

Raffsmann's Journal.

FREE AS THE WIND AND AMERICAN TO THE CORE.

BY H. BUCHER SWOOPE.

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EXTRACT FROM THE NEW POEM OF "HIAWATHA."

BY LONGFELLOW.

"Oh, she was a clever woman, this! She knew how to choose her man, and having chosen him, knew how to make him fulfill her purpose. The young Venetian, enveloped in her net, lost all conscience. He ended in having neither sight nor sensation except what came through her, and by degrees reached that point of madness in which his passion would stay at no crime. The moment for action had come.

"Now every evening of representation, Madame La Grange reaped her harvest of flowers and wreaths, and among the bouquets which fell at her feet was one of small dimensions, but composed of moss roses, whose fragrance was to her an especial joy. This faithful tribute was invariably tendered to her after the adulate of the grand cavatina of Nabucco, an opera which then set the crown, in all the absorbing interest of novelty, upon the growing fame of Verdi. Ordinarily, Madame La Grange fixed the bouquet in her giraffe, after having drawn from its perfume a new inspiration on which to sweep away all opposing feelings.

"One night it happened the bouquet was more voluminous than usual. The moss roses, arranged in a circle, formed the ring round a not of green leaves which occupied the heart. This unusual bulk rendering it difficult to place the flowers in their accustomed spot in her giraffe, Madame La Grange held them for an instant in her hand, bowed her acknowledgments and passed the bouquet to one of the attendants, begging her to carry it to her dressing-room—the act ended.

"At the fall of the curtain the triumphant prima donna descended to her little chamber, and rather astonished not to find her maid in waiting behind the scene. She opens the door, she uttered a cry of terror. Stretched on the floor lay the maid, to all appearance a corpse.

"On hearing the cry of Madame La Grange, twenty persons ran at once to the room, raised up the poor girl, who exhibited scarce any sign of life, and not knowing how to render assistance, began to discuss the possible cause of such an accident. No one dreamed of attributing it to the bouquet, which lay almost broken under foot in a corner of the room where it had rolled without any one caring about it.

"They all continued to hang for five or six minutes round the unfortunate girl, already attacked by the insensibility that precedes death, when a man rushed into the little chamber, his features stern, his voice commanding, and his gestures irresistible. 'The bouquet! the bouquet!' he cried, suffocated with emotion. Those around at once made way for him, and perceived Dr. Marrozzini, the regular physician of the prima donna. 'Is the heaven which has sent you here Doctor?' she cried, 'see the state—' But without attending to ought else, Marrozzini continued to call out, 'The bouquet! the bouquet!' The moment he saw that Madame La Grange had sustained no injury beyond the terror naturally created by the condition of her attendant, he hastened to give his attention to the dying girl, but still repeating, 'The bouquet! the bouquet!' This exclamation, so mysteriously persevered in, and the meaning of which no one present could understand, at last attracted notice to the bouquet, which up to this time had been forgotten. Some one took it up and handed it to him. He seized it with a strange eagerness. 'What possible significance, Doctor,' said Madame La Grange, 'can you attach to this bouquet?' 'Alas,' he answered, 'it is poisoned!'

"A sensation of terror at once ran round, and Madame La Grange, escaped by a miracle from a death which had been intended for her, had scarcely time fully to comprehend the horrible truth when the signal for her appearance was sounded. The curtain rose and she had to appear on the stage.

"She came out, pale even under her coating of rouge, her heart wounded by an inexpressible agony, and her mind haunted with the thought that death, in passing by its intended victim, had almost touched her with its wing. She sang, nevertheless, her voice full of a brilliant tremulousness. Her eyes shone with unaccustomed fire, her gestures were almost wild; while the public, attributing these effects to the inspiration of the part, applauded with frenzy their favorite Abigail. The curtain fell on an ovation of enthusiasm, and the singer, who scarcely knew what she had been singing, or comprehended her new success, rushed distractedly to her room, and there learned in its fullness the horrid truth.

"Dr. Marrozzini it seems, traversing one of the lobbies in the excitement preceding, had observed in a isolated spot, this young Venetian, whose expression seemed to him strange. On a sudden the vanquished rival of Madame La Grange opened the door of her box, and the young man grasping her hand in a peculiar manner quickly uttered in passing, these sinister words spoken in Italian: 'The deed is accomplished—she dies!' 'The bouquet?' asked the Italian songstress. The young man answered by an affirmative nod, and retired quickly. The doctor had a certain intimation.—He understood all; rushed to the entrance behind the scene, and there found a woman poisoned by a bouquet. But it was not Madame La Grange.

