

Bradford Reporter.

WEDNESDAY,

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

[BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.]

Vol. V.

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., FEBRUARY 26, 1845.

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[The following beautiful lines, by one of the most gifted of the daughters of song, will, we have no doubt, be read with pleasure by every reader of the Reporter. They have a touching and winning sweetness and beauty about them which characterizes all the writings of Mrs. Leon.—We are enabled to present them, by the kindness of one of the citizens of our borough.—Ed. Reporter.]

Receiving a Beautiful Lock of Hair in a Letter.

BY MRS. M. ST. LEON LOUD.

Before me lies, like a bright sunbeam,
A beautiful ringlet of golden gleam;
Well may I gaze on its silken sheen,
Time as a gossamer's thread I ween,
And dream that no mortal brow might wear
The clustering wealth of that sunny hair.

Blessed vision of childhood bright,
Faded with that ringlet across my sight;
A fair young boy, with a cheek whose dye
Rivals the roses of spring, and eye
Of starry light, ere the taint of sin
Had sullied the depths of the fount within.

And Love, the purest, the best of earth,
Guarding that jewel of priceless worth;
But a Mother's arms around her boy,
And her bosom thrills with a trembling joy,
As she murmurs while smoothing his ringlets
Will—

Oh, the light of home is a fair young child!

Had a Father gaze with hope and pride
On the scene springing from his path beside;
The olive plant that shall bless his home
With bloom and beauty in years to come;

Health—honors—oh, what were the world to
Those bright locks in the dust were dim. [him,

At time will pass, and his solemn wing
Will sweep o'er that young head, silencing
The curls that cluster around his brow,
The gleams of the sunbeam sunlight now;

And far from the shade of his own roof-tree,
And storm and clouds may his pathway be.

Now love on—er the dark days come;
And ye share together one happy home.

And may he gladden your hearts and hearth,
With his smile of light and his voice of mirth;
When life's sorrows and cares are past,
And ye dwell in one blissful home at last.

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[From the New Monthly Magazine.]

The Duelist's Vow.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

[CONCLUDED.]

As usually happens in such cases, the coolness of the Spaniard increased with the heat and irritation of his adversary, who, losing all command of himself, literally stuttered and foamed with passion.

"Vous mentz, Monsieur l'Espagnol!" shouted he, in a voice rendered hoarse by fury. "You lie, you lie. It is yourself and no other. Pauline, c'est votre."

He was interrupted in his ungentle ravings by the persons present, crowded round him, and insisted on his moderating his language, and ending the uproar he was making.

Meanwhile, the object of all this violence remained perfectly cool and collected. Laville became a little calmer, and himself suddenly into an arm chair, when all eyes were turned on Leon, and how he would treat the gross insult that had been offered to him. The Spaniard's lips were compressed, and he had a degree paler than usual, but no other sign of emotion was visible on his grave, composed features.

"Now that you are cooler, Monsieur," said he, after a short pause, "I am persuaded that you will retract offensive expressions which you have already regretted having used."

"I never retract, sir," replied Laville, with the surly, dogged manner of one who knows that he is wrong, but has not sufficient courage and good sense to acknowledge his fault.

Nevertheless, let me hope that you deviate from your rule in this instance," returned the Spaniard. "Your eyes may easily have been mistaken in the identity of a man whom I saw imperfectly, and I will not insist on a retraction of what you have uttered offensive words to acknowledge his fault."

"I retract nothing, and I admit not," returned Laville, sulkily. "If I am not satisfied, you can take your word. You know who I am, and I will find me."

"That case," said Leon, calmly, "is only to repeat what I have already asserted that my acquaintance with Mademoiselle Duveyrier has ne-

ver, in any degree, overstepped the limits of the strictest propriety; that I never left her house at the time mentioned by Monsieur Laville, or at any other undue hour. I pledge my honor to the truth of these assertions, and I trust that the gentlemen here present, will not think it necessary to doubt my word thus solemnly given."

Having thus spoken, he bowed gravely, and left the club.

