

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

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TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, March 5, 1859.

### Selected Poetry.

#### THE WARDEN OF THE CLINQUE PORTS.

BY HENRY W. LUSSELL.

Amid was driving down the British Channel,  
The day was just begun,  
And through the window-panes on floor and panel,  
Streamed the red Autumn sun.

Iglined on glowing flag and rippling pennon,  
And the white sails of ships;  
And from the frowning rampart, the black cannon  
Blat in with feverish lips.

Spacious and Romney, Hastings, Hithc & Dover,  
Were all alert that day,  
To see the French war-steamer speeding over,  
When the fog cleared away.

Salut and adieu, and the cochant lions,  
Flour cannons, through the night,  
Holding their breath, had watched in grim defiance  
The sea-coast opposite.

And now they roared at drum-beat from their stations,  
On every side!  
On every side, with morning salutations,  
The tall wall well!

And down the coast, all the burden,  
Replied the distant forts,  
As if to summon them his sleep the Warden  
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Not a sun shine from the fields of azure,  
No drum-beat from the wall,  
No morning gun from the black forts embrasure  
A waken with their call.

No more surveying with an eye impartial  
The long line of the coast,  
Still the gaunt figure of the old Field Marshal  
Be seen upon his post!

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,  
In sombre harness mailed,  
Dreaded of man and named the Destroyer,  
The rampant wall has scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,  
The dark and silent room,  
As he he retired, darker grew and deeper  
The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley or dissemble,  
By nature the Warden hoar;  
As he he retired, darker grew and deeper  
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### Select Tale.

#### DE CHATELAINNE; OR, THE MYSTERIOUS BRIDE.

In the days of Louis XVI. when Marie Antoinette was giving her gay receptions at Versailles, and the king found no weightier matters to record in his private journal than his hunts and the turnip-pieces were known among the crowd of needy wretches who hung about the portals of the court, a pair of places and pensions, two brothers descended in the fashion of their time the Sieurs de Chateleine. They were descendants from the marriage of a noble such bold but successful love to Marguerite Valois; had his ears devoted to "the great issue and the fourth Grace," as that fair, but and way process herself well forth; and left the Italian was of her brother, Francis I.

Formerly, people do not always remember their names, and so it was that Armand and Eugene de Bonneville were regarded as singularly prudent and bold by the world of Versailles. Their names had been prominent in dangerous intrigue or family quarrel; they had incurred no glaring scandal, made no profligate friendships, committed themselves to no party, and been seen to assist with complacency at high-mass and at the crowning of Voltaire. Their parents were long dead; the Sieurs de Chateleine had closed on their eyes, and the inheritance which descended to Eugene, as the eldest son, an heir of the house, was a large, dilapidated hotel in the Faubourg St. Antoine; the right to style himself seigneur of certain lands and a chateau in the country, which had been possessed by a rich general's family for six generations; and the salary of an office bestowed by Louis le Grand, when money was particularly scarce with him, and purchased forever by the Sieurs de Chateleine.

Armand was almost as well provided for by the continuance of a pension bestowed on his mother in the former reign, and the request of Madame de Barre, and the promise of a lieutenancy in the Royal Guards. Their parents attributed to the presence of the Bonneville, that they kept on tolerable terms with their women; but both were handsome, well bred, and exceptionally amicable, from the Queen's diamond shoe buckles; and though Armand was thirty-five, and his brother some years younger, it was generally believed that they intended to marry to advantage.

That belief, at least, was true; but advantageous marriages are not to be had on every day, even by the most favored searchers. Perhaps, also, the brothers were too prudent to succumb in a pursuit, recognizing which "nothing ventured nothing won" is a noble proverb; for one noble heiress, and another widow after another was led to the by the Bonneville, sincerely regretted, while they continued to write complimentary verses, send New Year's presents, and dance attendance on disposing of their property. Armand had resigned himself to the lot of a noble bachelor, who could not forget his rank, and whose poverty no great house would become a disgrace; but Eugene felt that his brother's good fortune by day more out of repair under the administration of two superannuated servants, and his own line threatening to be extinguished, without the aid of fortune. Doubtless the emergency and the Secretary office also entered into his considerations,

and in length determined him on immediate application to a matrimonial agent in Paris (where, of course, chances were more numerous; with a hint that, providing the lady's portion was satisfactory, nothing but the most obtrusive pretensions of birth or connections would be rejected.