"The deadly bouquet was handed to the police; the contents were analyzed and found to

hold a subtle and implacable poison. They arrested the guilty Venetian, and for a while it was thought justice would have had its course. But in Italy if a culprit is connected with the nobility or the clergy, in the person of any of the highest dignitaries, or if he possesses a fortune and the crime is not of a political character, it appears that he is beyond the reach of the executioner. He was released after having denied everything, and the rival songstress who had conceived and inspired the crimes was never for a moment disturbed.

It would be interesting to us to know the fate of the poor girl, which the relator seems to think of little moment. In recent treatises on poison too—for instance in Taylor's, a standard authority—it is held impossible to convey poison in a bouquet, unless the inhalation be very long, though stupor may be created.

The Bobolink.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

"The happiest bird of our spring, however, and one that rivals the European lark, in my estimation, is the Bobolink, or Bobolink, as he is commonly called. He arrives at that choice portion of our year which, in this latitude, answers to the description of the month of May, and lasts until near the middle of June. Earlier than this, winter is apt to return on its traces, and to blight the opening beauties of the year; and later than this, begin the parching, and panting, and dissolving heats of summer. But in this genial interval, nature is in all her freshness and fragrance; the rains are over and gone, the flowers appear upon the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land. The trees are now in their fullest foliage and brightest verdure; the woods are gay with the clustered flowers of the laurel; the air is perfumed by the sweet brier and the wild rose; the meadows are enamelled with clover blossoms; while the young apple, the peach and the plum begin to swell, and the cherry to glow among the greenleaves.

This is the chosen season of revelry of the bobolink. He comes amidst the pomp and fragrance of the season; his life seems all sensibility and enjoyment, all song and sunshine. He is to be found in the soft bosoms of the freshest and sweetest meadows, and is most in song when the clover is in blossom.—He perches on the topmost twig of a tree, or on some long haunting weed, and as he rises and sings with the breeze, pours forth a succession of rich tinkling notes; crowding one upon another like the outgoing melody of the skylark, and possessing the same rapturous character. Sometimes he pitches from the summit of a tree, begins his song as soon as he gets upon the wing and flutters triumphantly down to the earth, as if overcome with ecstasy at his own music. Sometimes he is in pursuit of his paramour; always with the same appearance of intoxication and delight.

All the birds of our groves and meadows, the bobolink was the envy of my boyhood. He crossed my path in the sweetest weather, and the sweetest season of the year, when nature called to the fields, and the rural feeling thrilled in every bosom; but when I, luckless urchin! was doomed to be mowed up, during the livelong day, in that purgatory of boyhood, a school room, it seemed as if the little varlet mocked at me, as he flew by in full song, and sought to taunt me with his happier lot. Oh, how I envied him! No lessons, no task, no hateful school, nothing but holiday, frolic, green fields and fine weather. Had I been then more versed in poetry, I might have addressed him in the words of Logan to the cuckoo:

Sweet bird! thy bowler is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy note,
No winter in thy year.

Oh! could I fly, I'd fly with thee;
We'd make no joyful woe,
Our annual visit round the globe,
Companions of the Spring!

Further observation and experience has given me another idea of this little feathered voluptuary, which I will venture to impart, for the benefit of my schoolboy readers, who may regard him with the unqualified envy and admiration which I once indulged. I have shown him only as I saw him at first, what I may call the poetical part of his career, when he in a manner devoted himself to elegant pursuits and enjoyments, and was a bird of music, and song, and taste, and sensibility, and refinement. While this lasted he was sacred from injury; the very schoolboy would not fling a stone at him, and the merest rustic would pause to listen to his strain. But mark the death of the bird. As the year advances, as the clover blossoms disappear, and the spring fades into summer, he gradually gives up his elegant tastes and habits; doffs his poetical suit of black, assumes a russet dusty garb, and sinks to the gross enjoyments of common vulgar birds. His notes no longer vibrate on the ear; he is stuffing himself with the seeds of the tall weeds on which he lately swung and chanted so melodiously.

He has become a "bon vivant," a real "gourmand" with him there is nothing like the "joys of the table." In a little while he grows tired of plain homely fare, and is off on a gastronomic tour in quest of foreign luxuries.—

We next hear of him with myriads of his kind banqueting among the reeds of the Delaware; and grown corpulent with good feeding. He has changed his name in traveling. Bobolink no more—he is the *reed-bird* now, the much sought for titbit of Pennsylvania epicures; the rival in unlucky fame of the ortolan! Wherever he goes, pop! pop! pop! every rusty firelock in the country is blazing away. He sees his companions falling by thousand around him.

