

Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE, UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

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Beneath the Elm.
BY F. DEXTER SMITH, JR.
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Beneath the elm's green branches,
When Spring was young—we met;
The world was then before us,
Our hearts can ne'er forget,
The bliss was then before us,
And flowers our path beset,
And smiles were smiling o'er us,
Nor were our hopes had wrecked.
Beneath the elm, again the winds
Have strewn the withered leaves—
The sun looks smilingly
Upon the ripened sheaves;
Beneath the murmuring branches
I sleep no more—alone,
I see—that blighteth all things,
Which claimed him for its own.

Velasco, or the Elopement.
BY A. W. NOBLE.

Donna Constanza de Tolosa sat by the side of her apartment gazing upon a lovely landscape, whose summer tints, slightly tinged with the golden hues of early autumn, was then sweetly glowing in the mellow radiance of the sun. She held in her hand a beautiful rose which had been thrown unperceived into the room, upon one of the cushions of which was written the laconic communication—"Le amo de corazón." "Velasco!" Over this she had long wondered without having the slightest idea where it came, or for what purpose it was intended, except to excite her curiosity, as she was unacquainted with the name of "Velasco," and also unconscious of how ever attracted the admiration of a stranger. But her eyes were now tracing the course of the gracefully winding stream whose tranquil waters, like molten gold, flowed within a few yards from the casement, thence brightly on amidst groves and vineyards until they were visible in the distance; yet her thoughts were wandering back through the misty vista of girlhood to those sunny days when she, a glad-some child, roamed aimlessly gaily along its fertile banks, picking bright flowers to wreath her dear mother's hair, and dreaming of naught but the future joys that were in store for her. She was happy then, ay, truly so! In the reality now of those blissful days which had seemed only glimpses of a distant future, for since then she had known the last flowers she could bear to pluck thence over that dear mother's grave, and there was now neither parent left in the wide world to love her, nor a father to whom she was bound, and even though she remained the mistress of a proud and wealthy house, she was also possessed of beauty and attractions which might readily have enabled her to rank herself above the loveliest beauties of Spain's sunny clime. Yet she was as nothing—for they yielded her pleasure while they were as dross to the wealth of affection pent within her pure bosom, and yearning for a fresh in one clear stream of rapture from the feet of some beloved object. Placed, while yet a child at her mother's side, under the care of Senor Lopez, her guardian, she had been kept as it were, in a lovely tower to deck his own home with the watchful jealousy of a mother Argus; who seemed ever fearful that the world might rob him of his treasure—the interest of her estate, his first grandchild. He had kept her almost secluded from society, with little more than the privilege of gazing, as she did, from the windows of her dreary chamber upon the bright scenes around, whose enjoyments she was tyrannized out of; but nearly placed by her guardian above this surveillance, he was fain to relax somewhat the vigilance with which he had hitherto guarded her from the allurements and temptations of the world; and she at times ventured forth, like a bird from its cage, to taste the sweets of freedom, though ever accompanied in her wanderings, that she might not even then be left to her own devices.