Armand demonstrated with his brother on this downward step, which might connect their family with the bourgeoisie; but after talking the matter over, in that good brotherly confidence always subsisting between the Bonneville, in spite of life at Versailles, the wisdom, or, it might be, necessity of Eugene's plan, became equally apparent to him, and with Armand's advice, a particularly respectable agent, in that quarter of Paris, called the Cite, was engaged to manage the affair.

M. le Blanc was a man of large business and acknowledged abilities; but he found De Bonneville's requirements difficult to obtain: a dowry of 400,000, or an annual income of 50,000 livres, was mentioned as the lowest terms on which the sieur could dispose of his heart and hand, and there were only three fortunes of that amount on Le Blanc's list. The daughter of a coffee merchant, who had spent many years in the West Indies, and the lady's complexion had an African tinge too strong to be presentable; the second was the widow of a wealthy tobaccoist, and she had appeared in her husband's shop, and actually served customers; the third, though the niece of a silk manufacturer, rich and childless, was also the daughter of a wood merchant, and kept up an intimacy with her low relations, which would be utterly inadmissible in Madame de Bonneville. At length, after seven months' search, when Eugene was beginning to despair, and the hotel looked worse than ever, a letter arrived from Le Blanc, announcing his hope that all the requisites had been discovered in a single lady residing at the house of a respectable but reduced advocate, near the church of St. Madeleine in Paris.

He added, that the lady was handsome, accomplished, and supposed to be about thirty; that she had no known connections or family, and a certain income of 50,000 livres a year.

The brothers were delighted, but their prudence never slept. Eugene wrote to Le Blanc by return of post, with suitable commendations of his diligence; an earnest exhortation to inquire after her previous history; and should the results be satisfactory, fall powers to sound the lady's mind, as well as that of her friends, regarding whom he hoped some further information would also be gleaned, as their sister's obscurity went some what beyond the Bonneville's expectations. Le Blanc seemed long about the inquiry; but his letter came at last. It stated that he had seen the lady, and could pledge his honor that she had a fine face, a good figure, and the air of a duchess—weighty words from such a connoisseur; that her name was Catherine de Chateleine; and she had no friends except the old advocate and his wife, with whom she had lived for almost two years, paying a large board, which greatly assisted them, as, though highly respectable and well connected, they had been reduced almost to poverty among the thousands who suffered by the failure of the Mississippi scheme. Their name was Broussel, and their relationship to mademoiselle so distant, that the advocate acknowledged it to be beyond his tracing; while all that he or his wife knew of her history was, that the lady's father had left his country early and settled at Constantinople, where his rise to great power and trust, but without changing his religion, on account of some extraordinary and secret service rendered to the Porte; that he perished in a great fire, which consumed not only his house but the very street in which he lived. No document or family paper had been rescued from the flames, to throw light on the mademoiselle's genealogy; and the suit, considering the estates and treasures he amassed to large an inheritance for any Christian woman, seized upon all, allowing his only daughter an income of 50,000 livres; with which she retired to her father's country, to avoid Mussulman addresses, when the ancient Latin convent of St. Eustachie, where she had been educated and resided from childhood, was suppressed and pulled down by order of the grand vizier, because the nuns were suspected of attempts to proselytize his harem. Nothing was known of mademoiselle's mother, but that she was of Italian origin, born at Pisa, and said to be related to the princely house of Strozzi, whose armorial bearings were sculptured on her tomb in the French cemetery.

