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Poetry.

MEMORY.

"Awake, arise! with grateful fervor fraught, Ge, spring the mine of retrospective thought

Memory! Her quick and kindling glance is cast Over the dim and silent realm of death; She wakes and warms, with her etherial breath The pulseless bosom of the shrouded past;

She roams through childhood's far and fairy clime, he awoke. Its withered buds reviving 'neath her tread; She ranges, with light bark and sail aspread, The tideless ocean of departed Time.

She guards the grave of joys which smile no more Moist ning the flowers which droop regretful there She strikes the lyre o'er friendships fleet as fair, And watches, weeping, Love's heart-hourded store. All that earth has or hopes lives but for thee : This heart, then, Memory, shall thine altar be!

Original Moral Cale.

[WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL.]

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CHAPTER XVII. The morrow came; and, with it, a tragedy

the fate of a relentless, bloody tyrant. Valens was conducted across the great square, and, in a few moments, was lying, pale | pair; and out of the horrid depths he cried : and faint, in the corner of the low, damp cell.

His sufferings were intense. Sharp, racking pains were flying through his head; and his groad. hands sent up his arms an incessant stream of anguish, that flew through his heart like daggers. He moaned, and moaned, and tossed from side to side, and prayed for to-morrow. After a time, he managed to slacken the

bandages a little; and some kindly hand having slipped a small jar of water inside the door of the cell, he allayed his thirst, and his pains became less accute, and his sufferings somewhat relieved. The excitement of his nervous system gradually abated; his mind become composed; and he thought of death. It had no terrors. He rejoiced that it was so near at hand, and longed only for the dawn of the day that would forever terminate earth's

sorrows, and conduct him to a paintess world. His auxiety made the hours move tardily. Each one seemed to lengthen itself out into a day. Night, however, at last flung her sable | terly. mautle over the ofty. No sounds reached his cell, save the shouts of the rabble in the square, and an occasional quick, wild scream which, in despite of his maimed condition, in some way, reached his senses, and sent a shivering chill through his heart. Now and then, cell the sighs and wailings of other hearts, and the holy breatnings of other lips. And for these of his suffering brethren did he pray most fervently.

Then, his dear wife; his dearest Valencia How he agonized in her behalf! His only sou, too: and little Vare! A thousand blessings were craved upon them. And his persecutors !- "father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

He could not tell the time of night. The noise, however, had died away in the square. The old, greasy lamp had burnt down, and gone out. Soft, queer hands seemed gently laid on his forehead, and lightly over his damp, O: my worthy, old friend, God has directed feverish brows; while sweet voices whispering thy steps hither to-night. Blessed be his holy through his cell, strange words, that stole in upon his heart with a mysterious influence, and filled it with peace and joyousness. He felt very glad, and rejoiced greatly; and, with folded him in her soft, savery arms.

As he slept, visions flitted before him. The bright, sunny days of his youth came flying in a moment, Prytheus was hurrying cautiousback, and were there around him. He fancied by up along the dark, narrow streets. himself a little boy, engaged in his childish sports, flinging his bouquets of flowers around of his death on to-morrow; and he had resolv-

Then, came up his home-that sweet, dear, pleasant home, as it had ever been. He was scated in the hall with Valencia at his side, her bright, beautiful face lit up with its smiles, her head reclining gently on his shoulder, her soft, blue eyes peering up bewitchingly in his face, and her brown, golden curis dangling gracefully over her snowy neck, while his arms encircled her slender form, and his lips tre or arena, and elevated above which, the had often been in their early wedded days.

the grounds. The perfumed air regaled their ed above the seats, projected, and covered slept in a hollow tree-how a wild buffalo besenses, and the soft evening breezes fanned with a canopy of state, and otherwise adorned. came tame and gave milk from its udders for velvet sward, and plucked the scented rose, tators entered the interior, while a single door tory of Gentle Dove. or the sweet jessamine, -just as they had oft' from without opened into the arena. dece in by-gone days. He was there again

that night, and Valencia hung again on his arm, while the bright, blue skies spread over them in unsurpassed loveliness, and their charmed, sparkling eyes watched, with a parents exulting pride, the sports and gambols of their three little ones. O! how glad was his heart, and what emotions of joy went swelling through his breast!

