

Raffman's Journal.

FREE AS THE WIND, AND AMERICAN TO THE CORE.

BY H. BUCHER SWOOPE.

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EVENING.

BY A TAILOR.
Dr. O. W. Holmes has thus cleverly conjectured what a tailor, poetically given, might say of the beauties that cluster about the closing day.
"Day hath put on his jacket, and around his burning bosom button'd it with stars.
Here will I lay me on the velvet grass,
That like padding to earth's meagre ribs,
And hold communion with the things about me.
Ah me! how lovely is the golden braid,
That binds the skirt of night's descending robe!
The thin leaves quivering on their silken threads
Do make a music like to rustling satin,
As the light breezes smooth their downy nap.
"Ha! what is this that rises to my touch,
So like a cushion? Can it be a cushion?
It is! it is that deeply injured flower,
That doth us with; but yet I love thee,
"Trapped in green courtship,
Whom I saw first in Eden's garden,
Outdressed in Eden's robes,
Sweetest, thy puny brethren, and thy
Sweetest, the fragrance of her spicy air,
But now, thou seemest like a bankrupt heir,
Stripped of his gaudy lines and essences,
And growing portly in his sober garments.
"Is that a swan that rides upon the water?
Oh no! it is that other gentle bird,
Which is the patron of our noble calling.
I well remember, in my early years,
When these young hands first closed upon a goose!
I have a scar upon my thumb's finger,
Which chronicles the hour of young ambition.
My father was a tailor, and his father
And my son's grandpère—all of them were tailors.
They had an ancient goose—it was an heirloom
From some remoter tailor of our race.
It happened I did see it on a time
When nose were near, and I did deal with it,
And it did burn me—Oh most fearfully!"

A SOUVENIR OF THE FRANCE.

BY LEVIE.
There is sufficient concentration in the admiration of the loved object to give the mind a decided and firm purpose, and enough of a charge in the various devices to win her praise, to impart the charm of novelty. Now for all this, my reader, fair or false as she or he may be, must not suspect that any thing bordering on love was concerned in the present case. To begin—the countess was married, and I was bro't up at an excellent school at Bangor, where the catechism, Welsh and English, was fogged into me until every commandment had a separate well of its own on my back. No; I had taken the royal road to happiness: I was delighted without stopping to know why, and enjoyed myself without ever thinking to inquire wherefore. New sources of information and knowledge were opened to me by those who possessed vast sources of acquirement, and I learned the conversation of gifted and accomplished persons may be made a great agent in training and forming the mind, if not to the higher walks of knowledge, at least to those paths in which the greater part of life is spent, and where it imports each to make the road agreeable to his fellows. I often said to you I was not in love—how could I, under the circumstances? but still I own that the regular verbs of the Polish grammar had been but dry work, if it had not been for certain irregular glances at my pretty mistress; nor could I ever have seen my way through the difficulties of the declensions if the light of her eyes had not lit up the page, and her taper finger pointed out the place.
And thus two months flew past, during which she never even alluded most distantly to our conversation in the garden at Botsford, nor did I learn one particular more of my friends than on the first day of our meeting. Meanwhile all idea of travelling had completely left me; and although I had now abundant resources in my banker's hands for all the purposes of the road, I never once dreamed of leaving a place where I felt so thoroughly happy.
Such then was our life, when I began to remark a slight change in the countess's manner and appearance of gloom and preoccupation which seemed to increase each day, and against which he strove but in vain to combat. It was clear something had gone wrong with him, but I did not dare to allude to, much less ask him on the subject. At last, one evening just as I was preparing for bed, one entered my dressing-room, and closing the door cautiously behind him, sat down. I saw that he was dressed as if for the road, and looking pale and morose, and as usual.
"O'Leary," said he, in a tremulous voice, "I am come to place in your hands the highest trust a man can repose in another—and I certain of your friendship?" I shook his hand in silence and he went on. I must leave Brussels to-night, secretly. A political affair in which the peace of Europe is involved has just come to my knowledge; the government here will do their best to detain me; orders are already given to detain me at the frontier—perhaps send me back to the capital; in consequence I reach Aix-la-Chapelle to-morrow evening. Of course the countess cannot accompany me. He paused for a second, "You must be her protector. A hundred rumors will be about the moment they find I have escaped, and as many reasons for my departure announced in the papers. How-

