

Bradford Reporter

WEDNESDAY,

Regardless of Denunciation from any Quarter.—Gov. PORTER.

(BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.)

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The Maiden's Prayer.

BY J. O. WHITTIER.

She rose from her delicious sleep,
And put aside her soft brown hair,
And in a tone as low and deep
As love's first whisper, breathed a prayer.
Her snow white hands together pressed,
Her blue eyes sheltered in the lid,
The folded linen on her breast,
Just swelling with the charms it hid;
And from her long and flowing dress
Escaped a bare and slender foot,
Whose steps upon the earth did press
Like a new snow-flake, white and mute;
And then from slumbers soft and warm,
Like a young spirit fresh from heaven,
She bowed that slight and matchless form,
And humbly prayed to be forgiven.
O God, if souls unsoiled as these,
Need daily mercy from thy throne—
Praise upon her bended knees—
Our holiest and our purest one;
She with a face as clear and bright,
We deem her some stray child of night;
If she with those soft eyes in tears,
Day after day, in her young years,
Must kneel and pray for grace from Thee,
What far, far deeper need have we!
How hardly, if she win not heaven,
Will our wild errors be forgiven!

Buckwheat Cakes.

They are all my fancy painted them,
They're lovely, they're divine—
They're destined for another's mouth,
They never can be mine!
I loved them as man never loved,
Yet dare not touch nor take;
Oh, my heart my heart is breaking
For the love of Buckwheat Cake!

The dark brown cake is laid upon
A plate of spotless white—
And the eye of him who tastes it,
Now flashes with delight!
The cake was buttered not for me,
Of it I can't partake;
Oh, my heart, my heart is breaking,
For the love of Buckwheat Cake!
I revelled at the pastry cook's
But I have ate my last;
I can't get cake I will have none,
My eating days are past.
And when the green sod wraps my grave,
They'll say who pity take,
Oh, his heart, his heart was broken,
For the love of Buckwheat Cake!

Better Moments.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Mother's voice! how often creeps
Its cadence on my lonely hours!
Its healing sent on wings of sleep,
Or dew to the unconscious flowers.
I cannot forget her melting prayer,
While leaping pulses madly fly,
In the still, unbroken air,
Her gentle tones come stealing by—
Years and sin, and manhood flies,
I leave me at my mother's knee.

Heart is harder, and perhaps
My manliness hath drank up tears;
And there's a mildew in the laps
Of a few miserable years—
Nature's book is open yet
To all my mother's lessons writ.
I have been out at eventide
Beneath a moonlight sky of spring,
When earth was garnished like a bride,
And night had on her silver wing—

When the beautiful spirit there
Plunged over me its golden-chain
Mother's voice came on the air
Like the dripping of the rain—
I resting on some silver star,
The spirit of a bended knee,
I pour'd out low and fervent prayer
That our eternity might be,
As in heaven, like stars at night,
I tread a living path of light.

The Giveth Songs in the Night.

When courting slumber,
The hours I number,
The sad cares cumber
My wearied mind;
This thought shall cheer me,
That thou art near me,
Whose ear to hear me
Is still inclined.
My soul Thou keepest,
Who never sleepest,
Mid gloom the deepest,
There's light above;
Thine eyes behold me;
Thine eyes enfold me;
Thy word has told me
That God is love.

(From the New Monthly Magazine.)

The Duelist's Vow.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

Upon a certain Wednesday evening in the spring of the year 1833, a considerable concourse of persons assembled upon the Place du Capitole, at Toulouse, anxiously awaiting the opening of the theatre doors. The opera announced was the favorite one of "Guillaume Tell," the part of *Mathilde* by Mademoiselle Pauline Duveyrier, a young actress who had but recently made her debut upon the stage, but yet by her fine voice and correct musical taste, her beauty and elegance, had already become no inconsiderable favorite with the music-loving and critical population of Toulouse. What rendered her success the more remarkable was, that her name was one quite unknown in the theatrical world, and that, without any previous training in inferior establishments, she had stepped upon the boards of one of the best provincial theatres in France, and by her unquestionable ability, at once secured herself a firm footing. It was understood that she was of respectable family, and had not been originally intended for an actress; but that the sudden death of her father in insolvent circumstances, had compelled her to exert for her support those musical talents which she had previously cultivated for her amusement. She had now been about three months on the Toulouse stage; and although assailed during that time by the various temptations to which her beauty and her position as an actress rendered her peculiarly liable, she had preserved an unblemished reputation, and the extreme correctness of her conduct had been scarcely less matter of comment and admiration than her magnificent voice and her dramatic power.

