Raftsman's Journal.

COME AND TAKE ME.—Devivier.

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Poetry.

ONE BY ONE.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each,
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from Heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready too to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
Every day begin again.

Every hour that floats so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond!
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching fast from day to day;
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

Household Words.

Miscellaneous.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE

OF MAJOR GAHAGAN.

By Thackeray.

Of course, if the enemy's guns had been commanded as we commanded upon us, we would never have been alive out of the three; but whether it was owing to fright, or to excessive smoke caused by so many pieces of artillery, arrive we did. On the platforms, too, our work was not quite so difficult as might be imagined—killing these fellows was sheer butchery. As soon as we appeared, they all turned and fled, helter-skelter, and the reader may judge of their courage by the fact that out of about 700 men killed by us, only forty had wounds in front, the rest being bayoneted as they ran.

And beyond all other pieces of good fortune was the very letting out of the tigers, which was the *dernier resort* of Bournonville, the second commandant of the fort. I had observed this man (conspicuous for a tri-colored scarf he wore,) upon every one of the walls as we stormed them, and running away the very first among the fugitives. He had all the keys of the gates; and in his tremor, as he opened the menagerie portal, left the whole bunch in the door, which I seized when the animals were overcome. Rusty Goss then opened them one by one, our troops entered, and the victorious standard of my country floated on the walls of Allyghur!

When the general, accompanied by his staff, entered the last line of fortifications, the brave old man raised me from the dead rhinoceros on which I was seated, and pressed me to his breast. But the excitement which had borne me through the fatigues and perils of that fearful day failed all of a sudden, and I wept like a child upon his shoulder.———

Promotion, in our army, goes unluckily by seniority; nor is it in the power of the general-in-chief to advance a Cæsar, if he finds him in the capacity of a subaltern: *my* reward for the above exploit was, therefore, not very rich.—His excellency had a favorite horn snuff-box (for though exalted in station he was in his habits most simple): of this, and about a quarter of an ounce of high-dried Welsh, which he always took, he made me a present, saying, in front of the line, "Accept this, Mr. Gahagan, as a token of respect from the first, to the bravest officer in the army."

Calculating the snuff to be worth a halfpenny, I should say that fourpence was about the value of this gift; but it has at least this good effect—it serves to convince any person who doubts my story, that the facts are really true. I have left at the office of my publisher, along with the extract from the Bengal Hurkaru, and any body may examine both by applying in the counting-house of Mr. Cunningham.* That once popular expression, or proverb, "Are you up to snuff?" arose out of the above circumstance; for the officers of my corps, none of whom, except myself, had ventured on the storming party, used to twit me about this modest reward for my labors. Never mind, when they want me to storm a fort *again*, I shall know better.

Well, immediately after the capture of this important fortress, Perron, who had been the life and soul of Scindiah's army, came in to us, with his family and treasure, and was passed over to the French settlements at Chandernagur. Bourquien took his command, and against him we now moved. The morning of the 11th September found us upon the plains of Delhi.

It was a burning hot day, and we were all refreshing ourselves after the morning's march, when I, who was on the advanced picquet along with O'Gawler of the King's dragoons, was made aware of the enemy's neighborhood in a very singular manner. O'Gawler and I were seated under a little canopy of horse-cloths, which we had formed to shelter from the intolerable heat of the sun, and were discussing with great delight a few Manilla cheroots, and a stone jar of the most exquisite, cool, weak, refreshing sangaree. We had been playing cards the night before, and O'Gawler had lost to me seven hundred rupees. I emptied the last of the sangaree into the two pint tumblers out of which we were drinking, and holding mine up, said, "Here's better luck to you next time, O'Gawler!"

As I spoke these words—whish!—a cannon-ball cut the tumbler clean out of my hand, and plumped into poor O'Gawler's stomach. It settled him completely, and of course I never got my seven hundred rupees. Such are the uncertainties of war!

To strap on my sabre and my accoutrements—to mount an Arab charger—to drink off what O'Gawler had left of the sangaree—and to gallop to the general, was a work of a moment. I found him as comfortable at tiffin as if he were at his own house in London.

