness. In fact, her looks betray a very rapidly increasing anxiety. But then his absence at any time would have accounted, in some measure, at least, for this.

"It's time he was here," said she; "but they'll be detained a little longer, to-night, with the baptisms;—I might have thought of that," saying which, she again took up the dress in her hand, and after examining it closely a few moments, commenced making a slight alteration in it, which she thought would improve its appearance.

At the same time, as she went on altering, she beguiled the moments by singing, in a low voice, a favorite hymn.

Directly, however, the dress is involuntarily cast aside; and she is again at the door.

Gazing anxiously down the street, and leaning her tall, slender form forward as far as possible, she is expecting every moment to catch the sound of his light, quick step, or see his fragile form emerging from the darkness.

But long—long does she look,—look earnestly, tremblingly, till her eyes dim, and her head aches.

No darling boy, however, with his bright, intelligent countenance, appears to relieve her anxiety, which at length, has become sickening—insupportable.

"Why! what in the world!—what has happened him! It's two hours past the time. O! my boy—my dear, dear boy!" she exclaimed, as she closed the door, and hurried to her room, ringing her hands, and threw herself on her knees.

A few earnest, passionate petitions,—and the poor distracted mother is again at the door.

"Oh! my boy!—my only earthly comfort!" and she sprang into the darkness, and started off wildly down the narrow street.

In a few moments, there was a sharp, quick rap at the door of Prytheus.

The holy man, fatigued with the exercises of the night, had thrown himself upon his couch, and fallen into a doze of sleep.

Instantly, however, and just as he woke up, the door was violently thrown open. The Jewess stood before him, pale, excited and trembling.

"My son!—my dear boy!—where?—where is he?" she instantly exclaimed.

"Has he not returned?" inquired Prytheus, rising hurriedly from his couch.

"Oh! no—no! Why?—what! O, God have mercy!" she again exclaimed, ringing her hands; and instantly wheeling out of the door was gone.

It was some minutes before Prytheus could recover from his surprise. The most painful apprehensions at once laid hold of his sensitive mind.

"Is it possible!—can it be? Hardly, I think. And yet it is some distance there from this, and our enemies are concealed in every nook and corner. Poor woman!—what a trial—and yet I can hardly think it," said Prytheus, as he paced his little apartment in almost as much distress as the poor mother, herself.

The boy had returned that far with Prytheus; and the last words he said at parting, were,—“I must hasten—mother will be uneasy.”

"He doeth all things well," said Prytheus, and falling on his knees, prayed earnestly—almost in a bitter agony for the mother and her boy.

In a few minutes after, he was hurrying up along the dark, narrow street, in the direction of their abode, with words of consolation on his lips.

To be continued.

DESTRUCTION OF THE INQUISITION IN SPAIN.

In 1809, Col. Lehmannowky was attached to that part of Napoleon's army which was stationed at Madrid. "While in this city," said Col. L., "I used to speak freely among the people about the priest and Jesuit, and of the Inquisition." It had been decreed by the Emperor Napoleon that the Inquisition and Monasteries should be suppressed; but the decree, like some of the laws enacted in this country, was not executed. Months had passed away, but the prisons of the Inquisition were still unopened. One night about 10 or 11 o'clock, as Col. L. was walking the streets of Madrid, two armed men sprang upon him from an alley, and made a ferocious attack. He instantly drew his sword, put himself in a position of defence, and while struggling with them saw at a distance the light of the patrols—French soldiers mounted, who carried lanterns, and rode thro' the streets of the city at all hours of the night, to preserve order. He called to them in French, and, as they hastened to his assistance, his assailants took to their heels and escaped, not, however, before he saw by their dress that they belonged to the guards of the Inquisition.

The Colonel went immediately to Marshal Soult, then Governor of Madrid, told him what had taken place, and reminded him of the decree to suppress this institution. Marshal Soult replied that he might go and destroy it. Col. L. told him that his regiment (the 9th of the Polish Lancers) was not sufficient for such a service, but if he would give him an additional regiment, he would undertake the work.