The doors of the theatre were at length opened, and the pit and galleries instantaneously filled by the crowd that rushed in. Before the hour that was still to pass, previously to the commencement of the performance, had more than half elapsed, the boxes also began to fill; and when the curtain rose, it would have been difficult to find a sitting or standing room for a single person in the whole of the theatre. There was nothing unusual in this crowded state of the house; it was of frequent occurrence when Mademoiselle Duveyrier played, but upon the evening in question a considerable portion of the audience had been attracted to the theatre by other motives than those of admiration of the actress or the opera.

The prima donna, who for several years had had an engagement at the Toulouse theatre, and who still belonged to the company, had deemed herself greatly injured and aggrieved by the triumphant success of Pauline Duveyrier. The defects of her somewhat deteriorated voice and damaged reputation were brought out into strong relief by the fresh tones and perfect propriety of conduct of the debutante, whom the manager had, moreover, caused to replace her in several of the parts she had been long accustomed to sing, and which she thought the most advantageous for the exhibition of her powers. During the first flush of Pauline's success; it would have been vain to have attempted organizing anything like a cabal against her; but her rival had waited patiently for an opportunity, which she at last thought she had found, of diminishing the daily increasing popularity of the new actress. Several rich young men, idlers and debauchers by profession, who had been covetous of the notoriety that a *faisson* with an elegant and admired actress would confer upon them, had thought proper to be deeply offended by the firm and sometimes contemptuous manner in which Mademoiselle Duveyrier had rejected their advances. While their wounded vanity was still smarting, several of these disappointed aspirants met at a gay supper at the house of Pauline's rival, who, by her sarcastic style of rallying them on their bad success, managed to increase their irritation, until it reached the point at which she had aimed. She then represented Pauline as an artful prude, affecting reserve so long as she found it advantageous so to do, but who could easily forget her rigid principles when it was necessary to propitiate a manager or secure the favor of a critic. By these and other innuendoes she contrived to set even the unprejudiced portion of her guests against the unsuspecting Pauline; and amidst copious libations of champagne, it was agreed that a grand effort should be made to pull

down this new goddess of song from the elevation on which the favor and caprice of the public had placed her.—The conspirators arranged their plan of operations, and the following Wednesday, when Mademoiselle Duveyrier was to appear for the first time in the part of *Mathilde*, was fixed upon for the execution of the scheme.

Accordingly, on the day in question, a formidable band of hard-handed, loud-voiced ruffians, hired at so much a head by the contrivers of the plot, assembled at the theatre-door, and entering with the crowd, stationed themselves in groups in various parts of the pit and galleries. They offered no interruption to the earlier part of the opera, but when *Mathilde* made her appearance, and before she had sung three bars of her part, she was greeted with a deafening peal of disapprobation. Hissing, whistling, shouting, yelling, resounded from all parts of the house, and the uproar was maintained with a vigor that for some time drowned the applause of the impartial portion of the audience. The young actress, unaccustomed to such a reception, became pale and red by turns, hesitated, trembled, tried to go on, and finally, terrified and distressed by the clamor, was sinking to the ground, when a gentleman, sitting in one of the stage-boxes, sprang forward, caught her in his arms just in time to prevent her falling and carried her behind the scenes. The curtain immediately fell.

A regular vocal combat now organized itself in the theatre. The cabellers continued their roar of disapprobation, although its object was no longer before them; but the majority of the audience responded by an enthusiastic applause that finally triumphed. Some of the most riotous of the malcontents were expelled from the house, the others were silenced, and there was a universal cry for continuation of the opera. The manager came forward and said, "That Mademoiselle Duveyrier was too unwell to sing any more that night, but that a favorite vaudeville should be substituted for the remainder of the opera." With this the audience were obliged to content themselves.