Leon's departure was the signal for an animated discussion of the scene that had just passed. All united in blaming Laville for his intemperate conduct, but opinions were more divided as to the manner in which Leon was likely to resent it. Frenchmen generally have rather a contemptuous idea of Spanish courage, and the majority of the persons who had been present at the dispute, inclined to the opinion that nothing more would come of it, and that Leon would content himself with the explicit contradiction he had given at parting to the assertion of Laville's friend, and would overlook the insult that had been offered to himself. Three or four only were of a contrary opinion, and at the head of these was Captain de Roncevalles, who vehemently combated the notion that things would remain as they were, or that the affair could terminate in any other way than by a duel.

Upon the following afternoon those who believed in the war-like intentions of Leon were greatly surprised and disappointed when they learned from Laville that he had as yet received no message from the Spaniard. Nevertheless, the partisans of the latter still maintained that the delay was easily accounted for by the arrangements which a man far away from his own country might have to make before risking his life in a personal encounter. That evening, however, after the theatre, when Leon was seen as usual at the club engaged in his customary game of chess, and without having taken the steps which all deemed necessary for the vindication of his honor, his warmest advocates found their faith in him somewhat staggered, and on the second day no one any longer doubted that the matter would remain where it was, and that the Spaniard had shown an undeniable white feather. Leon on his part continued to visit the club neither more nor less than he had hitherto done, and either did not observe, or thought fit not to notice, the frosty glances and averted faces of those with whom he had previously been upon a cordial footing. His own manner, always grave and distant, had, perhaps, acquired an additional shade of reserve, but in no other way did he show himself ill at ease or aware of the altered light in which he stood in the estimation of his acquaintances.

Captain de Roncevalles was the person who appeared most annoyed by the turn the affair had taken. In proportion as he had pinned his faith upon Leon's courage, was he vexed at his having been found wanting, and the friendly sentiments he had hitherto entertained towards the Spaniard were converted into a feeling of contempt and disgust at what he termed his unparalleled poltroonery. Himself exquisitely sensitive in all such matters, he had had numerous duels, and if his encounters of that kind had latterly become less frequent, it was because his consummate skill in the use of sword, pistol, and sabre, and his known readiness to take offence, had rendered people particularly cautious in their behavior towards him. During the week succeeding the dispute between Leon and Laville, he was more than once on the brink of a quarrel with some of his intimates, who bantered him on his lack of penetration, and on the readiness with which he had maintained the chivalry of the unworthy countryman of the Cid. Doubly irritated against Leon, on account of his cowardice and of the *perfidie* to which he had laid himself open by expressing confidence in his courage, De Roncevalles took no further notice of the Spaniard, scarcely even returning the salutations addressed to him by the latter when they chanced to meet.

It was late on the seventh evening after the scene at the club, and nearly the same persons were assembled there who had been witnesses of the insult offered to Leon. The conversation had again turned on the cowardly behavior of the Spaniard, and all were loudly condemning it, when the object of their blame entered the room. Hitherto it was by look and manner alone that Leon had been made aware of the contempt in which he was held, but on this occasion De Roncevalles, who was speaking when he entered, continued

his angry animadversion without regard to the presence of their object.

"I repeat," cried he, "what I have already said more than once in the presence of all but one of the persons now here assembled. The man who can sit down under an insult when the way to avenge it and vindicate his honor is plain and open before him, is unworthy to associate with gentlemen. I allude to a person who has been admitted into this society, who is even now present in the room, but who will do well to withdraw both from the one and the other."

And then, as if he had been collecting the votes of the assembly, he asked each person for his opinion.

"How say you, De Coucy, do you think as I do? And you De Visme, and you, Victor?"

Each person present distinctly and in turn declared his adhesion to De Roncevalles' opinion. There was then a momentary pause, and all gazed at Leon, who had been a calm observer of this scene, as if they had expected that he would at once depart from amongst those to whom his presence was evidently obnoxious. Instead of doing so, however, he addressed De Roncevalles in a voice of which the tones were firm and clear, although somewhat sad.

"Am I the person, Captain de Roncevalles," he said, "to whom allusion has been made in what has just passed?"

The officer bowed slightly, while a contemptuous smile curled his lip.

"Will you oblige me by stating distinctly whether the insult offered me by yourself and these gentlemen had its origin in what occurred a few days ago between Monsieur Laville and myself, and in my not having resented the insolence of that person's conduct towards me? I can only suppose that to be your motive."

"You are perfectly correct in your supposition, sir," replied De Roncevalles; "but I really cannot conjecture what you are driving at."