Does he take warning and reform? Alas not he! Incurable epicure! again he wings his flight. The rice swamps of the South invite him. He gorges himself among them almost to bursting; he can scarcely fly for corpulence. He has once more changed his name, and is now the famous *rice-bird* of the Carolinas.

Last stage of his career; behold him spitted with dozens of his corpulent companions, and served up a vanned dish, on the table of some Southern gastronome.

Such is the history of the Bobolink; once spiritual, musical, admired, the joy of the meadows, and the favorite bird of spring; finally a gross little sensualist, who expiates his sensuality in the bird. His story contains a moral, worthy the attention of all little boys; warning them to keep to those refined and intellectual pursuits which raised him to so high a pitch of popularity during the early part of his career; but to eschew all tendency to that gross and dissipated indulgence, which bro't this mistaken little bird to an untimely end.

Madness of George III.

Little is known respecting the nature of the delusions which possessed the king's mind, but the following passage from Lord Eldon's paper indicates one of them: "It was agreed that if any strong features of the king's malady appeared during the presence of the council, Sir Henry Hallford should, on receiving a signal from me, endeavor to recall him from his aberrations; and, accordingly, when his majesty appeared to be addressing himself to two of the persons whom he most favored in his early life, long dead, Sir Henry observed, 'Your majesty has, I believe, forgotten that — and — both died many years ago.'

"True," was the reply, 'died to you and to the world in general, but not to me. You, Sir Henry, are forgetting that I have the power of holding intercourse with those whom you call dead.'

"Yes, Sir Henry Hallford," continued he, assuming a lighter manner, 'it is in vain, so far as I am concerned, that you kill your patients. Yes, Dr. Baillie — hot, Baillie, Baillie,' pursued he, with resumed gravity, 'I don't know. — He is an anatomist; he dissects his patients; and then it would not be a resuscitation merely, but a recreation, and that, I think, is beyond my power.'

The following memoranda of his condition from 1812 till his death, is given by an anonymous writer, but are well authenticated, I believe, and comprise all that I have been able to find respecting this period. "At intervals he still took a lively interest in politics. His perception was good, though mixed up with a number of erroneous ideas; his memory was tenacious, but his judgment unsettled, and the loss of royal authority seemed constantly to prey upon his mind.—His malady seemed rather to increase than abate up to the year 1814, when, at the time the allied sovereigns arrived in England, he evinced indications of returning reason, and was made acquainted with the astonishing events which had recently occurred.

The queen, one day, found the afflicted monarch engaged in singing a hymn, and accompanying himself on the harpsichord. After he had concluded the hymn, he knelt down, prayed for his family and his nation, and earnestly supplicated for the complete restoration of his mental powers. He then burst into tears, and his reason suddenly left him. But he afterwards had, occasionally, lucid moments. One morning, hearing a bell toll, he asked who was dead. "Please your majesty," said an attendant, "Mrs. S." "Mrs. S.," rejoined the king, "she was a linen draper, at the corner of — street, and brought up her family in the fear of God.—She has gone to heaven; I hope I shall soon follow her." He now became deaf, imbibed the idea that he was dead, and said "I must have a suit of black, in memory of George III, for whom I know there is general mourning." In 1817 he appeared to have a glimmering of reason again; his sense of hearing returned more acute than ever, and he could distinguish persons by their footsteps. He likewise recollected that he had made a memorandum many years before, and it was found exactly where he indicated.—After 1818 he occupied a long suit of rooms, in which were placed several pianos and harpsichords; at these he would frequently stop during his walk, play a few notes from Handel, then stroll on. He seemed cheerful, and would sometimes talk aloud, as if addressing some nobleman; but his discourse bore reference only to past events, for he had no knowledge of recent circumstances, either political or domestic. Towards the end of 1819 his appetite began to fail. In January, 1820, it was found impossible to keep him warm, his remaining teeth dropped out, and he was almost reduced to a skeleton. On the 27th he was confined wholly to his bed, and on the 29th of January, 1820, he died, aged 82 years.—*American Journal of Insanity.*

A Profitable Walk.

Baron Rothschild sat in his office counting his gains, and calculating the risk of sundry loans, which had been offered him when a spruce, handsome young man entered, and requested the loan of two thousand pounds.