"Here, papa! O! how pretty, papa!" exclaimed Fiducia, as she bounded out into the walk from behind a cluster of vines, with a bunch of flowers in her hand, and her black, glossy ringlets flying in the breeze; --- here, papa; I gathered these for you. O! aint they

Valens stretched out his hand to receive them; it struck against the wall of his cell;

"Oh !soh !" he exclaimed ;-it's a dream ! Alas! all a dream;" and he turned round with a moan, and burst into tears.

Poor man! These fond dreams of other days were quickly sped, and they pierced his heart with sadness. There was a strange rebound of the soul; and his feelings rushed madley to the extreme of gloom and despondency. He wept and wept. He could not help it. He struggled hard and resolutely with himself. He tried to think of other joys, and happier days to come. But there was the vision-his dearest Valencia leaning on his arm, and his children sporting joyously around him, and he could not banish, nor withdraw his thoughts from it.

But around him were the thick gloomy walls of the cell, and death, in some horrible form, before him on to-morrow. And he sank down -down into deep, black depths. Doubts and that roused a million of sleepers, and sealed | fears came crowding thick and fast upon him. The light faded away. His joys all fled. His cell became as a dark, dismal dungeon of des-

"I bow! I renounce my faith!" and he rolled over on his back with a loud, despairing

"Ah! my noble friend, what is that thou sayest?" said a low, deep, trembling voice.

Valens started, opened his eyes, and looked up. A tall form leaned over him, wrapped in a long, loose, flowing gown. One of the folds was thrown over the head, and hung down like a veil over the face.

"What is that thou savest?" again said the tall, disguised form, with a deep, heavy sigh. "Art thou a man?" said Valens, tremblingly, and raised himself partly up.

"Thy old friend;" and Prytheus fell on his knees at his side, and embraced him in his

They both wept-wept sore.

"Oh! what shall I do! I've been temptedtried. Alas! my heart and my flesh were about to fail me !" said Valens, weeping bit-

"Cast thyself upon everlasting arms;" said

"Oh! that vision!-that dream of the home extorted from the lips of the dying; and of my bright and sunny days!" sighed Valens. "Ah! my noble friend, think of your home in the bright, starry skies; think of that eternal city-of those golden streets-of that unalso, he thought he had heard in an adjacent fading crown ; yea, bethink thyself to-night of thy children in honor, glory, and immortality; and how soon, too, we'll all mingle our songs and halelujah's together there, in sweet, unbroken harmony forever!"

> "Yes, yes;" sighed Valens; "true, true!" "And couldst thou, -O! couldst thou deny that dear, blessed Jesus who bought you with his blood; and for a few days of bitter anguish, barter away the life to come ?"

There was silence. Nothing was heard but the groanings and intercessions of the holy

"Never! never!" at length exclaimed Valens, vehemently; "no, dear, blessed Jesusnever will I deny thee! I'll die in the faith.

"Yes, praise him-bless him; cast thyself

upon him;" said Prytheus, exultingly. "It's all well again ;-all peace and joy ;"

He had learned the condition of Valens,his mother, and receiving in return her smiles | ed to see and embrace him once more, at the peril of his life. The guard, supposing him some one sent by the Emperor, had conducted him to the door of his cell, asking no ques- to some secret place, saying that he had bro't

North, at some distance from the Forum, stood an Amphitheatre. This was a building of vast dimensions, oval-shaped, and designed for the shows of gladiators and wild beasts .-These latter were kept in dens around the cenor tiers, rising gradually back to the walls .-Then again, they were out promenading in On one side, a sort of box or platform, elevat-

To be continued.

Miscellaneous.

NITOMEMA; OR, GENTLE DOVE. AN INDIAN LEGEND.

Long ago on the banks of the Upper Mississippi among the tribes of the war-like Sacs, there lived a young woman who for beauty and By the Great Spirit, thou shalt die!" for tenderness of nature was called the Gentle Dove. The savages in the wilderness felt her power, though revealed only in the majesty of her motion and in the music of her voice.

