

THE CENTRE DEMOCRAT.

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VOLUME 17.

BELLEFONTE PA. MARCH 26, 1851.

NEW SERIES, NO. 31.

Rates of Advertising.

1 square 3 times	\$1.00	# col. 3 times	\$3.50
square 1 month	1.25	" col. 1 month	4.00
square 3 months	2.50	" col. 3 months	6.00
square 6 months	4.00	" col. 1 year	9.00
square 1 year	6.00	" col. 1 year	12.00
square 2 times	2.00	" col. 1 time	5.00
square 3 months	1.50	" col. 1 month	5.00
square 6 months	4.00	" col. 3 months	12.00
square 1 year	6.00	" col. 1 year	20.00

ON!

From the dark and troubled surges,
Of the roaring sea of time,
Evermore a word emerges,
Solemn, beautiful sublime.

So old, from Greenbank water,
Mid-the music and the balm,
Rose the dread Olympian daughter,
Floating on the azure calm.

Evermore the words are fading,
Evermore the worlds will bloom,
To refute our weak upbraiding,
To throw brightness on the gloom.

Ever the imperfect passes.

But the perfect ever grows:
Forests sink to dream mornasses,
Fairer landscapes to disclose.

All the beauty, all the splendor,
Of the ancient earth and sky—
Graceful form and persons tender,
All have passed in silence by.

Man the fairest. Man the youngest,
Man, the darling of the Gods,
With the weakest, with the strongest.
Travels to the still abodes.

All his brothers, unlamenting,
To the eternal plan conform,
Fall unquailing, unrepenting,
In the calm and in the storm.

Man, too, with a quiet bearing,
With brave heart and steadfast eye,
Undisturbed and undespering,
Yes, with noble joy, must die!

Has he shared what nature proffered?
Gladly taken what she gave?

Now the one last gift is offered—

Let him take that gift—the grave!

With a grand renunciation

Let him leave to earth and sun:

For another generation

All the good that he hath done.

Knowing that the laws eternal

Never, never, can deceive;

Raised above the sphere diurnal,

And too noble, for to grieve,

Glad that he hath been the agent

Of the universal heart,

That in life's majestic pageant,

He has played no worthless part.

So a great and holy feeling

Shall sustain his attainments,

And, a silent strength revealing,

Shall the part re- seek the whole,

It shall change, but shall not perish,

Now in life and now in death,

For what most we love and cherish

Dies to breath a noller breath.

Select Tale.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

ELLEN LAWTON.

A True Tale of Life.

BY MRS. WILLIAM HENRY WOOD.

In one of the New England States, the little Church bell in Chester village, rung merrily in the clear morning air of a bright Summer's day. It was to call the people together, and they all obeyed its summons—for who among the aged, middle-aged or the young, did not wish to witness the marriage ceremonies of their favorite Ellen Lawton? Ere the tolling of the bell had ceased, the grey-haired man was leaning on the finger-worn ball of his staff, in the corner of his antiquated pew, the hale, healthy farmer came next, and then the best was filled with rosy-cheeked boys and girls, till the dignified matron brought up the rear at the honorable head. The church became quiet, eager eyes were fastened upon the door. Presently a tall form entered, that of a handsome man, apparently about thirty years of age, on whose arm was leaning, in sweet childhood, smiling trust, the young and loved Ellen Lawton, whose rosy cheek delicately shaded the pale face, and who looked more beautiful than ever before, even to the eyes of the humble villagers, to whom she was but a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. If thus she looked to familiar eyes, how transcendently beautiful must she have appeared to him, who this hour was to make her his own-chosen bride, the wife of his bosom, the bride, the priceless jewel of his heart! They stood before the alter; he cast his dark eye upon her—she raised her beam in their blue depths, all full of love and tenderness, and as they met his, the strong blossoms trembled slightly in her auburn tresses, and the rose-tint deepened on her cheek. The voice of the man of God was heard, and soon Fredric Gorton had promised to "love, cherish and protect" and Ellen Lawton to "live honor and obey." As it ever is, so it was there, an interesting occasion—one that might well cause the eye to fill with tears, the heart to hope fearfully but earnestly hope, that that young girl's dreams may not too soon fade, that in him to whom she has given her heart she may ever find a firm friend, a ready counsellor, a kind and forbearing spirit, a sympathizing interest in all her thoughts and emotions. On this occasion

many criticising glances were thrown up on the handsome stranger, and many whispers were circulated.

"I fear," said one of the deacons good ladies, "that he is too proud and self-willed for our gentle Ellen," and she took off her spectacles, which she wiped with her silk handkerchief, as if she thought they were wearied of the long scrutiny as her own very eyes.