"That shall soon be explained. I may not have been disposed to take notice of Monsieur Laville, but I am perfectly prepared to resent that of Captain de Roncevalles. I presume the latter will not object to give me a meeting to-morrow at such an hour, and with such weapons as may be agreeable to himself."

There was a pause of breathless astonishment in the room. For nearly a minute the buzz of a fly might have been heard. That the man who had pusillanimously shrunk from an encounter with the clumsy sot, Laville, whom the least expert duelist would have held a cheap bargain, should coolly provoke so formidable a *sabreur* as De Roncevalles, was an enigma not easily to be solved. De Roncevalles himself was for a moment thunderstruck by the Spaniard's temerity, but immediately recovering his presence of mind, he replied in a tone of greater courtesy than he had hitherto adopted.

"I might refuse your challenge, sir, and perhaps ought to do so, upon the ground that you have submitted patiently to a former insult. But you are a foreigner, and one of whom I formerly thought well, and I will waive the objection I might fairly raise. Captain de Visme," continued he, "to an officer of huzzars who was present, 'will you be good enough to arrange matters with the friend whom Senor Leon may think proper to appoint?'"

Leon named the Count Vermejo as his second, and then left the house.

In a pleasant and secluded meadow to the right of the road from Toulouse to Albi, five persons were assembled within six hours of the scene last narrated, at five o'clock on a brilliant July morning. The sun was shining as it is wont to shine from the first to the last day of the glorious summer of Languedoc, the hedge-rows and coppices were enamelled with wild flowers, the lark sang merrily aloft, the cuckoo uttered its sweet but monotonous note in the distance, and a streamlet sipping under the shadow of some venerable oaks, added its refreshing tinkle to the concert of pleasant sounds. Amid the loveliest of God's works, two human beings were met to deface his image.

The weapon fixed upon was the small sword, which had been proposed by Captain de Visme, and accepted, without hesitation, by the other second. The preparations for the duel were soon completed; the doctor retired to a short distance, and looked to his instruments; the seconds who had already agreed on all the conditions of the combat, placed their men, and delivered to them the long slender swords with which they were to bring their quarrel

to an issue. Leon was, as usual, perfectly cool and collected; De Roncevalles the same, only on his countenance might be read a feeling of uncertainty, a doubt what he ought to think of the man who, after shrinking from the contest with one opponent, gave such indications of calm courage on being placed face to face with a far more formidable foe.

The swords were crossed, and at a given signal the fight began, cautiously at first, each combatant being evidently desirous of ascertaining the degree of skill possessed by his antagonist. De Roncevalles was the first to take the offensive by a feint and a lunge that the Spaniard parried with ease. Several passes were then made, but Leon showed a disposition to keep on the defensive, while his opponent, on the other hand, excited by the clash and grinding of the steel, became each moment more fierce and dangerous in his attacks. After some rapid passes, during which the swords flashed and played round each other like lines of light, blood was seen to flow from Leon's shoulder. The seconds stepped forward, but the wounded man waved them off. The hurt was trifling, and the combat continued.

In few countries are so many good swordsmen to be met with as in France; and De Roncevalles was remarkable even amongst Frenchmen for his skill in fence. On this occasion, however, he had met his match, or, as the lookers on thought, more than his match. The seconds were of opinion that had Leon chosen to exert the skill which he evidently possessed, he might have terminated the contest in its earlier stage, in a manner fatal to his adversary. De Roncevalles got vexed, and, heated by the obstinate resistance he met with, he became less careful, risked more, and once or twice laid himself open in a manner by which Leon might easily have profited. But the latter neglected doing so, until at last, taking advantage of a violent and imprudent assault made by his antagonist, he brought his *forte* in contact with De Roncevalles' *faible*, and the sword of the French officer flew into the air, leaving its owner disarmed, and at the mercy of his adversary. Leon let the point of his weapon fall on the ground.

"If Captain de Roncevalles," said the Spaniard in the same calm tones, and with the same exquisitely courteous manner for which he was at all times remarkable; "if Captain de Roncevalles is satisfied that I am not the poltroon for whom he has for some days taken me, my object in seeking this duel has been attained, and I am sincerely glad that it has been so at such trifling expense of bloodshed."