ever, I'm content if they amuse the public and occupy the police, and meanwhile I shall obtain time to pass through Prussia un molested. Before I reach St. Petersburg the countess will receive letters from me, and know where to proceed to; and I count on your friendship to remain here until the time—a fortnight, three weeks at farthest. If money is any object to you—"
"Not in the least; I have far more than I want."
"Well, then, may I conclude that you consent?"
"Of course you may," said I, overpowered by a rush of sensations I must leave my reader to feel, if it has ever been his lot to have been placed in such circumstances, or to imagine for me, if he has not.
"The countess is of course aware?"
"Of every thing," interrupted he, "and hears it all admirably. Much, however, is attributable to the arrangement with you which I promised her was completed, even before I asked your consent—such was my confidence in your friendship."
"You have not deceived yourself," was my reply, while I puzzled my brain to think how I could repay such proof of his trust. "Is there, then, anything more?" said I—can you think of nothing in which I may be of service?"
"Nothing, dear friend, nothing," said he, "Probably we shall meet at St. Petersburg."
"Yes, yes," that is my firm intention."
"That's all I could wish for," rejoined he, "The grand duke will be delighted to acknowledge the assistance your friendship has rendered us, and Potoski's house will be your own." So saying he embraced me most affectionately and departed, while I sat down to muse over the singularity of my position, and wonder if any other man was similarly situated.
When I proceeded to pay my respects to the countess the next morning, I prepared myself to witness a case of great sorrow and depression. How pleasantly was I disappointed at finding her gay—perhaps gayest than ever—and evidently enjoying the success of the count's scheme.
"Gustav is in St. Tron by this," said she, looking at the map; he'll reach Liege two hours before the post; fresh horses will then bring him rapidly to Battiste. Oh, here are the papers. Let us see the way his departure is announced. She turned over one journal after another without finding the wished for paragraph, until at last, in the corner of the Handelsbad, she came upon the following:
Yesterday morning an express reached the minister of the home affairs, that the celebrated *escroc*, the Chevalier Duguet, whose famous forgery on the Neapolitan bank may be in the minds of our readers, was actually practicing his art under a feigned name at Brussels, where, having obtained his *entree* into a number of families of the lower town, he has succeeded in accumulating a large sum of money under various pretences; his skill at play is, they say, the least of his many accomplishments."
She threw down the paper in a fit of laughter at these words, and called out—Is it not too absurd. That's Duguet's doing—any thing for a quizz—no matter what. He once got himself and Prince Carl of Prussia brought up before the police for hoisting the king."
"But Duguet," said I, "what has he to do with Duguet?"
"Don't you see that's a feigned name," replied she—assumed by him as if he had half a dozen such. Read on, and you'll learn it all."
I took the paper and continued where she ceased reading:
"This Duguet is then, it would appear, identical with a well known Polish Count Czarski, who with his lady, have been passing some weeks at the Hotel de France. The police have, however, received his *signalement*, and are on his track."
"And why in heaven's name should he spread such an odious calumny on himself," said I.
"Dear me, how simple you are. I thought he had told you all. As a mere *escroc*, money will always bribe the authorities to let him pass; as a political offender, and as such the importance of his mission would proclaim him, nothing would induce the officials to further his escape—their heads would pay for it. Once over the frontier, the *pass* will be discovered, the editors obliged to set their words and be laughed at, and Gustav receive the black eagle for his services. But see, here's another."
"Among the victims at play of the well known Chevalier Duguet, or as he is better known here, Czarski, is an Englishman resident at the Hotel de France, and from whom it seems he has won every louis d'or he possessed in the world. This miserable dupe, whose name is O'Leary, or O'Leary—"
At these words she leaned back on the sofa and laughed immoderately.
"Have you then suffered so deeply?" said she, wiping her eyes.—Has Gustav really won all your louis-d'ors?"
"This is too bad—far too bad," said I, "and I really cannot comprehend how any intrigue could induce him so far to asperse his character in this manner; I for my part can be no