A wand'rer return'd to home once again;
In my own native valleys so dear,
I've found a rich treasure I sought for in vain.
Through all the wide world save my beautiful Spain,
Unconscious the jewel was here;
By the banks of her sweet flowing stream—
And pure as its wave's limpid gleam.
I've roved from the West to India's bright shore,
From North to the South ever free;
But ne'er had I seen when my travels were o'er,
As I turn'd to my home to wander no more,
A maiden so lovely as thee;
Thou brightest of earth's fairest daughters—
A queen by my own Tagus' waters.
I've gazed on the charms of the "Maids of Cadiz,"
And glanced in their "loved-lighted" eyes;
Yet their light ne'er shone with a magic so dear,
Nor their beauty so sweet as thine doth appear.
Thou flower of my own native skies—
Freshest blooming in fragrance and pride,
By the margin of Tagus' clear tide.
I love thee! I love thee! with heart and with soul!
And pass it as ardent as free!
Which eye may endure without check or control,
Ever changelessly true while Tagus shall roll.
Its bright swelling waves to the sea,
Ah! tell me not in vain, do I woo!
And bid me, sweet angel, adieu!
The Dona listened with delightful astonishment to the words of the song, deeming them very flattering, though perhaps a little extravagant. His voice had a manly sweetness in it that captivated her ear; while the graceful dignity of his bearing gave assurance that he was of a superior order to the common-place caballeros whom she usually saw passing and re-passing up and down the river; and the fervent air and tone with which he sang, caused an undefinable sensation to arise within the breast, while her warm heart increased its pulsations, as if thrilling under some rapturous excitement.
He had scarcely finished, however, when she was startled by a sudden knocking at her chamber door, and the voice of Senor Lopez, who bade her close the casement immediately and retire to her couch. Reluctantly obeying the imperious mandate, she waved a grateful acknowledgment to the handsome cavalier, who bowed with ardent respect as she vanished from his sight; and then she sought her couch—but not to sleep. Her thoughts had now a more agreeable subject for meditation, and she reflected upon it with sanguine and delightful anticipations. A new life seemed dawning upon her—a life of love and happiness, in which is comprised woman's chief existence; and a still small voice whispered to her heart that his yearnings were not all vain—that it might yet pour out its treasures without reserve, and receive a grateful return, while the world would be no longer to her so lonely and dreary as it had ever seemed since her mother's death.
Slumber at length closed her eyelids, and her dreams were of a most blissful nature, for they imagined forth visions of love and lovers singing and playing amid rosy bowers, while her unknown "Velasco" appeared to be their king, and still paid all homage to her—choosing her out from among the loveliest to be his bride and queen. Her breast seemed thrilling with an almost suffocating feeling of rapture, and her heart swelling full, nearly bursting with the intensity of its joys, until arriving as it were at the summit of bliss, those bright fancies were suddenly dissipated by the entrance of a hideous dragon amidst that fairy scene to fright her from its enjoyment. She awoke, and her thoughts reverted back to the incidents of the evening previous, while they seemed almost too delightful for reality, and she could hardly convince herself that they were not also a portion of her dream. But there lay the rose withering upon her toilet, to which she ran and read over and over again the sweet confession that "Velasco! loved her with all his heart!" She was satisfied that had been no delusion, and with an indelible expression of delight and wonder blendingly depicted upon her sunny features, she pressed the mute messenger to her coral lips, and smiled as if its very fragrance breathed of love.
"He loves me! he loves me!" she exclaimed in the exuberance of her joy, which was, however, immediately checked by a more serious reflection. "But who is it that loves me?" she musically asked herself. "Who is Senor Velasco?" She could not imagine whom he might be, for she had never heard the name, and was therefore unable to conclude whether he was a noble, or hidalgo—though he must be a perfect gentleman, or he would never

