

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

Probat

R. W. Weaver Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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those who advertise by the year.

meaning to my whirling brain. Every drop
of blood seemed imbued with a separate
consciousness, and to be tingling and rush-
ing to the side next to her, whose presence,
within a short distance of me, was the only
thing of which I had a distinct perception.
I hung my head, to hide from her the emo-
tion of which I was thoroughly ashamed.
I may well be believed that I was in no
condition to give a professional opinion; but
I got over the difficulty by telling her I must
have time to study the case, and promising
to let her know the result.

"You are a tiresome creature," she said
with a little coquetish air. "I really expect-
ed that for once in your life, and for a friend,
too, you might have gotten rid of the law's
delays, and gave me your opinion in half an
hour; so far at least as to tell me whether
there is any probability of my being able to
do as I desire. But I see you are like the
rest of the lawyers—time! time! time! I
suppose you will keep thinking about it till
I am dead, and then it will go to my husband
in due course of law."
"It may require not more than half an
hour to ascertain so much, when I can direct
my thoughts to do it for that space of time,"
I replied, and I know that the words rattled
like shot out of my mouth. "But, would
you be so unreasonable as to require an ar-
tist to draw a straight line when he was un-
der a fit of delirium tremens?"
"You are an incomprehensible person,"
she replied, rather coldly; "so I shall leave
you to your legal studies. But if you are go-
ing to have an attack of the delirium tremens,
I had better send in a doctor—shall I?"
"Well, I don't anticipate an attack this
morning," I answered with a forced laugh;
"so I will not give you the trouble. The fact
is, I have been violently agitated a short
time since, and my mind has not quite re-
covered its equilibrium."
We talked a few minutes longer, she quiz-
zing me in her light, playful manner, and I
delighted to be so teased, standing stupid
and dumb, scarcely able to say a word,
though very anxious to prolong the deligh-
tful interview by keeping up the war of bai-
lage. At length she went to the door, and
I was about to escort her down stairs, when
we heard some one speaking below.

"Good God!" she exclaimed, clinging to
my arm, that is my husband's voice, if he
finds me here I am ruined."
"Don't be alarmed," I replied, endeavor-
ing to re-assure her; "you came here on
business, too! He could only love you the
more for it."
"You do not understand so well about this
as I do," she said, shuddering convulsively.
"He is jealous, exceedingly, of you; and, oh!
I fear not without some cause. Hide me
somewhere for mercy's sake."
I don't know how it happened, but my
arm was around her, and I half carried her
across the room to a closet.
"No; shut it; lock it; take away the key,
or I shall not feel safe. There is plenty of
air," and she sprang into the recess.
For one moment her eyes met mine, and
I thought they beamed with impassioned
love. The next, I had locked the door upon
my treasure, thrown the papers she had
brought into a drawer, and was apparently
busy with my pen when my friend entered.
He commenced in a roundabout way to
question me upon certain points of law re-
specting marriage settlements, &c., and af-
ter a tedious amount of circumlocution, he
gave me to understand that all this regarded
a desired transfer of some property of his
wife's into his own hands. He had come
upon the same errand as that generous crea-
ture. He had also a copy of the relatives'
wills, and these I was compelled to examine
closely, for he was desperately pertinacious,
and would not be put off. I was angry at
the thought of what his poor wife must be
suffering, penned up in that narrow prison—
I felt that I could have kicked her husband
out of doors for keeping her there. At last
he made a move as if to go. I started up,
and stood ready to bow him out.

"So," said he, tying up his papers with
provoking deliberation, "nothing but my
wife's death, you say, can put me in posses-
sion of this money. I can wait very much,
but nobody will suspect me of desiring her
death for the sake of having it a little sooner."
He laughed at his own poor jest, and made
a sort of hyena chorus to it, that sounded
strange and hysterical, even in my own ears.
He went at last, but stopped again on the
stairs and detained me there talking for full
five minutes longer. I felt by sympathy all
the pangs of suffocation. My throat seemed
swollen—my forehead bursting. Great God!
will he never be gone? Will he stand here
gossiping about the weather and of the law,
whilst his lovely wife, who came here to
sacrifice her individual interests for his sake,
dies a terrible and lingering death. I rushed
back to my room. A step behind me makes
me turn around. It is my clerk—curses on
him. I ground my teeth in unavailing rage.
I could have stabbed him—shot him—beat
out his brains—hauled him headlong down
stairs. But my violence would have com-
promised her. In a few minutes my brain
was clear again.
"Watson," cried I, "Mr. — has just left
me. He is gone up Feet Street, I think; run
after him, and request him to leave those pa-
pers with me. Say to him I would like to
examine them more on my leisure. Run
quickly, and you'll overtake him."
Watson disappeared. I turned the key of
the outer door, and sprang towards the closet.
As I unlocked it, I remembered the look
she gave me when I shut it; I wondered,
with a beating heart, whether the same ex-