"General," said I, as soon as I got into his pajamahs (or tent), "you must leave your lunch if you want to fight the enemy."

"The enemy—psha! Mr. Gahagan, the enemy is on the other side of the river."

"I can only tell your excellency, that the enemy's guns will hardly carry five miles; and that Cornet O'Gawler was this moment shot dead at my side with a cannon-ball."

"Ha! is it so?" said his excellency, rising, and laying down the drum-stick of a grilled chicken. "Gentlemen, remember that the eyes of Europe are upon us, and follow me!"

Each aide-de-camp started from table and seized his cocked hat; each British heart beat high at the thoughts of the coming *melee*. We mounted our horses and galloped swiftly after the brave old general; I not the last in the train, upon my famous black charger.

It was perfectly true, the enemy were posted in force within three miles of our camp, and from a hillock in the advance to which we galloped, we were enabled with our telescopes to see the whole of his imposing line. Marbling can better describe it than this:—

—A is the enemy, and the dots represent the hundred and twenty pieces of artillery which defended his line. He was, moreover, entrenched; and a wide morass in his front gave him an additional security.

His excellency for a moment surveyed the line, and then said, turning round to one of his aides-de-camp, "Order up Major-General Tinkler and the cavalry."

"Here, Sir," said the old general, stamping with his foot in a passion, and the A. D. C. shrugged his shoulders and galloped away.—In five minutes we heard the trumpets in our camp, and in twenty more the greater part of the cavalry had joined us.

Up they came, five thousand men, their standards flapping in the air, their long line of polished jack-boots gleaming in the sun-light. "And now we are here," said Major-General Sir Theophilus Tinkler, "what next?"

"O d—— it," said the commander-in-chief, "charge, charge—nothing like charging—galloping-guns-rascally black scoundrels-charge, charge!" and then turning to me, (perhaps he was glad to change the conversation,) he said, "Lieutenant Gahagan, you will stay with me."

And well for him I did, for I do not hesitate to say, that the battle *was gained by me*. I do not mean to insult the reader by pretending that any personal exertions of mine turned the day,—that I killed, for instance, a regiment of cavalry, or swallowed a battery of guns,—such absurd tales would disgrace both the hearer and the teller. I, as is well known, never say a single word which cannot be proved, and hate more than all other vices the absurd sin of egotism; I simply mean that my *advice* to the general, at a quarter past two o'clock in the afternoon of that day, won this great triumph for the British army.

Gleig, Mill, and Thorn have all told the tale of this war, though somehow they have omitted all mention of the hero of it. Gen. Lake, for the victory of that day, became Lord Lake, of Laswaree. Laswaree! and who forsooth was the real conqueror of Laswaree? I can lay my hand upon my heart, and say that *I* was. If any proof is wanting of the fact, let me give it at once, and from the highest military testimony in the world, I mean that of the Emperor Napoleon.

In the month of March, 1817, I was passenger on board the Prince Regent, Captain Harris, which touched at St. Helena, on its passage from Calcutta to England. In company with the other officers on board the ship, I paid my respects to the illustrious exile of Longwood, who received us in his garden, where he was walking about in a nankeen dress and a large broad-brimmed straw hat, with General Montholon, Count Las Cases, and his son Emanuel, then a little boy, who, I dare say, does not recollect me, but who, nevertheless, played with my sword-knot and the tassels of my Hessian boots during the whole of our interview with his Imperial Majesty.

Our names were read out (in a pretty accent by the way!) by General Montholon, and the Emperor, as each was pronounced, made a bow to the owner of it, but did not vouchsafe a word. At last Montholon came to mine. The Emperor looked me at once in the face, took his hands out of his pockets, put them behind his back, and coming up to me smiling, pronounced the following words:—

"*Assye, Delhi, Deeg, Futtyghur.*"

I blushed, and taking off my hat with a bow said—"*Sire, c'est moi.*"

"*Parbleu! je le sagais bien,*" said the Emperor, holding out his snuff-box. "*En voez vous, Major?*" I took a large pinch (which, with the honor of speaking to so great a man, I put to the right side of my coat), and he continued as nearly as possible in the following words:

"Sir, you are known; you come of an heroic nation. Your third brother, the Chef-de-Bataillon, Comte Godfrey Gahagan, was in my Irish brigade."

