

Raffman's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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LOVE NOT.

Love not, love not, ye hapless sons of clay,
Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers,
Things that are made to fade, and fall away,
Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours.
Love not, love not—the one you love may change,
May perish from the gay and gladsome earth;
The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
Bloom on their grave, as once upon their birth.
Love not, love not—the one you love may change,
The rosy lips may cease to smile on you,
The kindly-beaming eye grow cold and chill—
The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.
Love not, love not—oh! warning vainly said,
In present hours, as in years gone by,
Love throws a halo round the dear one's head,
Faultless, immortal—till they change or die!

From the San Francisco Golden Era.

THE TAMBOURINE GIRL.

The rain was falling in torrents, and the wind drove past the light structures as though it would root them from their foundations, and send the slight board tenements a wreck into the streets, deep with mud. Every spot that could shelter a person was occupied; every drinking saloon, sleeping house and gambling table that was available was crowded to excess, and those that found a dry spot to sleep on in their stores, considered themselves fortunate, for the unexpected rains of 1849 found many with elated hopes but to plunge into the slough of despondency at the dismal prospects before them, held out by the winter weather. Mercantile business, however, did not flag on account of the rain; but when the weather was fair, the goods needed no shelter; when it was foul, repairing could hardly be done, for no one seemed to care about earning a few ounces by a job in the rain.

Midway between Montgomery and Kearny streets, on Clay, was a large store full of goods, owned by an Italian, and every effort to secure the aid of a mechanic to roof over the tenement proved ineffectual, and if not repaired very soon, it seemed as if the heavy rains would wash store, goods and all from their location. On the morning in question, the proprietor, his two clerks and porter went at the job in good earnest, and when night threw its veil over the heavy atmosphere, the roof was finished, and a dry store was insured against the weather's inclemency. The store was closed for the night, and a warm stove sent out its genial heat, while a savory smell tingled the nostrils and awoke the appetite, although the roasts had disappeared. The proprietor leaned back upon a box, his feet raised in an elevated position to keep them from off the damp floor, while huge volumes of smoke came rolling from his mouth, as he dreamily smoked on. The clerks, the salesman and the porter were also making themselves comfortable as the best they could.

"Well, boys," said the proprietor, "we can keep dry after this, let it rain as it may; and I think we have done a good day's work, independent of the sales we have made."
To describe the speaker, would be to have him too readily recognized, and to be the hero of this sketch would not, perhaps, meet with his approbation, as he has not been consulted in regard to it.

"Yes," replied the porter, "I will bet that some of our neighbors wish they were as well protected as we are; a board house with a tight roof is poor enough, but a canvass house—oh, how delightfully miserable!" and the thought of wet blankets and a wet bed made his teeth chatter, and the idea was so ludicrously conveyed, that all joined in a laugh.

"Walter, what about that tambourine girl?" inquired one of the clerks; "they say you played quite the gallant with her on two occasions."

"What is that Walt has been doing?" inquired the proprietor.
"Oh, nothing serious—only making love to a tambourine girl," he replied. "An old woman came to town a few days ago, bearing on her back an old-fashioned, gothic hand-organ, accompanied by a tambourine girl. It seems that Walt was at the 'Tontine,' or passing, and a big, lubberly fellow tried to kiss the girl, and he knocked him down; again, the old woman got stuck in the mud, and Walt helped her out, and then returns, lifts the tambourine girl in his arms and carries her across the street, losing one of his boots for his pains. Dear work, that!—boots are worth one hundred dollars."

"Yes, rather d-e-a-r, I should think," said the salesman. "Is she pretty?"

"Walt is a very good judge, I should say, for when I was of his age I was equally as gallant to the ladies," said the proprietor.

"Pretty! by the gods, I know she is!" said Walter, enthusiastically. "She is not more than sixteen or seventeen, rather delicate in form, yet her limbs are full and round, and she is of the medium height that so well becomes a woman; her hair is dark as jet, and the two sparkling eyes that are so finely shaded beneath heavy eyelashes, equal her hair in their ebony light, and—"

"Stop!" interrupted the clerk, "or I will swear you have a whole chapter of love nonsense by heart. Let us see if we can find the beauty that Walt has been so lavishly praising," he continued, turning to the others; "we will find them about some of the saloons, and if we do, we will have them come here, and then we can all judge for ourselves."