pression would meet my enraptured gaze
when I opened it. There she stood with her
eyes calmly fixed on mine.
"You are safe, dearest," I murmured.
She did not rebuke me for calling her so;
and, emboldened by her silence, I took her
hand to lead her from her narrow prison—
She moved forward, and fell into my arms
a corpse.
I cannot recall what followed. I only
know that every means was tried for her res-
toration to life; but, alas! without success.
Of one thing I was firmly convinced—she
had not died from suffocation. She was pale,
rigid, cold. The tumult of her own emotions
must have killed her at the moment the door
was shut upon her. By some means I kept
my secret from the knowledge of Watson
and every one else. All that night I was try-
ing to recover her. Then I formed the pro-
ject of shutting her up in the closet, locking
up the chambers, and going abroad for twen-
ty years. But the idea was rejected as soon
as formed; for it would be hardly possible
that the presence of a dead body in the house
should not be discovered before that time.
Next a thought of setting fire to the place,
burning all my books and papers, making a
funeral pile of them, and thus ruining my-
self to preserve the secret. But that thought,
too, was dismissed. It might cause loss of
life and property to many innocent people,
and would be bungling proceedings after all;
and if this fire was discovered early, police-
men, firemen, mob, all, would break in, and
find the body there, all would be lost—
it was more to save her reputation than
my life, that I was striving and plotting.
In the meantime I was a prey to the most
fearful anxiety. I was sure she must have
been missed and sought for. Perhaps she
had been seen to enter my chambers. Every-
thing that I heard I feared might be that
of a policeman. In the morning a stranger
called on business. This, of course, was
nothing unusual; but when he was gone I
felt that he was a detective officer, and had
come as a spy. I thrust a few clothes into a
sack, and intended to escape for France.
I caught up a box of matches to set the place
on fire. I grasped a razor, and looked ear-
nestly at its edge, and as the surest and swiftest
way of ending my misery. But then all these
would leave her to the jets of the
world, and my own sufferings were nothing
in comparison. At this distance of time I
can look back impartially and coolly upon
that dreadful day; and I can solemnly de-
clare that I would rather be hanged for mur-
dering her, than to have allowed a breath to
sully her fair name.
I had just laid down the razor, when a bur-
ried step crossed the ante-room. It was her
husband's. Now, I thought, all is lost; she
was seen to enter here, and he has come to
claim her.
"My dear —," he began in a nervous
unsettled way, "you remember the business
that brought me here yesterday?"
"Perfectly."
"And do you remember the words used by
me as I was going? I mean in answer to
what you said about my not being able to
touch this money until after the death of my
wife?"
"Yes, I remember them distinctly."
"My wife has disappeared since yesterday
morning," he continued, turning more pale
than before; "and if anything serious should
have happened, you know, and you should
repeat these expressions, they might be laid
hold of, and I don't know what might be the
consequence. I might be suspected of mur-
dering her."
Poor fellow! If I had not known the truth,
I should have suspected it myself, from his
excessive fear and terror. He wiped the
perspiration from his face, and sank into a
chair. The sight of a person frightened
more than myself re-assured me. I was
calmer than I was since the preceding morn-
ing.
"Where did she go? How was she dress-
ed?" I inquired, anxious to know all I could
on the subject.
"I don't know. She told me she was go-
ing out shopping and visiting; but no one
saw her leave the house, and some of the ser-
vants knew exactly how she was dressed—
When I went home to dinner the first thing
I heard was that she had not returned."
"What have you done? Have you sent to
the police, and to the hospitals?"
"Yes, and to every friend and tradesman
where she would be likely to call."
"You may depend upon it," I replied very
impressively, "that I will not repeat what
you said yesterday. You are right in sup-
posing that it might tell against you very much
if she should be found dead under suspicious
circumstances."
He talked a little longer, and then went to
renew the search of his wife. How I pre-
served my self-possession during this inter-
view, I do not know; so far from being re-
ally calm, I could have gnawed the flesh off
my bones in agony.
That night, when the doors were fastened,
and I was alone, I shut myself up in the closet
for two hours, to ascertain whether she
died from want of air; for I distrusted my
own knowledge of the appearance of suffo-
cated persons. The place was well supplied
with air from a couple of crevices. My first
idea was correct; she died from some other
cause.
When I emerged from the closet, I found
that the night was intensely dark, and rain-
ing in torrents, and the thunder and wind
roared a terrific chorus, passed by the sullen
booming of the river, then at high tide, and
already swelled by the rain. I sat there in
the dark upon the floor, holding the cold, stiff
hand of death within my own. I thought

