

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.

NEW SERIES.

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Select Poetry.

FRIENDSHIP.

We have been friends together
In sunshine and in shade,
Since first beneath the chestnut trees,
In infancy we played.
But address dwells within thy heart,
A cloud is on thy brow;
We have been friends together—
Shall a light word part us now?
We have been gay together,
We have laughed at bitter jests—
For the foam of hope was gushing
Warm and joyous in our breasts.
But laughter now hath left thy lip,
And sullen gloom thy brow;
We have been friends together—
Shall a light word part us now?
We have been sad together,
We have wept with bitter tears
O'er the grass-grown graves where slumber
The hopes of early years.
The wishes which were silent there,
Would bid thee clear thy brow;
We have been friends together—
Shall a light word part us now?

BEECHNUT FARM; OR THE DEEP DARK SHADOW.

By EMMA FOGLESON.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

Hattie Grey remained at the Farm for three days, at the end of that time mysteriously disappeared, where, no one could tell. The only clue that was left was a slip of paper laid on Cameron's work-basket, that ran as follows—
"I am going away Miss Cameron, but, some day I trust, we shall meet again. Tell Mr. William not to forget me, and pray to God that I may find friends and happiness. HATTIE."

In her short acquaintance with Cameron, the little orphan girl with her strange, wild ways, had inspired her older friend with a feeling of love and tenderness for her; so that, when Hattie was gone, and Cameron had nothing left but the little note to remind her of her short intimacy, a sensation of sadness stole over her heart, and she laid the bit of pink note paper, secretly away in a box of momentous of the past, fancying that she should no more behold the face of its young writer.

Al! how little did she dream that in years to come they would again be brought together by the tide of Fate, and become dear as sisters to each other. Weeks went and came and at last tidings came from Frederic. He was in a thriving town, noted for its manufactures, and already engaged in employment that would amply support him. The cheering tone of his letter did like a balm upon the hearts of the family at Beechnut Farm, and William spoke hopefully of the time, when his brother could return and join the family circle again. But a gloom had darkened the mind of Mr. Southwick, and nothing could dissipate it. Some secret trouble preyed upon him, and he grew more sorrowful and despondent every day.

Everything about the farm seemed to go wrong. A noble pair of black horses were seized with convulsions and died; cows, oxen, sheep, and all were lost by the same disease, until the large amount of stock that tenanted Beechnut Farm had dwindled down to a few of the poorest creatures. William was satisfied that the horses and cattle were poisoned, for in a stall beside one of the noble animals he found some salt in a brown paper, possessing a peculiar color and odor, and the nostrils of the dead horse small particles could be seen adhering to the dry and parched skin.

And so the work of devastation went slowly on. The granary took fire, and was burned to the ground, with its contents; and when the orchard was in full bloom, the blossoms were nearly all beaten or picked off, and lay upon the ground. The bark was peeled from the peach trees, and the slips in the fruit nursery were maddened and destroyed.

The necessary papers were drawn up and signed, not without many misgivings, and in three weeks more Noyes Willard had them in his possession. He bought them and with a sardonic smile planned the ruin of the family whom he so ruthlessly persecuted, exulting that he had James Southwick in his power. Every debt that the unfortunate man contracted, was viewed with extreme satisfaction, and the notes he gave were in due time bought by Noyes Willard, and laid away in his escritoire by the side of the mortgage. Thus in a short time, every debt that stood against Mr. Southwick fell into the hands of his bitter enemy, and were treasured carefully up for future use. The summer came with its fierce heat, and then waned into the first days of autumn; and through all this lapse of time William and Cameron labored with no complaint, to lighten the heavy burden of their parents. The entire management of the out-door work fell into William's hands, and he performed it with cheerfulness and industry, while Cameron superintended the kitchen and dairy-work, keeping everything in order, and providing an indispensable comfort to her mother.

It was in early September, and one pleasant evening Cameron mounted the little pony that her father had purchased as a substitute for the saddle horse she used to ride, intending to go to the village, call on Mrs. Chapelle, and stop at the post office, as she expected a letter from Frederic. A quick ride over the winding road brought her to the town, and in finding Mrs. Chapelle at home, she proceeded at once to the office. The clerk handed out a number of letters and papers, and without pausing to look at them, Cameron regained the back of her stool and set out for home. At the corner of the street she met Mr. Willard, who lifted his hat and bowed with mock gravity.