So saying, they sallied forth into the storm, pushing their way through the mud to Kear-

ney street, and then from one saloon to the other, until at last they found them at the "Bella Union," surrounded by a crowd of persons, eagerly listening to the song the tambourine girl was singing.

"Mother, I am fatigued to-night, let us go to our room," said the girl.

"My good woman," interposed one of the clerks, addressing her, "there are a few gentlemen at a store close by, who would like to hear your music; if you will accompany us, we will pay you well for your trouble."

"Not to-night, mother," said the girl.
"Yes, to-night," replied the old woman; "nothing like the present. We will go with you."

She followed them to the store. The warm fire contrasted rather favorably with the chilling atmosphere without, and the old woman and girl laid off their heavy, wet cloaks and approached the stove. As they did so, they recognized their friend, Walter, who had assisted them upon the two occasions spoken of, and bid him a good evening, which he politely returned; by the dim light the rising blush of rich blood that mounted to the girl's very temples was faintly seen. Warming themselves for a few moments, they resumed their instruments and commenced their music. After a few tunes had been played upon the organ, accompanied by the tambourine, the girl struck up a wild Spanish air, that thrilled to the hearts of her listeners. At times the song was wild and full of eagerness, and then it would fall to a low cadence, drawing sighs from her hearers, as though some peril that beset them had passed, while the singer's face would light up with an enthusiasm, plainly telling how well she kept pace with the song, and partook of its spirit.

"Is she not pretty?" whispered Walter. "I never saw a sweeter face."

"By jove! she is beautiful," said a companion who sat near him; "and what a delightful expression there is upon her features!"

The song was finished, and Walter politely offered them a seat near the stove.

"You are Germans?" he said inquiringly as he resumed his seat.

"Yes, I am German," replied the woman, in broken English.

"Have you travelled much?" he again inquired.

"Oh, yes, all over," she replied; "from Germany I went to France, from France to South America, and I have been in every city there."

"Has your daughter been with you all the time?"

"No, sir," the girl replied, "I was born far from where mother lived."

"Why how came that?"

"My story is easily told. I was born beneath the beautiful skies of Italy, not far from the village of Lansanne, and as I have often tho't of that spot since I left it, I will describe it. My uncle's house stood within a very pretty valley at the foot of the Alpine range; there my mother took refuge after the death of my father, and there I was born. It is a lovely spot; the luxuriant flowers bloom the year round, and the luscious fruits ripen at all seasons, while its scenery is unsurpassed; and as I gazed upon the towering Alps from my window, I can bring back every feature to memory; their outline of snow, as one giant raised above another until all were crowned by Mount Blanc's frozen peak; the clear sky, the genial sun, the moonlight nights, and starry canopy above."

"You talk too much," interrupted the woman.

"Oh, no; go on," said Walter, as her story interested him.

"My mother died in Italy, and my uncle took passage for Callao, and I accompanied him; but shortly after our arrival he died, and I was left among strangers, in a strange land. A woman who kept a boarding house employed me to help about the table. I sang, occasionally, and the borders praised me, and sometimes rewarded me with a rial. This so much encouraged me that at last I took it up as a vocation, and shortly after met mother, and we have been journeying together ever since."

"Why, where did you learn to speak English so well?" inquired one of the clerks.

"At Callao," she replied.

"You said your father died before you was born," said her interrogator, inquisitively.

"Yes, my mother always believed so," she replied—and at the memory of her parent a tear hung drooping upon her eye-lashes.

"A somewhat eventful history," said the clerk; "and as the subject has had so serious a turn, sing us one of your lively airs to put us in a good humor again."

She commenced an Italian song, and ere the first verse was finished, the proprietor came forward, eager to catch every sound that fell from her lips. When the song was concluded, he looked into her face with a long stare, as though he would fix indelibly her features upon his memory. Each contributed liberally—none more so than the proprietor—and the musicians were about departing, when the girl turned and said:

"As you have been so kind to us, I will sing you my favorite song before we go."