dreamingly how often it had welcomed me
with its soft pressure, while the sweet eyes
beamed brightly into mine, and the full, pout-
ing lips had wreathed into dimples of delight.
Now, that hand, that used to be so plump,
so full of warmth and life, was cold! Those
lips were clammy and hard! Tears came to
my relief. I went as grown men seldom
weep, and with that heart-rending gasp came
a new idea for her and me. I was to believe
at that moment that her spirit rested upon
mine, and inspired the thought, for it burst
upon me suddenly, with the conviction, that,
if executed at the instant, would be crowned
with success. How could I otherwise have
the temerity to snatch her up in my arms,
carry her down stairs, at the risk of being en-
countered by some of the residents of the
house, bear her through the courts, and,
and, by a way I knew, into the garden?
The river was running strong and deep,
against the wall. I pressed one kiss upon
her cold forehead, and threw her into the
stream. Gladly would I have gone with her,
and held her to my heart till death; but the
impulse was still on me, and the beating rain
effaced my foot-prints.
A few days after, I saw by the papers that
her body had been found far down the river.
The medical evidence, after a post mortem
examination, was that she had died from a
rupture of the heart, and that her death had
taken place before her immersion in the wa-
ter. So they conjectured that she had been
standing by the river, when the fatal attack
seized her, and she had fallen in unprecoi-
dentally; and they returned a verdict of acci-
dental death, and buried her in a prettily-
churchyard near where they found her.

The following libellous article is un-
doubtedly from the pen of a bachelor who is
evidently not familiar with the subject under
consideration.
SKIRTS.—Oh! Venus de Medicis! such
skirts and waists! How can we embrace
them at all! Positively, there is no prob-
ability as getting round them in one effort!—
Skirts have swollen to the extent of fashion,
that no door is wide enough for them to pass
through without considerable squeezing—
Real "belles" of the fashion now seem like
moving bellies, literally, so that maids and
men have to steer well in the streets, else
they will run against ropes, horse, bag-mat-
ting, and other "obstacles" which now inhabit
the ladies' dress, and completely take up
the sidewalks. As for the girls—
"Oh! my love! she seems no where! The
other day we happened to see two of the
"dumpy" kind of moving bellies of fashion,
sailing along the street in a "pointer" style—
hands close and skirts out. At forty paces
distant they seemed like miniature pyramids
of silk; at twenty paces a strong smell of
cologne water and other essences; at ten
paces a little lump like a bonnet was discern-
ible at the top of the skirt pyramid; at three
paces distant the imbedded voice of a female
in the dress could be heard; at two paces,
four ringlets of slim appearance, resembling
cast-iron dipped in molasses were discovered—
two eyes of weak and consumptive expres-
sion resembling boiled onions—lips like unto
this sandwiches with a bit of discolored beef-
steak sticking out, thin and dry—and cheeks
"rouged" with mien-fun, (Chinese coloring).
This was all that could create in us the im-
pression of imagination, that the above
things, dry goods, etc., formed—a woman?
We moved aside to allow canoes, ropes and
hoops to pass, and went on our way rejoicing
that such was not our share of what happy
husbands like to term, "O! my honey!"