The 17th regiment was under the command of Col. DeLile, who is now, like Col. L. a minister of the Gospel, and pastor of an Evangelical church in Marseilles, France. "The troops required were granted, and I proceeded (said Col. L.) to the Inquisition, which was situated about five miles from the city. It was surrounded by a wall of great strength, and defended by a company of soldiers. When we arrived at the walls, I addressed one of the sentinels, and summoned the holy fathers to surrender to the Imperial army and open the gates of the Inquisition. The sentinel, who was standing on the wall, appeared to enter into conversation for a moment with some one within, at the close of which he presented his musket and shot one of my men. This was the signal for attack, and I ordered my troops to fire upon those who appeared on the wall. It was soon obvious that it was an equal warfare. The walls of the Inquisition were covered with the soldiers of the holy office; there was also breastwork upon the wall, behind which they but partially exposed themselves as they discharged their muskets. Our troops were in the open plain, and exposed to a destructive fire. We had no cannon, nor could we scale the walls, and the gates successfully resisted all attempts at forcing them. I could not retire and send for a cannon to break through the wall without giving them time to lay a train to blow us up. I saw that it was necessary to change the mode of attack, and directed some trees to be cut down and trimmed to used as battering rams.—

Two of these were taken up by detachments of men, as numerous as could work to advantage, and brought to bear upon the walls with all the power they could exert, while the troops kept up a fire to protect them from the fire poured upon them from the walls. Presently the walls began to tremble, a breach was made, and the imperial troops rushed into the Inquisition. Here we met with an incident which nothing but Jesuitical effrontery is equal to. The Inquisitor-general following the father confessors in their robes, all came out of their

rooms, as we were making our way into the interior of the Inquisition, and with long faces, and their arms crossed over their breasts, their fingers resting on their shoulders, as tho' they had been deaf to the noise of the attack and defense, and had just learned what was going on, they addressed themselves in the language of rebuke to their own soldiers, saying, "Why do you fight our friends the French?"

Their intention, no doubt, was to make us think that this defence was wholly unauthorized by them, hoping, if they could make us believe that they were friendly, they should have a better opportunity, in the confusion of the moment, to escape. Their artifice was too shallow and did not succeed. I caused them to be placed under guard, and all the soldiers of the Inquisition to be secured as prisoners.

We then proceeded to examine all the rooms of the stately edifice. We passed thro' room after room, found all perfectly in order, richly furnished, with altars and crucifixes, and wax candles in abundance, but could discover no evidence of iniquity being practised there—nothing of those peculiar features which we expect to find in an Inquisition. We found splendid paintings, and a rich and extensive library. Here was beauty and splendor, and the most perfect order on which my eyes had ever rested. The architecture—the proportions were perfect. The ceilings and floors of wood were secured and highly polished. The marble pavements were arranged with a strict regard to order. There was everything to please the eye and gratify a cultivated taste, but where were those horrid instruments of torture of which we had been told, and where those dungeons in which human beings are said to be buried alive? We searched in vain. The holy fathers assured us that they had been misled; that we had seen all, and I was prepared to give up the search, convinced that this Inquisition was different from others of which I had heard.

But Col. DeLile was not so ready as myself to relinquish our investigation, and said to me, "Colonel, you are in command to-day, and as you say so it must be; but if you will be advised by me, let this marble floor be examined. Let water be brought and poured upon it, and we will watch and see if there is any place thro' which it passes more freely than others." I replied to him, "Do as you please, Colonel," and ordered water to be brought accordingly. The slabs of marble were large and beautifully polished. When the water had been poured over the floor, much to the dissatisfaction of the Inquisitors, and a careful examination was made of every seam in the floor to see if the water passed through, presently Col. D. exclaimed that he had found it. By the side of one of these marble slabs the water passed thro' fast, as though there was still an opening beneath. All hands were now at work for the further discovery, the officers with their swords and the soldiers with their bayonets, seeking to clear out the seam and pry up the slab, others with the butts of their muskets striking the slab with all their might to break it, while the priests remonstrated against our desecrating their holy and beautiful home. While thus engaged a soldier, who was striking with the butt of his musket, struck a spring, and the marble slab flew up. Then the faces of the Inquisitors grew pale as Belsazzar, when the hand-writing appeared on the wall; they trembled all over. Beneath the marble slab, now partly up, there was a stair-case. I stepped to the altar, and took from the candle-stick one of the candles, four feet in length, which was burning, that I might explore the room below. As I was doing this, I was arrested by one of the Inquisitors, who laid his hand gently on my arm, and with a very demure and sanctimonious look said, "My son you must not take those lights with your bloody hands, they are holy." "Well," I said, "I will take a holy thing to shed light on iniquity; I will bear the responsibility!" I took the candle, and proceeded down the staircase. As we reached the foot of the stairs we entered a large square room, called the Hall of Judgment. In the centre of it was a huge block, and a chain fastened to it. On this they had been accustomed to place the accused, chained to his seat.—

On one side of the room was an elevated seat, called the Throne of Judgment. This the Inquisitor-general occupied, and on either side were seats less elevated, for the priestly fathers, while engaged in the solemn business of the Holy Inquisition. From this room we proceeded to the right and obtained access to small cells, extending the entire length of the edifice; and here such sights were presented as we hope never to see again.