Crossing over the stormy deep, and pursuing his journey through a trackless country, came the brave and good missionary Marquette, bearing in his hands the Gospel of Peace. Gentle Dove was drawn irresistibly by the attractions of the cross, she was sprinkled with baptismal waters and became a Christian. If when she was without the ark of safety, her spirit soared above the troubled waters, how lovely when its wings were glossed in the Sun of Righteousness, and when she bore the Olive Branch.

The fate of the good Marquette was this .-Self-sacrificing and devoted he went upon his errand, proclaiming to the benighted children of the forest the glad tidings, with a resolution which despised all danger, and which knew no fatigue. How sublime is the life of such a follower of Christ. But alas! the disciple was treated like his Master. His benevolent designs were soon mistaken, and ascribed to motives base and mercenary. The savages surrounded him with clubs and arrows, but slipping away from their midst he went into the forest and prayed. When they came upon him he was in a kneeling posture;-they fitted their arrows on their bows, but perceiving that he made no motion they approached, and voung man of great muscular power,) calmly

Soon after this the Gentle Dove was espous-Chief. Beautiful and manly in his person, tall and athletic, with features regular and handsome, skilful and adroit in the use of the bow, n battle bold and daring like his sire, he was moreover the faithful friend, the kind husband, the generous host. But he was in temper sanguine, credulous, and jealous.

Scarcely had Gentle Dove become his bride when he was called away to the wars, and having first committed her to the protection of his friend Que-la-wah, he clasped her to his heart, and in tears bade her farewell. Many and many a message did he send from his distant encampment by the hands of a courier, for the art of writing to the Indian tribes was unknown. But at last Que-la-wah became enamored of Gentle Dove, and sought by every means to win her from her rightful lord. She indignantly spurned him from her presence. Meantime being much perplexed in spirit she had a dream. An awful form stood before her, and told her that the Virgin loved her, and promised to reyeal the future to her. What she had suffered from Que-la-wah was but a beginning of greater woes to come, for he in whom her soul delighted should be deceived, and forsake his faithful wife, and she should narrowly escape with life. Moreover, there was about to be a strife for empire; and a race of white men who had gained a footing near the rising sun, from small beginnings, should sweep over and subdue the entire continent. Still, her nation should not be without renown. A prince should arise who should bear sway over many chiefs, and many tribes. He should lead his warriors to successful battles, and when at last his person should be bound in fetters, his soul would be unsubdued. Moreover his name should not perish, being embalmed in immortal verse, and the Holy Virgin should be with the Gentle Dove.

Que-la-wah finding that his proffers were rejected vowed revenge. He bribed the messen ger whom the chieftian sent with tidings to his love. She received them not and sent no answer, but he bore back word that he had delivered them, and that Gentle Dove had treated them with marked contempt. She was a these feelings, his eyes closed, and sleep en- and Valens threw his arms around the neck of abandoned and inconsistant and had violated

Omaint-si-ar-nah went into a paroxysm of rage. He commanded those who stood around to draw their bows and shoot him. As none obeyed, he was about to drive a dart into his Britian. In Canada and in the States, every own breast, but the weapon was wrested from his hand. The flame of love being extinguished, he passionately vowed revenge. He sent a messenger, commanding him to entice her intidings from her lord, then to slay her, and bring back a lock of her hair. When they the pupils. All are at small desks not more carried her babe with her, pleaded so touch- can conveniently reach every seat in the ingly that the messenger of death relented, school. It is customary likewise, to cause and spared her life, if she would but retreat all the pupils to enter slowly and decorously, into the woods and be seen in human compa- instead of being suffered, as I observe, even impressed a kiss on her cheek, all just as seats for the spectators rose in circular rows ny no more. Then he cut a lock from her in some of the most pretentious schools of jet-black hair and peaceably departed.