The song was of a wife welcoming her returned lord. Her anxiety at his absence—her prayer for his safe return—the scene at meeting—were faithfully represented. The proprietor of the store sat mute with surprise, and

the tear-drops fell unheeded upon his folded hands, and all within the store seemed to take part in the scene, and none felt ashamed to acknowledge their emotion. At length he stepped forward, seized the girl by the wrist, and leading her to where the light fell upon her countenance, gazed into her face with a wild look, while the ashy paleness that overspread his features betrayed his emotion.

"Girl," said he, in a hoarse whisper, "as you value your life, tell me who learned you that song?"

The girl was frightened, and tremblingly replied, "My mother."

"By all you hold dear, dead and alive, answer me truly," he continued; "did your mother learn you those notes—learn you to sing in that strain?"

"Yes, sir," she timidly replied, "and I never heard any one else sing it in that way."

"My God!" he exclaimed, as his hands fell by his side, "it is impossible! Girl, what is your name?"

"Helenid," she replied.

He staggered as if struck with a blow, and a deadly pallor spread with a renewed whiteness over his face. "Answer me this last question," he said, and the words came chokingly from his throat; "Had your mother any peculiar mark about her face?"

"Yes, sir, a large mole upon her left cheek."

The words had not left her lips ere he caught her in his arms, sobbing as if his heart would break, and exclaiming, frantically:

"My child! my child! My Helenid! Oh, God! my Helenid!"

All joined in the ovation of tears except the old hag, who balanced her loss with a father's gain.

The spring following a neat cottage was erected and tenanted by the father and daughter; and now Walter, a wealthy merchant, dandles two sons and a daughter upon his knee—when grand-pa is absent—for, merchant-like, the old man asserts his right to that monopoly.

How PAUL AND PETER LOOKED.—It is allowable to mention the general notion of the forms and features of the two apostles which has been handed down in tradition, and as represented by early artists. Paul is set down before us as having the strongly marked and prominent features of a Jew, yet not without some of the finer lines indicative of Greek thought. His stature was diminutive and his body disfigured by some lameness or distortion, which may have provoked the contemptuous expression 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, under thickly overhanging and united eyebrows; 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 show that he suffered much from the lack of bodily strength. Peter is represented as a man of large and strong form, as his character was harsher and more abrupt. The quick impulses of a soul revealed themselves in the flashes of a dark eye.—The complexion of his face was full and shallow, and the short hair, which is described as entirely grey at the time of his death, curled black and thick around his temples and 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 take them as helps to the imagination.

WHAT MAKES A BUSHEL.—The following table of the number of pounds of various articles to a bushel, may be of interest.

Wheat, sixty pounds.
Corn, shelled, fifty-six pounds.
Corn, on the cob, seventy pounds.
Oats, fifty-six pounds.
Rye, thirty-six pounds.
Barley, forty-six pounds.
Buckwheat, fifty-two pounds.
Irish potatoes, sixty pounds.
Sweet potatoes, fifty pounds.
Onions, fifty-seven pounds.
Beans, sixty pounds.
Bran, twenty pounds.
Clover seed, sixty pounds.
Timothy seed, forty-five pounds.
Flax seed, forty-five pounds.
Hemp seed, forty-five pounds.
Blue grass seed, fourteen pounds.
Dried peaches, thirty-three pounds.

Among the inventions patented last month, was a juvenile bellows for the use of snuff takers. The bellows is loaded once a week at the bung hole, after which all that's necessary when you want to sneeze is to put the spout upon your nose and blow away as if you were kindling a fire. What an interesting sight it would be to see a parcel of snuffers thus engaged!

Horse flesh, as food for human beings, is becoming very popular in Paris, so that Fremont's 'mule soup' was not greatly in advance of the age. American gentlemen are also cultivating mud-holes for the purpose of raising bullfrogs, also highly prized by the French.

NEW YORK AS IT IS.