As I said this my eyes fell on the latter part of the paragraph, which ran thus:—
"This poor boy—for we understand that he is no more—has been lured to his ruin by the beauty and attraction of Madame Czarski."
I crushed the odious paper without venturing to see more, and tore it in a thousand pieces, and, not waiting an instant, hurried to my room and seized a pen; burning with rage and indignation, I wrote a short note to the editor, in which I not only contradicted the assertions of his correspondent, but offered a hundred louis for the name of the person who had invented the infamous calumny.
It was some time before I recovered my composure sufficiently to return to the countess, whom I now found greatly excited and alarmed at my sudden departure. She insisted with such eagerness on knowing what I had done, that I was obliged to confess every thing, and show her a copy of the letter I had dispatched to the editor. She grew pale as death as she read it, flushed deeply, and then became pale again, while she sank pale and sick into a chair.
"This is very noble conduct of yours," said she in a low hollow voice, "but I see where it will lead to—Czarski has great and powerful enemies; they will become yours also."
"Be it so," said I, interrupting her, "They have little power to injure me—let them do their worst."
"You forget apparently," said she with a most bewitching smile, "that you are no longer free to dispose of your own liberty—that as my protector you cannot brave dangers and difficulties which may terminate in a prison."
"What then would you have me do?"
"Hasten to the editor at once; erase so much of your letter as refers to the proposed reward; the information could be of no service to you if attained—some miserable, perhaps some spy of the police, the slanderer. What could you gain by his punishment save publicity? A mere denial of the facts alleged is sufficient; even that (continued she smiling) how superfluous is it after all; a week—ten days at farthest, and the whole mystery is unveiled. Not that I would dissuade you from a course I see your heart is bent upon, and which after all is a purely personal consideration."
"Yes," said I, after a pause, "I'll take your advice; the letter shall go without the concluding paragraph."
The calumnious reports on the count prevented madame from dining that day at table d'hôte, and I remarked as I took my place at table, a certain air of restraint and reserve among the guests, as though my presence had interrupted the discussion of a topic which occupied all Brussels. Dinner over, I walked into the park to meditate on the course I would pursue under present circumstances, and deliberate calmly how far the habits of my former intimacy might or might not be continued during her husband's absence. The question was decided sooner than I anticipated; for a waiter overtook me with a letter directed to me, written in pencil; it ran thus:
"They play the Zaubertotte to-night at the opera; I shall go at eight, perhaps you would accept a seat in the carriage. DEUSCHKA."
Whatever doubts I might have conceived about my conduct, the manner of the countess at once dispelled them. A tone of perfect ease and almost sisterly confidence marked her whole bearing; and while I felt delighted and fascinated by the freedom of our intercourse, I could not help thinking how such a line of acting would have been in my own more rigid country, and to what cruel calumnies and aspersions it would have subjected her. Truly, thought I, if they manage these things, as Sterne says they do, "better in France," they also far excel in them in Poland; and so my Polish grammar, and the canonettes, and the drive to Boisfort all went on as usual, and my dream of happiness, interrupted for a moment, flowed on again in its former channel with increased force.
A fortnight had now elapsed, without any letter from the count, save a few hurried lines written from Magdeburg; and I remarked that the countess betrayed at times a degree of anxiety and agitation I had not observed in her before. At last the secret cause came out. We were sitting together in the park, eating ice after dinner, when she suddenly rose and prepared to leave the place.
"Has anything happened to annoy you?" said I hurriedly. "Why are you going?"
"I can bear it no longer," cried she, as she drew her veil down, and hastened forward, and without speaking another word, continued her way toward the hotel. On reaching her apartments, she burst into a torrent of tears, and sobbed most violently.
"What is it?" said I, maddened by the sight of such sorrow. "For heaven's sake tell me. Has any one dared—"
"No, no," replied she, wiping the tears away with her handkerchief; "nothing of the kind. It is the state of doubt—of trying harassing uncertainty I am reduced to here, is breaking my heart. Don't you see that, whenever I appear in public, by the air of insufferable impudence of the men, and the still more insulting looks of the women, how they dare insult me. I have borne it as well as I