HOARDING AND ENJOYING.—An old man was
toiling through the burden and heat of the
day in cultivating his field with his own
hand and depositing the promising seed into
the fruitful lap of the yielding earth.
Suddenly there stood before him under
the shade of the huge linden tree, a divine
vision. The old man was struck with amaze-
ment.
"I am Solomon," spoke the phantom, in a
friendly voice. "What are you doing here
old man?"
"If you are Solomon," replied the vena-
ble laborer, "how can you ask this? In my
youth you sent me to the ant; I saw its oc-
cupation, and learned from that insect to
be industrious and to gather. What I then
learned I have followed to this hour."
"You have only learned half of your les-
son," resumed the spirit. "Go again to the
ant, and you will learn from that insect to
rest in the winter of your life, and to enjoy
what you have gathered up."—German Allegory.

A RACY STUMP SPEECH.
The following eloquent, grand, lofty and
stupendous effort was recently made by a
promiscuous genius, who had announced
himself as a candidate for Congress:
Friends and fellow-citizens of this con-
flictuous community:
Now, I'd like to have you pay particular
attention, as the preacher says when the boys
is pitchin' beans at his nose. I say a crisis
has arriv', the wheels of government is stop-
ped, the machinery needs greasin', the ruf-
ler's unshipped, the biler busted, and we're
afloat and the river risin'. Our glorious Ship
of State, that, like a bob-tailed dog, is
floated down the current of time, has had its
harmory disturbed, and is now driftin' with
fearful rapidity towards the shoals and quick-
sands of disunion, threatenin' to dash every-
thing into flinders, and pick itself up in the
end a gone gossamer. Hark'n no longer to
worthy denizens of Hog Hole, Terrapin Neck
and adjacent regions; to the siren voice that
whispers in your ears the too delusive sound,
peace, peace, for peace has sloped and flowed
to other lands, or driv to the depth of the
mighty deep, or in the emphatic language of
Tuchumsom' good fickersn' through the
frogs of other climes; to aid the miser watch-
er in his dimes. Or the great Alexander at
the battle of Hunker's Bill, who, in the ag-
ony of des'air, frantically shrieked, O, grav'y!
peace has gone like my skule-boy days, and
I don't care a darn. He was a whole hoss
and a team, shure.

GOOD SCHOOL HOUSES.
The close connection of good houses with
good schools, is now conceded by every in-
telligent friend of popular education.
Indeed, it is hardly possible to have a good
school with a good school house; and the
ultimate success of our whole system of Com-
mon Schools depends as much on a thorough
reform in the construction, furniture and care
of school houses, as upon any other single
circumstance whatever.
The people should bear in mind, and be
encouraged by the fact, that when each dis-
trict shall be provided with a suitable school
house, the expense will not recur for a gen-
eration. Parents should also remember that
the interest which their children take in their
studies, and the progress which they make
in the acquisition of learning, most material-
ly depend upon the condition, location and
general arrangement of the school house
which they occupy. If it is located without
reference to the taste, health, or comfort of
the teacher or pupil; if it stands on the pub-
lic highway, on the border of a swampy moor,
on the top of a barren knoll, in the middle of
a bleak plain, or in any other exposed, un-
pleasant, uncomfortable spot; if it is destitute
of play-ground, enclosure, shrub, or shade
tree, and everything else calculated to render
it pleasing and attractive; if its ceiling is only
eight or ten feet high, instead of twelve or
fourteen; if its dimensions are so contracted
as to afford, on an average, only forty or fifty
feet of cubic air to each pupil, instead of one
hundred and fifty or two hundred; if no pro-
vision is made for a constant supply of that
indispensable element of health and life, pure
air, except the rents and crevices which time
and wanton mischief have made; if it is so
utterly destitute of internal conveniences and
external attractions, as to resemble a gloomy
prison or an Indian wigwam; if it stands in
disgraceful contrast with all the other edifi-
ces in the neighborhood, public or private; if
the only plan or principle which determined
its size and furniture, was the minimum
scale of expenditure; if the pupils, while at-
tending school in it, should suffer from heat
or cold, too much or too little light; if the
quantity of air contained in it is so small as
to be soon exhausted of its oxygen, and to
cause the pupils to suffer from dullness, de-
pression and headache; if, in short, it is so
badly constructed, so imperfectly ventilated,
so replete with vulgar ideas and so utterly
repugnant to all habits of neatness, thought-
fulness, or purity, as to cause the pupils to regard
it as the most comfortless and wretched tenement
which he ever entered, to think of it with
utter repugnance, to dread instinctively the
tasks which it imposes, and, finally, to
take his leave of it as a prison, from which
he is but too happy to escape; if such is the
condition of their school house, then, surely,
parents ought to remember that if their chil-
dren attend school in such an inconvenient,
repulsive, disparaging, unhealthy tenement,
their lives will be endangered, their physical
powers injured, their intellects impaired, their
love of learning deadened, their moral sensi-
bilities blunted, their manners become vul-
gar, and every impression connected with the
school deepened into the most irrepressible
antipathy.—*Nich. Jour. of Education.*

