

Raftsmen's Journal.

COME AND TAKE ME.—DEVIL.

VOL. 1.

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NO. 47.

Poetry.

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

BY PROFESSOR H. W. LONGFELLOW.
Beside the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand;
His breast was warm, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand.
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep
He saw his native land.
While through the landscape of his dream,
The lovely Niger flowed;
Beneath the palm trees on the plain,
Once more a king he strode;
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain road.
He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
They held him by the hand—
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids,
And fell upon the sand.
And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank;
His bride-reins were golden chains,
And with a martial clank,
At each leap, he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his stationer's flank.
Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flammees flew,
From morn till night he followed their flight,
O'er the plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roof of the Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view.
At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyena scream;
And the river horse, as he crushed the reeds,
Beside some hidden stream,
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,
Through the triumphs of his dream.
The forest with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty;
And the blast of the Desert cried aloud,
With a voice so loud and free,
Still he started in his sleep and smiled
At their tempestuous glee.
He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day;
Death had illumed the land of sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away.

KNOW-NOTHINGS.

Hark to that silvery trump! It hath broken
The perilous sleep of a nation beguiled.
To reason—its feeling—to honor hath spoken,
I call thee to action, O Liberty's child!
How noiseless their march, the invincible host!
Mild and benign their mission of light;
No tumult, no pageant, nor impotent boast!
The Saviour of Freedom, their cause is their right.
"Know-Notthings!"—true men! noble sons of brave
sires!
Know nothing but country, and duty, and God;
The spirit of pity and love and of free,
While patriot zeal revives where you've trod.
Know nothing of doubt—be strangers to fear—
Mark not the vile libel of minion and priest;
The bought demagogue lies—the taunt and the sneer.
Accomplished their work—the rabble have ceased.
They beckon you onward, the glorious band—
The Macabees, Telle, Militaires,—
From high peaks of time, from far distant lands,
Your kindred they claim, worthy sons of the free!

Miscellaneous.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE

MAJOR GABAGAN.

BY THACKERAY.

"On the night of the 1st of November, in the year 1804, I had invited Mrs. Major-General Bulcher and her daughters, Mrs. Vamte-gobleschroy, and, indeed, all the ladies in the cantonment, to a little festival in honor of the recovery of my health, of the commencement of the shooting-season, and indeed as a farewell visit, for it is my intention to take dawk the very next morning and return to my regiment. The three amateur missionaries whom I have mentioned, and some ladies in the cantonment of very rigid religious principles, refused to appear at my little party.—They had better never have been born than have done as they did, as you shall hear.
"We had been dancing merrily all night, and the supper (chiefly of the delicate condor, the luscious adjutant, and other birds of a similar kind, which I had shot in the course of the day) had been duly fed by every lady and gentleman present; when I took an opportunity to retire on the ramparts, with the interesting and lovely Belinda Bulcher. I was occupied, as the French say, in *conter-ing fleurettes* to this sweet young creature, when, all of a sudden, a rocket was seen whizzing through the air, and a strong light was visible in the valley below the little fort.
"What, fire-works! Captain Gabagan," said Belinda, "this is too gallant."
"Indeed, my dear Miss Bulcher," said I, "they are fire-works of which I have no idea; perhaps our friends the missionaries—"
"Look, look!" said Belinda, trembling, and clutching tightly hold of my arm; "what do I see? yes—no—yes! it is—our bungalow is in flames!"
"It was true the spacious bungalow, occupied by Mrs. Major-General was at that moment seen a prey to the devouring element—another and another succeeded it—seven bungalows, before I could almost ejaculate the name of Jack Robinson, were seen blazing brightly in the black midnight air!
"I seized my night-glass, and looking towards the spot where the conflagration raged, what was my astonishment to see thousands of black forms dancing round the fires; whilst by their lights I could observe columns after columns of Indian horse, arriving and taking up their ground in the very middle of the open square or tank, round which the bungalows were built.
"The officer who had brought this precious intelligence to me, was a young man of the forms of English correspondence), an honor-

