# Lewistown

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### Moetry.

For the Gazette. The following verses from the pen of an esteemed divine, are so beautiful, that I desire to have them inserted in your paper.

BY REV. GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR., Bloomfield, N. J.

There's a home for the bee in his waxen cell, Where he ceaseth from labor and loves to dwell; There's a home for the bird in her downy nest, And the tree where it hangeth she loves the best; There's a home by the hearthstone, O bright are

But the home of my heart, is the Church of MY Sires!

Who chideth the bird that she loveth her nest? Or the bee that he thinketh his own cell the best? Who chideth the son or the daughter away, That their thoughts seek the homestead by night and by day? And who chideth me if my heart now aspires,

To speak a good word for THE CHURCH OF MY Sires?

There the waters of baptism fell on this brow, There first did I know, and the Saviour avow, And there were the holy hands laid on my head, And the oath of my cov'nant on record was

There formed the resolve, that whatever transpires,
I shall always be TRUE TO THE CHURCH OF MY

Who talks of " Re-union?" Not those from the

Whom her kindness has cherished, her tenderness nursed; Not they can thus look on the prospect before

them; With hands sacrilegious light funeral pyres, To consume thy dear body, O! Church of MT

Up then with our banner! where all can unite, For Liberty! Order! for Truth! and for Right! beneath which the soft.

What is shout, as each traitor retires,

what is shout, as each traitor retires,

Compand press forward, O Church of My

There's a name for thee still 'mong the Israel of Gcd, And still there's a place for thine ancient abode;

All Israel I love, but it must be confess'd, I have loved, I will love, my own tribe the best? For thee beats my heart 'till in death it expires, O! early loved, latest loved Church of MY Sires!"

# A Select Tale.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON

[Concluded.]

Time glided by unheeded: the London season was near its close, when, one morning at breakfast, Mr. Mordaunt observed, Well, Alonzo, time gets on, we are now in July, and before the end of October you must be safely landed at Rio. We must secure your passage in the next month's packet.

All this was well known and fully expected, yet did the intimation astound Alonzo. 'So soon! can it be possible!'

The same evening they were en famille at the Countess's: the whist and chess tables were arranged as usual. 'What are you thinking of, Don Alonzo, to make such a move as that?' inquired Viola: 'you are a little absent-out of spirits this evening.'

'I ought not to be so,' said Alonzo, trying to rally, . for we have been busy all day planning and arranging about our voyage home.'

· Indeed !' said Viola. Alonzo thought she sighed; certainly she in her turn made a false move. Soon after, a servant entered with a case of jewels belonging to Viola, which had returned from being repaired: while looking at them, Alonzo observed that she was not a little envied by the London belles, for the splendor of her jewels.

' How comes it,' said she, ' that I never see you wear any ornaments, not even a ring? Our young Brazilian beaux are naturally so fond of these decorations.'

'I assure you,' said Mr. Mordaunt, looking off his cards, 'Don Alonzo has one of e most superb rings I ever saw-a single ellow diamond of great value.'

Alonzo felt irritated, he scarcely knew by, and replied in a bitter sareastic tone, unusual with him- Yes, I have a ow diamond, indeed, that I never wish

e, or to show to any one else.' The words were scarcely out of his uth before he felt their impropriety. aw your eard, my lady, if you please,'

d Mr. Mordaunt. Check,' cried Alonzo, and with an eflooked at Viola. She was leaning her hand; and her large, black and illiant eyes, with their long upturned shes, were fixed on his. He started at e look-why or wherefore he could not

nagine. The eyes were withdrawn, and game continued. A few evenings after, he was leading er from a dance to place her as usual by

the side of the Countess; they had to tra- off, rushed to his boat, and in a few min- needle-work and drawing, book-cases filled cessity of absolute force on hers, for ned the folds of her veil, in which her face ship was seated at whist; they moved very slowly and loiteringly along, seemingly in

no great hurry to arrive at their destination. 'Are you really going to leave us next month, Don Alonzo?

· Really :- and you, Dona Viola, what becomes of von?'

'I go to Portugal.'