The individual who had come so opportunely to the assistance of the young actress, was a Spanish gentleman who had been for some time stopping at one of the principal hotels in Toulouse, and who was known by the name of the *Senor Leon*. After passing the winter in Italy, he was returning to his own country by way of the south of France, when he chanced to pause a day in the capital of Languedoc, and visiting the theatre, was exceedingly struck by the voice and beauty of Pauline Duveyrier. He made various inquiries about her, and was informed that she was a new actress, very popular, and it was said of unblemished reputation. He countermanded the post-horses he had ordered for the following morning, and had since that day remained at Toulouse, leading a quiet and retired life, and passing his evenings at the theatre whenever Mademoiselle played. He had secured one of the stage-boxes, and every opera night he made his appearance in it while the overture was playing, and remained till the curtain fell upon the last scene of the performance. When Pauline was on the stage, his eyes never once wandered to any object, but were constantly fixed upon her expressive and beautiful countenance, or following her graceful movements. The actress on her part, could not well avoid observing the handsome man of foreign and distinguished appearance, who was unremitting in his attendance upon opera nights, and whose gaze, although so earnest, was in no way either offensive or disrespectful. In time a sort of silent acquaintance seemed to spring up between the actress and her assiduous auditor. Involuntarily, unknown indeed to herself, Pauline's first glance upon making her *entree* was to the stage-box, where she never failed to read a welcome in the dark, expressive eyes of the Spaniard, although he invariably abstained from joining in the applause lavished on her by the audience.

It is difficult to say how long Leon might have contented himself with thus playing the part of a mute admirer, if the incident already related had not afforded him the opportunity of making Pauline's acquaintance. When he had carried her to her dressing room, and consigned her to the care of an attendant, he waited behind the scenes till he heard that she was recovered, and then left the theatre. The following day he called at her house, and sent in a request to be allowed to make his personal inquiries concerning her health.

It would have been ungracious, if not ungrateful, to have refused to admit him; and although Pauline had, from her very first arrival at Toulouse, declined all visits upon the plea of her lonely and unprotected position, she could not avoid making an exception in favor of Leon.

If the mere beauty and grace of the actress had made an impression upon the Spaniard, that impression became stronger when he was enabled to judge of her mental perfections and accomplishments. Entirely free from the frivolity and coquetry not uncommon in women of her profession, Pauline was as remarkable for the refinement of her tone and manner, as for the elegance of her mind and the interest excited by her conversation. In the well-bred and intelligent Spaniard, she found one capable of appreciating her, and willing to enjoy her society, without wearying her by professions of attachment, or insulting her by that sort of incense which many men, in his position, would have thought it necessary to offer up on the altar of a young and pretty actress.—His visit was prolonged far beyond the usual period of a morning call, without either himself or Pauline being aware of its length, and when at last he rose to depart, he obtained, without difficulty, permission to return upon a future day.

Leon soon became a constant visitor at the house of Mademoiselle Duveyrier, and had many opportunities of observing her correct deportment, and the already firmness with which she repelled the attempts constantly made to induce her to deviate from it. More than once when he was sitting in her drawing-room, listening to her exquisite performance on the piano, or to her repetition of some difficult melody that she was to sing the same night at the theatre, did her maid enter the apartment with a perfumed billet, accompanying a case of jewels, a pair of brilliant earrings, a necklace, or some other object which the sender had deemed the most likely to tempt the vanity of the actress. Notes and presents were, however, invariably returned unanswered. The only homage of this kind that was ever well received by Pauline, was some magnificent bouquets of choice flowers, with which Leon was in the habit of supplying her. Once, and once only, he ventured to attempt making her a present of another description. He had heard her express admiration of a superb brilliant ring worn by an actress. On her return from rehearsal the following morning, she found a bouquet in her room, of which the most conspicuous flower was a moss-rose, full blown, and in the cup of this rose was placed a ring, far surpassing in beauty the one she had admired. Half an hour afterwards the flower containing the ring was returned to Leon, enveloped in a sheet of paper, on which were written the words, "I do not love roses."

On his next visit he saw his flowers occupying their accustomed place in an elegant porcelain vase, and Pauline received him with her usual kind frankness of manner. No allusion was ever made by either of them to the ring.