"Ho, warder!" shouted I (while the frightened and trembling Belinda clung closer to my side, and pressed the stalwart arm that encircled her waist), "down with the drawbridge! see that your musketeers (small tumbrils which are used in place of large artillery) be well loaded; you sepoy, hasten and man the ravelin! you choppers, put out the lights in the embrasures! we shall have warm work of it to-night, or my name is not Goliaf Gabagan."
"The ladies, the guests (to the number of eighty-three), the sepoy, choppers, musketeers, and so on, had all crowded on the platform at the sound of my shouting, and dreadful was the consternation, shrill the screaming, occasioned by my words. The men stood irresolute and mute with terror; the women trembling, knew scarcely whither to fly for refuge. "Who are yonder ruffians?" said I; a hundred voices yelled in reply—some said the Pindarees, some the Maharattas, some the Scindiah, and others declared it was Holkar—no one knew.

"Is there any one here," said I, "who will venture to reconnoitre yonder troops?" There was a dead pause.
"A thousand tomahs to the man who will bring me news of yonder army!" again I repeated. Still a dead silence. The fact was that Scindiah and Holkar both were so notorious for their cruelty, that no one dared venture to face the danger. "Oh for fifty of my brave Ahmednuggaries!" thought I.
"Gentlemen," said I, "I see it—you are cowards—none of you dare encounter the chance even of death. It is an encouraging prospect—know you not that the ruffian Holkar, if it be he, will with the morrow's dawn beleaguer our little fort, and throw thousands of men against our walls? know you not that, if we are taken, there is no quarter, no hope; death for us—and worse than death for these lovely ones assembled here? Here the ladies shrieked and raised a howl as I have heard the jackalls on a summer's evening. Belinda, my dear Belinda! fling both her arms round me, and sobbed on my shoulder, (or in my waistcoat-pocket rather, for the little which could reach no higher.)
"Captain Gabagan," sobbed she, "Go—Go—Goggie-iah!"
"My soul's adored!" replied I.
"Swear to me one thing."
"I swear."
"That if—that if—the nasty, horrid, odious black Mah-ras-a-saitals take the fort, you will put me out of their power."
"I clasped the dear girl to my heart, and swore upon my sword that, rather than she should incur the risk of dishonor, she should perish by my own hand. This comforted her; and her mother, Mrs. Major-General Bulcher, and her elder sister, who had not until now known a word of our attachment (indeed, but for these extraordinary circumstances, it is probable that we ourselves should never have discovered it), were under these painful circumstances made aware of my beloved Belinda's partiality for me. Having communicated thus her wish of self-destruction, I thought her example a touching and excellent one, and proposed to all the ladies that they should follow it, and that at the entry of the enemy into the fort, and at a signal given by me, they should one and all make away with themselves. Fancy may disgust when, after making this proposition, not one of the ladies chose to accede to it, and received it with the same chilling denial that my former proposal to the garrison had met with.

"In the midst of this hurry and confusion, as if purposely to add to it, a trumpet was heard at the gate of the fort, and one of the sentinels came running to me, saying that a Mahatta soldier was before the gate with a flag of truce!
"I went down, rightly conjecturing, as it turned out, that the party, whoever they might be, had no artillery; and received at the point of my sword a scroll, of which the following is a translation:—
"TO GOLIAF GABAGAN GUPUTI.
"Lord of Elephants, Sir—I have the honor to inform you that I arrived before this place at eight o'clock p. m., with ten thousand cavalry under my orders. I have burned since my arrival, seventeen bungalows in Furruckabad and Futtighur, and have likewise been under the painful necessity of putting to death three clergymen (mollahs), and seven English officers whom I found in the village; the women have been transferred to safe keeping in the harems of my officers and myself.
"As I know your courage and talents, I shall be very happy if you will surrender the fortress, and take service as a Major-General (hookabador) in my army. Should my proposal not meet with your assent, I beg leave to state that to-morrow I shall storm the fort, and on taking it, shall put to death every male in the garrison, and every female above twenty years of age. For yourself I shall reserve a punishment, which for novelty and exquisite torture, has, I flatter myself, hardly ever been exceeded. Awaiting the favor of a reply, I am, Sir,
"Your very obedient servant,
"JASWANT ROW HOLKAR.
"Camp before Futtighur, Sept. 1, 1804.
"R. S. V. P."