'And there?' said Alonzo in an inquir-O there we shall not remain long; our

Brazilian property will require our presence. 'Then we shall meet again,' said Alon-

zo eagerly. 'I hope so-I dare say, in a few months.' 'Well, that is some comfort !- and he seemed to respire more freely; then after a pause- but I shall never again meet

Viola! 'But Viola, Don Alonzo,' she replied met you; what she has been, she will continue to be-your sincere and affection-

'Thank you, Viola, thank you !- but pray do not speak another word to me just now.' He placed her in her seat, and without looking at her, turned away and left the house.

Mr. Mordaunt had accepted the pressing invitation of Alonzo to accompany him heart: 'She loves me !-- and nobly sets to Brazil: their passage was taken and their preparations well forward. Alonzo to our fate!' paid his farewell visits, and did all that was necessary on the occasion, with the most perfect composure.

her suite in the Lisbon Packet, and the next day was fixed for her leaving town for Falmouth. The day following was decided on by Alonzo for the same purpose, but this he managed to conceal from

to take leave of Donna Viola,' said her la-

'No, I am not, I am come to take leave of you, (for I am also on the eve of quitting London,) and to thank you for all your kind attention.' But why not of Viola?' said the

Countess; 'she will be so disappointed.' 'It is better I should not.'

But what am I to say to her? inquired · Precisely what I have just said-that

is better I should not.' The Countess returned no reply; and

with all good wishes on each side, they parted. thought, and it was only now and then,

when Mr. Mordaunt touched upon his approaching meeting with his father and his old Rio friends, that Alonzo could be roused for a moment. At the inns, too, he occasionally heard something that attracted his silent attention, of the beautiful was struck with admiration at the magniyoung foreigner who had passed the day before.

They arrived at Falmouth in the morning to breakfast. With a beating heart, Alonzo inquired concerning the foreign lady and the Lisbon packet: the lady had gone on board the evening before, and the Lisbon and Rio packets were to sail early on the following morning.

After breakfast, the two gentlemen were engaged superintending the embarkation of their servants and baggage, and having taken an early dinner, went on board.

It was a lovely evening. Alonzo glanced at the merry and busy town of Falmouth. the numerous vessels, and the broad Atlantic, which lay stretched out before him: then his eye fixed, as though there were nothing clse worth looking at, on the small vessel that lay nearest to him. He suddenly left his station, descended into a boat, and was in a few minutes on board.

In the outer cabin he met the duenna, who looked very much surprised at seeing him; but without speaking, threw open the door of the after cabin: he entered,

and the door closed behind him. Viola lay on a couch, apparently absorbed in reading: the noise startled her, and she looked up; but nothing can express the astonishment painted on her On the following morning he was presented countenance at the sight of Alonzo, who stood as a fixed statue before her. She had not leisure even to look melancholy. sprang from the couch, and evidently her first feeling was to run towards him, but probably the strangeness of his look and demeanor arrested her; for she checked herself, and exclaimed, 'Don Alonzo!'

'Viola!' said he, seizing both her hands, and gently forcing her to return to the seat she had left: 'Viola!' (the word seemed to choke him,) 'I cannot live without you you are yet free, have pity on me! Alonzo,' she asked, in a tremulous

voice, ' are you free ?' · I am not irrevocably bound.

self-possession, and replied, 'Then I must ternoon,' 'If you please, sir,' was the tell you, that I am. You are laboring under a fatal error; you think I am but engaged-I am married, But stay!' she exclaimed, alarmed at the effect of her communication- stay !- one moment !-Alonzo !- I beseech you !"

they could reach the one where her lady- pushed by Mr. Mordaunt, and every body and everything that impeded his way to and guitar. his cabin, where, locking the door, he threw himself on his bed, in a state of mind not to be described.

Mr. Mordaunt took possession of the boat Alonzo had quitted, went on board the Lisbon packet, and had an interview with Donna Viola.