"What is the security?" said the Baron, without looking up.

"My note," was the reply.

The great money lender turned and surveyed his applicant, scrutinizing him from head to foot.

There must have been something honest in the young man's face, for the Baron was evidently pleased with the result of his scrutiny.

"Would two thousand be sufficient, young gentlemen?" said he. "I can let you have ten as well as two."

"Two will answer my purpose now," said the borrower.

"Though I do not say I will lend it," said the Baron, "but I can put you in the way of getting it, and even ten times that amount, if you know how to take advantage of your opportunities."

The young man trembled, at the unusual complaisance of a man who in money matters had the reputation of being very severe. He feared that he was about to propose some doubtful operation and stammered—

"Honorable proposition?"

"I would make no other," said the Baron, with dignity. "Come, we'll take a walk up the street."

Instead of offering his arm to his new acquaintance, he took his, and thus they promenade Lombard St. The Baron learned the name and business of his companion, and the object for which he wished the money. Hundreds of people met them, and bowing to the great money king, turned to look at, and wonder who could be his companion.

Some of the richer and more influential denizens of that moneyed street, stopped to chat with him, and to them the Baron introduced his young friend, with the remark—that any favor they could do for him would be considered a personal favor to himself.

Many of these were men whose wealth and influence were so great that their very name commanded the involuntary respect of our young friend. He saw his advantage at once. Arriving at the end of the street, the Baron affectionately took leave of him, saying, that if he did not obtain the money elsewhere, he might come in the afternoon—and with a knowing wink he got into his carriage and drove off. Our young friend turned to walk back on Lombard St.

He met one of the men—a very Cassius—to whom he had been introduced by the Baron; this person desirous of cultivating an acquaintance which had such an auspicious commencement held him in conversation in the course of which our friend plumply asked for the loan of £5,000.

The rich man could not refuse—the applicant has been introduced by Rothschild; he had been as good as endorsed by him, and then the sum would be doing a favor to the great man. The notes were counted out, and the young man's note taken in exchange. The lender looked at the signer.

True he had never heard of him on Change, but never mind; Rothschild would not have walked arm and arm with him and introduced him as he did if he had not been perfectly good. So with many assurances of distinguished regard the two parted.

A few steps further the young adventurer met another of his new acquaintances, and while saluting with him, he carelessly displayed the bank notes he had just received, and observing that he had a large amount to make up for a certain great opportunity, and not wishing for private reasons, to apply to his very good friend, the Baron, he would feel obliged if he could lend him £10,000.

The latter, actuated by such motives as the other money-lender, counted out the desired amount and took a note, with the unknown name in exchange. And so the young man went on borrowing from each of his new friends, until he had accumulated a hundred thousand pounds. All this he deposited with Rothschild, reserving only the £2,000 which he originally desired.

The next day there was a great flutter among the rich men on Change, and many were the conjectures they made, as they "compared notes" about the Baron's friend. Time flew on. No one had seen the unknown money borrower, and some of the lenders began to think they had been victimized.

The Baron was mute to all their inquiries, and they knew not what to think, when just before the time of payment arrived, each one received a note from the strange acquaintance, to the effect that if he would present his note at the banking house of Rothschild, it would be paid.

One who held a note of £25,000 went there out of curiosity, as he said, when lo! it was cashed. The news went like wild fire. All came with notes; and all as soon as presented were paid, and upon this affair Mr. Cotts established a credit, which enabled him soon afterwards to establish the banking house of Cotts & Co., whose credit at the present day in England is equal to that of the great Rothschild himself, to whose affability its founder owed his fortune and his success.

Influence of a Newspaper.

A school teacher, who has been engaged a long time in his profession, and witnessed the influence of a good newspaper upon the minds of a family of children, writes to the editor of the *Caldensburg Sentinel*, as follows:

I have found it to be a universal fact without exception, that those scholars, of both sexes, and of all ages, who have had access to newspapers at home, when compared to those who have not, are: 1. Better readers; excelling in pronunciation and emphasis, and consequently read more understandingly.

2. They are better spellers, and define words with ease and accuracy.

3. They obtain a practical knowledge of geography, and in almost half the time requires others, as the newspaper has made them familiar with the location of the important places, nations, their governments and doings on the globe.

4. They are better grammarians, for having become so familiar with every variety of style in the newspaper, from the common place advertisement to the finished and classical oration of the statesman, they more readily comprehend the meaning of the text, and consequently analyze its construction with accuracy.