The Frenchman stood for a moment, struggling between the better feelings of his nature, and mortification, not unmixed with anger, at his defeat. The former prevailed, and he held out his hand to Leon.

"After what has passed," said he, "it would be as absurd in me to doubt your courage as your skill and generosity. I cannot divine your reasons for submitting to the impertinence of that shabby dog, Laville; but whatever they may have been, I at least have no right to question them. Under all circumstances, Senor Leon, Gerald de Roncevalles is your friend."

"My motives for acting as I have done, are easily explained," returned Leon, smiling; "but with your permission, I will defer disclosing them until to-night, when those who witnessed what they considered my pusillanimity, will be present to listen to its justification."

The slight wound in Leon's shoulder was now dressed, and the parties left the ground.

Upon the evening of the day on which this duel took place, De Roncevalles and the other young men who had been present at Leon's dispute with Laville, were again assembled at the club. The banker alone was absent. He had heard of the occurrence of the morning, and had not thought it advisable to put himself in the way of the man whom he had offended; and who, now he had got his hand in, might, he thought, perhaps call him to an account. De Roncevalles, with eager generosity, had made it his business to tell every one who could possibly have heard of the insinuations circulated against Leon, how well the latter had proved himself a man of honor and courage. It was with extended hands, and smiling countenances, and manifold excuses for past slights, that the Spaniard was received upon entering the club. After these effusions of good feeling had subsided, Leon addressed himself to De Roncevalles.

"I promised you this morning," said he, "that I would explain my motives for overlooking Monsieur Laville's insolence, and what was far more difficult for me to submit to, his unfounded insinuations against a lady for whom I entertain the highest respect. In order to do so, I must go back to an early period of my life, when I was residing at the Havana, in which colony my boyhood and youth were passed. From the age of seventeen up to my return to Europe, which took place about eight years since, I belonged to a society of young men who passed a large portion of their time in fencing-rooms and pistol-galleries, and most of whom, consequently, became first-rate swordsmen and admirable shot. After a time, weary of snuffing candles with bullets, and marking each other with the chalked buttons of the foils, some of the more restless and hot-headed among us began to covet opportunities of displaying our prowess in a more serious manner. Skill in the use of arms, however ornamental, and often useful an acquirement, has a tendency to make young and thoughtless men quarrelsome, and under the influence of a West Indian sun, the blood easily becomes heated, and the temper irritable. We were twenty in number, all about twenty-five years of age; all possessed of quick eyes, nervous arms, and that suppleness of limb and muscle which a tropical climate gives. In numerous duels with officers of the garrison, with those of various ships of war lying off the island, with foreigners and with natives, we came off victorious; and soon, encouraged by our success, and cherishing a sort of absurd pride, in the notoriety it gave us, we made it almost our business to seek duels, and scarcely a week passed without one or the other of our number having an affair of that nature upon his hands. *Los Feintes*, as we were called, in allusion to our number, soon became the terror of the Havana, and the *Habanneros*, ladies trembled when they saw their sons, husbands, or brothers, repair to a cafe, theatre, or other public place, where they were likely to come in contact with members of our dreaded society."

"Although we were thus, as it might be said, almost at enmity with our fellow-citizens, the most perfect good understanding existed amongst ourselves. We were all young men—competent fortunes, without any occupation in life save that of amusing ourselves. We were in the habit of dining together, three or four times a week, either at a *fonda* or at one or other of our houses, and the utmost harmony and good feeling always reigned at these repasts. The dinner hour was early, and after the meal, card-playing and conversation, the cigar and the *siesta* filled up the afternoon in the most agreeable manner. "We were dining one day at the house of a young Valencian, named Luis Villabella, who had just received some choice French and Spanish wines, which he was desirous we should taste. The weather was exceedingly hot, and the dinner had been laid out upon tables in the patio, or inner court of the house, under a thick green awning that effectually excluded the rays of the sun. The repast was excellent, the wines deliciously cool, and we all of us drank enough, some of us perhaps too much. Cards were then produced, and several of the party sat down to play. For some time everything went on pleasantly and quietly, until, on a sudden, a dispute arose at a table on which a game of *tresillo* was played. The four players were all exceedingly intimate and attached friends, two of them were cousins of the name of Rodriguez. At first no one took notice of their discussion, but at length it became so violent, that we interposed to check it. They fiercely rejected our interference, and continued their quarrel with greater vehemence than before."