The story was romantic, yet the brothers could have wished for some evidence of its authenticity. But Le Blanc's letter contained another paragraph which at once decided Eugene. Mademoiselle, though not completely averse to a noble match, was singularly devout, and had lately entertained serious thoughts of taking the veil in the Convent of St. Catherine, whose holy sisters, as the advocate assured him, paid the heaviest such court as it would require an ardent and clever suitor to oppose successfully. Eugene knew, that when the nuns were at work, there was no time to be lost; and as 50,000 livres could not be expected to come often in his way, his reply empowered Le Blanc to place his noble name and, of course, affections, at the feet of the Eastern heiress, and win over, if possible, the Broussels to his interest, as the only apology for retaining the lady had. Le Blanc's next communication was encouraging. The Broussels had given in their warm adhesion on the receipt of a gold snuff box, a Cashmere shawl, and the promise of 200 louis, to be paid on the wedding day; while mademoiselle was so deeply interested by his glowing account of the sieur's many attractions, good qualities, and exalted rank, that she consented to receive a visit from her noble lover, who might henceforth carry on his suit in person. Eugene hatched to avail himself of that privilege, particularly as Le Blanc hinted that the nuns were still in the field.

But the same post brought Armand a letter from their only surviving uncle, a brother of the late deceased Madame de Bonneville. He had been educated at the Jesuits' College, and intended for the church; but having no vocation for holy orders, he

was so strange, so sudden; and his proper appearance to have grown so close and uncommunicative, even when they were in private, that he considered it more prudent, as well as politic, to keep silence, and a strict though concealed watch on his uncle and sister-in-law. That day, they all live like a happy family; the old man praised his niece, approved of the whole establishment, and tried to look well pleased and paternal; but he often relapsed into brown, or rather black studies; and once, when about to enter the *salon* where Madame and he had been left alone for a moment, Armand heard their voices in low but fierce altercation, which ceased the instant he opened the door.

A soiree had been given in honor of the rich uncle; but early in the afternoon, Lespeigne walked out to visit the Venetian ambassador; and when the company were assembling, a *laquis de place* arrived with a brief note, charging Armand with the presentation of his regrets and apologies, as he had just received a message from the dogs, commanding his immediate attendance on business of the highest importance, and was already on his way to Venice. Armand knew not what to think, but he could not help keeping a more vigilant eye than ever on his sister-in-law. Her conduct was a model of dignified propriety. She had been presented at court with great éclat, and was now a acknowledged belle in the gay circles of Paris and Versailles; but the lady had no intimates and never encouraged admiration. She had acquired considerable influence over her husband; but it was founded on deference, and not love. Eugene was proud of her beauty, and of the splendid style in which her fortune enabled her to live. It was natural she should give his friends frequent opportunities of seeing all these, and his house was one of the gayest in Paris. In its good company, deep play, and brilliant evening, the mysterious appearance of his first day almost faded from Armand's recollection. Though less familiar than he could have wished, Madame de Bonneville and he continued on the best terms. An affectionate correspondence was kept up between him and his uncle; but Lespeigne declined, under one pretext or another, all invitations to renew his visit, and carefully avoided asking Armand to Venice. That was no good sign for the legacy; and Armand was beginning to wonder if he could not find an heiress to marry under favor of his brother's stars, when the first ball of the carnival was given by the eccentric countess, Madame Penhivert. Her house stood in a street which had been considered fashionable about the period of the Fronde, and was close upon the Faubourg St. Antoine.

The known rank and wealth of the countess seemed for the agitated situation of her hotel. It was her boast, that the best society in Paris had assembled there for 150 years, and her carnival ball was always reckoned the grand event of the season. Half Paris was invited, and among the rest the Bonneville. Madame had purchased a magnificent dress for the occasion; but the same evening, a slight though sudden indisposition made her resolve on remaining at home, much to the disappointment of Eugene, who had largely anticipated the general enthusiasm his wife's appearance must have called forth in the ball room; and only as the lady's earnest request would be content to accompany Armand, and express her regrets to Madame Penhivert.