have devised such an exquisitely romantic mode of expressing his passion to her. "And does he really love me?" She mused; but this, the more she reflected upon it, seemed as puzzling as the rest, for how was she to determine whether he intended it all as some mere passing act of gallantry, or was sincere in his professions? Yet even then it was bliss to believe the doubtful equivocation, that "lies like truth."
From morn till night, the image of that handsome cavalier, and the flattering words of his song, so occupied her mind that she could think of little else; while she sat humming over the pleasing air, and gazing upon the place where she last saw him waiting kisses toward her on the wings of night, and as intently as if he were still visible to her sight. He wakful fancies now evajured up dreams again similar to her midnight vision; but they were also doomed to be dispelled by a phantom equally as horrible—and appearing more like reality than the former.
Three days afterwards, Senor Lopez congratulatingly informed her that she was a betrothed bride! and that her marriage would take place in the course of a few short weeks! She was astonished! ay, utterly confounded by the unexpected intelligence; and sooth there was indeed ample reason, for this was the first intimation she had received of such being a probable occurrence. However, after the first shock of the startling communication had passed over, she began to console herself with the reflection that it must be "Velasco" who had thus suddenly proposed to her; but as her guardian continued, she nearly fainted with the sudden reaction which chilled her hopes.
"You see, my dear, Don Emanuel, who is a nobleman at Madrid, has written to me, soliciting the honor of your hand in marriage. Knowing well his state and importance, I returned him my consent immediately."
"But you could not give him my consent!" said she in a tone of deep reproach.
"Oh, no! you will give that as a matter of course!" he replied, laughing, without appearing to think that she could have the slightest objection to so advantageous a match.
Dona Constanza felt ready to weep with indignation; but womanly pride sustained her, and she returned in a tone that was intended to signify her firmness, though her voice was tremulous with emotion. "Then, senor, as a matter of course, I will not give my consent; but will rather enter a convent than marry Don Emanuel—even though he were the king himself!" And she turned quickly from the presence of her mercenary guardian toward her chamber, there to give relief to her sorrows and vexation by a flood of tears. She was very angry with him for such impertinent officiousness; as indeed what young maiden would not have been, thus to be disposed of, like a horse or a slave—to have a husband selected and agreed upon, and her own approval and consent at an arrangement, usually the most important of any in woman's life, deemed of very little account—but to follow, however, as a "matter of course." She knew nothing of Don Emanuel, except that his name had been casually mentioned once or twice in her hearing as a gentleman of high rank in Madrid, but who had spent of late some years abroad. He might be old and ugly for all she knew to the contrary; and his very name sounded as if it belonged to a cross and stupid old bachelor. "What care I for his state and importance!" she exclaimed, pettishly, as these words recurred to her mind. "I could not love him if he were made of gold and jewels!"
Nor could she have loved him while her heart was pre-occupied by the graceful image of another—that of her mysterious serenade; whom, however, she had not seen since that eventful evening of her first appearance. This seemed very strange to her, as she nightly watched eager and anxiously hour after hour for his dearly anticipated reappearance; but in vain. She felt it indeed singular, yet she could not believe that such a noble looking gentleman would play falsely merely to deceive a simple maiden—kindling an undying flame in her bosom, and then vanishing as mysteriously as he came leaving it to rage and consume her heart unheeded. Some accident must full surely have befallen him, or he would have sought an interview with her long before;—and she wept with deep anguish at the thought.
But whether "Velasco" came or not, she was fully resolved to oppose her tyrannical guardian's plan, even though the laws of her country might leave no alternative between a compliance with his wishes and a living burial within a convent's walls, if he chose to enforce her

marriage before she was free from his control. She rightly deemed that he had sinister views in thus contracting her without her own consent, and to an utter stranger; for he shrewdly inferred that the magnificent Don, from the immensity of his own wealth, would be more than likely to overlook some few discrepancies which had occurred in the management of his ward's estate, either through negligence or design on his part.
However, he said nothing further to her upon the subject, knowing that it would but increase the evident antipathy she felt towards the match; while the Don himself could perhaps better second his efforts, when he arrived, by the splendor and pomp of his state—and a very little gentle enforcement, if the necessity of the case should strongly demand such proceeding. Yet he deemed it proper to inform him that his ward manifested a slight reluctance in agreeing to such a proposition, from being doubtless a little piqued that he had not addressed her at the first. Still that gentleman's reply expressed no discouragement; but rather increased ardor, as if her maiden spirit raised her worth in his estimation, and he was therefore resolved to win her if possible.
It was on the evening previous to the day when the presumptuous suitor to her hand was expected to arrive, that the Dona sat in her chamber with her spirits weighed down by the most gloomy reflections. She had given up all hope of ever seeing "Velasco" again; and yet she could not banish from her heart the lasting impression that his manly beauty, assisted by the romance attached to his actions—had made upon it. In the fervid clime of Spain love does not require years of sunshine and showers to arrive at maturity. It is there in her verdant fields, amidst orange groves and rosy bowers, a flower of magic growth, and requires neither care or attendance; but springs at once into bloom, seeking its own nourishment of the soil from whence it takes its life. From sad imaginings with regard to the stranger who was the object of her affections, her thoughts reverted with longing to the still stranger person, who was equally the object of her abhorrence; and with whom her guardian would heartlessly force her to wed, if she did not take some decided step to thwart his purpose. Though she had not yet determined upon any definite plan of proceeding, she was fully resolved that the haughty Don should not even see her when he did arrive, and he might return again to Madrid, if he chose, as wise as he came, and quite as empty, for all he was likely to gain of her.
While thus sitting and revolving in her mind the woes that afflicted her soul, she heard, as she imagined, the same tinkling notes which had sounded so sweet to her unencaptured ears upon the night when "Velasco" sung to her of his admiration and love. Rushing to the window to assure herself, she saw him floating gently by; and, carried away with the enthusiastic transport of her feelings she waived her hand toward him in greeting, while her throbbing heart swelled full with delight. He kissed her in return, and then, signifying by a gesture that they might not speak through fear of being overheard, he approached toward the shore, and tossed a letter attached to a pebble, into her apartment. Catching it eagerly up, she read by the light of a taper its contents; and then, with an almost overpowering feeling of joy, she returned to the window and waived him her unhesitating consent to the proposition contained within; while he passed silently away, wafting kisses toward her until lost to view in the obscurity of night.
This letter was signed the same as his previous message to her, with the simple word "Velasco!" but its contents informed her that he was a gentleman of birth and station in life; and that having accidentally seen her one day in the villa, he had from that moment loved her with devoted ardor; yet he had been compelled to leave for Madrid at an early hour the next morning, and it was not then possible to seek an interview other than the serenade to which she listened one evening a few weeks previous. And now he deemed it too late for such unless she would consent to fly with him and thus avoid the union which her guardian wished to force upon her. He seemed wretched with despair, and implored her with all the deep and restless eloquence of true affection to comply with his wishes, and he would then ever love her, truly and fondly;—saying also, that he had in his power every means of happiness, without the assistance of those which her guardian might unjustly withhold from her. And he concluded by requesting that if she consented to his dearest desires, to postpone with some