"Good evening, Mademoiselle Southwick; you look charmingly to night," said he smiling ironically; and, as she passed him, a low taunting laugh broke upon the still air.

Urging her horse into a gallop, Cameron turned and looked back, as she hurried from sight. The man was standing in the road and gazing after her retreating form, with his hat still raised from his head. The shades of twilight had not commenced to gather, and, as her pony subsided into a walk, Cameron shuffled over the package of letters and papers, glancing at the superscriptions of each one. As she did so she noticed one addressed to herself, and mailed with the stamp of the Holy office. Placing the others in her pocket, she deliberately broke the seal, and a white card floated down upon the pony's mane. She caught it in her hand, and read these words:

"I have kept my promise. The specified time has expired, and now I come to claim my rights, you shall see me tomorrow. 'Till then I am your devoted
NELSON SCOFFIELD.
"He is here, then. Oh, heavens!" gasped Cameron, crushing the piece of pasteboard in her hand, and clenching the rein tightly. A sudden fit of frenzy seemed to seize her, and she lashed her horse with her riding whip, until he fairly bounded over the ground, snorting with pain and fright at the sudden caprice of his rider. On they sped, and Beechnut Farm soon came in sight. Nearer and nearer to the old mansion, and yet almost unconscious of everything, Cameron made no attempt to check the wild speed of the pony, but urged him on. Past the farm and over the road beyond, she galloped rapidly, never stopping to think what direction she was taking or where this desperate race would end.

In the mean time a storm had gathered in the heavens, and the muttering of thunder resounded o'er the hills, while flashes of lightning parted the clouds and illuminated her pathway with splendor for an instant, the next dying away and leaving the darkness more intense and gloomy than before.

Not until the first drops of rain began to fall did Cameron pause to ask herself where she was going. She was in the midst of a forest, several miles from home, and pursuing a wild and dangerous mountain road. As she thought of this she turned her horse's head and began to retrace her way with the same reckless haste that she came a short time before. The rain fell not in torrents, but steadily, and with no cessation, while afar off the thunder rolled away in hollow grumbings, and the bright flashes of lightning grew more frequent. But they were all unheeded by Cameron. Her every thought feeling and emotion were centered upon the letter she had received, and the dread certainty that lay before her.

through her frame, as she came to consciousness, and that was all. She raised herself from the lounge where she had been placed, and sat upright, fixing her eyes upon William's face with strange intensity.

"Cameron," he spoke in a tender, soothing voice, as he approached her and laid his hand upon her forehead. "Lie down my darling; you are chilled and fatigued by this horrid storm. I did not suppose you had left Mrs. Chapelle's when it commenced, and thought you would stay there to night, when you saw how severe the storm threatened to be. You must never expose yourself in this manner again."

"I have not been to Mrs. Chapelle's to night," said she in a voice scarcely above a whisper, yet painfully distinct. "Pity me William; oh, pity me for I am going mad. I am burning up with the fire that blazes within my soul."
William sat by her side and encircled her waist with his arm, as he said—
"You are ill Cameron. Lean your head upon my shoulder, and try to forget your trouble."
"Forget, Ah! my soul, would that I could forget. Would that I could steep my senses in the waters of Lethe till I had no more remembrance of the past. But I cannot—I cannot!"
And she pressed her hands across her brow, shivering with emotion as she leaned heavily against William.

"You think I am ill," she continued; "and well you may, but it is illness of mind and heart not of body. Nelson Scofield is in Holly, and to-morrow he is coming to see me and claim his rights."
"Are you sure of this Cameron?" asked her brother as a doubtful shadow overswept his face.
"I am sure of it," she repeated, in a thrilling tone. Ah my soul! if I could only doubt it, how happy I should be. William, my brother, speak to me; say something that will subdue the moral storm that is raging through my heart and brain, or I shall die. If I could go away and be forgotten—if I could suffer alone, I should be resigned, but I am destined to bring misery and disgrace upon you all, for you all share in my sorrow."