How she wandered unburt amid the beasts, mals .- Wm. Chambers.

moody melancholy he walked among the well- | lonian plains.

loved haunts and thought of Nitomema. On the bark of a tree where they had once inscribed their mutual emblems, new hieroglyphics met his eye beyond the date when she had been accounted false. Then the truth flashed upon him, and all night he roamed the forest, uttering the most doleful wails. He found Que-la-wah gathering sticks to make his morning fire. "Base wretch!" he cried, "prepare.

With this he fixed an arrow on his bow, and shot him to the heart. Tender and touching were the second nuptials of Omaint-si-ar-uah and Nitomema, and from this pair was descended "Black Hawk!"

CASTING A "DEVIL" OUT OF CHURCH.

A Methodist clergyman who has been laboring in the vicinity, of Marietta Ohio, was not long since, preaching to his people on the miraculous power of the Apostles over the demoniac spirits of their day. As he was pursuing his theme, the audience were suddenly startled by a voice from some one in the congregation, demanding in a half-querulous, half-authoritative tone, 'Why don't preachers do such things now a days?' In an instant, every eye in the house was turned upon this individual who had the effrontery thus to invade the sacredness of their sanctuary.

"The speaker paused for a moment, and fixed his penetrating gaze full upon the face of the questioner. There was an interval of intense silence, broken at last by the speaker in resuming his subject. Not content with a silent rebuke, our redoubtable questioner demanded again, 'Why don't preachers do such things now a days?' and curling his lips with a sneer of self-complacency, drew himself up pempously in his seat.

"Our reverend friend, (who by the way, is a left the desk, and walked deliberately to the pew where the interrogater sat, and fastening one hand firmly upon the collar of his coat, the other on the waistband of his 'unmentionables,' lifted him square out of the seat, and bore him down the aisle to the entrance .-Pausing for a moment there, he turned his eyes upon his audience, and in a clear, full voice, said, and they cast out the devil in the form of a distiller,' and suiting the action to the word, out went the knight of the mash-tub,

a la leap frog fashion, into the street. "The good pastor quietly returned to his desk, and completed his discourse. After closing the services, as he was passing out of the churh, the out-cast distiller, with an officer of the law, escorted our clerical friend to the office of a magistrate, to answer for an assault upon the person of said distiller. After hearing the case, the magistrate dismissed the clergyman, and after roundly reprimanding the complainant, fined him for molesting the services of the sanctuary.

"Since that day, we believe he has never for a moment doubted the power of Methodist preachers to cast out devils, at least within the limits of the Ohio Conference."

Long Sermons .- These, after all, are the great mistake of clergymen-the crying sin of the pulpit. People will not read long dry disquisitions upon secular subjects, and religious subjects are listened to with pretty much the same sort of uneasy ears. The truth is, half an hour of good hearty laboring is about as much as ordinarily sensitive sinners can stand at one sitting; and when sermons are habitually protracted beyond that length, those to whom they are perhaps the most importance will habitually keep away. The value and efficacy of sermons consist in what is remembered, not in that which is forgotten; and a half dozen curt, epigrammatic sentences, with a small relish of eloquence and rhetoric, is worth more upon a promiseuous congregation than a whole day's work of preaching under the ten hour system. Deacons and class leaders may be suited with ten hour system sermons, but sinners won't be-and there's the difference. Long sermons and thin congregations are inseparable.

Schools in America .- I can positively affirm, from personal observation, that in point of general discipline, the American Schools greatly excel any I have ever seen in Great suitable provision is made for the purpose of decency-a thing usually neglected in the parish and burgh schools of Scotland. I was much pleased with the arrangments in the American schools to prevent disorder or improper interference one with another among were come into the wood, Gentle Dove, who than two together in rows; so that the teacher Edinburg, to rush out like so many wild ani-

Itemarian.

- Slavery was abolished in Pennsylvania

- When the heart is out of tune, the

tongue seldom does right. - Nature forces on our hearts a Creator-

History a Providence. - Clearfield was taken off Lycoming, and

formed into a seperate county in 1804. - The first Congressmet in Philadelphia, in Carpenter's Hall, in September 1774.

- A wag observes that he looks under the marriage head for the news of the weak.

- Trust not to uncertain riches, but prepare yourself for every emergency in life.