Gahagan.—"Sire, it is true. He and my countrymen in your Majesty's service stood under the green flag in the breach of Burgos, and beat Wellington back. It was the only time, as your Majesty knows, that Irishmen and Englishmen were beaten in that war."

Napoleon (looking as if he would say "D—— your candor, Major Gahagan.")—"Well, well, it was so. Your brother was a Count, am I dead a General in my service?"

Gahagan.—"He was found lying upon the bodies of nine-and-twenty Cossacks at Borodino. They were all dead, and bore the Gahagan mark."

Napoleon (to Montholon.)—"C'est vrai, Montholon, je vous donne ma parole d'honneur la plus sacrée, que c'est vrai. Ils ne font pas d'autres, ces terribles Gahagans. You must know that Monsieur gained the battle of Delhi as certainly as I did that of Austerlitz. In this way.—*Ce brave de Lor Lake*, after calling up his cavalry, placing them in front of Holkar's batteries, *qui heureusement ne tiroient pas*, was for charging the enemy's batteries with his horse, who would have been *renversés, mitraillés, foudroyés* to a man, but for the cunning of *ce grand rusé que vous voyez.*"

Montholon.—"*Capola de Major, va!*"

Napoleon.—"Montholon est très-fat. When Lord Lake, with his great bull-headed English obstinacy, saw the *faction* position into which he had brought his troops, he was for rising on the spot, and would infallibly have done so—and the loss of his army would have been the ruin of the East India Company—and the ruin of the English East India Company would have established my empire (bah! it was a republic then!) in the East; but that the man before the Trafalgar Goliah Gahagan, was riding at the side of General Lake."

Montholon (with an accent of despair and fury)—"*Quoi! cet homme là encore! dans toutes les affaires de Diou!*"

Napoleon (benignantly.)—"*Calme-toi, mon fidèle ami.* What will you? It was fate. Gahagan, at the critical period of the battle, or rather slaughter (for the English had not slain a man of the enemy), advised a retreat."

Montholon—"*Le lâche! Ce Francais mourt, mais il ne recule jamais!*"

Napoleon.—"*Sacristie!* Don't you see *why* this retreat was ordered?—don't you know that it was a feint on the part of Gahagan to draw Holkar from his impregnable retrenchments? Don't you know that the ignorant Indian fell into the snare, and issuing from behind the cover of his guns, came down with his cavalry on the plains in pursuit of Lake and his dragoons? Then it was that the English turned upon him; the hardy children of the north swept down his feeble horsemen, bore them back to their guns, which were useless, entered Holkar's entrenchments along with his troops, sabered the artillerymen at their pieces, and won the battle of Delhi!"

As the Emperor spoke, his pale cheek glowed red, his eyes flashed fire, his deep clear voice rung as of old, when he pointed out the enemy from beneath the shadow of the Pyramids, or rallied his regiments to the charge upon the death-strewn plain of Wagram. I have had many a proud moment in my life, but never such a proud one as this; I would readily pardon the word "coward," as applied to me by Montholon, in consideration of the testimony which his master bore in my favor.

"Major," said the Emperor to me in conclusion, "why had I not such a man as you in my service? I would have made you a Prince and a Marshal!" and here he fell into a reverie, of which I knew and respected the purport. He was thinking, doubtless, that I might have retrieved his fortunes, and indeed I have very little doubt that I might.

Very soon after, coffee was brought by Monsieur Marchand, Napoleon's valet-de-chambre, and after partaking of that beverage and talking upon the politics of the day, the Emperor withdrew, leaving me deeply impressed by the condescension he had shewn in the remarkable interview.

To be Continued.