plausible excuse the dreaded ceremony for a day, and he would be at her window on the succeeding night, ready to convey her with all possible speed to where the holy sacrament should be in waiting to unite them forever.
After he was gone she returned and read and re-read those sweet lines, which seemed to her like a reprieve from a doom worse than even death itself, until every letter was engraven upon her memory—never to be effaced; and then she folded it upon her heart and held it there, while she dreamed all that blissful night of love again and her dear "Velasco."
The next day an unfortunate accident, as it was understood, delayed the arrival of Senor Lopez's expected guest; for which occurrence Dona Constanza felt duly thankful, while she made secret preparation for her intended flight.
She did not feel any regret at the step she was taking, for she was bound by no ties to Senor Lopez, and he had ever been to her a cold hearted and selfish oppressor. It was the climax of this course of conduct that now drove her forth, to find a protector in one who loved her, and to seek a refuge from bitter oppression, but as the evening approached, she felt nervous and sick at her heart through doubt and anxiety. She had, however, a trusting confidence in the honor of Velasco, for every gesture every word of his which she had read or listened to, bore the impress of love and sincerity. True, her acquaintance with him was very slight; but she was rendered desperate through love and constraint, and therefore proceeded to an extremity, which under other circumstances she would have hesitated in doing. While awaiting the arrival "Velasco," she labored under the most gloomy forebodings, and half repented her hasty promise; but then as she thought of her hopeless situation, an occasional shudder would thrill over her frame, and renew again her failing resolution.
It was about nine o'clock in the evening, that she heard the whispered signal underneath her window, while her heart seemed ready to leap from her throat with trepidation. Summoning up, however, the little energy she could command at the moment, she stepped timidly forth over the balcony, and thence descended into her lover's arms who quickly placed her on the boat in waiting, and pushed from the shore. He seated himself by her side and pressed her to his heart without speaking, whilst they were rowed swiftly toward the Villa in whose suburbs her guardian's residence was situated; but had not proceeded far ere lights were seen and voices heard in pursuit, and they knew their flight had been discovered.
Too frightened to speak, Constanza clung closer to her lover, as if to implore his protection; but he merely smiled, in derision of their danger, and bade her fear nothing, for all would yet be well. They were too far advanced to be immediately overtaken, and thus reached the church in safety, where the reverend priest was in waiting to perform the nuptial rite. He commenced in haste, well knowing the urgency of the case; but the ceremony was soon interrupted by the stentorian voice of Senor Lopez, echoing in thunder to the lofty dome of the church, and reverberating amid those deserted aisles, as he shouted,
"Hold! on your life, holy father! and beware how you profane thus your sacred office!"
Then drawing his sword, advanced to confront the bold abductor of his ward, who stood calm and unmoved, supporting her fainting form; but paused in utter amazement as he recognized his features, exclaiming, "Good God, Don Emanuel! Is it possible that you have resorted to such ignominious means to win your lady?"
"It is, senor," replied Don Emanuel, smiling, "for I despaired of winning her otherwise. You know that she refused the proposal made through her guardian; therefore, I deemed it proper to gain my desires in the best manner possible. She is mine now, by her own free will; and I love her none the less, for thus proving to me the faith of her affection."
"Well, as you have won the perverse maiden against her desires, even with her own free consent, the ceremony may proceed; and I wish my dear ward much pleasure, in thus having her own way in this important matter."
The parties were married; and then of course came an explanation of the mystery to Dona Constanza. Don Emanuel de Velasco, having seen her, as before stated, was immediately captivated with her beauty and sweetness; but being imperatively called away to Madrid, he was obliged to submit by letter, a proposal for addressing her, to Senor Lopez, who closed at once with his desires; and unexpectedly, even went so far as to fix upon a day

