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Miscellaneous.
SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE
OF
RAJAH GAGAN.

BY THE AUTHOR.

I am not going to give here an account of my military services, they will appear in my great national autobiography, in forty volumes, which I am now preparing for the press. I was with my regiment in all Wellesley's brilliant campaigns, then, taking down, I travelled across the country north-eastward, and had the honor of fighting by the side of Lord Lake, at Laswaree, Deeg, Furruckabad, Fattighur, and Bhurtpore; but I will not boast of my actions—my military men know them, my admirers appreciate them. If asked who was the bravest man of the Indian army, there is not an officer belonging to it who would not cry at once, Gagan. The fact is I was decorated with the Order of the Ganges, and I was the first to be killed for life, deprived of Julia Jowler.

With Julia's stony looks ever before my eyes, her father's stern refusal in my ears, I did not dare, at the close of the campaign, again to seek her company or to press my suit. We were eighteen months in service, marching and countermarching, and almost every other day to the world did not seem altered, but the world only saw the face, and not the sacred and blighted heart within me. My valour, always desperate, now reached to a pitch of cruelty; I tortured my grooms and grasscutters for the most trifling offence or error; I never in my action spared a man—I sheathed in three hundred and nine heads in the course of that single campaign.

Some influence, equally melancholy, seemed to have fallen upon poor old Jowler. About six months after we had left Dum-Dum, he received a parcel of letters from Benares (whither his wife had retired with her daughter) and so deeply did they seem to weigh upon his spirits, that he ordered eleven men of his regiment to be flogged within two days; but it was against the blacks that he chiefly turned his wrath—our fellows, in the heat and hurry of the campaign, were in the habit of dealing rather roughly with their prisoners, to extract treasure from them. They used to pull their nails out by the root, to boil them in kedge-pots, to drag them and dress their wounds with caustic pepper, and so on. Jowler, when he heard of these proceedings, which were not always justly expiated (he was a humane man, and kind to his men) used now to smile fiercely, and say, "The black scoundrels! Serve them right, serve them right!" One day, about a couple of miles in advance of the column, I had been on a foraging party with a few dragoons, and was returning peacefully to camp, when of a sudden, a troop of Mahrattas burst on us from a neighboring mango grove, in which they had been hid; ten, in an instant, three of my men's saddles were empty, and I was left with but seven more to make head against at least thirty of these valiant black horsemen. I never saw, in my life, a nobler figure than the leader of the troop—mounted on a splendid black Arab; he was tall, very hairy, as myself; he wore a steel cap, and a vest of mail, and carried a boxlike French carbine, which had already done execution upon two of my men. I saw that our only chance of safety lay in the destruction of his man. I shouted to him in a voice of thunder (in the Hindostanee tongue of course), "Stop, dog, if you dare, and encounter a man!"

In reply his lance came whistling in the air over my head, and mercifully transfixed poor Fogarty of ours, who was behind me—grinding my teeth, and swearing horribly, I drew that scimitar which never failed in its blow, and rushed at the Indian. He came down at full gallop, his own sword making ten brilliant glancing circles in the air, striking his cry of battle.

The contest did not last an instant. With my first blow I cut off his sword-arm at the wrist; my second I levelled at his head. I said that he wore a steel cap, with a chain from spike of six inches at a hood of gilt mail. I rose in my stirrups and delivered my George; my sword caught the spike exactly on the point, split it sheer in two, cut crashing through the steel cap and hood, and was only stopped by a rib, which he wore in his back-plate.

His head, cut clean in between the eye-brows and nostrils, even between the two front teeth, fell one side on each shoulder, and he galloped on till his horse was stopped by my men, who were not a little amused at the feat.

As I had expected, the remaining ruffians fled on seeing their leader's fate. I took none of the help by way of curiosity, and we took a single prisoner, who was instantly carried before old Jowler.

We asked the prisoner the name of the leader of the troop; he said it was Chowder Loll. "Chowder Loll!" shrieked Colonel Jowler. "Oh, fate! thy hand is hurt!" He rushed wildly into his tent—the next day applied for leave of absence. Gatch took the command of the regiment, and I saw him no more for some time.