- Good sense will lead persons to regard their own duties, rather than to recommend

- Wealth does not make the man, and should never be taken into the account in our judgement of men.

- Jim Smicks puts everything to use .-His wife has a bald head, and he straps his ra-

- The first successful attempt in Pennsylvania, to smelt iron by means of bituminous coal, was made at Karthaus, in this county.

-Be careful how you make love to a cross-eyed girl. You can't tell whether she is casting her sweetest glances at yourself, or at Mr. John Brown, opposite.

- The heart that is firmly anchored on the faith of the promise, "that all things shall work together for good to them who love God," can never despair.

- - A beautiful and chaste woman is the perfect workmanship of God, the true glory of Angels, the rare miracle of the earth, and sole has ransacked creation to lay its treasures on wonder of the world. - The only sure foundation of human

principle of religion is in the belief of the one only true God, and a just sense of his attri- been culled from the garden of a universe. - It is almost as criminal to hear a worthy man traduced without attempting his jus-

tification, as to be the author of the calumny against him; it is, in fact, a sort of misprison of treason against society. - Mrs. Partington advises all young people afflicted with the preparation of the heart, to apply the cataract of mustard to draw out

the information; she says she has never known a failure where this devise was followed. --- Forgiveness is the most refined and generous point of virtue that human nature can attain to. Cowards have done good and

kind actions; but a coward never forgave-it is not in his nature. -- "O mother!" said a very little child, Mr. S. does love aunt Lucy; he sits by her,

he whispers to her-and he hugs her." "Why, Edward, your aunt does not suffer that, does she?" "Suffer it, yes, mother, she loves it." - The first paper money was issued in our State in 1723, the same year that Benja-

min Franklin made his advent into Philadelphia, a poor printer's boy, with a roll of bread under each arm, and a few pennies in his

- A contemporary gave an anecdote the other day, of a father who was asked how he meant to educate his daughters, and answered, "I mean to bind them apprentices to their mother." The reply is so beautiful as to command assent without even an effort to reflect

--- The word Pennsylvania, is derived from Penn, the name of the founder, sylva, a wood or forest, and nia a Latin termination signifying that the word of which it forms a part is the name of a country. The literal meaning of the name, therefore, is "Penn's Forest Country."

-- The following notice was lately fixed up at a church in Herfordshire, England, and read in the church: "This is to give notice that no person is to be buried in this church yard but those living in the parish; and those who desire to be buried are desired to apply to the

- Politeness is never a loosing game .-Civility will always reproduce itself in others, and the man who is always polite will be sure to get, at least, as much as he gives. "No man." says Lord Bacon, "will be deficient in respect towards others, who knows the value his sun-burnt face, "I knew you'd pray me of respect to himself?"

- The editor of the Ruthland Herald just married to a Boston girl, says that "a pair will as much unhinge a man as three fevers,

- An Irishman, on arriving in America The Nile begins to rise in June, and at- took a fancy to the Yankee girls, and wrote to their glowing, healthful cheeks. Along the This was designed for the Emperor, magis- her sustenance, -how the Virgin took her un- tains 24 to 28 feet of elevation in the middle of his wife as follows: "Dear Norah: These melsmooth, siry walks, their children sported, trates, and a few select senators. A magnifi- der her sweet protection, and the birds sang August, and then floods the valley of Egypt, ancholy lines are to inform you that I died and rang their merry, innocent laugh; or cent portico, supported by arches, surrounded for her, and the corn and fruits ripened in her 12 miles wide. The Ganges rises from April yesterday, and I hope you are enjoying the glided their light, fairy forms over the soft, the entire building; and from which the spec- retreats, all these things form part of the his- to August 32 feet, and then creates a flood 100 same blessing. I recommend you to marry miles wide. The Euphrates rises between Jemmy O'Rouke, and take good care of the Meantime her lord returned unhappy. In March and June 12 feet and covers the Baby- children. From your affectionate husband life is the best philosophy; a clear conscience till death."

Sabbath Reading.