These cells are places of solitary confinement where the wretched objects of inquisitorial hate were confined, year after year, till death released them from their sufferings, and there their bodies were suffered to remain until they were entirely decayed, and the rooms had become unfit for others to occupy. To prevent this being offensive to those who occupied the Inquisition, there were flues or tubes extending to the open air, sufficiently capacious to carry off the odor. In these cells we found the remains of those who had paid the debt of nature; some of them had been dead apparently but a short time, while of others nothing remained but the bones, still chained to their dungeons.

In other cells we found living sufferers of both sexes, and of every age, from three score years and ten down to fourteen or fifteen years—all naked as when born into the world; and all in chains! Here were old men and aged

women, who had been shut up for many years. Here, too, were the middle-aged, and the young men and maiden of fourteen years. The soldiers immediately went to work to release these captives from their chains, and took from their knapsacks their overcoats and other covering, which they gave them to cover their nakedness. They were exceedingly anxious to bring them out to the light of day; but being aware of the danger, I had food given them, and then brought them gradually to the light, as they were able to bear it.

We then proceeded to explore another room on the left. Here we found the instruments of torture, which the ingenuity of man or devil could invent. Col. L. thus describes four of these instruments: "The first was a machine by which the victim was secured, and then, beginning with the fingers, every joint in the hands, arms and body was broken or drawn one after another, until the sufferer died. The second was a box, in which the head and neck of the accused were so closely screwed that he could not move in any way. Over the box was a vessel, from which one drop of water a second fell upon the head of the victim—every successive drop falling upon precisely the same place, which suspended the circulation in a few moments, and put the sufferer to the most excruciating agony. The third was an infernal machine, laid horizontally, to which the victim was bound; this instrument was then placed between two beams, in which were scores of knives, so fixed that, by turning the machine with a crank the flesh of the sufferer was torn from his limbs in small pieces. The fourth surpassed the others in fiendish ingenuity. Its exterior was a beautiful woman, or large doll, richly dressed, with arms extended, ready to embrace its victim.—

Around her feet a semi-circle was drawn. The victim was passed over this fatal mark touching a spring which caused the diabolical engine to open; its arms clasped him and a thousand knives cut him in as many pieces, in their deadly embrace."

Col. L. said that the sight of these engines of infernal cruelty, kindled the rage of the soldiers to fury. They declared that every Inquisitor and soldier of the Inquisition should be put to the torture. Their rage was ungovernable. Col. L. did not oppose them; they might have turned their arms against him, if he had attempted to arrest their work. They began with the holy fathers. The first they put to death in the machine for breaking joints. The torture of Inquisitor put to death by the dropping of hot water on his head was most excruciating. The poor man cried out in agony to be taken from the fatal machine. The Inquisitor-general was brought before the infernal machine called "The Virgin." He begged to be excused. "No," said they, "you have caused others to kiss her, and now you must do so." They interlocked their bayonets so as to form large forks, and with these pushed him over the deadly circle. The beautiful image instantly prepared for the embrace, clasped him in its arms, and he was cut into innumerable pieces. Col. L. said that he witnessed the torture of four of them—his heart sickened at the awful scene—and he left the soldiers to wreak their vengeance on the last guilty inmate of that prison-house of hell.

In the mean time it was reported through Madrid that the prisons of the Inquisitions were broken open, and multitudes hastened to the spot. And oh, what a meeting was there! It was like a resurrection! About a hundred of those who had been buried for many years, were now restored to life. There were fathers who found their long lost daughters; wives were restored to their husbands, sisters to their brothers, and parents to their children, and there were some who could recognize no friends among the multitude. The scene was such as no tongue can describe.

When the multitude had retired, Col. L. caused the library, paintings, furniture, etc., to be removed, and having sent to the city for a wagon-load of powder, he deposited a large quantity in the vaults beneath the building, and placed a slow match in connection with it. All withdrew to a distance, and in a few moments, the assembled multitude beheld a most joyful sight. The walls and turrets of the massive structure rose majestically towards the heavens, impelled by the tremendous explosion, and then fell back to the earth a heap of ruin.

PRaising GOD BY STEAM.—The bellows of the great organ in Tremont Temple, Boston, is worked by steam. So we Yankees are going to be relieved of the work of praising God.—

We have not even to turn a crank to grind out our praise, but invoke the aid of steam power. What would Fulton say could he look into the Temple, and see that the veritable steam with which he propelled his boat up the North River, is employed to drive an organ in praise of God? The time is not far distant when we shall have miniature organs attached to tea kettles, and boil tea to the tune of Yankee Doodle.