HONORING PARENTS.
As a stranger went into the churchyard of
a pretty village, he beheld three children at
a newly made grave. A boy, about ten years
of age, was busily engaged in placing plants
of turf about it, while a girl who appeared a
year or two younger, was sitting on the grass,
watching with thoughtful look the move-
ments of the other two. The girl soon began
planting some of her wild flowers around the
head of the grave, when the stranger address-
ed them:
"Whose grave is this, children, about which
you are so busily engaged?"
"Mother's grave, sir," said the boy.
"And did your father send you to place
those flowers around your mother's grave?"
"No, sir, father lies here too, and little Wil-
lie and sister Jane."
"When did they die?"
"Mother was buried a fortnight yesterday,
sir, but father died last winter, they all lie
here."
"Then who told you to do this?"
"Nobody, sir," replied the girl.
"Then why do you do it?"
They appeared at a loss for an answer, but
the stranger looked so kindly at them that at
length the eldest replied, as the tears started
in his eyes:
"Oh we do love them, sir!"
"Then you put these grass turfs and wild
flowers where your parents are laid, because
you love them?"
"Yes, sir," they all eagerly replied.
"What can be more beautiful than such an
exhibition as children honoring deceased pa-
rents? Never forget the dear parents who
loved and cherished you in your infant days.
Ever remember their parental kindness.—
Honor their memory, by doing those things
which you know would please them were
they now alive by a particular regard to their
deed commands, and carrying on their plans
of usefulness.

Nature's Lesson of Religion.
The following, by J. G. Whittier, is insu-
perable with lessons of religion, apparent to every
eye in Nature's scenery, and audible to every
reader:
There is a religion in everything around
us; a calm and holy religion in the unbreath-
ing things of nature, which man would do
well to imitate. It is a meek and blessed in-
fluence, smiling, as it were, unawares upon
the heart. It comes—it has no terror or
gloom in its approaches. It has nothing to
rouse up the passions; it is untrammelled by
the creeds, and unshadowed by the supersti-
tions of men. It is fresh from the hands of
the Author, and glowing from the immediate
presence of the great spirit which pervades
and quickens it. It is written on the arched
sky. It looks out from every star; it is among
the hills and valleys of the earth, where the
shrubs mountain top pierces the thin at-
mosphere of eternal winter, or where the
mighty forest fluctuates before the strong
winds, with his dark waves of green foliage.
It is spread out like a legible language upon
the broad bosom of the unsleeping ocean—
It is that which uplifts the spirit within us,
until it is tall enough to overlook the shadows
of our probation; which breaks, link after
link, the chain that binds us to mortality,
and which opens to the imagination a world
of spiritual beauty and holiness.

Home Life.
We cut the following paragraph from Gov.
Wright's address, before the New York State
Agricultural Society.
"At the base of the prosperity of any
people lies this great principle—*Make labor
fashionable at home. Educate, instruct, en-
courage; and offer all the incentives you can
offer, to give interest and dignity to labor at
home. Enlist the heart and the intellect of
the homestead. By means of the powerful in-
fluences of early home education, endeavor
to invest practical labor with an interest that
will cheer the heart of each member of the
family; and thereby you will give to your
household the grace, peace, refinement, and
attraction which God designed a home should
possess.*
The truth is, we must talk more, think
more, work more, and act more in reference
to questions relating to home.
The training and improving of the phys-
ical, intellectual, social and moral powers and
sentiments of the youth of our country, re-
quires something more than the school house,
academy, college and university. The young
mind should receive judicious training in the
field, in the garden, in the barn, in the work-
shop, in the parlor, in the kitchen—in a word,
around the hearthstone, at home.
Whatever intellectual attainments your
son may have acquired, he is unfit to go
forth into society if he has not thrown around
him the genial and purifying influences of
parents, sisters, brothers, and the manuring
influence of the family government. The
nation must look for virtue, wisdom, and
strength, to the education that controls and
shapes the home policy of the family circle—
There can be no love of country where there
is no love of home. Patriotism, true and
genuine, the only kind worthy of the name,
derives its mighty strength from fountains
that gush out around the hearthstone; and
those who forget to cherish the household
interests, will soon learn to look with indif-
ference upon the interests of their common
country.