At day-break the following morning, Alonzo, wrapped in a cloak, and his hat slouched over his brow, stood on the deck, watching with gloomy composure the Lisbon packet getting under way: she soon began to move-a few minutes more, and she was dashing through the water close beside him. Desperate thoughts for an instant darkened his mind; a feeling of revenge and despair beset him, and he felt a strong temptation to plunge into the wake of the flying vessel-when one of the latticed windows of the after-cabin was sudfirmly, 'will meet you as she has always denly thrown open; he saw a waving handkerehief, and then the form of Viola herself, her eyes streaming with tears, kissing both her hands, and waving them to him. He had just time to return the salutation: his dark purpose vanished, the weakness of his mother came over him, and he wept: 'She loves me !'-that thought alone, single and abstracted, brought back the blood in a rush of transport to his me the example of a virtuous submission

A friendly hand at that moment was laid on his; Mr. Mordaunt drew him to his cabin. 'Alonzo,' he said,' 'I have A passage was also taken by Viola and been sadly to blame-I ought to have foreseen and guarded against all this. Donna Viola whom I saw last evening, bade me give you this note,' putting one into his hand.

Alonzo tore it open. 'Alonzo, I conjure you, for the sake of your father-for The morning before her departure, he my sake-struggle against your fatal and called on the Countess. 'You are come hopeless passion! We shall very soon meet again-let us meet in peace, in innocence, and friendship! Heaven bless you, and heaven forgive us both, for we have en much to blame! Viola.'

Viola was very inexperienced, and Mr. Mordaunt knew very little about love, otherwise Alonzo had never received this note, which only added fuel to the flame: he kept it next his heart, and read it every day during the passage. He questioned Mr. Mordaunt closely concerning his interview with Viola the preceding evening, and especially inquired whether he could give him any information concerning her husband. 'I am told,' he said, ' that he is a man of high rank, very rich, old, and The weather was beautiful, and Mr. infirm. He has married the orphan daugh-Mordaunt appeared to enjoy his journey ter of his friend, merely as a safeguard to exceedingly; but Alonzo was absorbed in her and her property in these dangerous paratively tranquil, but he would not ana- affairs there into proper hands, and de-

lyze his feelings-he dared not. A few weeks brought them to Rio. entering its superb harbor Mr. Mordaunt ficent and beautiful scenery that surrounded him; but to the heart of Alonzo it spoke yet more feelingly, entwined as it was with all his dear and early associations. He could have kissed the black and barren rock of the Sugar-Loaf: it was passed, and threw open the graceful sweep of the Bay of Botafogo, surrounded with its wooded and lofty mountains: this, too, was passed, and the harbor of Rio appeared. Great political changes had taken place, and the imperial flag waved upon every fort and hill. The visiting boat approached, and by the side of the officer sat Alonzo's watchful and expecting father, who in a few minutes more was locked in the arms of his son. On their landing, friends crowded round them: in the afternoon they visited the good, kind Abbess; and the evening was employed in renewing Alonzo's recollections of his young female friends, most of whom had become wives and mothers; and those whom he had known as children had started up into young women, a process remarkably rapid in that country. He was pleased to observe the vast improvement that, even during the short period of his absence, had taken place at Rio, as far as concerned the comforts and refinements of domestic life. at court : in short, for two or three days he

But one morning, after breakfast, (a time universally agreed upon for making disagreeable communications,) his father informed him that in about a month, Donna Isabella might be expected with her father and aunt. 'I have taken a temporary residence for you, which I think you will like at Botafogo-(I say temporary, for you will soon be offered, what you most desire, a diplomatic mission to Europe :) and the furnishing and arranging this residence has been my hobby for the last six months. If you and Mr. Mordaunt have In a moment she seemed to recover her no objection, we will ride to see it this afand called her garden-room, opened into a

verse three or four crowded rooms before utes was on board of his own vessel: he with a choice selection in English, French but an evil omen of future concord. Since was buried. Alonzo advanced, and aland Italian: there were also a piano, harp,

'Is Donna Isabella such a proficient in music?' asked Alonzo with a sarcastic smile. 'She is, I believe, very fond of it,' quietly replied the Marquess. Alonzo, with much warmth and sincerity, thanked his father for the kind pains he had taken; then sighed, and thought how happy he could be here with-certainly not with