BEAUTIFUL.—One pound of gold may be drawn into a wire that would extend round the globe. So one good deed may be felt through all time, and even extend its consequences to eternity. Though done in the first flush of youth, it may guild the last hours of a long life, and form the only bright spot in it.

A LITTLE STORY FOR THE TIMES.

A countryman one day, returning from the city, took home with him five of the finest peaches one could possibly desire to see, and as his children had never beheld the fruit before, they rejoiced over them exceedingly, calling them the fine apples with the rosy cheeks, and soft, plum-like skins. The father divided them among his four children and retained one for their mother. In the evening, ere the children retired to their chamber, the father questioned them by asking, "show do you like the soft rosy apples?" "Very much indeed, dear father," said the eldest boy, "It is a beautiful fruit—so acid, and yet so nice and soft to the taste; I have carefully preserved the stone, that I may cultivate a tree."

"Right and bravely done," said the father, "that speaks well for regarding the future with care, and is becoming in a young husbandman." "I have eaten mine, and thrown the stone away," said the youngest; besides which mother gave me half of hers. "Oh! it tasted so sweet, and so melting in my mouth."

"Indeed," answered the father, thou hast not been prudent. However it is very natural and child-like, and displayed wisdom for four years.—

"I have picked up the stone," said the second son, "which my little brother threw away, cracked it, and eaten the kernel—it was sweet as a nut to the taste—but my peach I have sold for so much money that when I go to the city I can buy twelve of them."

The parent shook his head reprovingly, saying, "beware my boy of avarice. Prudence is all very well, but such conduct as yours is unchildlike and unnatural. Heaven guard thee, my child, from the fate of a miser. And you, Edmund?" asked the father, turning to his third son, who frankly and openly replied: "I have given my peach to the son of the neighbor—the sick George, who has the fever. He would not take it, so I left it on the bed, and have just come away." "Now," said the father, "who has done the best with his peach?" "brother Edmund!" the three exclaimed aloud; "brother Edmund!" Edmund was still and silent, and the mother kissed him with tears of joy in her eyes.

SILKS.—The most practical effect of the hard times that has come under our notice, is that mentioned in the Cincinnati Gazette. The unpleasant medicine will surely work, for the present at least, a radical cure, if we only permit its operation to be general. The article alluded to, was to the effect that the ladies of New York had formed a society for the promotion of American industry, the members pledging themselves to wear nothing which is not made in America. On the 25th ult., a *Soirée* was given at the Astor House, at which every lady present appeared in calico or muslin—de-laines of home manufacture. [We hope they didn't spend enough on the *Soirée*, to make up the difference in price between silk and calico.]—

Now why is it, that we cannot raise our own silk? No man is niggard enough to wish his wife to dress in calicoes if he can reasonably help it. If the encouragement that is extended to the importer was given to the silk growers at home, women would not be obliged to betake themselves to calico, or wear foreign silks. We believe that this country can be made the great silk producing country of the world, if we only extend the proper encouragement to the cultivator and manufacturer.

A DEFENSIVE CONCLUSION.—Noah B. was unfortunate enough in his old age to become addicted to rather strong potations, and when under the influence of the spirit, was more than usually religious. Now, one Saturday afternoon, baking day, his wife, who was a very industrious old lady, and in every way a model housewife, asked Noah to go out into the yard to split some wood to heat the oven with. Noah concluded before he set about it, to start off to the tavern and imbibe, whereby, of course, the baking was neglected. Coming back in a short time, and utterly oblivious of his good woman's request, he seated himself in an old arm chair, Noah was very much attached to that old chair, for like himself, age had made it tottering in the legs, and somewhat weak in the back. "Wife," said he, "wife, do yer think the Lord in his goodness (hic) kin send us into fire everlasting?" "No answer from his wife. "Wife, kin the Lord intend to burn us all in fire everlasting?" Mrs. B. by this time was quite incensed at her husband's directions; still no answer. "Wife, (hic) do you think the Lord means (hic) to burn us all in fire everlasting?"

This was more than human patience could endure, and she couldn't hold her tongue any longer; she would speak out if she died for it: "No! yer old fool, yer! not of he waits yer to split the wood!"

DR. HUNSCH, hospital physician at Constantinople, has given a detailed account of a race of human beings having tails. They are from two inches to two feet long. The race are cannibals, and are called *Niam-Niams*, and exist in Nigritia Africa. They are entirely naked, and are extremely sensual, the strongest is chief, and it is doubtful if they have any religion. They are difficult to civilize, their instinct teaching them to search for human flesh, and when slaves, having sometimes been known to kill and devour the children of their masters, they are little popular. The Turks have long known this race.