The *Scapell*, edited by Edward H. Dixon, M. D., is the most truly independent and free spoken journal in the United States. When the editor has anything to say, he speaks out plainly and fearlessly. In the last No. we find an article, headed "Lynch Law," which presents morality in New York as being in a rather deplorable condition. Iniquity must, indeed, be bold and wide-spread, when such advice as is contained in the article alluded to, is unhesitatingly given. We subjoin the article.

LYNCH LAW.

It is now some three years since one of our valued professional friends, Dr. H. P. Dewees, in an effort to secure a villain who attempted to pass upon him a twenty-dollar counterfeit note, was so severely wounded in his office, that his life was for some time in jeopardy. The villain left him weltering in his blood; but mortified at his escape, the Doctor managed to reach his office-window and alarm the police, who succeeded in arresting and lodging the scoundrel in prison. No less than four physicians testified to this miscreant's attempt to pass a bill of similar amount and character upon them on the same night—yet he was liberated on straw-bail of a thousand dollars, and that was the last that was heard of him, until we saw him within a few months, elegantly dressed, in Broadway, in company with a detachment of the swell-gang! We had the curiosity to visit the prison where this man was detained till he could manage to get money enough to get out, and examined his hands and his countenance: he had alleged that he had been at work in an oil factory, but his hands were as delicate as a woman's, and his face had been severely hacked in some desperate encounter; he bore, in short, the physiognomy of a most determined villain.

This individual has been lately again at work, trying his operations on some of the brethren; but our exposition of the affair at that time, seems to have spoiled his sport, and he has not been able to give further practical assurance to "his Honor," of the act of good citizenship he performed when he let loose his ingenious friend.

The papers are now filled with accounts of successful efforts to rob our fellow-citizens by partial strangulation; no less than three having been thus treated in one night, and that on the public highway of a thronged city! We perceive that these highway robbers are committed "in default of bail!" Will this be credited in California? What will they say of it in London? What in heaven's name is going to become of us in this city, where the bench has long been in league with crime, and where the adroit swindler can secure the services of some of the members of our profession, to shield them from the punishment of their crimes? A peaceful country village is frozen with horror at the discovery of one of their citizens, a young man,—a father and a husband, with his brains dashed out, and his pockets rifled, on a public highway! Every night or two, some wretched woman is beaten and kicked to death, by a beastly Irishman, the victim of an accursed system of mental degradation as humanity ever groaned under—the Roman Catholic Church.

Our markets are occupied with swindling butchers and thieving bucksters. Our coal is sold to us by a set of sharpers, who absolutely are unwatched by a single inspector, and there is not a public scale within reach of nine-tenths of our citizens. The bread that we eat is made up of a miserable mixture, in a country which could supply half the world with flour of the finest kind. Half of our grocers and butchers use false weights. Our light is furnished by a couple of unwatched corporations at three times the price of other cities.—Our rail-cars are no better than pig-pens, in which we are allowed to stand up like the cattle brought to market, and be smothered with the filthy breath of a multitude. We have for more than a half century had no national currency, using coin clipped by swindlers, who stole half cents and cents, and insolently refused the just change; almost every mechanic is a systematic swindler, every lawyer a thief, and every doctor a wretched trader in the blood of his fellow-man; criminals may have their best efforts, and an oath is no more binding than a straw. Half of our clergy are busy in apologizing for and flattering their hypocritical hearers, who glitter in their vulgar finery as though they were at a ball and not in a church. All this is undeniably true, and our condition is becoming worse every day.

Highway robbery and murder in the streets of the metropolis of the Union, is the proof of it; it is the culminating point, and the remedy must be found.

The diversified abominations and abuses we have enumerated, have so enervated society, that it has allowed the most responsible offices to fall into the hands of men who only view them as the means of procuring money; they have given no hostages to the state for the fulfillment of their duties; they have no character as good citizens, and being unwatched by the silly and stupid of their constituents, they find the best source of revenue in black-mailing the robber who may get into their crib, and by levying contributions on the policemen, for supporting their re-elections. Contracts for the public works are given to those who will pay the highest bribe for the favor, until our city taxes have become enormous,

and every necessary of life is raised to the very maximum of endurance by the middle classes and the poor. All this is hard enough to bear; God knows, it is sufficiently trying to see the ignorant and hard-hearted speculator on the misfortunes of his fellows, pass a long in his gilded equipage, while virtue and honest industry go on foot; but crime has gone so far that something must be done; our lives are unsafe.