A COMPARISON.—War and Love are strange
compeers—
War sheds blood, and Love sheds tears,
War has spears, and Love has darts;
War breaks heads, and Love breaks hearts.
Why is a cricket on the hearth like a
soldier in the Crimea? Because he often
advances under a brick fire.
At a meeting of the friends of the Lewis-
burg, Centre, and Spruce Creek railroad,
held recently at Boalsburg, \$75,000 were
subscribed.
A Western Editor declares that some
of the young women who pass his village in
the arks, on the river, are perfect divinities.
"Ho meaus," says a southern contemporary,
"ark angels."

TO HIS DAUGHTER.
BY HORACE SMITH.
Oh, daughter, dear, my darling child,
Prop of my mortal pilgrimage,
Thou who hast cared and pain beguiled,
And wreathed with spring my wintry age!
Through thee a second prospect opens
Of life, when but to live is gloom;
And joyous joys and youthful hopes
Come thronging to my heart through thee.
Backward thou lead'st me to the bowers
When love and youth their transports gave;
White forehead still thou strew'st flowers,
And bid'st me live beyond the grave;
For still my blood in thee shall flow,
Perhaps to warm a distant line;
Thy face my lineaments shall show,
And e'en my thoughts survive in thine.
Yes, daughter, when this tongue is mute,
This heart is dust, these eyes are closed—
And thou art singing to thy lute
Some stanza by thy sire composed—
To friends around thou may'st impart
A thought of him who wrote the lays,
And from the grave my form shall start,
Embodied forth to fancy's gaze.
Then to their memories will throng
Scenes shared with him who lies in earth—
The cheerful page the lively song,
The woodland walk, or festive mirth;
Then may they have the pensive sigh,
That friendship seeks not to control,
And from the fit and thoughtful eye,
The half unconscious tears may roll:
Such now below my cheek—'till mine
Are drops of gratitude and love,
That mingle human with divine,
The gift below, the source above.
How exquisitely dear thou art
Can only be tears expressed,
And the fond thrillings of my heart,
While thus I clasp thee to my breast.

