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TOWANDA:

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Original Poetry.

[For the Bradford Reporter.]

THE SUNBEAM.

I dashed—a glittering sunbeam,
And woke the early day,
A thing of glowing beauty,
Along my dazzling way.

I gave the deep blue skies
Their holy azure hue,
I lit the sparkling stars,
And with the lightning flew.

I sat upon the violet,
Within its gentle eye;
I heard the low wind's murmur,
I caught the zephyr's sigh.

I glanced along the streamlet,
In wild and laughing glee,
I saw it kiss the flow'rets,
And clasp the wide blue sea.

I plucked the veil that shrouded
Fled many a breast in gloom,
I lit the hopeless sorrow
That lingered at the tomb.

I gleamed upon a brow
Of cold and breathless clay,
I mingled it with the beauty
Of fadeless, ceaseless ray.

As mine the joyful bearing
That lingers in a smile;
The gladness, laughing mirth,
That rings the merry while.

I pause not for the clouds,
That hide the soft blue sky;
I pause not for the tears,
That dim the maiden's eye.

I carry not in sadness,
I bid the heart be gay,
As thence the warbler,
That speeds with song-capt way.

I cease not, till a tinge
Of pure and holy ray,
Shall lighten heart and home,
And fling the frowns away.

I cease not, till the garden
Of all my search is o'er;
I cease not, till a sunbeam
Hath learnt to shine no more.

Selected Tale.

The Widow's Cream Cheese:

OR THE JEALOUS HUSBAND'S MISTAKE.

L. W. L.

TOWANDA, 1855.

Two travelers were seated in a first class

carriage on the line from Corbeil to Paris.

One was a man of about thirty, and the other

was a woman of five and twenty. It was

a lovely morning in June—the sky was cloud-

less, and the sunbeams fell slantingly through

the window on the side on which sat the lady

who appeared much annoyed at the circum-

stance.

"The sun seems to annoy you, madam," said

the gentleman. "I should be happy to change

places, if agreeable."

The lady acknowledged his courtesy by a

bow and a smile, saying: "I am extremely

indebted to you for so polite an offer, but I

never could ride backward. It is not, however,

for myself that I am afraid of the sun, but for

the basket."

And she pointed to a neat little basket on

the seat beside her, from whose lid a few stray

leaves were peeping forth.

"Fortunately, madame, the sun does not

spoil fruit, and this seems well protected."

"It is not fruit, sir," said the lady; "this

basket only contains a cream cheese; but I

should be vexed, if it does not reach Paris in

its freshness."

Then apparently desirous of ascertaining

whether she was talking to a respectable per-

son, she said, with a gracious air, calculated to

conceal the unflattering purport of her ques-

tion:

"To whom have I the honor of speaking?"

"To a future inhabitant of Corbeil, where

I have recently purchased a house to which I

am nearly removed. My name is Delannoy,"

said he.

The lady again bowed. Not that the name

of Delannoy had much enlightened her, but

she was satisfied that a man who had just

bought a house must be respectable.

Delannoy asked in turn, whether the lady

lived at Corbeil, and being answered in the

affirmative, said:

"I should be happy if my residence were in

bring her one every time I go to Paris; and of

course I wish to receive it in the best con-

dition, which must be my excuse."

"Your explanation, madam, does but justify

the favorable impression your appearance must

create."

"Sir," said Madame Nogentel, bowing to

this pretty compliment.

And, on looking more attentively at her fel-

low traveler, she thought him well favored both

as to face and figure.

"And pray, said she, "is it with a view to

a temporary or a definite residence that you

have purchased an estate in our neighbor-

hood?"

"I do not know, madam; it must depend

how the air suits my wife."

"Oh, so you are married, sir?" asked the

lady.

Here the conversation dropped.

The road had now described a curve, and the

sunbeams fell full on the whole inside of the

carriage.

"Dear me!" cried Madame Nogentel, "what

shall I do with my basket?"

"Really, madame," answered Delannoy, af-

ter a moment's reflection, "I think the only

safe place would be under the seat."

"You are right, sir; the simplest means ne-

ver occur to one at first."

The basket was placed under the seat, on

Madame Nogentel's side.

But the conversation seemed to flag. Per-

haps the lady thought it a pity so agreeable a

man should be married; and perhaps Delan-

noy considered it dangerous for a married man

to grow more intimate with so fascinating a

widow.

The train now stopped at the Choisy-le-Roi-

station.

Madame Nogentel uttered an exclamation

of surprise. Among the persons waiting the

arrival of the train she recognized a former

school-fellow she had not seen for years. She

immediately determined to alight, thinking she

could resume her journey by the next train, and

that an hour's delay, or more, would not much

matter to her old aunt.

Delannoy remained alone. Presently his eye

fell on the basket, which the pretty widow had

forgotten in her haste to run after her new

found friend.

"Fortunately," thought Delannoy, "she has

told me her name, and mentioned the street

where her old aunt lives, so I can carry the

much coveted cheese to the person it is intend-

ed for."

Delannoy indeed considered that as a well

bred man, he could do no less. And for fear

he should prove as forgetful as Madame No-

gentel had been, he drew out the basket from

under the seat and placed it on his knees.—

While thinking of a variety of things, he lift-

ed the lid almost mechanically, just to see how

it looked; for, after all, curiosity is not the

exclusive inheritance of Eve's daughters.