"Cameron you are stunned by this shock," said William gravely. "You forget your courage, your hope, and the sublime faith in God, that can lead you through all this darkness into the light of day. Do not let your faculties become stupefied, and your strength inactive. Arouse yourself and shake off this deadly agony."
"Oh, if I could! If I could—but I cannot," the torpor of despair is setting down upon me so heavily that my life is benumbed," and Cameron wrung her hands in anguish.

"Is it possible that I have over estimated your firmness and courage, Cameron?" asked William in a tone that conveyed reproach.—
"Look up, and brave the evils of life like a hero. The way is not quite dark, a few gleams of sunlight are visible yet, and you will see them if you look up."
There was a moment of calmness and then Cameron spoke more calmly.
"I will try, William, but I wish to ask a favor of you. It is that you will go to our parents tonight, without any delay, and tell them the story of my misfortune. Tell them all and crave their pardon, if I have acted unwisely keeping it from them thus long—Will you go?"
"Yes, dearest, I will go; and while I am with them, do you remain here, for I wish to see you when I return."

Pressing his sister's hand between his own William left the room to seek the presence of his parents. Mr. and Mrs. Southwick were seated by the cheerful blaze of a fire that had been kindled in the grate to warm the chilly atmosphere of their sleeping apartment, when a rap at the door interrupted their conversation, and in reply to their summons, William entered the room.
"Ah, William, is it you?" said his mother, making room for him at the fireside. "Sit down my son; I feared you would be lonesome without the society of Cameron."
"If she was at any other place than Mrs. Chapelle's, I should be uneasy about her," remarked Mr. Southwick. But she would not think of braving the rain to night, and Mrs. Chapelle will insist on her remaining until morning."

"Father and mother Cameron has returned," said William, in a husky voice.
"Returned!" echoed Mrs. Southwick in astonishment. "I am surprised at her imprudence; really, William."
She stepped short as she observed the singular expression on her son's face, and asked—
"What is the matter?"
"It is a long story and a strange one, but at Cameron's request, I will tell it to you," said William. Five years ago, when Cameron was thirteen years of age, you well remember that she went to New York City with Uncle Meredith, to attend boardingschool. She was there a year when, at the close of one of the terms, the pupils got up a sort of evening entertainment, a grand fete; scenes were enacted, colloquies rehearsed, and among the rest, was the farce of the intercepted wedding. In this piece Cameron was the bride, and Nelson Scofield, one of the teacher's cousins, the bridegroom, and the other characters were the minister, bridesmaids, and the bride's father, who was step in and acted the ceremony before it closed."

"The pupils met several times, at various places, to rehearse their various parts, and, one morning, two days before the entertainments Cameron was not surprised at receiving a note from Mr. Scofield, telling her that the party were going to meet to practice in an old brown church, that stood in a remote part of the city, and a carriage would call for her at six in the evening.

"At the appointed time she was in readiness, and the carriage stopped for her. But to her surprise, none of her school mates were there.—The only occupants of the vehicle were Nelson Scofield, and the music teacher his cousin. They explained it, however, by telling the unsuspecting girl that Madame B. had told them that Cameron used more practice than the rest, as her part required the most complete self-possession and ease. That she had sent Miss Scofield to act as instructor, and wished the ceremony to be performed several times, so that all parties might become accustomed to it."

"They arrived at the old brown church, where a gentleman awaited them, who, Mr. Scofield said, was to act as minister. The driver alighted from his box, and followed them in and up the dark aisle. Miss Scofield bade Cameron remove her bonnet and stand at the altar with the bridegroom. The ceremony commenced, went on and no interruption took place. The responses were all made and the clergyman pronounced them man and wife. While Cameron was pondering on the strangeness of the affair, words fell on her ear. 'Let us unite in prayer,' and, almost before she was conscious, she found herself kneeling, and, with her arms around her waist, drew her down by his side upon her knees."
The prayer was short, and immediately upon its close, the clergyman handed her a sealed envelope, which she mechanically placed in her pocket, at the same time presenting the bridegroom with a similar one.