As I had distinguished myself not a little during the war, General Lake sent me up with dispatches to Calcutta, where Lord Wellesley received me with the greatest distinction. Fancy my surprise, on going to a ball at Government-house, to meet my old friend Jowler, my trembling, blushing, thrilling delight, when I saw Julia by his side!

Jowler seemed to blush too when he beheld me. I thought of my former passages with his daughter. "Gagany boy!" says he, shaking hands, "glad to see you, old friend, Julia—come to filla—Hodgson's pale—brave fellow, Gagy!" Julia did not speak, but she turned ashy pale and fixed upon me with her awful eyes! I felt almost, and uttered some incoherent words. Julia took my hand, gazed at me still, and said, "Come! Need I say I want?"

I will not go over the pale ale and curried-blent again, but this I know, that in half an hour I was as much in love as I ever had been; and that in three weeks—I, yes, I—was the accepted lover of Julia! I did not pause to ask where were the one hundred and twenty-four offers? Why I, refused before, should be accepted now? I only felt that I loved her, and was happy!

One night, one memorable night, I could not sleep, and with a lover's pardonable passion, wandered solitary through the city palaces until I came to the house which contained my Julia. I peeped into the compound—it was still—looked into the verandah—it was dark, except a light—yes, one light—and it was in Julia's chamber! My heart throbbled almost to stilling. I would—I used to advance, if but to gaze upon her for a moment, and to bless her as she slept. I did look, I did advance; and, oh Heaven! saw a lump burning, Mrs. Jow, in a night-dress, with a very dark blue in her arms, and Julia, looking tenderly at an Ayah, who was nursing another.

"O, mamma," said Julia, "what would that fool Gagan say, if he knew all?" "He knows all!" shouted I springing forward, and tearing down the tatters from the window. Mrs. Jow ran shrieking out of the room, Julia fainting, the cursed black children scalded, and their dead nurse fell on her knees, gabbling some infernal jargon of Hindostanee. Old Jowler at this juncture entered with a candle and a drawn sword.

"Liar! scoundrel! deceiver!" shouted I—"Turn, ruffian, and defend yourself!" But old Jowler, when he saw me, only whistled, looked at his lifeless daughter, and slowly left the room.

Why continue the tale? I need not now account for Jowler's gloom on receiving his letters from Benares—for his exclamation upon the death of the Indian chief—for his desire to marry his daughter; the woman I was wooing was no longer Miss Julia Jowler; she was Mrs. Chowder Loll!

I sat down to write gravely and sadly, for (since the appearance of some of my adventures in a monthly magazine) unprincipled men have endeavored to rob me of the only gold I possess, to question the statements that I make, and themselves, without a spark of honor or good feeling, to steal from me that which is my sole wealth—my character as a teller of true truth.

The reader will understand that it is to the illiberal strictures of a profligate press I now allude; among the London journalists, none (heavily for themselves) have dared to question the veracity of my statements; they know that I am in London. If I can use the pen, I can also wield a more manly and terrible weapon, and I would answer their contradictions with my sword! No gold or gems adorn the bill of that war-worn scimitar, but there is blood upon the blade—the blood of the enemies of my country, and maligners of my honest fame. There are others, however—the disgrace of a disgraceful trade—who borrowing from distance a despicable courage, have ventured to assail me. The infamous editors of the "Kelas Champion," the "Bungay Beacon," the "Tipperary Argus," and the "Stoke Pogon Sentinel," and other dastardly organs of the provincial press, have, although differing in politics, agreed upon this one point, and with a scoundrelly unanimity, vented a flood of abuse upon the revelations made by me.