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Sabbath Reading.

GOD HATH A VOICE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

God hath a voice that ever is heard
In the peal of the thunder, the chirp of the bird,
It comes in the torrent, all rapid and strong,
In the streamlet's soft gush as it ripples along.
It breathes in the zephyr just kissing the bloom,
It lives in the rush of the sweeping simoon;
Let the hurricane whistle or warblers rejoice—
What do they tell thee but God hath a voice?
God hath a presence, and that ye may see
In the fold of the flower, the leaf of the tree;
In the sun of the noon-day, the star of the night,
In the storm-cloud of darkness, the rainbow of light.
In the waves of the ocean, the furrows of land;
In the mountains of granite, the atom of sand;
Turn where ye may, from the sky to the sod,
Where can ye gaze that ye see not a God?

HOW PAUL AND PETER LOOKED.

It is allowable to mention that general notion of the forms and features of the two apostles which has been handed down in tradition, and was represented by the early artists. St. Paul is set before us as having the strongly marked and prominent features of a Jew, yet not without some of their finer lines indicative of Greek thoughts. His stature was diminutive, and his body disfigured by some lameness or distortion, which may have provoked the contemptuous expressions of his enemies. His beard was long and thin. His head was bald. The characteristics of his face were a transparent complexion, which visibly betrayed the quick changes of his feelings; a bright grey eye, thickly overhanging, united eye brows; a cheerful and winning expression of countenance, which invited the approach and inspired the confidence of strangers. It would be natural to infer from his continual journeys and manual labor, that he was possessed of great strength of constitution. But men of delicate health have often gone through the greatest exertions; and his own words, on more than one occasion, showed that he suffered much from bodily ills.
St. Peter is represented to us as a man larger and stronger form as his character was and more abrupt. The quick impulses of his soul revealed themselves in the flashes of a dark eye. The complexion of his face was full and sallow; and the short hair, which is described as entirely gray at the time of his death, curled black and thick round his temples and his chin, when the apostles stood together at Antioch, twenty years before their martyrdom. Believing, as we do, that these traditional pictures have probably some foundation in truth, we gladly take them as helps to the imagination.—*Life and Epistles of St. Paul by W. J. Conybeare and J. S. Howson.*

THE PLEASURES OF SIN.

There are those who affect to believe that the wicked have great comfort in their evil courses; and that the way of the transgressor is not hard. All human experience contradicts the statement, and accords with Bible truth that men are happy in this world only in proportion as they are good. We have been reminded of this great truth again, on seeing the account of Col. Gardiner, an officer in the British army, who for years devoted himself to seeking sensual pleasures; and in the degrading pursuit was so far successful, as Dr. Doddridge, his biographer, remarks, that multitudes envied him, and called him, by a dreadful kind of compliment, "the happy rake."
Yet the Doctor says:—"I particularly remember, he told me, that when some of his dissolute companions were once congratulating him on his distinguished felicity, a dog happened at that time to come into the room, he could not forbear groaning inwardly, and saying to himself, 'O that I were a dog!' Such was then his happiness; and such perhaps is that of hundreds more, who bear themselves highest in the contempt of religion and glory in that servitude which they affect to call liberty."
What art thou to the All-Directing and Omniscient? Canst thou yet imagine that thy presence on earth can give to the hearts thou lovest the shelter which the humblest take from the wings of the Presence that live in Heaven? Fear not thou for the future?—Whether thou live or die, thy future is the care of the Most High. In the dungeon and on the scaffold looks everlastingly the eye of Him, tenderer than thou to love, wiser than thou to guide, mightier than thou to save!

The love of truth is the stimulus of all noble conversation. This is the root of all the charities. The tree which springs from it may have a thousand branches but they will all bear a golden and generous fruitage. It is the loftiest impulse to inquire—willing to communicate, and more willing to receive—contemptuous of petty curiosity, but passionate for glorious knowledge.

The child of God, if in the way, and in the place which the Lord's providence has allotted him, is well employed, though he should have no higher services than to sweep the streets; provided he does it humbly, thankfully, heartily, as to the Lord. An angel so placed could be no more.

A man should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong. It is only but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

Be kind to the poor.

The devil always comes.