"As he turned away, Mr. Scofield detained him for a moment, and Cameron heard the word 'fee' pronounced, then the whole truth broke upon her startled mind, and, with a low moan, she tottered forward and fell fainting at the feet of her music teacher. When she returned to consciousness, she was in the carriage with Mr. and Mrs. Scofield, on each side, trying to pour consolation into her ears. They enjoined secrecy upon her, and Nelson Scofield vowed that he would leave her untroubled for the term of four years, and then he should claim her as his wife."

"For some time the unsophisticated nature of Cameron did not penetrate Scofield's motives in thus bringing about a marriage by fraud and deceit, but, at last, she found she was the reputed heiress of Uncle Meredith, and Nelson Scofield, a blackleg, gambler, and heartless libertine, had married her for the wealth she would possess when she arrived at the age of eighteen."
"You both observed, my dear parents, the marked change in Cameron after her return from New York, one year later: There was a grave dignity in her character, a placid sweetness in her sorrowful face, that surprised us all, unacquainted as we were with the nature of her trouble; and not until last winter did she breathe one syllable of this to any one. Then, when she found that Nelson Scofield was the nephew of Noyes Willard, she told me all, and appealed to my love for protection should she be claimed as the wife of that villain. He is in Holly now; the four years have expired and he has come to render her miserable. This is what has caused Cameron's return to-night. This has nearly dethroned her reason, and before she will go with him as his wedded companion, death or insanity will mark her as a sane victim."

Mrs. Southwick bowed her head upon her hands and groaned aloud as William paused, while Mr. Southwick sat firm and upright in his chair, with frowning brow and compressed lips.
"I am going back to Cameron, now," continued William; "shall I carry to her the comforting assurance that in all that has transpired her beloved parents exculpate her from all wrong or blame?"
"Yes, oh, yes, William," sobbed Mrs. Southwick; "we know that she has done right, and, as far as earthly care extends, it shall shield and protect her from all future evil."

"And you, my father?" said William, turning inquiringly towards Mr. Southwick.
"Tell my dear daughter that I will see her soon, and that she has my warmest love and sympathy in this great affliction. And, as for this villain who dares to annoy her, I will settle with him," said Mr. Southwick almost fiercely, as William turned from the room.
But he stopped upon the threshold for Carrie stood before him, in her white night-gown, with her eyes widely dilated, and her hands stretched out to meet his own.
"What is the matter, Willie? Mother is crying, and Cameron is not here. Tell me—oh, tell me quick." And she trembled with agitation.

"My dear girl, go back to your room and lie down, returned her brother gently. "Cameron is down stairs, your mother feels a little bad; perhaps her head aches; you know a shower of rain often makes her feel sick."
"And that is all? Are you quite sure that there is no trouble? I thought the shadow was coming again," said she drearily.
"You were mistaken, my dear. The shadow is far enough away now, and I will call Sabrina to come and sit by you till you go to sleep, so that you will not think of it again."
Mrs. Southwick now came to the door.
"Come, Carrie, my dear, and let me go with you into your chamber," said she, taking the child's hand with assumed cheerfulness, and leading her away satisfied and quieted by William's assurances of safety.

Carrie allowed herself to be placed in bed, and with her mother sitting by her pillow, soon was wrapped in slumber.
When William returned to the dining room, he found Cameron still seated upon the sofa; but, though the violence of her emotion had left her weak and trembling she was calm and composed.

"The storm has passed, and left me like a broken rose-tree, with my blossoms of peace scattered in the dust," said she, as she laid her head upon his shoulder; "but like that rose-tree, I welcome the quiet, the painful rest, that follows the tempest; and the leaves of faith are still green and fair in my heart."
"Ah, Cameron, this is a spirit that no grief can crush, no misfortune change to bitterness, though the cup of woe is not yet drained to the dregs."

There was but little sleep at Beechnut Farm that night, and each one thought anxiously of the morrow as the hours waned. By her open casement, Cameron lingered long, musing on the past and the future, but there was no number of complaint in her soul. Truly her strength was according to the trials of her day.

CHAPTER IX.