They say that I have assailed private characters, and wilfully perverted history to blacken the reputation of public men. I ask, was any one of these men in Bengal in the year 1803? Was any single conductor of any one of these paltry prints ever in Banladesh or the Rohilla country? Does this exquisite Tipperary scribble know the difference between Hurrygurrah and Burumtollah? Not he! and because, forsooth, in those strange and landy strange circumstances have taken place, it is insinuated that the reporter is a liar, nay, that the very places themselves have no existence but in my imagination. Fools!—but I will not waste my anger upon them, and proceed to recount some other portions of my personal history.

scribbling assassins will not venture to deny, that before the commencement of the campaign against Scindiah, the English general formed a camp at Kanouge on the Jumna, where he exercised that brilliant little army which was speedily to perform such wonders in the Doobah. It will be as well to give a slight account of the causes of a war which was speedily to rage through some of the fairest portions of the Indian continent.

Shah Allum, the son of Shah Lollum, the descendant by the female line of Nadir Shah (that celebrated Toorkoman adventurer, who had well-nigh hurled Bajah and Selim the Second from the throne of Bagdad); Shah Allum, I say, although nominally the Emperor of Delhi, was, in reality, the slave of the various warlike chieftains who lorded it, by turns, over the country and the sovereign, until conquered and slain by some more successful rebel. Chowder Loll Masoolge, Zibhradust Khan, Dowmst Row Scindiah, and the celebrated Babbahy Jung Bahadur, had held for a time complete mastery in Delhi. The second of these, a valiant Afghan soldier, had abruptly entered the capital, nor was he ejected from it until he had seized upon the principal jewels, and likewise put out the eyes of the last of the unfortunate family of Afshiah. Scindiah came to the rescue of the sightless Shah Allum, and though he destroyed his oppressor, only increased his slavery, holding him in as painful a bondage as he had suffered under the tyrannous Afghans.

As long as these heroes were battling among themselves, or as long as it appeared that they had any strength to fight a battle, the British government, ever anxious to see its enemies by the ears, by no means interfered in the contest. But the French Revolution broke out, and a host of starving sansculottes appeared among the various Indian states, seeking for military service, and inflaming the minds of the various native princes against the British East India Company. A number of these entered into Scindiah's ranks—one of them, Perron, was commander of his army; and though that chief was as yet quite engaged in his hereditary quarrel with Jowmst Row Holkar, and never thought of an invasion of the British territory, the Company all of a sudden discovered that Shah Allum, his sovereign, was shamefully ill-used, and determined to re-assert the ancient splendor of his throne.

Of course it was sheer benevolence for poor Shah Allum that prompted our governors to take these kindly measures in his favor. I don't know how it happened that, at the end of the war, the poor Shah was not a whit better off than at the beginning; and that though Holkar was beaten, and Scindiah annihilated, Shah Allum was much such a puppet as before. Somehow, in the hurry and confusion of this struggle, the oyster remained with the British government, who had so kindly offered to dress it for the emperor, while his majesty was obliged to be contented with the shell.

The force encamped at Kanouge bore the title of the Grand Army of the Ganges and the Jumna; it consisted of eleven regiments of cavalry and twelve battalions of infantry, and was commanded by General Lake in person.

Well, on the 1st of September we stormed Perron's camp at Allyghur; on the 4th we took that fortress by assault; and as my name was mentioned in general orders, I may as well quote the commander-in-chief's words regarding me—they will spare me the trouble of composing my own eulogium.

"The commander-in-chief is proud this publicly to declare his high sense of the gallantry of Lieutenant Gagan, of the ——— cavalry. In the storming of the fortress, although unprovided with a single ladder, and accompanied but by a few brave men, Lieutenant Gagan succeeded in ascending the inner and fourteenth wall of the place. Fourteen ditches, lined with sword blades, poisoned, chevaux-de-frise, fourteen walls bristling with invulnerable artillery, and as smooth as look-glasses, were in turns triumphantly passed by that enterprising officer. His course was to be traced by the heaps of slaughtered enemies lying thick upon the platforms, and alas! by the corpse of most of the gallant men who followed him!—when at length he affected his lodgment, and the dastardly enemy, who dared not to confront him with arms, let loose upon him the tigers and lions of Scindiah's menagerie. This meritorious officer destroyed with his own hand, four of the largest and most ferocious animals, and the rest, awed by the formidable majesty of Barriss Valon, shrunk back to their dens. Thomas Higgory, a private, and Ranty Goss-Havildar, were the only two who remained out of the nine hundred who followed Lieutenant Gagan. Honor to them! Honor and tears for the brave men who perished on that awful day!"