The garotte, the brain-club, and the slung-shot, fellow citizens, what say you to them?—Are you content, especially do I address you, my medical brethren, to leave your evening and midnight patients to their fate, for very fear of leaving your homes to seek them?—Are you willing that any summons to the bedside of suffering may be your own to eternity? Will you consent to leave your wife and your children palpitating with terror all night long, because you return not, and perhaps your body be exposed in the morning for recognition, at a station-house, before your cloven skull shall be decently covered, and your dead body brought to your desolate home?—What avails the law? Juries are in league with robbers and murderers; there is proof enough of it; quite enough; the impossibility of punishing the murderer of Poole proves it. Huntington was imprisoned to the surprise of every one who had studied the usual course of such events; it was a subject of universal congratulation from its rarity; our own profession did the best it could to shield him; but the jury happened to be honest, and it was only a failure, once. What then is the remedy?—We answer: first, the pistol, for personal defence, and then, lynch-law, if that will not answer.

It was a grand triumph of justice over law, when the committee of vigilance in California took the affairs of their community in hand.

Averse as we are to any administration of punishment as such, without special reference to the reformation of the criminal, we yet believe that we are on the very verge of the necessity for just such a committee; we expect to see one in this city; nay, we advise it now; not yet, not quite yet for the execution of the murderer, but to watch the court, the jury, and the Judge, and see that justice is done; if that fails, we must go the whole extent. "In extreme diseases extreme remedies" are indicated; whilst society protects the horde of licensed commercial, religious, legal, and medical swindlers and hypocrites, that foster the more palpable crimes of murder and robbery on the highway, there is no probability that full justice will be done to those who commit crime; therefore, until we can turn the current of villainy, till enough of public spirit is awakened to give us some hope of an uncorrupt bench and unbiased juries, we fear that the great questions of instant trial and punishment, either by death or the lash, is only deferred for awhile, and we shall yet see the melancholy exhibition in our public streets.—So far as regards self-protection, we earnestly hope our fellow-citizens will not be deterred from arming themselves and using the pistol should their safety require it. Let all who believe themselves dogged at night, give the supposed foot-pad a wide berth and a clear and distinct challenge; cross the street if necessary; then, if he persist in approaching, fire, before his associate may attack you from another quarter. We give this advice unhesitatingly, and intend fully to carry it out to the letter.

A few examples, and we are quite sure the wretches will abandon their practices and take up the safer ones of pocket-picking and thimble-rigging, and our judges find their trade of straw-bail at a discount; their game will be too poor to pay for their release.

The slimy pools when flooded by the mountain torrents swollen by the descending clouds, seek the ocean burdened with the accumulated filth of the plains. Received in its vast and surging depth, it is tossed and agitated till it subsides to its bed of rest; and the angry wave as it dashes the feathery foam and sounds its awful music on the rocky shore, is like the note of exultation that will arise to heaven when the law shall return for purification to the heart of the People who made it.

The polluted crime must be torn from the shoulders of the scoundrels who have so long disgraced the bench in this city, and purified by the surging billows of popular indignation.

Nobody seems to have heard of that chap in Aberdeen, Miss., who just came home from a year's absence in Nicaragua. On his way up from the landing he met quite a number of ladies. After kissing his sister, &c., "Pray," said he, "are all the girls in Aberdeen married? I met Miss A.—" "Why, brother, Miss B. is 'n' married." "Not married? nor Miss B. nor Miss C? nor Miss?" "Oh, pshaw! brother," said Miss J., just beginning to catch the idea, "that's nothing but hoops."

There was a magazine article once published, in which the clause "woman is the sharer of man's joy and happiness," was made by the misprint of a single letter to read, "woman is the shaver of man's joy and happiness."

A man named Forner, living near Miltonsburg, Ohio, on the 15th ult. bet a dollar that he could walk home, a distance of five miles, barefooted. He won his bet and lost both his feet, which were so badly frozen as to require amputation.