for the marriage, which he seemed to think, without doubt, would follow in a very short period. This surprised, while it gave him much pleasure, and he joyfully acquiesced in the arrangement; but when he understood that she firmly opposed the union, shrewdly deeming that she might be ignorant of his latter title, and encouraged by her seeming gratification at the previous manifestation of his love, he resolved to win her, if possible, under that name alone; and thereby assure himself not only of her free will, but of her affection for him also.
It is needless, perhaps, to mention that the result of the elopement was gratifying to all the parties concerned, as it united Dona Constanza to her "Velasco," as well as to her guardian's "Don Emanuel"; and she had never reason to repent the hasty step, which, to appearance, was forced upon her.
A Dreadful Worm.
Who has not heard of the rattlesnake or copperhead? An unexpected sight of either of these reptiles will make even the lords of creation recoil. But there is a species of worm found in various parts of this State, which conveys a poison, of a nature so deadly, that when compared with it the venom of the rattle snake is harmless. To guard our readers against this foe to human kind, is the object of the present communication.
This worm varies much in size. It is frequently an inch through; but as it is rarely seen, except when coiled, its length can hardly be conjectured. It is of a dead lead color, and generally lives near a spring, or small stream of water and bites the unfortunate people who are in the habit of going there to drink. The brute creation it never molests. They avoid it with the same instinct that teaches the animals of Peru to shun the deadly Cobra. Several of these reptiles have long infested our settlement, to the misery and destruction of many of our citizens. I have, therefore, had frequent opportunities of being the melancholy spectator of the effects produced by the subtle poison which this worm infuses. The symptoms of its bite are terrible. The eyes of the patient become red and fiery, his tongue swollen to an immoderate size, and obstructs his utterance, and delirium of the most horrid character quickly follows.
Sometimes, in his madness, he attempts the destruction of his dearest friends. If the sufferer has a family, his weeping wife and helpless infants are not unfrequently the objects of frantic fury. In a word he exhibits to the life all the detestable passion that rankles in the bosom of a satyr; and such is the spell in which his senses are bound, that no sooner is the unhappy patient recovered from the paroxysm of insanity occasioned by one bite, than he seeks out his destroyer, for the sole purpose of being bitten again. I have seen a good old father, his locks as white as snow, his step slow and trembling, beg in vain of his only son to quit the lurking place of the worm. My heart bled when he turned away, for I knew the hope fondly cherished, that his son would be to him the staff of his declining years, had supported him through many a sorrow. Youths would you know the name of this reptile? It is the worm of the still.
A GOOD JOKE.—"Now remember," said an officer to an Irish soldier, "when the Colonel asks you what battery you are in tell him battery I. Now don't forget." "No, no, batt'ry, I won't forget," said Pat. The Colonel met him a day or two afterwards and asked him what the Captain told him to say, when Pat stepped up to the Colonel and without saying a word, gave him a blow in the eye. "What do you mean?" shouted the Colonel, in no good humor, on being struck by an Irish soldier. "Faith, an' the Captain told me to batter yer eye, if ye axed me such a question," said the terrified Irishman. The Colonel, of course, took the joke.
☞ A Danish writer speaks of a hut so miserable that it didn't know which way to fall, and so kept standing. This is like the man that had such a complication of diseases that he did not know which one of them to die of, and so he lived on.
☞ An Irishman at New Haven, having had nine children in eight years wedlock, applied for an exemption certificate, "because he could" serve his country so much better at home.
The Richmond Examiner prays for the reign of an English, French or Russian prince over the South before the restoration of the Union. Instead of a European rain they'll get a Hail Columbia.