The clock had chimed the hour of ten on the succeeding morning, when Cameron heard the expected summons at the door, and Nelson Scofield entered the parlor where she was sitting alone. He was a tall, dark browned man of twenty-eight, with piercing restless eyes and thin lips, that parted to reveal teeth of such a dazzling whiteness as contrasted almost painfully with his heavy beard and elegantly curved moustache.

With an insinuating smile he held out his soft effeminate hand as he crossed the room to greet Cameron; but, arising from her chair, she simply waved him to a seat, with a graceful inclination of her queenly head.
"Is that your greeting after so long a separation from me, Cameron?" he asked, in a disturbed tone of voice.
"Mr. Scofield, you forget that we do not stand as friends," rejoined Cameron, in a clear, ringing voice. "Only as a brief acquaintance allows me, can I consent to hold any conversation with you, whom I have never seen except in the short period of my school days."
"I forget nothing of my past life that is connected with you, Cameron, and most vividly is the recollection traced on my memory of a ceremony performed in an old brown church in New York, that places you completely in my power," said Mr. Scofield, composedly.

"You are mistaken, Mr. Scofield. No such fraudulent rite can place me in your power, for I shall never acknowledge its validity."
"We shall see!" smiled he, ironically.
"Yes, Nelson Scofield, we shall see," reiterated Cameron. "You have come here to-day thinking to frighten me into a recognition of that despicable farce as a legal and binding ceremony—a marriage in the sight of Heaven and earth. This you cannot do!—this you will not do, for I know your motives well. You intend to win the broad estates and gold of my wealthy uncle, which you suppose will descend to me; but you are wrong. I am not my uncle's, nor can I ever inherit one dollar of his princely treasure. Beechnut farm is mortgaged, my father will soon be a poor man, and I shall have nothing for my dowry but the health, truth and honor that God has given me. Yet, with these, I am content, nor will I ever admit that you possess any control over me."

"You are a fanatic, Cameron. Willing you dare to allow yourself the felicity of believing what you say? Ah, my girl, you talk very well indeed, but I fear your enthusiasm has led you to depart from the truth when you deny that you are no heiress. In fact, I do not believe you when you say it; and, further, I do not believe that you will dare to contest the legality of our marriage. You will not brave the tongue of slander by daring public opinion, and allowing your name to be brought before the world."
And Nelson Scofield stroked his moustached lip with complacency.

Cameron stood erect before him.
"It is useless to waste words upon this subject, my decision is firm and unwavering," said she, steadily. "I have told you the truth and now I would dismiss you from my presence forever. The law may be upon your side, but right is on mine, and I care to tell you that I do not fear you. One who is mightier than you or I holds the destinies of all in His hand, and in His name I dare to defy your power. He whotempers the wind to the shorn lamb is my help and protection, and in Him do I put my trust."

There was a sublime faith in these words, uttered by the pale faced girl before him, and despite his anger, Nelson Scofield looked at her with an indescribable mixture of awe and incredulity.
"Very well," said he, after a moment of silence; "You have given me a clear view of the state of your feeling, and I will be as explicit in revealing mine. For two months I shall allow you to remain here in peace, and if, during that time, you conclude to go with me as my wife, all will be well; if not I shall take you away by force, as the law will give me that right. When the time has expired you may expect to see me, for I shall certainly come for you. I should take you with me now, but I have business that demands my immediate attention, and cannot. While I am gone Mr. Willard, my uncle will watch over you, and see that you do not attempt to escape; for though I do not profess to love you, I am determined not to be foiled in my plans for the future. So your destiny is as surely sealed as though you already yielded, for nothing will turn me from my purpose. Now I think you will understand me."

He had spoken rapidly and with great emphasis, and now looked towards Cameron as if expecting an answer. But he was disappointed. She merely bowed, and with a ceremonious good morning, turned from the room.

There was a world of evil thoughts rushing through his mind as Nelson Scofield took his departure from Beechnut Farm and proceeded to the village of Holly. When he arrived there his resolution was taken. The people of the surrounding neighborhood should be informed of Cameron's marriage, and taught to recognize it as legal and binding, so that she might have no sympathy or aid from them in future difficulty. Poor Cameron! before night the rumor was spreading like wild fire through the town, borne on the tongue of eager scandal, that she has been guilty of a clandestine marriage, when a mere school girl, and that her rich uncle had disinherited her on that account, causing her much sorrow and influencing her to deny the marriage and refuse to live with her husband now.