"The world will always dare what may be dared in safety," interrupted she, laying her hand on my arm. "They know that you could not quarrel on my account, without compromising my honor; and such an occasion to trample on a poor weak woman could not be lost. Well, well; Gustav may write to-morrow or next day. A little more patience; and it is the only cure for these evils."
There was a tone of angelic sweetness in her voice as she spoke these words of resignation, and never did she seem more lovely in my eyes.
"Now, then, as I shall not go to the opera, what shall we do to pass the time. You are tired—I know you are—of Polish melodies and German ballads. Well, well; then I am. Do you know that we Poles are as great gamblers as yourselves. What say you to a game of piquet?"
"By all means," said I, delighted at the prospect of anything to while away the hours of her sorrowing.
"Then you must teach me," rejoined she laughing, "for I don't know it. I'm wretchedly stupid about all these things, and never could learn any game but *carte*."
"Then *carte* be it," said I, and in a few minutes more I had arranged the little table, and down we sat to our party.
"There," said she, laughing, and throwing her purse on the table. I can only afford to lose so much; but you may win all that, if you're fortunate." A rouleau of louis escaped at the instant, and fell about the table.
"Agreed," said I, indulging the quizz. "I am an inveterate gambler, and play always high. What shall be our stakes?"
"Fifty, I suppose," said she still laughing, "we can increase our bets afterwards."
After some little *badinage*, we each played a double louis-d'or on the board and began. For a while the game employed our attention, but gradually we fell into conversation, the cards dropped listlessly from our hands, the stakes remained unclaimed, and we could never decide whose turn it was to deal.
"This worries you, I see," said she; "perhaps you'd like to stop?"
"By no means," said I, "I like the game of all things." This I said rather because I was a considerable winner at the time, than from any other motive; and so we played on till eleven o'clock, at which hour I usually took my leave; and by this time my gains had increased to some seventy louis.
"Is it not fortunate," said she, laughing, "that eleven has struck? You certainly have won all my gold, and now you must leave off in the midst of your good fortune; and so *bon soir*, et a reveance."
Each evening now saw our little party at *carte* usurp the place of the drive and the opera; and though our successes ran occasionally high at either side, yet, on the whole, neither was a winner, and we jesting about the impartiality, with which fortune treated us both.
At last, one evening, eleven struck when I was a greater winner than ever, and I thought I saw a little pique in her manner at the enormous run of luck which I had experienced throughout.
"Come," said she, laughing, "you have really wounded a national feeling in a Polish heart—you have asserted a superiority at a game of skill. I must beat you;" and with that she placed five louis on the table. She lost. Again the same stake followed, and again the same fortune, notwithstanding I did all in my power to avoid winning—of course without exciting her suspicions.
"And so," said she, as she dealt the cards, "Ireland is really so picturesque, as you say?"
"Beautifully so," replied I, as warmed up by a favorite topic, I launched forth into a description of the mountain scenery of the south and west; the rich emerald green of the valleys, and the wild fantastic character of the mountains, the changeful skies, were all brought up to make a picture for her admiration; and she did indeed seem to enjoy it with the highest zest, only interrupting me in my harangue by the words, "*Je n'ai que le Roi*," to which circumstances she directed my attention by a sweet smile, and a gesture of her taper finger. And thus an hour followed hour, and already the grey dawn was breaking, while I was just beginning an eloquent description of "The Killarney," and the countess suddenly looking at her watch, cried out—
"How very dreadful! only think of three o'clock."
True enough; it was that hour: and I started up to say "Good-night," shocked at myself for so far transgressing, and yet secretly flattered for that my conversational powers had made time slip by unaccounted.
"And the Irish are really so clever, so gifted as you say?" said she, as she held out her hand to wish me good night.
"The most astonishing quickness is theirs," replied I, half reluctant to depart; "nothing can equal their intelligence and shrewdness."
"How charming! *Bon soir*," said she, and I closed the door.
What dreams were mine that night! What delightful visions of lake scenery, and Polish countesses and mountain gorges, and blue eyes—of deep ravines, and lovely forms! I thought we were sailing up Lough Corrib, the rippling and flecking the rippling water. I was not a