I have copied this, word for word, from the Bengal Hurkaru of September 21, 1803; and anybody who has the slightest doubt as to the statement, may refer to the paper itself.

is this—the citadel of Allyghur is situated upon a rock, about a thousand feet above the level of the sea, and is surrounded by fourteen walls, as his excellency was good enough to remark in his dispatch. A man who would mount these without scaling-ladders, is an ass; he who would say he mounted them without such assistance, is a liar and a knave. We had scaling-ladders at the commencement of the assault, although it was quite impossible to carry them beyond the first line of batteries. Mounted on them, however, as our troops were falling thick about me, I saw that we must ignominiously retreat, unless some other help could be found for our brave fellows to escalate the next wall. It was about seventy feet high—I instantly turned the guns of wall A. on wall B., and peppered the latter so as to make, not a breach, but a scaling-place, the men mounting in the holes made by the shot. By this simple stratagem, I managed to pass each successive barrier—for to ascend a wall, which the Commander-in-Chief was pleased to call "as smooth as glass," is an absurd impossibility. I seek to achieve none such:—

I dare do all that may become a man.
Who dares do more is neither more nor less.

To be Continued.

LAUGHABLE SCENE.

A very laughable scene took place in one of the London theatres, soon after the great battle of Waterloo. A dramatic representation of that world renowned engagement was in the course of representation; a great number of sailors had been hired by the manager, to represent the English and French forces, but they utterly refused to be Frenchmen; they would not put on the enemy's jackets at any price; so that the manager had to procure landmen to represent Napoleon's army. In one part of the play the English forces were to run from the French, but instead of this they stood their ground, and actually pitched all the French army into the orchestra, among the fiddlers!

The "r-ensants" were brought up before a magistrate, when one of them made this amusing defense:

"You see, Bill Sykes, and I, and Joe Brown, and six more, was the British army, and opposite us was some six or eight land-lubbers, acting the Mousseers. The skipper of the show-folks told us after we'd squibbed off our muskets over the Mousseers' heads, to turn and run away from the French. In consequence, this here was hard work for Jack tars as had served their country for twenty year, to be told to run away from half a dozen land-lubbers, pretending to be French."

"Well, it wasn't no use o'kickin' up a row then, (this was at a rehearsal) but at night Bill Sykes and I argued the matter over a pot of 'at-and-lit, and we concluded not to disgrace our flag, but to stand up for the honor of Old England!"

"Well, when the scrimmage began, the land-lubbers called out 'Retreat! retreat! why don't you retreat?'"

"See you shot first," says I.

"They come at us, and Bill Sykes, in slinging round to guard his starn, slipped on a piece of orange-peel, tripped stairs, and come down plump on his beam-bands. One of the imitation Parleyees made a grab to captivate Bill, which, in course, I covered my friend, and accommodated the sham Mousseer with a light as didn't agree with him. He was one of them nutt-outed chaps as can't stand much, for he landed among the fiddlers, and squealed blue murder!"

"Well, after a row begins, you never know nothin' till it's over. Bill Sykes and I cleared out the French army in less than no time, and then we tipped the player-folks a broadside, and took their powder magazine prisoner. The cabin passengers (the pit) and Bill and I got surrounded; but if I'd had a bugnet at the end of my musket, I'd 'a' cleared the decks like winkin'!"

FIGURE OF "A."
He is a noble, independent, manly looking fellow. Patriotism and love of country are stamped upon every lineament of his face, and a jealous regard for the interests of his native soil is evinced in every movement—indeed, we may say, he is a sharp sighted gentleman, and can tell a bogus from a simon-pure article almost at a glance. He is a thorough republican, and loves to grasp the hard hand of honest toil and industry, and call him brother. He recognizes all the sons of America as equals in the honors, offices, glory, and emoluments of our common country—and if, perchance he meets with a son of the Emerald Isle, La Belle France, the Fatherland, or what country else, he is ready to throw around him the protectiveegis of our laws and institutions, as long as he is content with our constitutional protection—but when armies are to be led—our constitution and laws are to be administered, and rulers to be chosen, he insists upon it that native-born sons of America shall command; expound and administer our constitution and laws, and rule and manage the affairs and destinies of America.