—"How do you get along with your arithmetic?" asked a father of his little boy.

"I've ciphered through addition, partition, subtraction, distraction, abomination, justification, hallucination, damnation, amputation, creation, and adoption." He'd do for an engineer on a "Short Line Railroad."

☞ A man down in Lynn, Mass., it is said, made so many pairs of shoes in one day, that it took him two days to count them. He was a smart one, but not equal to the one up in New Hampshire, who built so many miles of stone wall in one day that it took him all night and next day to get home.

A PEEP INTO SPAIN.—ACT OF THE SPANISH SERVICES OF THE SHERIDAN-SOAM BRIGADIERS.

Head Quarters, 31st Dec. Sept. 15, 1855.

I have been here for some months, along with my young friend Cabrera, and in the hurry and bustle of war—daily on guard and in the batteries for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, with severe wounds, and seven musket-balls in my body—it may be imagined that I have had little time to think about the publication of my memoirs. *Inter arma silent leges*—in the midst of fighting he hanged to writing! as the poet says; and I never would have bothered myself with a pen, had not common gratitude incited me to throw off a few pages. The publisher and editor of "The New Monthly Magazine" little know what services has been done to me by that miscellany.

Along with Oran's troops, who have of late been beleaguering this place, there was a young Milesian gentleman, Mr. Toone O'Conner Emmett Fitzgerald Sheeny, by name, a law student, and member of Gray's Inn, and what he called *Bay Ah* of Trinity College, Dublin. Mr. Sheeny was with the Queen's people not in a military capacity, but as representative of an English journal, to which, for a trifling weekly remuneration, he was in the habit of transmitting accounts of the movements of the belligerents, and his own opinion of the politics of Spain. Receiving, for this discharge of this duty, a couple of guineas a-week from the proprietors of the journal in question, he was enabled, as I need scarcely say, to make kick a show in Oran's camp as only a Christian general officer, or at the very least a colonel of a regiment, can afford to keep up.

In the famous sortie which we made upon the twenty-third, I was of course among the foremost in the *melee*, and found myself after a good deal of slaughtering (which it would be as disagreeable as useless to describe here,) in the court of a small inn or podesta, which had been made the headquarters of several queer native officers during the seige. The posadero or landlord of the inn had been despatched by my brave chapelchuries, with his fine family of children—the officers quartered in the podesta had of course bolted; but one man remained, and my fellows were on the point of cutting him into ten thousand pieces with their bowies, when I arrived in the room time enough to prevent the catastrophe. Seeing before me an individual in costume of civilian—a white hat, a gold-lace satin cravat, embroidered with butterflies and other quadrupeds, a green coat and brass buttons, and a pair of blue plaid trowsers, I recognized at once a countryman, and interposed to save his life.

In an agonized brogue the unhappy young man was saying all that he could to induce the chapelchuries to give up their intention of slaughtering him; but it is very little likely that his protestations would have had any effect upon them, had I not appeared in the room, and shouted to the ruffians to hold their hand.

Seeing a general officer before them (I have the honor to hold that rank in the service of his Catholic Majesty), and moreover one six feet four in height, and armed with that terrible *cabecilla* (a sword, so called, because it is five feet long) which is so well known among the Spanish armies—seeing, I say, this figure, the fellows retired, exclaiming, "*adios, capo di bacco, signoron,*" and so on, clearly proving (by their words) that they would, if they dared, have immolated the victim whom I had thus rescued from their fury. "Villains!" shouted I, hearing them grumble, "away! quit the apartment!" Each man, sullenly sheathing his sombrero, obeyed, and quitted the canmarilla.