sound save the cuckoo was heard breaking the silence; as I listened I started, for I thought, instead of her wretched note, her cry was, "*Je n'ai que le Roi*!"
Morning came at last; but I could not awake, and endeavored to sink back into the pleasant realm of dreams, from which daylight disturbed me. It was noon, when at length I succeeded in awaking perfectly.
"A note for monsieur," said a waiter, as he stood beside the bed.
I took it eagerly. It was from the countess; its contents were these:
"MY DEAR SIR—A hasty summons from Count Czarski has compelled me to leave Brussels without wishing you good-bye, and thanking you for all your polite attentions. Pray accept these hurried acknowledgements, and my regret that circumstances do not enable me to visit Ireland, in which, from your description, I must ever feel the deepest interest."
"The count sends his most affectionate greetings. Yours ever sincerely,
"DEUSCHKA CZAROVSKI DOB GUSZLAPP."
"And is she gone?" said I, starting up in a state of frenzy.
"Yes, sir, she started at four o'clock."
"By what road?" cried I, determined to follow her on the instant.
"Louvain was the first stage."
In an instant I was up, and dressed; in ten minutes more I was rattling over the *pace* to my banker's.
"I want three hundred Napoleons—at once," said I to the clerk.
"Examine Mr. O'Leary's account," was the dry reply of the functionary.
"Over-drawn by fifteen hundred francs," said the other.
"Over-drawn! impossible!" cried I, thunderstruck. "I had a credit of six hundred pounds."
"Which you drew out by cheque this morning," said the clerk. "Is not that your handwriting?"
"It is," said I, faintly, as I recognized my scrawl, dated the evening before.
I had lost above seven hundred, and had not a sou left to pay post-horses.
I sauntered back sadly to "The France," a sadder man than ever in my life before: a thousand tormenting thoughts were in my brain; and a feeling of contempt for myself, somehow, occupied a very prominent place. Well, well; it's all past and gone now, and I must not awaken buried griefs.
I never saw the count and countess again; and though I have since that been in St. Petersburg, the grand duke seems to have forgotten my services, and a very pompous-looking porter in a bearskin did not look exactly the kind of a person to whom I should wish to communicate my impression about Count Potoski's house being my own.

The Leper in the Middle Ages.

We find the following very interesting review of this subject, in an exchange without a credit.
There are but few passages in the Lord's ministry which present in a more striking light, the compassionate spirit with which he labored for the alleviation of man's bodily and spiritual ailments, than his cure of the leper, as recorded in the eighth chapter of St. Matthew's gospel. When he descended from the mount, on which he had been delivering the longest and perhaps the most important of all the discourses addressed to his followers, a multitude, we are informed followed him. Amidst the gathering throng, one form of more than usual ghastliness, is seen approaching—His face is covered with scales, his body is wasted and decayed. As he advances, we may almost imagine that we see the crowding spectators retire, afraid of contagion. The Savior, however, does not withdraw. Scarcely has the unhappy sufferer cast himself on the ground in supplication, and the words, "Lord if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean," escaped his lips, when the gracious reply comes forth, "I will; be thou clean," and health blooms on the cheek and mantles in the veins of the leper.
In England and indeed throughout Europe, the associations connected with the above and other displays of Christ's power in cleansing leprosy, are of vague and general character, the disease one with which we have no familiar acquaintance. In the pages of a French periodical, however, which lie before us, we are reminded that this was not always the case. During the middle ages, and more particularly at the time of the Crusades, the fearful disorder was imported from the East, and proved in France a fertile source of terror to the inhabitants. Selecting its victims from all classes of the population, it spared neither peer nor peasant—monarchs themselves even fell victims to it. Establishments had to be opened for the reception of leprosy members of the royal families; and one existed in Danphiny expressly for the use of persons of noble birth. An institution somewhat of the same kind was erected at one time in London on the site, it is believed, or nearly so, of the modern palace of St. James.
According to Mathew Paris, a chronicler of the middle ages, there existed in Europe, during the thirteenth century, near twenty thousand leper houses.