Donna Isabella. After the first novelty of his arrival had worn off, Alonzo relapsed into sadness; a settled gloom was gathering on his youthful brow, a sickening indifference to all around was gradually stealing over him. His father and Mr. Mordaunt did all they could to arouse and distract his attention. Exeursions into the country were frequently made, especially to the botanical garden about six miles from the city. It was arranged with exquisite order and good taste, encircled by bold and rugged mountain scenery, opening towards the ocean-reposing in all its richness of floral beauty. with its shady and stately trees, its leafy bowers and gushing streams, like a gem in the wilderness-like the decked and lovely bride of a dark-browed warrior in those stern days of 'auld lang syne,' of which one loves to dream in spots like these. Water-parties to the many beautiful islands-society and study-were all tried, and in vain: every day, every hour, seemed to increase the despondency of Alonzo; but he never complained, never even touched in any way upon the subject which, on account of its height and airithat caused it. Upwards of three weeks passed in this manner.

Atongo was fond of the society of the Abbess: with the unerring tact of her sex, she managed his present mood; she would sit opposite to him, employed at her oldfashioned embroidery frame, for an hour liked. One afternoon he had ensconced himself in his accustomed seat in her little grated parlor; he scarcely observed her entrance, but instead of seating herself at

her frame, she stepped towards him.
Alonzo, I am glad you have come, for I was just going to send for you.'

'To send for me?' repeated he listlessly. the convent, and wishes to see you.' 'A friend of mine!'

' You recollect, I suppose, Donna Viola de Montezuma?

He started from his seat-the shock was electric. ' Viola, did you say !- Donna Viola !-

'She became a widow.' Go on !

She arrived at Lisbon just in time times.' At this intelligence, Alonzo's heart receive the last breath of her expiring husbounded with secret joy : he became com- band. After the funeral, she consigned her layed not a moment in returning to this to see you.'

'I am ready,' said Alonzo. The Abbess left the room. 'This is too-too much!' he exclaimed aloud, as he paced the little parlor with hurried steps. A slight rustling near the grate arrested him: it was Viola in deep mourning, looking more lovely and interesting than ever. She presented him her hand through the grate-he knelt, and pressed it to his lips, to his heart, to his burning forehead. 'Alonzo,' she said in the kindest and most soothing tone, 'I have heard, from the Abbess, of your marriage, and fear that I have innocently contributed to quired Alonzo. render that, which might have proved the highest blessing, a source of bitter misery. What can I do but to entreat you to arm yourself with the resolution of acting right? confess that your forcing me to lose my esteem for you, would be the greatest pain you could inflict, even although your affection for me were the cause. Promise me, Alonzo-'

He hastily interrupted her: 'I will that I may do what is right, but, in the present state of mind, I will pass my word for nothing.'

Viola sighed. 'Well,' she resumed, I shall see whether Alonzo be really what I believed him, or not: I shall see whether he be capable of sacrificing the happiness of his young and innocent wife, and of his doating father-his own honor and such is all hope of me. Heaven bless bella. you, Alonzo! and support you through this trial! You have my prayers, my best, my warmest wishes: deserve to be

happy, and the rest to Providence.' She disappeared :- he still remained kneeling at the grate, apparently wrapped in thought: at length a ray of light seemed to break through the darkness that surrounded him; a single spark of hope saved him from utter despair. He decided that in his first interview with Donna only reply; and, accordingly, at the appointed time they set out. The house and his heart; he would conjure her, as she situation were both delightful; the furni- valued their mutual happiness, to assist ture tasteful and costly. The apartment him in breaking the tie that had been made peculiarly appropriated to Donna Isabella, between them; he would recall to her recollection the fatal hour of their union,

that moment they had never met, had though somewhat prepared for a favorable never even corresponded; he had formed elsewhere a deep and serious attachment, ment at the exquisitely fine and graceful and so perhaps had she. As to the debt he had incurred towards her and her famhis father. Thus, if they acted with de- were covered with gems, but on the arm termination, and in unison, there could be the galling fetters in which the mistaken zeal of their relatives had bound them, tion with you, on a subject that deeply 'If,' he exclaimed, ' she be not utterly devoid of the common pride and delicacy of mit me to lead you to a seat.' He paused her sex, there is but one step to take; she will-she must take it-and I shall be-