A witness was called to the stand to give his testimony. Having taken his place, he turned to the bar, and earnestly inquired—

"Which side am I on?"

"I'm going to the post office, Bob, shall I inquire for you?" "Well, yes, if you have a mind to, but I don't think you'll find me there."

NEGRO TALK.

It is a rare gift to be able to imitate the language of the negro. To do it successfully, one must not understand the nature of the words employed only, but he must in some degree enter into the train of thought of the "colored spokesman." Mr. Julia Caesar Hannibal, in his lectures in "Black Diamonds," is an adept in negro thought and phraseology. He has caught the spirit and the manner exactly; the tendency to all big words, and the skill to select those which sound like the originals after which they are copied, but are in meaning no more like them than chalk is like cheese. In his "disce" about "De White," Professor Hannibal remarks:

"I shall on dis great session spoke to you 'bout de beasts and monsters ob de deep, and as I falls take de biggest end of de joke fust, I shall lecture dis evening on de big cod-fish bone 'mong de sypers as De White."

"De White, my friend, am very seldom found in any other place dan de Middlester-rain an' de Specule Oshuns. De white am 'mong de fishes what de elephant am 'mong de beasts—de biggest loafer ob dem all. A fisherman named Jona swallowed one once, but it overloaded his stomach to dat degree, dat in three days he left him 'up ag'in. It was too much for him."

"De what am de big fish de cod-fish aristocracy of de sea, de same as de big fish am de cod fish aristocracy of de land; but de former hab got de advantage ob de latter, kaze notwithstanding de white de wove a good dash he produces smut, but de lan' cod-fish aristocracy de wove obery ting, and produces nuttin'!"

A good "companion-piece" to this is the Professor's description of "De Elephant," in another of his lectures on Natural History:

"He is as big as a hay-stack on four wharf-spikes, with a head like a flour-barrel, with a side of sole-ladder flappin' on each side ob it, an' a nose six foot long, as spirittin' around like de Ingineerubber hose, an' a couple of teef stickin' out of de mouf like two barber poles a stickin out ob a lousment barber shop."

"When he walks, he rolls from side to side like a slysterman jis landed; an' I s'pect de reason am, because his feet am very tender, for he's got corns on all his toes. His foot am sumfin like a colored man's, oney broad; but like de darkey's, de roller ob it make a hole in de ground."

"When he wove made, it seems to me dat dey stood out four of dem wharf-spikes, and den piled on all de meat dey could pile on—Dey den made a grab ob sand-stone, gutta-persha, brown dust, molasses, and gray dog and poured it all ober de flesh, and dere loll it dry. When dey come to de tail, de stuff gib out, and dey had to cut it short!"

At Alostera.
The vast hunting region of which the far known Pawnee Rock is the centre, was for years the dark and bloody scene of Indian warfare.

Defeated, and in every way humbled, the Pawnees became enervated and panic-stricken, taking game by stealth, and flying from the shadow of pursuit. It is related by Sage that on one occasion, being out with his friend Grim, in search of a fertile stampede at which to recruit their teams, they had wandered some miles out of sight of the caravan, when, descending the ridge or a mound into the hollow beyond, they were summarily confronted by a body of Pawnees. Without pausing to reflect, the traders turned their horses' heads and galloped back the way they had come. The redskins gave rapid chase, and their arrows began to whistle on the still air.

"There are five hundred of the devils," said Grim to his companion.

"There are not forty," answered Sage.

"Twenty dollars, then is the figure," said Grim.

And not slackening their speed for an instant, the hands of the haughty disputants were grasped in confirmation of the bet.

"And how are we to know who wins?" was the query.