reception of those who were affected with this dreadful disorder. In France alone, according to the statement of the will of King Louis the Young, the number of these receptacles reached at one time two thousand. On the dominions of a feudal lord at Aisne, there were ten establishments of this nature, supported by the contributions of families each of whom had some member immured within their walls. These calculations give us an effecting picture of the desolations which this dire malady must have inflicted on many a household.
The superstition added, by its gloomy ceremony, to the terror which the approach of this dreaded disorder inspired. When an individual was pronounced in a state of contagion, he was led to a neighboring church where the funeral services were performed over him. He was then conducted to the leper house, to be consigned to a living tomb. Arrived at the gates of this gloomy mansion, he was stripped of the dress he had hitherto worn, and arrayed in a funeral garb. He was warned to bid farewell to the world and exhorted to look beyond its chequered scenes, to the bliss which awaited the faithful in heaven, where no leprosy, no impurity, no tears, no pain, no separation could find access. The exhortation by a staff being placed in his hands, with which he was to ward off any from coming in contact with his person. The gates then received their inmate, and another victim was consigned to a living tomb.
Some times it happened that natural affection gained the mastery over the fear of contagion and the sweets of social life. Dreadful was the prospect of perpetual immurement within the precincts of a lazaretto, surrounded by all that was loathsome, such a fate was occasionally preferred by a fond wife to separation from her beloved husband. An instance of this kind is recorded as having occurred at the town of Tours. In the month of May, 1329, a young man, afflicted by the leprosy, had had the ceremonies we have referred to performed over him. The priest had repeated the accustomed formulae prohibiting him from walking about, unless attired in the leprosy's garment, forbidding him to place his naked foot on the ground, to mix in the assembly of men, to enter the crowded streets or churches, or to wash himself in the waters of any fountain or river. In another moment the gates of the leprosy house were about to be closed on him for life. At that instant, his wife refused to leave her husband; "If I quit him," she said, "who will love him? who will help to console him? Do you say I will myself be a leper? God, if it be his will, can preserve me. Did he not cure Job and Naaman? and may he not in answer to my prayers, restore my husband to health? Be the issue what it may, however, I will not be the abandoned him, without whom, the world would be to me a desert." Many such scenes doubtless occurred. They will bring perhaps, to the reader's recollection the touching incident of the self-denying Moravian missionaries, who under circumstances of a somewhat analogous character, entered the leprosy house in Africa, and devoted themselves, out of love to the souls of its unhappy inmates, to a perpetual estrangement from all the comforts of social existence.
The lepers in France, however did not always inspire sympathy. It is a characteristic of the natural heart, that while unsoftened by the gospel, it is apt in seasons of wide-spread calamity to become steeled to the miseries of others from selfish anxiety for its own safety. The alarming spread of leprosy in France awoke at one time the superstitious fears of the multitude, and led to excesses of a deplorable character. In the reign of Philip V., a rumor spread among the lower orders that the lepers had entered into a conspiracy to infect others with their dreaded disorder by polluting the public wells and fountains. These reports were greedily believed; and the credulous monarch countenanced them by issuing an ordinance to the judges to exercise summary vengeance on all lepers whom they suspected of such practices. Several of these unhappy objects, altho' persons of distinction, were put to the torture, and burned over a slow fire at Paris. In other parts of the country a large multitude perished in the flames, kindled by the groundless alarms of an ignorant populace.
After the fourteenth century the number of lepers in France gradually diminished. The massacres to which we have adverted, greatly thinned their ranks. As the intercourse with the East, occasioned by the Crusades, ceased, fresh sources of contagion were avoided. The advancing civilization of the times, also greater attention to food, and above all, the more extended use of linen as an article of clothing, arrested, and under the providence of God, finally exterminated the disorder. The gloomy remains of old leprosy houses in some parts of the country, still, however, remain to memory the existence of this once formidable disease, and serve as a title-post to mark the advances of social comfort with which our own age has been favored, and the corresponding obligations imposed upon us of gratitude for his distinguished and undeserved mercies.

PRETTY WELL LABELLED—Cain was only branded in the forehead; but over the whole person of the abominable and inebriate, the signatures of his sin were written. How nature brands him with signs and approbation! How she hangs labels on him, to testify her disgust of his existence, and to admonish others to beware of his example.