The ball was brilliant, but Eugene missed the *prestige* of his lady's presence, which had now become in a manner indispensable; and by way of consolation, retired to the card tables, in the furthest apartment of Madame's splendid smile, where the play was deep, and continued far into the morning. Armand, after many sidelong glances, an opportunity of paying special attention to a wealthy dowager, and her plain but experienced sister flattered himself some impression had been made, as he handled the ladies to their carriage at four in the morning. The work had been hard, however; Armand felt fairly exhausted; and as Eugene was still at cards, he determined not to wait for the carriage, but to go home alone by the shortest way. Having informed his brother of his intention, he wrapped himself up in a Spanish cloak, borrowed from Madame's son-in-law, Don de Lasco—for the morning was cold—then proceeded through a narrow street of the Faubourg St. Antoine, which then skirted the ancient Cemetery of the Innocents. No modern carriage could find room in it. The houses dated from the days of Anne of Bretagne, and had been mansions of the old nobles. They were all strong fabrics, from seven to eight stories, with tiled roofs and sculptured doorways, particularly on the side next to the Cemetery; but the dead of centuries had raised its soil to a level with their second floors; and the people of St. Antoine had tales about that street, of sights and sounds which nobody could account for. It was said that no young children could be reared there; and some out of every family of new-comers were sure to die within the twelve-month; in short, even the Jews did not care to live in it; and most of the houses had been deserted for years. The rank and fashion of Paris never thought of inquiring into such tales. Armand was thinking of his chance with the dowager's daughter, when, midway in the street he was startled by a low voice, speaking as it seemed from the pavement. There was not a sound in the neighborhood. At that hour, St. Antoine was all asleep; but a lamp burned hard by before a great wooden crucifix—set up to commemorate the massacre of St. Bartholomew—at the entrance of a narrow alley leading to the gate of the cemetery. By its light, Armand saw a black figure rise from the ground nearly at his feet, and stepped lightly behind the great cross. The figure stood for a moment in the lamp-light. It was a black man, with a well and hood; but there was something in the motion which he knew, and as it turned to look up the dark alley, the veil fell aside, and Armand saw the face of his sister-in-law! Overwhelmed with astonishment, he stood in silence till she passed, and then followed, receiving not to lose sight

of her; but never had the country sieur so rapid a walk. Whether with the knowledge that she was pursued or not her steps grew quicker every moment; and after following her track through a labyrinth of lanes and alleys utterly unknown to him, she at length disappeared round the corner of the Rue de Marais. Here he lost all traces; and was only work it was finding his way home through these low and neglected quarters; but he reached the hotel de Bonneville as day was breaking. The sleepy porter started when he inquired if Madame had yet arrived. Did not M. le Blanc know that Madame had been disposed that evening, and declined going to the ball?

Armand was discreet enough to admit the mistake; but his faith in the testimony of his own eyes remained unshaken, and he could not sleep for wondering what his sister-in-law could find to do at such a place and hour. It was not a likely scene for an intrigue; but she might be a lady of peculiar taste; and all he had observed between her and old Lespeigne rose in Armand's memory. Was she porter in her secret? Jacques was an elderly, discreet man. He would take him into confidence; and trace out the affair without informing his brother, as it might endanger family peace, and give rise to scenes which the well-bred bachelor could not relish.

At their late breakfast, Madame appeared as usual in an elegant morning dress, declaring herself quite recovered, and all solicitude for intelligence of the ball. Armand gave her a full account, suppressing only his own walk through the faubourg, and no hint or glance betrayed their mutual concealment. Armand made the porter a present that very day, in preparation for Madame's exertions; but she accompanied her husband to every succeeding assembly, and he had business of his own hand, for the dowager's daughters had to be looked after.