come free and happy !' Full of this thought, he left the convent : and, on his return home, sought Mr. Mordaunt, and laid his project before him. Mr. Mordaunt listened with the utmost kindness and sympathy: he saw but one objection to the attempt: if Donna Isaella, in spite of all he could urge, should refuse to enter into his views, how much wider would it make the breach between them! how much would it diminish their chance of happiness! But to this side of the picture, Alonzo absolutely refused to turn; and Mr. Mordaunt, seeing him perfectly resolved, gave up the point, glad, at all events that Aionzo had even this slight support to lean upon until the crisis arrived.

At the top of the Marquess's small and rather inconvenient abode, was a room ness, and the view of the harbor it commanded, the gentlemen preferred to breakfast, and to spend the morning in: a spyglass was fixed here, to which of late the eye of the Marquess had been often and anxiously applied. One morning, about a week after the scene just described, the without speaking: this was just what he Marquess seemed more than usually on the alert, watching the approach of a fine Brazilian merchant-ship, 'Is she near the fort ?'- here she comes,'- she is abreast of it,'- 'now for it!' and as he spoke, up flew a private signal. The Marquess clasped his hands, and exclaimed in a half whisper, to Mr. Mordaunt, 'Thank heaven, there they are at last!' . Yes, a friend of yours has arrived at and the two gentlemen instantly left the

'Well,' thought Alonzo, 'I am not bound to know that there they are at last, until I am informed of it,' and he tried again to rivet his attention to his study. Three intolerable long hours passed away : a note was then brought to him from the recollect her !-what of her !-what of Marquess : 'Donna Isabella, her aunt, and of her mind. However, she accompanied eight Mr. Mordaunt and the carriage will be at your door.'

Alonzo sent away his untouched dinner; he dressed en grande toillete; and, taking country, where they demand her instant down Walter Scott's last new novel, strove attention. She arrived yesterday, and re- to fix his attention on its delightful pages. mains here for a short time. She wishes Alonzo had generally the power of exercising great mastery over his mind; to an indifferent observer he would appear rather cold, reserved, and not easily acted upon in any way; but, when his feelings once burst their barrier, it was with a violence proportioned to the restraint he had thrown over them.

At half-past seven, the carriage drew up to the door, and Alonzo immediately de scended to it, 'I am glad to see you are quite ready,' said Mr. Mordaunt, as he entered: the door closed, and they drove

'You have seen Donna Isabella?' in-

'Yes, I have,' was the laconic reply, with evidently a wish of saying no more. After a considerable pause, Mr. Mordaunt asked whether he still kept to his purpose. · Certainly,' said Alonzo, firmly-and no further conversation passed.

Half an hour brought them to their destination: with a throbbing heart Alonzo descended from the carriage. They were shown into the grand sala, brilliantly promise nothing-nothing! Heaven grant lighted. Here were assembled Senhor Josef and Senhora Theresa, the Marquess, and the Abbess with an attendant nun; the old lady had not left her convent for many years, but on this occasion she was determined to be present.

sister, with gravity, but perfect and sin- fibs you told me the other day. cere kindness; he kissed the hand of his aunt; then, turning to his father, begged principles, to the shadow of a shade; for to know where he might find Donna Isa-

She waits for you in her garden-room, replied the Marquess. Alonzo bowed, and left the sala.

He struggled successfully to continue the same appearance of composure, as he passed along the corridor which led to the garden-room: the door was ajar; he en- happier creatures meet than those which tered and closed it.