It was then that Mr. Sheeny detailed to me the particulars to which I have briefly adverted; and, informing me at the same time, that he had a family in England who would feel obliged to me for his release, and that his most intimate friend the English ambassador would move heaven and earth to revenge his fall, he directed my attention to a portmanteau passably well filled, which he hoped would satisfy the cupidity of my troops. I said, though with much regret, that I must subject his person to a search; and hence arose the circumstance which has called for what I fear you will consider a somewhat tedious explanation. I found upon Mr. Sheeny's person three sovereigns in English money (which I have to this day,) and singularly enough a copy of "The New Monthly Magazine" for March, which contained my article. It was a toss-up whether I should let the poor young man be shot or no, but this little circumstance saved his life. The gratified vanity of authorship induced me to accept his portmanteau and valuables, and to allow the poor wretch to go free. I put the Magazine in my coat pocket, and left him and the podesta.

To be Continued.

MACAULEY.

I had met Macauley before, but as you have no doubt, you will of course ask a lady's first question, How does he look?

Well, my dear, so far as relates to the outward husk of the soul, our daguerreots and daguerreotypists have done their work as well as they usually do. The engravings that you get in the best editions of his works, may be considered, I suppose, a fair representation of how he looks when he sits to have his picture taken, which is generally very different from the way any body looks at any other time.—People seem to forget, in taking likenesses, that the features of the face are nothing but an alphabet, and that a dry, dead map of a person's face gives no more idea how one looks than the simple presentation of an alphabet shows what there is in a poem.

Macauley's whole physique gives you the impression of great strength and stamina of constitution. He has the kind of frame which we usually imagine is peculiarly English: short, stout and firmly knit. There is something hearty in all his demonstrations. He speaks in that full round rolling voice, deep from the chest, which we always conceive of as being more common in England than America. As to his conversation, it is just like his writing, that is to say, it shows very strongly the same qualities of mind.

I was informed that he is fond of a game at whist. He is the common memory; one of those men to whom it seems impossible to forget a thing once read; and he has read all sorts of things that can be thought of, in all languages. A gentleman told me he could repeat all the Newgate literature, hanging ballads, last speeches and dying confessions, while his knowledge of Milton is so acute, that if his books were burnt out of existence, they might be restored simply from his memory.—This same accurate knowledge extends to the Latin and Greek classics, and to much of the literature of modern Europe. Had nature been required to make a man to order, for a perfect Aristotelian, nothing better could have been put together, especially since there is enough of the poetic fire included in the composition to fuse all these multiplied materials together, and color the historical crystallization with them.

Macauley is at present fifty. He has never married, for there are unmistakable evidences in the breathings and poses of the manly character which he sees around him that the social part is not wanting in his conformation. Some very charming young ladies have seemed to think quite as much of their gifted uncle as you might have done had he been yours.

Macauley is celebrated as a controversialist, and, like Coleridge, Carlyle, and almost every one who enjoys this reputation, he has sometimes been accused of not allowing people their fair share of conversation. This might prove an objection, possibly, to those who wish to talk; but as I greatly prefer to hear, it would prove none to me. I must say, however, that in this occasion the matter was quite equitably managed. There were, I should think, some twenty or thirty at the breakfast table, and the conversation formed itself into little eddies of two or three around the table, now and then swelling out in a great buy of general discourse.—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

AN OLD FRIEND.—The old Stuyvesant pear tree at the corner of Thirteenth Street and Third Avenue, New York, is now in full bloom. For two hundred years it has blossomed and borne fruit, and shed its leaves in autumn, and flung out its strong and brave arms to the winter's storm. What mighty changes it has witnessed since first planted at the farm of the old Dutch Governor, at a distance from the city which the wildest speculator never dreamed would be reached by the growing metropolis! But the advancing tide of population has long since swept over it, and it only stands now as a mark to show where once the shore was. The quaint and quiet residence on which it once looked, have disappeared. The children that sported beneath its shade, have grown up and died, and their children, and children's children have followed them. The Indian has passed away; the forrest has fallen; the tocsin of war has sounded, and peace waved her olive branch over the land. A few feeble and dependent colonies have become a mighty republic. Yet the old tree still blossoms and flourishes, while around it are the long avenues and splendid mansions of a vast city, reaching far beyond it, and stretching out interminably on every hand.—*The Presbyterian.*

INDEPENDENCE.—We like independence.—We like to hear a man express his honest conviction on any and every subject on which he may have occasion to speak. A man who is a mere echo of some leading politician, some distinguished divine or some shrewd financier—whose religious sentiments are the sentiments of his church—his political views a *fac simile* of his patry organ—who listens with open mouth and glaring eyes to those whom accident has elevated pecuniarily, a little above himself not daring to utter an opinion which does not fully coincide with that coming from such a source, may find appropriate spheres in this world; but the moral and intellectual condition of the community will not be greatly improved by anything he dares to do or say.