The license of the carnival week always brought queer faces and costumes from hidden corners in Paris, among the gay promenades in garden and boulevard. They seemed to Armand more than usually numerous that year; and he could not help noticing, that some of the lowest and strangest looking creatures cast looks of recognition on Madame de Bonneville as she passed in the splendor of plumes and diamonds. Wild rumors concerning the cemetery of the innocents too, were growing more rife among the populace. Lights had been perceived in a deserted house of the faubourg, and figures, believed to be not of this world, seen coming from its gate.

Armand had been doing his devoirs on the last night of the carnival at a masquerade, in which his sister-in-law created quite a sensation by her superb acting in three different characters; and going out next noon on a permitted visit to the dowager, he perceived that something extraordinary had discomposed Jacques. Mindful of his plan, Armand passed, and hoped his wife was well! Thank Monsieur, she was well. And himself? Jacques hesitated; he was quite well, but there was a trouble in his mind. Would Monsieur speak with him a moment.

Armand assented. Jacques led the way to his own dormitory closed by the gate, and having carefully closed the door, said: "Monsieur, my wife and I have kept the hotel de Bonneville these thirty years; thank God for the good fortune that has come into it! but we can't keep silence on a matter which concerns the family. You know, we had but one daughter; we called her Marie for the Virgin; and may be the Virgin took her out of this bad world, for her mother found her dead and cold in her bed on the morning of Ash-Wednesday, when she was to have taken her first communion. All our people have lived in the Faubourg St. Antoine and been buried in the Cemetery of the Innocents. We laid Marie there too; and to comfort our poor hearts, made a vow that we would go together every night in the carnival week to pray an hour at our child's grave; we didn't mind the stories that are going about the place—neither my wife nor I are afraid when Marie was there. Don't laugh at me, Monsieur, for, God knows, I speak the truth. Three times last week we both saw a woman in black clothes, once in the street, once in the alley, and last night looking in at the gate. I saw her face as plain as I see yours now; Monsieur, as I am a Christian, it was Madame de Bonneville.

This revelation put the last finishing edge on Armand's curiosity; besides, when servants began to observe, it was time to take active measures. The old Porter could depend on; and by talking with him on the subject, Armand learned a fact regarding the great old house which, if he ever heard before, escaped his memory—namely, that a small staircase, hidden by the drapery of Madame's chamber, led to an oratory or private chapel long disused, and looking out on a narrow, crooked lane from which, by bye streets and alleys, one might reach the Marais. This accounted for Madame's secret egress; but what business had she in the neighborhood of the Innocents? Jacques' head was full of tales heard from his grandmother of secret entrances which required the hearts of such as died in mortal sin, and corpses were nightly buried; yet for the honor of the family, he volunteered to watch in the cemetery every night during Lent, saying there was an angel in heaven who would take care of him. Armand caught at the proposal; for, though excited above vulgar superstition, there was something so darkly mysterious about the matter, that he did not care attempting it alone; and thought it wiser also, to inform his brother. The dowager and her daughter considered him singularly about and uninteresting in his visit; but on Armand's return he found Madame gone to mass, and Eugene alone in the library. The opportunity was too good to be neglected; and with proper circumspection he told him all he had heard and seen of his wife. To his surprise, Eugene was prepared for the revelation. He had missed Madame at extraordinary hours, and once believing he saw her pass him in the streets at midnight in company with a low, wicked-looking foreigner, but could never think of mentioning it till then. In the restored confidence

of former days, the prudent brothers devised a scheme of discovery. By their direction, the old porter that evening requested leave to visit his only brother in the neighborhood; and after following her track through a labyrinth of lanes and alleys utterly unknown to him, she at length disappeared round the corner of the Rue de Marais. Here he lost all traces; and was only work it was finding his way home through these low and neglected quarters; but he reached the hotel de Bonneville as day was breaking. The sleepy porter started when he inquired if Madame had yet arrived. Did not M. le Blanc know that Madame had been disposed that evening, and declined going to the ball?