Meantime Leon's visits to the actress had become matter of much conversation. There was at that time a circle or club at Toulouse, amongst the members of which were numerous young men of good family, resident in the town, or having their estates and *chateaux* in the neighborhood, some of the superior officers of the garrison, and a few foreigners of distinction. Leon had been introduced there by Count Vermejo, a Spanish nobleman who had left his country for political reasons, and had been living for some time at Toulouse. In this club the proceedings of Mademoiselle Duveyrier were matters of frequent discussion, and innumerable were the pieces of scandal here, invented or retailed by her disappointed admirers, with the kind intention of casting a slur upon one whose correct life and unpretending manners should have commanded their respect. The utter absence of foundation that distinguished all these inventions caused them to fall rapidly to the ground, and it was with no slight exultation that the *ci-devant* admirers of the actress caught at the pretext afforded them by Leon's visits to her house, for assailing her reputation with redoubled virulence. The absence of all affectation or mystery in the Spaniard's acquaintance with Pauline, at first rather disconcerted the scandal-mongers. His visits were made openly and at mid-day; he never appeared behind the scenes of the theatre, nor seemed in any manner to watch or follow her, and if he met

her in the street his salutation was courteous and respectful, without either the familiarity or restraint from which more than a mere acquaintance-ship might have been inferred. The mere fact of the visits, therefore, was all there was to build upon, and that fact Leon never attempted to deny, at the same time that he steadily repelled all insinuations against Pauline's fair fame, and discountenanced by every means in his power innuendoes and jests upon this subject. Although not exceedingly intimate with any of his club fellows, he was generally liked amongst them. Moreover, he was one of those grave, earnest men with whom few persons think it advisable to push a joke beyond its proper limits, and when it was seen that any light and unfitting conversation concerning Mademoiselle Duveyrier was unpleasant to him, that tone was rarely adopted in his presence.

It happened one night that Leon remained at the club later than was his custom, in order to finish a game at chess. It was past midnight when the silence of the room, which had long been deserted by all but the two players, was suddenly broken by the noisy entrance of a dozen young men, who had been dining together at the country-house of one of their number, and had just returned to town, all heated with wine, and some of them more than half intoxicated. The party consisted of five or six *hobereaux* or country gentlemen of the vicinity, three or four staff-officers, and a young banker who had recently managed to get admitted into the club,—an admission which he owed more to his wealth, and to the readiness with which he had obliged certain needy young men of family, than to any agreeable or gentlemanly qualities of his own. He was vulgar, purse-proud, and conceited, and when, as on this occasion, under the influence of wine, he became intolerably assuming and even quarrelsome.—He was, or rather had been, a great admirer of Mademoiselle Duveyrier, to whom, within a few days after her first appearance, he had sent a letter, little remarkable for its good taste or delicacy of expression, containing offers which, however advantageous in a pecuniary point of view, the young actress had repulsed with strong marks of indignation. The letter had been returned in a blank cover, by the hands of the lacquey who brought it, and in whose hearing Mademoiselle Duveyrier gave strict orders to her servants to refuse any other letters or communications from the same quarter. From that day Lavrille, the banker, became the inveterate enemy of the actress. He had been one of the chief organizers of the attempt, to crush her theatrical prospects, and since the failure of that plot, had lost no opportunity of venting his malice by attacks upon her character, both private and professional.

The new comers had ridden and driven into town together, and their conversation on the road had been of the theatre, a frequent theme of discussion in French provincial cities. The subject appeared to be not yet exhausted, and while some three or four went to watch the chess players, the others threw themselves upon sofas and arm chairs, and continued their loud and laughing commentaries upon actors and actresses, the latter of whom seemed to meet with small mercy at their hands. If their ruthless detractors might be believed, the imperfection and failings of the ladies were glaring and manifold. One had false teeth, another false hair, a singer was losing her voice through a too great addition to the brandy bottle, and a dancer was indebted to cork and cotton for the symmetrical proportions with which she delighted the eyes of the public. It was a festival of scandal, to which each contributed his quota amidst the uproarious applause and laughter of his companions, until at last the banker brought the name of Pauline Duveyrier on the tapis. There was a pause, and several glances thrown in the direction of Leon, who was apparently absorbed in his game of chess.