Is there truth in the good lady's suspicion? Look at Fredric Gorton, as he stands there in his stateliness, towering above the flower at its foot. His eye is very dark and very piercing, but how full of tenderness as he casts it upon Ellen's up turned face! His brow is lofty, and pale, and stern, but partially covered with long dark hair with which lady's hand never toyed. His cheek was as if chiseled from marble, so perfect had the hand of nature formed it. His mouth—another space of Ellen's unpenetrating discernment would have been reminded of Shakespeare's.

"Oh what a deal of scorn looks beautiful

In the contempt and anger of his lip."

There was about it that compression, so indicative of firmness, which while it commands respect, as often wins love.

A perfect contrast to him, was the fairy thing at his side; gentle as the floating breeze of evening, trusting as true-hearted woman ever is lovely, amiable and beautiful, she was just one to win a strong man's love; for there is something grateful to a proud man, in having a delicate, gentle, confiding girl place all her love and trust in him, and making all her happiness derivable from his will and wish. Heaven's blessing rest upon him who fulfills faithfully that trust reposed in him who remembers not his vows to love and to cherish!

The marriage service over, the friends of Ellen pressed eagerly around her offering their many wishes for her long life and happiness. The gray-haired man, and aged mother in Israel, laid their hands on the young bride's fair head, and fervently prayed "God bless thee," and it was many minutes ere she could tear herself away, and on her return she met several loiterers from the church, who stopped her to look, as they said, upon her sweet face once more, and list to her sweet voice again. She hurried on—Mr. Gorton met her at the door, and taking her hand said sternly—

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"As the carriage rolled away Ellen grieved bitterly. Mr. Gorton who really loved Ellen sincerely and fondly, encircled her waist with his arm and said, kindly—

"Do you feel Ellen, that you have made too great a sacrifice in leaving friends and home for me?"

"O, no," answered Ellen, raising to his her love-lit countenance, "no sacrifice could be too great to make for you; but do you not know I have left all I had to love before I loved you. And they will miss me too at home, and will think of me how often too, when I shall be thinking of you only. Think it not strange that I have

Nevertheless, Mr. Gorton did think it strange. He had no idea of the tender associations clustering around one's home. He had no idea of the depth and sweetness of a mother's love, of a sister's yearning fondness, for they ever had been denied him; consequently the emotions that thrilled the heart of his bride could find no response and met with no sympathy in his own. It was rather with wonder than with any other sensation he regarded her sorrow. Was she not entering upon a newer and higher sphere of life? Was she not to be the mistress of a splendid mansion? Was she not to be the envied of many and many a one who had feigned every attraction and exerted every effort for the station she was to assume; and should she weep with this in view?

Thus Mr. Gorton thought—as man often reasons.

After having proceeded a little distance they came within view of an humble cottage where Ellen said—

"I must stop here Mr. Gorton and see Grandma Nichols, (she was an elderly member of the church of which Ellen was a member,) and when I was last to see her she said, as she should not be able to walk to church to see me married, I must call on her or she would think me proud. I will stop for a moment—just a moment," she added, after a pause, observing he did not answer.

They were just opposite the cottage at that moment, yet he gave no orders to stop. With a fresh burst of tears Ellen exclaimed—

"Please Mr. Gorton let me see her. I may never see her again, and she will think I did not care to bid her a last farewell."

But Mr. Gorton said—

"Really, Ellen, I am very much surprised at the apparent necessity of trifles to distract your happiness. You went to see your Aunt after I had assured you there was not time. I wish you to remember that your little wishes and whims however important they may seem to you, can not seem of sufficient importance to me to interfere with my arrangements. What matters it if my bride do not say farewell to an old woman whom I never heard of, and shall never think of, again and who will soon probably die and cease to remember that you slighted her."

And he laid Ellen's head upon his shoulder, and wiping the tears from her face, wondered of what nature incomprehensible she was.

But it did matter to her in more respects than one, that she was not permitted to call at the cottage. A mind so sensitive as Ellen's feels the least neglect, and the slightest reproof, and is equally pained by giving cause for pain, as receiving. Besides how much was expressed in the last sentence of Mr. Gorton's, accompanying

then be assured, my friend Fred, that I shall have a sight more precious, not for myself only, but for you."

Some prophecies jocosely uttered, are fulfilled—so were those of Frederic's friend and when they next met, only one was a bachelor.

But, we will return to that bright morning when the bell had rang merrily—when Ellen Lawton had returned from the village church to her childhood home as Ellen Gorton, and was to leave it for a new home. After entering the parlor Mr. Gorton said—

"Now Ellen, we will be ready to start in a few moments as possible."