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Armand had been doing his devoirs on the last night of the carnival at a masquerade, in which his sister-in-law created quite a sensation by her superb acting in three different characters; and going out next noon on a permitted visit to the dowager, he perceived that something extraordinary had discomposed Jacques. Mindful of his plan, Armand passed, and hoped his wife was well! Thank Monsieur, she was well. And himself? Jacques hesitated; he was quite well, but there was a trouble in his mind. Would Monsieur speak with him a moment.

Armand assented. Jacques led the way to his own dormitory closed by the gate, and having carefully closed the door, said: "Monsieur, my wife and I have kept the hotel de Bonneville these thirty years; thank God for the good fortune that has come into it! but we can't keep silence on a matter which concerns the family. You know, we had but one daughter; we called her Marie for the Virgin; and may be the Virgin took her out of this bad world, for her mother found her dead and cold in her bed on the morning of Ash-Wednesday, when she was to have taken her first communion. All our people have lived in the Faubourg St. Antoine and been buried in the Cemetery of the Innocents. We laid Marie there too; and to comfort our poor hearts, made a vow that we would go together every night in the carnival week to pray an hour at our child's grave; we didn't mind the stories that are going about the place—neither my wife nor I are afraid when Marie was there. Don't laugh at me, Monsieur, for, God knows, I speak the truth. Three times last week we both saw a woman in black clothes, once in the street, once in the alley, and last night looking in at the gate. I saw her face as plain as I see yours now; Monsieur, as I am a Christian, it was Madame de Bonneville.

This revelation put the last finishing edge on Armand's curiosity; besides, when servants began to observe, it was time to take active measures. The old Porter could depend on; and by talking with him on the subject, Armand learned a fact regarding the great old house which, if he ever heard before, escaped his memory—namely, that a small staircase, hidden by the drapery of Madame's chamber, led to an oratory or private chapel long disused, and looking out on a narrow, crooked lane from which, by bye streets and alleys, one might reach the Marais. This accounted for Madame's secret egress; but what business had she in the neighborhood of the Innocents? Jacques' head was full of tales heard from his grandmother of secret entrances which required the hearts of such as died in mortal sin, and corpses were nightly buried; yet for the honor of the family, he volunteered to watch in the cemetery every night during Lent, saying there was an angel in heaven who would take care of him. Armand caught at the proposal; for, though excited above vulgar superstition, there was something so darkly mysterious about the matter, that he did not care attempting it alone; and thought it wiser also, to inform his brother. The dowager and her daughter considered him singularly about and uninteresting in his visit; but on Armand's return he found Madame gone to mass, and Eugene alone in the library. The opportunity was too good to be neglected; and with proper circumspection he told him all he had heard and seen of his wife. To his surprise, Eugene was prepared for the revelation. He had missed Madame at extraordinary hours, and once believing he saw her pass him in the streets at midnight in company with a low, wicked-looking foreigner, but could never think of mentioning it till then. In the restored confidence

of former days, the prudent brothers devised a scheme of discovery. By their direction, the old porter that evening requested leave to visit his only brother in the neighborhood; and after following her track through a labyrinth of lanes and alleys utterly unknown to him, she at length disappeared round the corner of the Rue de Marais. Here he lost all traces; and was only work it was finding his way home through these low and neglected quarters; but he reached the hotel de Bonneville as day was breaking. The sleepy porter started when he inquired if Madame had yet arrived. Did not M. le Blanc know that Madame had been disposed that evening, and declined going to the ball?

Armand was discreet enough to admit the mistake; but his faith in the testimony of his own eyes remained unshaken, and he could not sleep for wondering what his sister-in-law could find to do at such a place and hour. It was not a likely scene for an intrigue; but she might be a lady of peculiar taste; and all he had observed between her and old Lespeigne rose in Armand's memory. Was she porter in her secret? Jacques was an elderly, discreet man. He would take him into confidence; and trace out the affair without informing his brother, as it might endanger family peace, and give rise to scenes which the well-bred bachelor could not relish.