For the Raffman's Journal.

Mr. ENROR.—I send you the following, to show the effect of a comma in changing the meaning of a sentence. A benevolent, and generous prior, in the priory of Ramessa, had the following lines written over his door:

"Be open evermore, O thou my door,
To none be shut, to honest or to poor."

But after his death, a miserly man, named Raynard, greedy and covetous as the other was liberal, succeeded him, and retaining the same lines over the door, altered the punctuation so as to make them read:

"Be open evermore, O thou my door,
To none; be shut to honest or to poor."

This man was afterwards driven thence, on account of his niggardliness, and it grew into a proverb, "That for one point, Raynard lost his priory."

I copy for your young readers the following rules, to guide them when to use the terminations "ize," and "ise," in their orthography. They are taken from the Student's Miscellany.

Rule first. When a complete word would remain after leaving off the termination, *ize* should be used; as real, real-ize, modern, modern-ize, civil, civil-ize.

Rule second. When the word would be incomplete without the termination, *ise* should be used; as demise, advise, enterprise, &c.

Criticism and recognize are the principal exceptions to these rules.

Now let me copy for your young readers, a few lines on the use of the word *that*, which so often puzzles the brain of the young grammarian, because it has so many offices, and bears so many titles in our language.

"Now that is a word that may often be joined, For *vix* that may be doabled, is clear to the mind; And that that that is right, is as plain to the view, As that that that that we use, is rightly used too; And that that that that that line has in, is right In accordance with grammar, is plain in our sight."

By the time your young readers shall have parsed understandingly all the *thats* in the six lines above, they may properly be left to the study of other words.

Yours truly, J. J. H.

THE SKY-ROCKET BRAND.—A man traveling, entered a tavern, and seeing no one present but the landlord and a negro, seated himself and entered into conversation with the negro. Shortly, he asked Sambo if he was dry? Sambo said he was. Stranger told him to go to the bar and take something at his expense.—Negro did so, and shortly left. Landlord says to stranger:

"Are you acquainted with that nigger?"
"No, never saw him before; but why do you ask?"

"I supposed so from your conversation with him and asking him to drink."
"Oh," said the stranger, "I was only experimenting. The fact is, I was dry myself, and I thought that if your liquor didn't kill the negro in fifteen minutes, I would venture to take a drink myself."

Landlord's curiosity fully satisfied.

GETTING 'EM MIXED.—We once heard of an old fellow, famous all over the country for tough yarns, tell the following. He was telling what heavy wheat he had seen in the State of New York. "My father," said he, "once had a field of wheat, the heads of which were so close together, that the wild turkeys, when they came to eat it, could walk around on the top of it anywhere." We suggested that the turkeys might have been small ones. "No, sir," continued he, "they were very large ones. I shot one of them, one day, and when I took hold of his legs to carry him, his head dragged in the snow behind me!" "A curious country you must have had, to have snow in harvest!" "Well, I declare," said he, looking a little foolish; "I have got parts of two stories mixed!"

A school of white perch was discovered, a few days ago, frozen in the ice near Swan Point, in Chesapeake Bay. Nearly forty bushels were cut out, the ice being about 18 inches thick.

A foppish fellow advised a friend not to marry a poor girl, as he would find matrimony with poverty "up-hill work." "Good," said his friend, "I would rather go up hill than down hill any time."

Lewis Baker, the murderer of Bill Poole, is at his old haunts in New York City. So the world wags. Five years hence, the very fact of the murder will be almost, if not quite, lost to memory.

A woman was lately found in the streets of Philadelphia in a state of mania potu, who was at one time the wife of one of the most distinguished citizens of New York.

A blind son of the sea calls the navigation of the streets by the ladies "great circle sailing." He deserves to have his ears served as he does his compass.

Pennsylvania owns 14,334 miles of canals, which cost \$16,000,000. There are also in the State 2,164 miles of railroad, which cost \$58,000,000.

If you would rise in the world, you must not stop to kick at every cur who barks at you as you pass along.

It is stated that the dwelling of a Mr. Roberts in New York cost \$250,000.