pression would meet my enraptured gaze
when I opened it. There she stood with her
eyes calmly fixed on mine.
"You are safe, dearest," I murmured.
She did not rebuke me for calling her so;
and, emboldened by her silence, I took her
hand to lead her from her narrow prison—
She moved forward, and fell into my arms
a corpse.
I cannot recall what followed. I only
know that every means was tried for her res-
toration to life; but, alas! without success.
Of one thing I was firmly convinced—she
had not died from suffocation. She was pale,
rigid, cold. The tumult of her own emotions
must have killed her at the moment the door
was shut upon her. By some means I kept
my secret from the knowledge of Watson
and every one else. All that night I was try-
ing to recover her. Then I formed the pro-
ject of shutting her up in the closet, locking
up the chambers, and going abroad for twen-
ty years. But the idea was rejected as soon
as formed; for it would be hardly possible
that the presence of a dead body in the house
should not be discovered before that time.
Next a thought of setting fire to the place,
burning all my books and papers, making a
funeral pile of them, and thus ruining my-
self to preserve the secret. But that thought,
too, was dismissed. It might cause loss of
life and property to many innocent people,
and would be bungling proceedings after all;
and if this fire was discovered early, police-
men, firemen, mob, all, would break in, and
find the body there, all would be lost—
it was more to save her reputation than
my life, that I was striving and plotting.
In the meantime I was a prey to the most
fearful anxiety. I was sure she must have
been missed and sought for. Perhaps she
had been seen to enter my chambers. Every-
thing that I heard I feared might be that
of a policeman. In the morning a stranger
called on business. This, of course, was
nothing unusual; but when he was gone I
felt that he was a detective officer, and had
come as a spy. I thrust a few clothes into a
sack, and intended to escape for France.
I caught up a box of matches to set the place
on fire. I grasped a razor, and looked ear-
nestly at its edge, and as the surest and swiftest
way of ending my misery. But then all these
would leave her to the jets of the
world, and my own sufferings were nothing
in comparison. At this distance of time I
can look back impartially and coolly upon
that dreadful day; and I can solemnly de-
clare that I would rather be hanged for mur-
dering her, than to have allowed a breath to
sully her fair name.
I had just laid down the razor, when a bur-
ried step crossed the ante-room. It was her
husband's. Now, I thought, all is lost; she
was seen to enter here, and he has come to
claim her.
"My dear —," he began in a nervous
unsettled way, "you remember the business
that brought me here yesterday?"
"Perfectly."
"And do you remember the words used by
me as I was going? I mean in answer to
what you said about my not being able to
touch this money until after the death of my
wife?"
"Yes, I remember them distinctly."
"My wife has disappeared since yesterday
morning," he continued, turning more pale
than before; "and if anything serious should
have happened, you know, and you should
repeat these expressions, they might be laid
hold of, and I don't know what might be the
consequence. I might be suspected of mur-
dering her."
Poor fellow! If I had not known the truth,
I should have suspected it myself, from his
excessive fear and terror. He wiped the
perspiration from his face, and sank into a
chair. The sight of a person frightened
more than myself re-assured me. I was
calmer than I was since the preceding morn-
ing.
"Where did she go? How was she dress-
ed?" I inquired, anxious to know all I could
on the subject.
"I don't know. She told me she was go-
ing out shopping and visiting; but no one
saw her leave the house, and some of the ser-
vants knew exactly how she was dressed—
When I went home to dinner the first thing
I heard was that she had not returned."
"What have you done? Have you sent to
the police, and to the hospitals?"
"Yes, and to every friend and tradesman
where she would be likely to call."
"You may depend upon it," I replied very
impressively, "that I will not repeat what
you said yesterday. You are right in sup-
posing that it might tell against you very much
if she should be found dead under suspicious
circumstances."
He talked a little longer, and then went to
renew the search of his wife. How I pre-
served my self-possession during this inter-
view, I do not know; so far from being re-
ally calm, I could have gnawed the flesh off
my bones in agony.
That night, when the doors were fastened,
and I was alone, I shut myself up in the closet
for two hours, to ascertain whether she
died from want of air; for I distrusted my
own knowledge of the appearance of suffo-
cated persons. The place was well supplied
with air from a couple of crevices. My first
idea was correct; she died from some other
cause.
When I emerged from the closet, I found
that the night was intensely dark, and rain-
ing in torrents, and the thunder and wind
roared a terrific chorus, passed by the sullen
booming of the river, then at high tide, and
already swelled by the rain. I sat there in
the dark upon the floor, holding the cold, stiff
hand of death within my own. I thought

meanly how often it had welcomed me
with its soft pressure, while the sweet eyes
beamed brightly into mine, and the full, pout-
ing lips had wreathed into dimples of delight.
Now, that hand, that used to be so plump,
so full of warmth and life, was cold! Those
lips were clammy and hard! Tears came to
my relief. I went as grown men seldom
weep, and with that heart-rending gasp came
a new idea for her and me. I was to believe
at that moment that her spirit rested upon
mine, and inspired the thought, for it burst
upon me suddenly, with the conviction, that,
if executed at the instant, would be crowned
with success. How could I otherwise have
the temerity to snatch her up in my arms,
carry her down stairs, at the risk of being en-
countered by some of the residents of the
house, bear her through the courts, and,
and, by a way I knew, into the garden?
The river was running strong and deep,
against the wall. I pressed one kiss upon
her cold forehead, and threw her into the
stream. Gladly would I have gone with her,
and held her to my heart till death; but the
impulse was still on me, and the beating rain
effaced my foot-prints.
A few days after, I saw by the papers that
her body had been found far down the river.
The medical evidence, after a post mortem
examination, was that she had died from a
rupture of the heart, and that her death had
taken place before her immersion in the wa-
ter. So they conjectured that she had been
standing by the river, when the fatal attack
seized her, and she had fallen in unprecoi-
dentally; and they returned a verdict of acci-
dental death, and buried her in a prettily-
churchyard near where they found her.