In the meantime the unfortunate victim of this falsehood was at home watching by the sick bed of her father, who was suddenly seized with the symptoms of a violent fever. Dr. Lawson was summoned, and he shook his head gravely, when he saw the state of his patient, but spoke with encouragement to the afflicted wife and daughter of his recovery. His fears were realized. Day followed day, and James Southwick raved with wild delirium, while the fever burned hotter and fiercer in his veins. No neighbors came near the house except Ellen Chapelle, who with a pallid face and weary step, glided through the silent rooms, ministering to the wants of the invalid, or preparing refreshments for Cameron Southwick. Fanny Lawson came twice, but an attack of neuralgia prostrated her on her couch at home, and every one else stood aloof in pious horror from the house that sheltered one so lost to virtue and Heaven as Cameron Southwick, as the most malicious gossips styled her.

Carrie went moaning through the quiet apartments over which she said the shadow spread its folds, and she seemed to have a presentiment that some greater evil was yet to come. It was before the crisis had yet passed that she decided upon the life or death of James Southwick, and while the utmost anxiety concerning him distressed the minds of Mrs. Southwick and Cameron, that Carrie wandered out in the old orchard alone. It was a pleasant place at any season of the year, and especially at early autumn, when the boughs were weighed down with fruit; but now the malice of Noyes Willard had made it nearly desolate; and, as Carrie sat down beneath the shade of a barren peach tree, she whispered softly to herself that the shadow had been there, too, and left its mark.

She had been reclining under the tree for some time, watching the faint reflections of the sunbeams on the grass as they darted through the leafy branches over her head, when she was startled by a footstep on the earth near by, and looking up, she beheld Noyes Willard standing directly in front of her, with a gun in his hand, and a hunting belt around his waist.

"She sprang to her feet with a cry that was like the wail of a stricken bird, and stretched out her hands as if to avert his nearer approach. But he did not, attempt to come towards her. He stood leaning upon his gun and gazing at her with a peculiar smile on his face.
"Carrie Southwick," he pronounced, in a low distinct tone. The girl stood motionless with her hand still extended appealingly towards him, and a rigid look settling around her ashen lips and strained eyes. Mr. Willard laughed scornfully, and repeated her repeated her name. "You are a sweet little dove, but not quite so fair as your mother was before the shadow came upon her. You have seen this deep shadow, have you not, little one?" he asked.

"Yes, I see it, I see it! Oh! the dark, dark cloud!" gasped Carrie with difficulty.
"You see it, eh? chuckled the unfeeling man. "Well I am the deep shadow, and I have come to take you under my arms and wrap you in my garments, so that you can always be with me; and he made a move towards her.
But he was arrested by the wild scream of mortal agony that rang out upon the still autumnal air; and with a crimson tide of blood gushing from her white lips, Carrie Southwick fell to the ground. The next instant Cameron's form confronted Noyes Willard, and she spoke sternly—
"Noyes Willard, begone! You have this day committed an act of monstrous cruelty that is solemnly recorded against you, and for which you must answer at the last day."
No other word escaped her, but she turned and knelt by her sister's side, as the evil man strode away, and tenderly chafed her cold white hands, striving to bring her to consciousness. But not until she had been carried to her own little room did the girl open her eyes, and then Cameron trembled at the strange look that was on her face. The most violent convulsions immediately ensued, accompanied by a profuse bleeding of the lungs, and it became soon apparent to all that the life of the unfortunate child was drawing to a close.

The hours of that long and sorrowful day waned slowly away, and night hovered around Beechnut Farm—the saddest night that its occupants had ever known. Mr. Southwick's fever was increasing rapidly, and it required the constant presence of his wife to keep him as quiet as possible; while in a room not far distant, Carrie lay near the verge of death, attended by William and Cameron. Tomorrow's midnight the sick girl awoke from an uneasy slumber, and spoke her sister's name.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Gen. Heintzelman, who was wounded in the arm at the battle of Bull Run, has nearly recovered from the injury. He will be assigned the command of a division in Virginia.