On slightly removing the vine-leaves, he per-

ceived a most relishing looking golden surface

that would have made his mouth water, had

not his attention been arrested by a corner of

the paper in which the cheese was wrapped,

on which he recognized the signature of his

wife, whose name was Valentine.

"How very strange a coincidence," said he;

"and how much stranger still that Valentine

should never have mentioned this Madame

Nogentel, with whom she evidently corre-

sponds."

His curiosity could not, however, rest ap-

peased with merely looking at the signature—

he must needs see in what manner his wife

was in the habit of writing to Madame No-

gentel.

On lifting up the cheese he managed to loos-

"So you deny everything?"

"Deny what? This is all a riddle to me,"

said the wife.

"Then I will expound it. Look at this pa-

per, madame!—do you recognize the hand-

writing?"

"To be sure! It is my own."

And having read the two lines preceding her

signature, she looked alternately at the paper

and at her husband with unspeakable surpris-

e. "Yes, madam, your writing! I as well knew

before your own confession," resumed Delannoy,

with a fresh outburst of rage. "And so you

know nobody in a place where lives somebody

to whom you write, 'Believe in my everlasting

love!'"

"Nobody," replied the wife; nor can I un-

derstand—"

"Enough, madame! Such a sentence can-

not be justified by any artifice. But as I hate

scandal, I shall endeavor to master my igni-

fication, on two conditions—the first being that

you leave this house within four-and-twenty

hours, and return to your family; and the

next, that you immediately reveal the name

of the villain to whom this letter was address-

ed."

"Sir," replied Valentine, with a degree of

dignity that would have overawed Delannoy

under any other circumstances, "you are not in

a state to listen, nor am I in a position to jus-

tify myself. I will not deny my signature, but

how it comes to be placed under these words,

I cannot explain. However, I will return to

my father's house, for with all my wish to com-

ply with your every desire, I can not perform

impossibilities."

Delannoy knew not what to think of such a

degree of assurance on the part of his wife,

and fearing that his resentment should carry

him too far, he very prudently retired to his

study.

His reflections for the next half hour were

of the bitterest description. Here was he con-

demned to the saddest species of widowhood,

and all his happiness destroyed like a baseless

fabric! The death of the vile seducer who had

robbed him of everything could alone appease

his thirst for revenge. But how was he to

find him, since Valentine refused to name

him? Suppose he applied to Madame No-

gentel? But perhaps she was unaware of the

existence of this letter, and he would only appear

ridiculous by taking such a step. Still, it had

been in her possession—that was evident; and

thereon Delannoy built a whole edifice of con-

jectures.

Madame Nogentel being a pretty widow, ar-

gued he, was of course surrounded by a host of

admirers. Her choice had perhaps fallen on

one of those gay deceivers, who are the pests

of society. With the carelessness of his tribe,

he had probably dropped this letter, and on

the widow's learning his delinquencies, she had

no doubt only pardoned on the condition of his

surrendering the whole batch of letters. And he

followed up his reasoning by the natural de-

duction that Madame Nogentel must be pos-

sessed not only of the remaining fragment of

this individual letter, but of a great many more

besides.

Acting on these rather plausible surmises,

Delannoy determined to seek an interview with

Madame Nogentel; but he felt it would re-

quire some diplomatic tact on his part to come

at the truth, since the widow would not of

course betray her future husband's name to a

man on "hostile intentions."

He had, as we know, an excellent pretext

for calling on the lady; so taking up the little

basket which was to serve as a letter of intro-

duction, he hastened to the Rue de Varennes.

After inquiring at several houses, he at last

lannoy. "A thousand thanks and apologies,"

added he, as he flew off to the railway termin-

us. But a train had just started for Corbeil,

so he was obliged to wait a couple of hours.—

When the next train returned from Corbeil,

one of the first persons who alighted was Ma-

riette.

"Where do you come from?" asked he.

"From Corbeil, please sir."

"Who sent you thither?"

"My mistress."

"What for?"

"For some things which had been removed,

and which mistress now wants."

This seemed so natural that Delannoy asked

no further, and Mariette bustled away. Her

very haste now awoke some suspicions in his

mind, and he recollected she had blushed on

his first questioning her. But she had gone

too far by this time to be overtaken; besides,

the train was about to start, so Delannoy got

into one of the carriages.

In an hour's time he entered the fruit-wo-

man's shop, at Corbeil.

"Have you not a load of old papers to wrap

up your goods?" asked he.

"Yes, sir."

"What will you take for them?"

Instead of answering, the fruit woman stared

at the stranger.

"Well, good woman, don't you hear?" said

he.

"Yes, sir; but short of weighing the pa-

per—"

"Come, will twenty francs satisfy you?"—

Then, thinking she was about to object, he ad-

ded, "let's say forty, and let me have every

scrap you can lay hands on."

The fruit-woman never earned half so much

on the busiest day she ever spent, and when

Delannoy took out the money, and she saw a

real piece of gold, she no longer considered him

out of his senses. She then looked up every

corner of paper in the shop, and produced a

tolerable load, which she handed over to her

new customer, declaring she had not kept back

the smallest scrap.

Delannoy hastened to his recently purchased

house, and began to examine the bundle very

attentively. He found tradesmen's bills, com-

mercial letters, schoolboys' exercises, and so

forth, and after reading through the whole lot,

he was both tired and exasperated at the use-

lessness of his search. He ran back to the

fruit woman's.