Sabbath Reading.

LET US BE HAPPY.

Oh! let us be happy when friends gather round us,
However the world may have shadowed our lot,
When the rose-braided links of affection have bound us,
Let the cold chains of earth be despised and forgot.

And say not that Friendship is only ideal,
That Truth and Devotion are blessings unknown,
For he who believes every heart is unreal,
Has something unsound at the core of his own.

Oh! let us be happy when moments of pleasure
Have brought to our presence the dearest and best,
For the pulse always beats to most heavenly measure,
When love and good-will sweep the strings of the breast.

Oh! let us be happy, when moments of meeting
Bring those to our side who illumine our eyes,
And though Folly, perchance, shake a bell at the greeting,
He is dullest of fools who forever is wise.

Let the laughter of Joy echo over our bosoms,
As the hum of the bee o'er the mid-summer flowers,
For the honey of happiness comes from love's blossoms,
And is found in the hive of those exquisite hours.

Then let us be happy when moments of pleasure
Have brought to our presence the dearest and best,
For the pulse always beats to most heavenly measure,
When love and good-will sweep the strings of the breast.

[Eliza Cook.]

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

I will give you two or three good rules which may help you to become happier than you would be without knowing them; but as to being completely happy, that you can never be till you get to Heaven.

The first is, "try your best to make others happy." "I never was happy," said a certain king, "till I began to take pleasure in the welfare of my people; but ever since then, in the dakest day, I have had sunshine in my heart."

My second rule is, "Be content with little." There are many good reasons for this rule.—We deserve but little; we require but little; and better is a little, with the fear of God, than great treasures and trouble therewith." Two men were determined to be rich, but they set about it in different ways; for the one strove to raise up his means to his desires, while the other did his best to bring down his desires to his means. The result was, the one who coveted much was always repining, while he who desired but little was always contented.

My third rule is—Look on the sunny side
Look up with hopeful eyes
Though all things seem forlorn;
The sun that sets to-night will rise
Again to-morrow morn.

The dripping lumbering sailing lark, and the leaping fish, tell us that happiness is not confined to one place. God in his goodness has spread it abroad on the earth, in the air, and in the waters. Two aged women lived in the same cottage; one was always fearing a storm, and the other was always looking for sunshine. Barely need I say which it was wore a forbidding frown, or which it was whose face was lighted up with joy.

SECRET ARGUMENTS.

Axiom 1st. I exist.

2nd. Existence cannot be generated from non-existence; or something cannot be produced from nothing.

Therefore there must be an EVER-EXISTENT who is infinite and eternal, and is the Auther of all finite existencies.

That Ever-Existent must, of necessity, possess infinite Love, Wisdom, and Power, and is what we call God.

Love, Wisdom and Power, are not abstract qualities, but belong to person. GOD IS A PERSON.

One infinity cannot produce another, there cannot be more than one infinity.

Infinity can and does produce finities *ad infinitum*, for existence without activity is a contradiction.

To say there is more than one infinite person, is to say there is a plurality of infinities, which is an absurdity.

DENIAL OF A LIFE AFTER DEATH.—When man is of such a character as not to believe in a life after death, he must needs also disbelieve the existence of any internal, spiritual and celestial principal. Of this character are they who live immeresed in mere lusts, in consequence of living to the world and the flesh especially where the desire is sunk in filthy avarice.—*A. C. 1200.*

☞ It is much easier to discern error than to find truth; the former lying on the surface is readily perceived—the latter reposes in depth whence not every one can call her forth.