

Mountain Sentinel.

"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES POINT THE WAY;—WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

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MISCELLANEOUS.

The Brazilian Bride.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

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 steamer."

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; and whilst chess tables were arranged as usual. "What are you thinking about 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 beau are naturally so fond of these decorations!"

"I assure you," said Mr. Mordaunt, looking off his cards, "that Don Alonzo has one of the most superb rings I ever saw—a single yellow diamond, of great value."

Alonzo felt irritated, he scarcely knew why, and replied in a bitter sarcastic tone, quite unusual with him: "Yes I have a yellow diamond indeed, that I never wish to see or to show to any one else."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before he felt their impropriety.—"Draw your card my lady, if you please," said Mr. Mordaunt.

"Check!" cried Alonzo, and with an effort looked at Viola. She was leaning on her hand; and her large, black and brilliant eyes, with their long upturned lashes were fixed on his. He started at the look—why or wherefore he could not imagine. The eyes were withdrawn and the game continued.

A few evenings after, he was leading her from a dance to place her as usual, by the side of the Countess; they had to traverse three or four crowded rooms before they could reach the one where her ladyship 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, Donna Viola, what becomes of you?"

"I go to Portugal."

"And there?" said Alonzo in an inquiring tone.

"Oh, there we shall not remain long; our Brazilian property will require our presence."

"Then we shall meet again," said Alonzo eagerly.

"I hope so—I dare say in a few months."

"Well, that is some comfort!"—and he seemed to breathe more freely; then after a pause—"but I shall never again meet Viola!"

"But Viola, Don Alonzo," she replied firmly, "will meet you as she has always met you; what she has been, she will continue to be—your sincere and affectionate friend."

"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 he turned away and left the house.

Mr. Mordaunt had accepted the pressing invitation of Alonzo to accompany him to Brazil; their passage was taken, and their preparations well forward. Alonzo paid his farewell visits, and did all that was necessary on the occasion with the most perfect composure.

A passage was also taken for Viola and her suite in the Lisbon packet, and the 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 her.

The morning before her departure, he called on the Countess. "You are come to take leave of Donna Viola," said her ladyship.

"No, I am not; I am come to take leave of you (for I also am on the eve of quitting London) and to thank you for all your kind attention."

"But why not Viola?" said the Countess; "she will be so disappointed."

"It is better I should not."

"But what am I to say to her?" inquired she.

"Precisely what I have just said—that it is better I should not."

The Countess returned no reply; and with all good wishes on each side, they parted.

The weather was beautiful, and Mr. Mordaunt appeared to enjoy his journey exceedingly; but Alonzo was absorbed in 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 young 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 else 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 countenance at the sight of Alonzo, who stood fixed as a statue before her. She 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 her both 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."

In a moment she seemed to recover her self-possession, and replied: "Then I must 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!"

It was in vain; he almost shook her off rushed to his boat, and in a few minutes was on board of his own vessel, he pushed by Mr. Mordaunt, and everybody and everything that impeded his way to 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 daybreak 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 weigh, 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 suddenly thrown open; he saw a waving handkerchief, 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 heart—"she loves me! and nobly sets me the example of a virtuous submission to our fate!"

A friendly hand at that moment was laid on his; Mr. Mordaunt drew him to his cabin. "Alonzo," he said, "I have 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

my sake—struggle against your fatal and 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 been 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 their 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 infirm. He has married the orphan daughter of his friend merely as a safeguard to her and her property in these dangerous times." At this intelligence, Alonzo's heart bounded with secret joy; he became comparatively tranquil, but he would not analyze his feelings—he dared not.

A few weeks brought them to Rio. On entering this superb harbor Mr. Mordaunt was struck with admiration at the magnificent 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 now 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. On the following morning he was presented at court;—in short, for two or three days, he had not leisure even to look melancholy.

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 no objection, we will retire to see it this afternoon." "If you please, sir," was the only reply; and, accordingly, at the appointed time they set out. The house and situation were both delightful; the furniture tasteful and costly. The apartment peculiarly appropriated to Donna Isabella, and called her garden room, opened into a delicious parterre; it contained a table for needle-work and drawing book cases filled with a choice collection in English, French and Italian; there were also a piano, harp, and guitar.

"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 attract his attention.—Excursions into the country were frequently made, especially to the botanical garden, about six miles from the city. It is 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 that caused it. Upwards of three weeks passed in this manner.

Alonzo 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 old-fashioned embroidery frame, for an hour without speaking; this was just what he 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.

"Yes, a friend of yours has arrived at 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!—recollect her!—what of her!—what of her?"

"She has become a widow."

"Go on!"