"A dispute between mere acquaintances is often easy to arrange; a slight concession on either side may do it; but when bosom friends quarrel, it is another matter. They know each other's weak points, and where to strike, so as to give the greatest pain and leave the most rankling smart. It was so in this instance. The quarrel, which had had its origin in some slight misunderstanding about the cards, became envenomed; allusions were exchanged, especially between the two cousins, unintelligible to the bystanders, but which seemed to stimulate to the utmost the rage of the persons to whom they were addressed. At last, in an access of unbounded fury, one of the Rodriguezes hurled a pack of cards at his cousin's head, at the same moment

that one of the other disputants, incensed almost to madness, spat contemptuously on the ground, and applied to his adversary the most insulting epithet that the Spanish language possesses. Then, as if exhausted by this display of ungovernable passion, the aggressors threw themselves, pale, and panting, into their chairs. The two others approached the master of the house, and asked for his swords."

"A feeble attempt was made to patch up the quarrel, but we all saw that it would be in vain. Things had gone too far. The tables were cleared away, and dust was sprinkled over the marble flags of the patio, to prevent the combatants from slipping. Villabella had only one pair of swords. The buttons were snapped off a pair of foils, the points hastily filed, and the four gladiators posted themselves opposite each other, rage and deadly determination on their pallid countenances."

"I have seen many duels, but I shall never forget that one. Such fiendish fury and blood-thirstiness! They fought too fiercely for the contest to last long. In the very first passes, all were more or less wounded, but they persevered, although the pavement soon became slippery with blood. We more than once tried to interfere, but were repelled at the sword's point. In less than a quarter of an hour, two of the combatants lay corpses upon the ground, a third was desperately wounded, and the fourth, the younger Rodriguez, was lying upon the lifeless body of his cousin, tearing his hair, and cursing himself, in a frantic paroxysm of grief remorse."

"I sailed for Europe soon after that sad event," continued Leon, after a short pause; "but before I did so, our society met once more to register a vow, which I for one have strictly kept.—With joined hands, and heads uncovered, we swore upon the cross never to provoke a duel, except under these circumstances, namely when we should be insulted on account of a previous act of forbearance. Thus my oath prevented me from resenting the offence offered me by Monsieur Daville, but as soon as a third person insulted me for not having noticed it, I was at liberty to call him to an account for so doing. I know not whether such a system, or any modification of it, may be susceptible of general application, but it is perhaps not altogether unworthy the consideration of those who are desirous of doing away with the argument of the sword. That duels can ever be entirely abolished I much doubt, but I am fully convinced that means might be found of rendering them of far less frequent occurrence."

On a bright and cheerful morning about a fortnight after the duel between Leon and De Roncevalles, a long line of equipages was formed before the church of St. Catherine, at Toulouse. Presently a brilliant bridal party began to issue from the church-door; gay uniforms, nodding plumes, silks, jewels, and flowers; dashing officers, dapper civilians, and lovely women, the dark-eyed sons and daughters of southern France, were there. Between De Roncevalles and his sister, a charming Parisian belle, came the Spaniard Leon, supporting on his arm the graceful form of Pauline Duveyrier. He shook his former antagonist heartily by the hand, Mademoiselle de Roncevalles kissed Pauline on both cheeks, and then Leon handed the latter into an elegant travelling carriage, on which a coat of arms, surmounted by a coronet, was emblazoned. The horses' heads were turned southward, and amidst bright smiles, and waving kerchiefs, and countless good wishes, the Marquis of Leon y Caeceres and his bride set off for Madrid.

BOSTON CITY ELECTION.—Another trial to elect a Mayor for Boston took place on Thursday, with the following result.—Hornet, Dem., 1508; Parker Whig, 3841; Davis, Native, 4414; others 46. The whole number of votes is 9809, and Mr. Davis, the Native American candidate, who has the highest number of votes, lacks 982 of a choice, some three hundred votes further from an election than at the last trial.

CAUTION.—The Gazette informs us, that counterfeit \$2 bills on the Yates County Bank are in circulation at Elmira. They can easily be detected, from the coarseness of the engraving. The names are so well executed that it would be difficult to detect them in that way.