"*Allons, Lavrille,*" said De Roncevalles, a captain on the staff, who liked Leon, had shown a disposition to cultivate his acquaintance, "that is forbidden ground, you know. No attacks upon the *belle Pauline*, the Bayard of the buskin, *la comedienne sans reproche*." "Pshaw! *sans reproche*," replied Lavrille. "It is easier said than proved. There are some here who could tell tales if they would."

And he turned his insolent, half-drunken stare upon Leon, who remained perfectly undisturbed, his eyes fixed upon the chess board.

"A credulous generation you are," continued the banker. "Truly your faith is great if it enables you to place reliance on the virtue of a singer, and that singer one who, in spite of prudery, does not debar herself from all society. I could tell you a thing or two that would perhaps shake your trust in this paragon of propriety."

The old gentleman who had been playing at chess with Leon, rose from his chair and left the room. He had given his adversary checkmate. Leon took up a newspaper, and seated himself upon an ottoman at some distance from the talkers.

"You all know Eugene Dalman," said Lavrille to his listeners, who nodded assent. "He started this morning for Paris, and I was with him for an hour previous to his departure. He told me that the night before last he was returning from a late party at nearly two hours past midnight, and on passing before the house of this phoenix of yours, De Roncevalles, the door was cautiously opened, a man closely muffled in a cloak came out, cast a hasty look around him (if he were observed, and then walked away at a rapid pace. Rather late hours, methinks, for Lucretia to be receiving visits, eh?"

"Absurd!" replied De Roncevalles. "The house is inhabited by a dozen persons besides Mademoiselle Duveyrier. How can you tell which of them the man had been visiting?"

"Certainly," returned the banker, "it would be impossible to say, if Dalman had not recognized the mysterious cavalier. Having done so, there could no longer be any doubt."

"And who was it?" shouted half-a-dozen of the thoughtless young men, starting from their seats, and surrounding the banker. "Tell us who it was, Lavrille!"

Lavrille hesitated, and glanced at Leon, who had laid down his newspaper, and was listening to what was going on.

"Who was it, Lavrille—who was it?" insisted the young men, amused at the banker's embarrassment, and yet impatient at his delay in satisfying their curiosity.

"Pelaw! It's a story of his own invention! He is inspired by the champagne, which has stimulated both his imagination and his malice."

"Ha! an invention of mine," vociferated Lavrille, irritated by the banter of his companions, and forgetting all reserve and prudence. "You take me for a dealer in fictions, but I will prove to you that I am none such. The *Senor Leon* is the person who seen coming out of L Duveyrier's house at two in the morning. I leave you to guess whom he had been to visit."

All eyes were turned upon Leon, who rose from his chair, and approached Lavrille.

"You are entirely misinformed in this matter, sir," said the Spaniard, gravely but courteously. "I am acquainted with Mademoiselle Duveyrier, and in the habit of occasionally visiting her, but it has never occurred to me to enter or leave her house after dark. My visits are invariably paid in the daytime."

"Do you mean that my friend Dalman is capable of a falsehood?" said the half-intoxicated Lavrille fiercely. "He told me himself that he had seen and recognized you. I know his word, and eyesight to be good, and would trust to them before the assurance of any stiff-necked don breathing, ay, if he were first cousin to the king of his beggarly country."

This attack, conspicuous alike for its violence and bad taste, was met with perfect coolness by Leon.

"You should consider the probabilities a little, Monsieur Lavrille," said he. "Your friend may easily have mistaken in the darkness, the person of a man who, he himself says, was closely wrapped in a cloak. On the other hand, I pledge my word, that I was never in Mademoiselle Duveyrier's after dark."

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

ONE IDEA.—An old lady who was very thoughtful, but could not entertain but one idea at the same time, once entered the church, and while walking up the aisle, discovered that her favorite cat had accompanied her. Agreeably to the first impression of the discovery, she said aloud, "Why pussy, where do you think you are going?" Looking up, and recollecting that she was in the church, she remarked, "there! I spoke right out." Her attention was now arrested by the smiles of the congregation, which, together with the voice of her last remark, induced the exclamation, "why, la! I've agin." By this time she was fully aware of the impropriety of such a soliloquy, and forthwith exclaimed in evident consternation, "why had a mercy, I'm talking loud all time."