The room was only lighted by a single Grecian lamp, suspended from the centre; the latticed doors leading to the garden were thrown open, and the moon-beams quivered brightly on the rich festoons of flowers and foliage that twined around them. Leaning on the harp near the farthest door, stood a lady magnificently dressed as a bride; one hand hung listless-'It was in vain; he almost shook her delicious parterre; it contained tables for when reluctance on his side, and the ne- ly at her side, in the other were gathered magnetizer over the fence

alteration, he was struck with astonishform that stood before him. 'Donna Isabella, I believe :'-no reply, and no change ily, with a little time and indulgence it of position. He approached a little nearwould be cleared, as the property in Por- er, and ventured to take the unoccupied tugal was on the eve of being restored to hand, whose slight and delicate fingers was only a single bracelet, and that was of no doubt of their succeeding in breaking pink topaz. Donna Isabella, I venture to claim a few minutes private conversaconcerns the happiness of us both : per--the emotion that visibly pervaded her whole frame convinced him that he was not addressing a statue. Suddenly she raised her head, clapsed her hands, and sunk on her knees at his feet. Alonzo recoiled, as though a supernatural appearance had presented itself, while, with a tone that thrilled through heart and brain, she exclaimed-

'Alonzo, can you forgive me ?'-It was Viola!

· Can you forgive me for all the deception I have practiced, and caused others to practice? May the prize I strove for— my husband's heart—plead my excuse! I know it will !'

While she spoke, Alonzo in some degree recovered himself. He raised up the beautiful suppliant, and folding her in silence to his breast, kissed her with pure, intense, and devoted affection. He could not speak; he thought not and cared not how it had all been brought about; he only knew and felt that his wife was in his arms, and that that wife was Viola.

The party in the drawing-room, to whom the duenna was now added, were in an agony of impatient expectation. The Marquess at length led the way, and they all erept softly along the passage: ' May we come in ?'

' Come in,' said Alonzo-the first words he had spoken since the denouement.

Their entrance dispersed, in a great measure, the concentrated feelings of Alonzo, and he became attentive to learn the mechanism by which his present happiness had been effected. It appeared that the prepossession Isabella had conceived for her husband at the altar had produced a striking change on her, as love did on Cymon. Ill health, the absence of the usual means of education at St. Paul's. the ignorance and weak indulgence of those with whom she resided, had allowed weeds to spring up and choke the rich treasures father, have arrived, and are now at Bota- the Marquess to St. Paul's, and was fogo. The two ladies are somewhat fa- placed by him under the charge of the tigued, and prefer not receiving you until Abbess, where, in three years, her improvement in health, bea attainments astonished all those who observed it. The two years she passed in England, under the most judicious care, had brought her to that point of perfection to which she had now arrived.

Alonzo had not the slightest recollection of any of her features except her eyes, which on the day of their union had that large size and troubled expression which usually attends ill-health. He could now account for the startling recollection that had passed over him one evening at the chess-board; the look she then gave and that with which she had impressed him on her leaving the oratory, were the same.

'And you, my grave, and worthy tutor,' said Alonzo, addressing Mr. Mordaunt, · did you join in this powerful league against me?

· I confess,' replied Mr. Mordaunt, ' that I was in the service of the enemy; so much so, that on the evening you first met Donna Viola, and were introduced to her at the opera, I knew beforehand that such a meeting and such an introduction would take place. I take this opportunity, however, of hinting, that you may thank your own impetuosity that the discovery was not prematurely advanced on board of the Lisbon packet; for Donna Viola, terrified at your vehemence, would have revealed the whole truth, could she but have prevailed upon you to stay and hear it.'

' Alas! for my vehemence,' exclaimed Alonzo; and trying to collect his puzzled thoughts, he turned to the Abbess: 'And you, too, my dear aunt-you, too, my Lady Abbess! it is well you have the power Alonzo saluted Senhor Josef and his of absolving yourself for all those little

'May our Lady grant me absolution,' replied the good Abbess devoutly, for whatever stain of sin I may have con-

tracted by playing a part in this masque!'
Supper! supper!' eried the Marquess as he marshaled them the way. Alonzo seized his Viola, (for thus he ever after named her, as if he dreaded that some magical delusion would again snatch her from his sight)-and never did a set of now encircle the sumptuous banquet, prepared in honor of this Brazilian Wedding.

There is a young Miss in these parts who, when her parents refuse to allow her to attend a ball, will set to and have a bawl at home.

A young fellow recently attempted to magnetize a bull. He tried a few passes. when the bull took his turn, and tossed the