"Yes," answered Ellen, "but I wish to go over to Aunt Mary's, just to tell her good bye."

"But my dear," answered Frederic, "there is not time, looking at his watch."

"Just a moment," persisted Ellen. "I will hurry. I promised Aunt Mary; she is sick and cannot leave her room."

After several days travel through a delightfully romantic country, they reached the town of M—, where was the residence of Mr. Gorton. It was an elegant mansion, and the exterior planned and finished in the most tasteful and handsome style—the interior equally so—and furnished with all that a young bride of most cultivated taste could desire. The eye of Ellen was delighted and surprised even to tears, and inaudibly but fervently in her heart, she murmured, "how devotedly will I love him, who has provided for me so much comfort and splendor, and how cheerfully will I make sacrifices of my feelings 'my wishes and whims,' for him who has loved me so much as to make him my wife;" and she gazed into his husband's face through her tears, and kissed reverently his hand.

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"Ellen, I wish you not to delay a moment in bidding adieu to your friends—you have already kept me waiting too long."

"O! yes," answered Ellen, "I can never repay you only in my love, which is so boundless I have not da red to breathe it all to you, nor could I."

Gorton looked upon her in greater astonishment than before. Tears he had

ever seen. He had ever associated with sorrow; and surely thought he, here is no occasion for tears and he said—

"Well if you love, you will hasten to wipe away those tears, and let me see you in smiles. I do not often smile myself, therefore the more need of my lady to do so. Moreover, we may expect a multitude of callers; and think Ellen of the effect of any one seeing the bride's tears."

Calling a servant to conduct her to her dressing room, and expressing his wish for her to dress in her most becoming man, he left her.

It is unnecessary to say that Ellen was admired and loved by all the friends of her husband, even by his brother Judges and politicians. Herbert Lester the particular friend of Mr. Gorton, whose prophecy had thus soon been verified, came many miles to express personally his sympathy and condolence. These changed to congratulations, when he felt the influence of the grace and beauty of the wife of his friend—and he declared he would make an offer of his hand and heart if he could find another Ellen.

Meanwhile, time passed, and though Ellen was daily called upon to yield her own particular preferences to Mr. Gorton's, as she had done even on her bridal day, she was comparatively happy. Had she possessed less keenness of sensibility, she might have been happier, or had Mr. Gorton possessed more, that he could have understood her, many tears would have been spared her. Oftentimes things contrived trifling to him, wounded the sensitive nature of Ellen most painfully, and he course could have no conception why they should thus affect her.

Occupied as he was mostly with worldly transactions and political affairs, Ellen's mind often in his absence reverted to the scenes of her youth, and her childhood home, her mother, and the bright band of her young sisters, and longings would come up in her heart to behold them once more.

Two years having passed without her having seen one member of the family, she one day asked Mr. Gorton if he would not find it convenient to make a visit to Chester. He answered that his arrangements would not admit of it at present, and coldly asked her if she had yet heard of Grandma Nichols' decease. Ellen answered not, and bent her head over the face of her little Frederic, who was sleeping to hide her tears. Perceiving her emotion, however, he added—

"Ellen, I assure you it is impossible for me to comply with your wish, but I will write to your mother and urge her to visit us—will not that do?"

Ellen's face brightened as with a beam of sunshine, and sprang to her husband's side she laid her glowing cheek on his, and then smiled upon him so sweetly that even the cold heart of Henry Gorton glowed with unusual warmth.

Seven years had passed away leaving their shadows as the sun does. And Ellen—

"But matron care, or lurking woe, Her thoughts, sinless look had banished, And from her cheek the rosate glow had faded, and her morn had vanished; Within her 40, her son now grows."

"Lay something soft and fond to her, As if in dreams some visioned woe."

Never yet, since that bright bridal morn had Ellen looked upon her native village, though scarcely three hundred miles separated from it. Now her heart beat quickly and joyfully, for her husband had told

her, that business would call him to that vicinity in a few days, and she might accompany him. With all the wilful eagerness of a child, she set her heart on that visit, and from morning till night she would talk with her little boys of the journey to what seemed to her the brightest, most sacred spot on earth, next to her present home. And the home of one's childhood! no matter how sweet, how dear and beloved the home the heart afterwards loves, it never forgets, it never ceases most fondly to turn back to the memories and the scenes and the friends of its early years.

One fault, if fault it might be called, among so many excellencies in Ellen's character, was that of putting off "till tomorrow" what should be done to-day."

This had troubled Mr. Gorton exceedingly, who prompt himself, would naturally wish others to be so also, and notwithstanding his constant complaints and Ellen's desire to please him, she had not yet overcome her nature in that respect, though she had greatly improved.