BARDS OF THE BIBLE. The Bible is a mass of beautiful figures; its

words and its thoughts are alike poetical; it has gathered around its central truthes all natural beauty and interest; it is a temple with one altar and one God, but illuminated by a thousand varied lights, and studded with a thousand ornaments. It has substantially but one declaration to make, but it utters it in the voices of creation. Shining forth from the excellent glory, its light has been reflected on a myriad of intervening objects, till it has become at length attempered for our vision. It now beams upon us at once from the heart of man, and from the countenance of nature. It has arrayed itself in the charms of fiction. It has gathered new beauty from the works of creation, and new warmth and new power from the very passions of clay. It has pressed into its service the animals of the forest the flowers of the field, the stars of the heavens,-all the elements of nature. The lion spurping the sands of the desert, the wild roe leaping over the mountains, the lamb led in silence to the slanghter, the goat speeding to the wilderness, the rose blossoming in Sharon, the lilly drooping in the valley, the apple tree bowing under its fruit, the great rock shadowing the weary land, the river gladdening the dry place, the moon and the morning star, Carmel by the sea. and Tabor in the mountains, the dew upon the womb of the morning, the tain upon the mown grass, the rainbow encompassing a dark place, the light of God's shadow, the thunder of His voice, the wind and the earthquake of His footsteps,-all such varied objects are made as if naturally designed from their creation to represent Him to whom the Book and all its emblems point. Thus the spirit of the Book Jehovah's altar, united the innumerable rays of a far streaming glory on the little hill of virtue is religion, and the foundation and first Calvary, and woven a garland for the bleeding brow of Emanuel, the flowers of which have

The power of the Bible over man has been long obstinately resisted; but resisted in vain. For ages has this artless, loosely piled little Book been exposed to the fire of the keenest investigations, a fire meanwhile, which has consumed contemptuously the mythology of the Biad, the Georgies, the historical truth of Livy, the fables of Shaster, the Talmud, and the Koran, the artistic merit of many a popular poem, the authority of many a work of philosophy and science. And yet there the Bible lies unburt, untouched, with not one of its pages singed, with not even the smell of fire having passed upon it Many an attempt has been made to scare away this Fiery Pillar of our wanderings, to prove it a mere natural product of the wilderness; but still night after night it rises, like one of the sure and ever shining stars in the vanguard of the great march of man, the old column gliding slow but guiding certainly to future lands of promise, both in the life that is and in that which cometh

While other books are planets shining with reflected radience, this Book like the sun shines with ancient and unborrowed rays.

Other books after shining their little sesson, may perish in flames flereer than those which destroyed the Alexandrian library; this must in essence remain fine as gold, but inconsumable as abestos in the general conflagration.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

A mother had heard of the arrival of her sailor-boy outside the Cape, and was awaiting his return with the auxicty a mother alone can know. With faith strong in God, she prayed for his safety. News came that the vessel was

The father, an unconverted man, who had preserved a sullen silence, now wept aloud--The mother observed, "He is in the hands of Him that doeth all things well," and again the subdued and softened spirit bowed, commending her son and her husband, in an audible voice, to God.

In the morning, the little gate in front of the dwelling turned on its hinges, the door opened, and their son, their lost, loved son, stood before them. The vessel had been driven into one of the harbors on the coast, and was safe. The father rushed to meet him .-His mother, hanging on his neck, earnestly exclaimed, "My child, how came you here?" "Mother," said he, as the tears coursed down

What a spectacle! a wild, reckless youth acknowledging the efficacy of prayer. It seems of sweet lips, a pink waist ribbon, a swelling he was aware of his perilous situation, and that breast and a pressure or two of delicate hands, he labored with the thought, "My mother prays; Christian's prayers are answered, and I the measles, a large sized whooping cough, a may be saved." This reflection when, almost pair of lock-jaws, several hydrophobias, and exhausted with fatigue, and ready to give up in despair, gave him fresh strength, and with renewed courage he labored till the harbor

Christian mother, pray for that son who is likely to be wrecked in the storm of life, and his prospects blasted forever. He may be

MY A firm faith is the best divinity; a good the best law; honesty the best policy.