"I'll count them," said Grim, and sitting the action to the word, the veteran of the woods wheeled full upon the enemy's face and extending the fore finger of his left hand, while his right grasped a revolver, deliberately counted "one, two, three, four," and so on.

Sabbath Reading.

LABOR AND REST!
"Two hands upon the breast and labor's past."

"Two hands up on the breast,
And labor is done,
Two pale feet crossed in rest—
The race is won;
Two eyes with calm-weight shut,
And all tears cease;
The lips with grief are mute,
And woe is peace."
So pray we oftentimes mortals our lot:
God in his kindness answereth not.

"Two hands to work addressed,
Aye for his praise;
Two feet that never rest,
Waking his ways;
Two eyes that look above,
Still thro' the air;
Two lips that breathe but love,
Never more fears."
So cry we oftentimes low at our knees—
Pardon these erring prayers!—Father hear, these!

DEATH AS WE SHOULD REGARD IT.
We shall be glad if any one who reads the following sentences will turn to the works of the writer of them—works unappreciated in our day, perhaps, for richness and beauty of thought—those of Walter Savage Landor.—Death can only take away that sorrowful from our affections; the flower expands; the colorless film that enveloped it falls off and perishes. We may well believe this, and, believing it, let us cease to be disquieted for their absence, who have retired into another chamber. We are like those who have overslept the hour when we rejoin our friends, there is only the more joyance and congratulation. Would we break a precious vase because it is capable of containing the lither as the sweet? No, the very things which touch us the most sensibly, are those which we should be the most reluctant to forget. The noble mansion is most distinguished by the beautiful images it retains of being passed away, and so is the noble mind. The damps of Autumn sink into the leaves, and prepare them for the necessity of their fall; and thus insensibly are we, as years close around us, detached from our tenacity of life by the gentle pressure of recorded sorrows. When the graceful dance and animating music are over and the clapping of hands, so lately linked, has ceased; when youth and comeliness and pleasure are departed.

"Who would desire to spend the following day, Among the extinguished lamps, the faded wreaths, The dust and desolation left behind?"
But whether we desire it or not, we must submit. He who hath appointed our days has placed their contents within them, and our efforts can neither cast them out or change their quality.

THUS IS LIFE.
If we die to-day, the sun will shine as brightly, and the birds sing as sweetly to-morrow. Business will not be suspended a moment, and the great mass will not bestow a thought upon our memories. "Is he dead?" will be the solemn inquiry of a few, as they pass to their work. But no one will miss us except our immediate connections, and in a short time they will forget us, and laugh as merrily as when we sat beside them. Thus shall we all, now active in life, pass away. Our children crowd close behind us, and they will soon be gone. In a few years, not a living being can say, "I remember him!" We lived in another age, and did business with those who slumber in the tomb. Thus is life. How rapidly it passes.

HOME, SWEET HOME.
How sweet, how tender the word! How full of the associations that the heart loves! How deeply interwoven are the golden filaments of these associations with all the fibres of our affectionate natures forming the glittering web of the heart's golden life! Here are father, mother, child, brother, sister, companions, all the heart loves—all that makes earth lovely—all that enriches the mind with faith and the soul with hope! What language is meet for home use, to bear the messages of home feelings, to be freighted with diamond treasure of home hearts? Should it be any other than the most refined and pure—any other than that breathing the sacred chastity of affection?

Dr. Adam Clarke, in his last days,
wrote thus:

"The prayers of my childhood are yet precious to me, and the simple hymns I sang when a child, I still remember with delight." Tans when the young cherish these sacred influences, they

"So sweet are they,
To blossom in their manhood, and bear fruit
When they are old."

"The treacherous, in crossing the Isthmus of Darien from the North to the South Pacific, laden with the gold and jewels of the cities they had plundered, frequently starved to death on the barren precipices they had to pass. How often in the march of life do we see the living body still laden with riches, while the heart and soul have long since died of famine!"

"Must not the Christian walk by faith, and not by sight? Must not he live as seeing Him who is invisible? Must not he set his affections upon things above, and not on things on the earth? Must he not seek that Heaven where Christ is, at the right hand of God? Can he be a Christian who does not so live?"