5. They write better composition, using better language, containing more clearly and connectively expressed ideas.

6. Those young men who have for years been readers of the newspapers, are always taking the lead in the debating society, exhibiting a more extensive knowledge upon a greater variety of subjects, and expressing their views with greater fluency, and clearness in their use of language.

Three Things.

Three things that never become rusty: The money of the benevolent, the shoes on a butcher's horse, and a fretful tongue.

Three things easily done: To ally thirt with fire, to dry the wet with water, to please all in everything that is done.

Three things that are as good as the best—Brown bread in a famine, well-water in thirst, and a great-coat in winter.

Three things as good as they are better: Dirty water to extinguish fire, an ugly wife to a blind man, and a wooden sword to a coward.

Three things that seldom agree: Two cats over one mouse, two scolding wives in one house, and two lovers of the same maiden.

Three things of a short continuance: A boy's love, a chip fire, and a brook's flood.

Three things that ought never to be from home: The cat, the chimney and the house wife.

Three essentials to a false story-teller: a good memory, a bold face, and fools for an audience.

Three things seen in the peacock: The garb of an angel, the walk of a thief, and the voice of the devil.

Three things that are unwise to boast of: The flavor of thy ale, the beauty of thy wife, and the contents of thy purse.

Three miseries of a man's house: A smoky chimney, a dripping roof, and a scolding wife.

Farmers.

Adam was a farmer while yet in Paradise, and after his fall commanded to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow.

Job, the honest, upright and patient, was a farmer, and his endurance has passed into a proverb.

Socrates was a farmer, and yet wedded to his calling the glory of his immortal philosophy.

St. Luke was a farmer, and divides with Prometheus the honor of subjecting the ox to the use of man.

Cincinnatus was a farmer, and the noblest Roman of them all.

Burns was a farmer, and the muse found him at the plow, and filled his soul with poetry.

Washington was a farmer, and retired from the highest earthly station to enjoy the quiet of rural life, and present to the world a spectacle of human greatness.

To these may be added a host of others who sought peace and repose in the cultivation of their mother earth; the enthusiastic Lafayette, the steadfast Pickering, the scholastic Jefferson, the fiery Randolph, all found an Eldorado of consolation from life's cares and troubles, in the green and verdant lawns that surrounded their homesteads.

"The lazy man's bedstead" is the title given to an article of furniture which attracts much attention at the Fair of the American Institute in New York. It is described as a newly-invented bedstead attached to the head of which is a small alarm clock, so connected with the bed, that at a given moment the alarm bell will ring, and in five minutes thereafter, if the sleeper does not arise, the mattress upsets, and he is straightway, and without any ceremony, tumbled out of bed.—The difficulty will be in getting the article into practical use. Will a lazy man buy it?

A person who was recently called in court for the purpose of proving the correctness of a doctor's bill, was asked by the lawyer whether "the doctor did not make several visits after the patient was out of danger?" "No," replied the witness "I consider the patient in danger as long as the doctor continues his visits!"

THE POISONED BOUQUET.

A STORY OF THE ITALIAN OPERA.

"Madame La Grange, after accomplishing her first brilliant success in the concert room, had made, but a short time previous to our story, her debut on the stage with an elocution which gave ample promise of the rich renown her name has since borne. The second engagement she ever made in her lyric career was at Paris, where her youthful talent completely eclipsed the reputation of a rival songstress, engaged at the same time. Each representation was at once a new triumph to her, and a new defeat for the lady who shared with her the personation of the leading parts. This overwhelming superiority against which there was no remedy, lit up in the soul of the vanquished artist one of those jealousies, which, as it proceeds, increases into bitterness, and is transformed into a furious thirst for vengeance, no matter at what price or by what means.

"There are still furious passions in these Italian brains on which the sun casts its hot glance, as on the Shulamite of sacred song.—The prima donna, whose name we refrain from giving, is a proof of their existence.

"She was one of those dangerous sirens whose well got up charms, dazzle and fascinate the imaginations of youths of twenty. Now, Paris, as we know, is the seat of a University, and it is not a matter of much difficulty to find among the students, ardent and ready for every daring folly, a blind instrument to associate in her dark designs. The youth whom she fixed on to carry out her project was a native of Venice, a city celebrated for its mysterious deeds of vengeance and of love indulged at the point of the dagger. He was of high birth and considerable fortune, allied by name and blood not only to nobility, who are but a memory, but to the Church, which is a power of Venetian Lombard provinces.