The following libellous article is un-
doubtedly from the pen of a bachelor who is
evidently not familiar with the subject under
consideration.
SKIRTS.—Oh! Venus de Medicis! such
skirts and waists! How can we embrace
them at all! Positively, there is no prob-
ability as getting round them in one effort!—
Skirts have swollen to the extent of fashion,
that no door is wide enough for them to pass
through without considerable squeezing—
Real "belles" of the fashion now seem like
moving bellies, literally, so that maids and
men have to steer well in the streets, else
they will run against ropes, horse, bag-mat-
ting, and other "obstacles" which now inhabit
the ladies' dress, and completely take up
the sidewalks. As for the girls—
"Oh! my love! she seems no where! The
other day we happened to see two of the
"dumpy" kind of moving bellies of fashion,
sailing along the street in a "pointer" style—
hands close and skirts out. At forty paces
distant they seemed like miniature pyramids
of silk; at twenty paces a strong smell of
cologne water and other essences; at ten
paces a little lump like a bonnet was discern-
ible at the top of the skirt pyramid; at three
paces distant the imbedded voice of a female
in the dress could be heard; at two paces,
four ringlets of slim appearance, resembling
cast-iron dipped in molasses were discovered—
two eyes of weak and consumptive expres-
sion resembling boiled onions—lips like unto
this sandwiches with a bit of discolored beef-
steak sticking out, thin and dry—and cheeks
"rouged" with mien-fun, (Chinese coloring).
This was all that could create in us the im-
pression of imagination, that the above
things, dry goods, etc., formed—a woman?
We moved aside to allow canoes, ropes and
hoops to pass, and went on our way rejoicing
that such was not our share of what happy
husbands like to term, "O! my honey!"

HOARDING AND ENJOYING.—An old man was
toiling through the burden and heat of the
day in cultivating his field with his own
hand and depositing the promising seed into
the fruitful lap of the yielding earth.
Suddenly there stood before him under
the shade of the huge linden tree, a divine
vision. The old man was struck with amaze-
ment.
"I am Solomon," spoke the phantom, in a
friendly voice. "What are you doing here
old man?"
"If you are Solomon," replied the vena-
ble laborer, "how can you ask this? In my
youth you sent me to the ant; I saw its oc-
cupation, and learned from that insect to
be industrious and to gather. What I then
learned I have followed to this hour."
"You have only learned half of your les-
son," resumed the spirit. "Go again to the
ant, and you will learn from that insect to
rest in the winter of your life, and to enjoy
what you have gathered up."—German Allegory.

GOOD SCHOOL HOUSES.
The close connection of good houses with
good schools, is now conceded by every in-
telligent friend of popular education.
Indeed, it is hardly possible to have a good
school with a good school house; and the
ultimate success of our whole system of Com-
mon Schools depends as much on a thorough
reform in the construction, furniture and care
of school houses, as upon any other single
circumstance whatever.
The people should bear in mind, and be
encouraged by the fact, that when each dis-
trict shall be provided with a suitable school
house, the expense will not recur for a gen-
eration. Parents should also remember that
the interest which their children take in their
studies, and the progress which they make
in the acquisition of learning, most material-
ly depend upon the condition, location and
general arrangement of the school house
which they occupy. If it is located without
reference to the taste, health, or comfort of
the teacher or pupil; if it stands on the pub-
lic highway, on the border of a swampy moor,
on the top of a barren knoll, in the middle of
a bleak plain, or in any other exposed, un-
pleasant, uncomfortable spot; if it is destitute
of play-ground, enclosure, shrub, or shade
tree, and everything else calculated to render
it pleasing and attractive; if its ceiling is only
eight or ten feet high, instead of twelve or
fourteen; if its dimensions are so contracted
as to afford, on an average, only forty or fifty
feet of cubic air to each pupil, instead of one
hundred and fifty or two hundred; if no pro-
vision is made for a constant supply of that
indispensable element of health and life, pure