"She arrived at Lisbon just in time to receive the last breath of her expiring husband. After the funeral, she consigned her affairs there into proper hands, and delayed not a moment in returning to this country, where they demand her instant attention. She arrived yesterday, and remains here for a short time. She wishes 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 gate arrested him; it was Viola, in deep mourning, looking more lovely and interesting than ever. She presented him her hand through the gate—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 I fear that I have innocently contributed to 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? I 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 promise nothing—noting! Heaven grant that I may do what is right, but in the present state of my mind, I will pass my word for nothing."

Viola sighed. "Well," she resumed, "I will 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 dotting father—his own honor and principles, to the shadow of a shade; for such is all hope of me. Heaven bless you, Alonzo! and support you through this trial! You have my prayers, my best, my warmest wishes; *deserve* to be happy, and leave the rest to Providence."

She disappeared; he still remained kneeling at the grate, apparently wrapt 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 Isabella, he would reveal every secret of his heart; he would conjure her, as she valued their mutual happiness, to assist him in breaking the tie that had been made between them. He would recall to her recollection the fatal hour of their union, when reluctance on his side, and necessity of absolute force on hers, formed but an evil omen of future concord. Since that moment they had never met, had never even corresponded; he had formed elsewhere a deep and serious attachment, and so perhaps had she. As to the debt he had incurred towards her and her family, with a little time and indulgence it would be cleared, as the property in Portugal was on the eve of being restored to his father. Thus, if they acted with determination, and in unison, there could be no doubt of their succeeding in breaking the galling fetters in which the mistaken zeal of their relatives had bound them. "If," he exclaimed, "she be not utterly devoid of the common pride and delicacy of her sex, there is but one step to take; she will—she must take it—and I shall become 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 Isabella, 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 Alonzo 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 in which, on account of its height and airiness, and the view of the harbor it commanded, the gentlemen preferred to breakfast, and to spend the morning in; a spy-glass 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 scenes just described, the 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!" and the two gentlemen instantly left the room.

"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 intolerably long hours passed away; a note was then brought to him from the Marquess: "Donna Isabella, her aunt and father have arrived, and are now at Botafogo. The two ladies are somewhat fatigued, and prefer not receiving you until the evening; therefore, between seven and eight, Mr. Mordaunt and the carriage will be at your door."

Alonzo sent away his untouched dinner; he dressed *en grande toilette*; and, taking down Walter Scott's last new novel, strove to fix his attention on its delightful pages. 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 descended to it. "I am glad to see you are quite ready," said Mr. Mordaunt, as he entered; the door closed, and they drove off.

"You have seen Donna Isabella?" inquired Alonzo.

"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 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.

Alonzo saluted Senhor Josef and his sister with gravity, but perfect and sincere kindness; he kissed the hand of his aunt; then, turning to his father, begged to know where he might find Donna Isabella.

"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 entered 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 moonbeams quivered brightly on the rich festoons of flowers and foliage that twined around them. Leaning on the harp near the further door, stood a lady magnificently dressed as a bride; one hand hung listlessly at her side, in the other were gathered the folds of her veil, in which her face was buried. Alonzo advanced, and altho' somewhat prepared for a favorable alteration, he was struck with astonishment at the exquisitely fine and graceful form that stood before him. "Donna Isabella, I believe;"—no reply, and no change of position. He approached a little nearer, and ventured to take the unoccupied hand, whose slight and delicate fingers were covered with gems, but on the arm was only a single bracelet, and that was of pink *topaz*. "Donna Isabella, I venture to claim a few minutes' private conversation with you, on a subject that deeply concerns the happiness of us both; permit me to lead you to a seat." He paused—the emotion that visibly pervaded her whole frame convinced him that at least he was not addressing a statue. Suddenly, she raised her head, clasped 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 practised, 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 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 crept softly along the passage: "May we come in?"

"Come in!" said Alonzo; the first words he had spoken since the deuce went.

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. In 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 of her mind. However, she accompanied the Marquess from St. Paul's, and was, placed by him under the charge of the Abbess, where, in three years, her improvement in health, beauty, and mental attainments astonished all those who observed her. 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 attend ill health. He could now account for the startling recollections 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 of absolving yourself for all those little fibs you told me the other day."

"May Our Lady grant me absolution," replied the good Abbess, devoutly, "for whatsoever stain of sin I may have contracted by playing a part in this masque!"

"Supper! supper!" cried out the Marquess, as he marshalled 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 happier creatures meet than those which now encircled the sumptuous banquet prepared in honor of his Brazilian wedding.

When a rakish youth goes astray, friends gather around him in order to restore him to the paths of virtue. Gentleness and kindness are lavished upon him to win him back again to innocence and peace. No one would suspect that he had ever sinned. But when a poor, weak confiding girl is betrayed, she receives the brand of society, and is henceforth driven from the ways of virtue: The betrayer is honored, respected and esteemed; but his ruined, heart broken victim knows there is no peace for her this side of the grave. Society has no helping hand for her, no smile of peace, no voice of forgiveness. These are earthly moralities they are unknown of heaven—There is a deep wrong in them, and fearful are the consequences.