

night waned, and I worked hastily, but in silence. First of all I dismembered the corpse. I cut off the head and the arms and the legs. I then took up three planks from the flooring of the chamber, and deposited all between the scantlings. I then replaced the boards so cleverly, so cunningly, that no human eye—not even his—could have detected any thing wrong. There was nothing to wash out—no stain of any kind—no blood-spot whatever. I had been too wary for that. A tub had all—ha! ha!

When I had made an end of these labours, it was four o'clock—still dark as midnight. As the bell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street door. I came down to open it with a light heart,—for what had I now to fear? There entered three men, who introduced themselves, with perfect suavity, as officers of the police. A shriek had been heard by a neighbor during the night: suspicion of foul play had been aroused; information had been lodged at the police-office, and they (the officers) had been deputed to search the premises.

I smiled,—for what had I to fear! I bade the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I mentioned, was absent in the country. I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search—search well. I led them, at length to his chamber. I showed them his treasures, secure, undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my conscience, I brought chairs into the room, and desired them here to rest from their fatigues; while I myself, in the wild audacity of perfect triumph, placed my own seat upon the very spot, beneath which reposed the corpse of the victim.

The officers were satisfied. My manner had convinced them. I was singularly at ease. They sat, and while I answered cheerily, they chatted of familiar things. But, ere long, I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone. My head ached, and I fancied a ringing in my ears but still they sat and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct; I talked more freely, to get rid of the feeling; but it continued and gained definitiveness—until, at length, I found that the noise was not within my ears.

No doubt I now grew very pale;—but I talked more fluently, and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased—and what could I do? It was a low, dull, quick sound—such such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I gasped for breath—and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly—more vehemently;—but the noise steadily increased. I arose, and argued about trifles, in a high key and with violent gesticulations;—but the noise steadily increased. Why would they not be gone? I paced the floor

to and fro, with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observation of the men;—but the noise steadily increased. Oh God! what could I do? I foamd—I raved—I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had sat, and grated it upon the boards;—but the noise arose over all, and continually increased. It grew louder—louder—louder! And still the men chatted pleasantly, and smiled. Was it possible they heard not? Almighty God!—no, no! They heard!—they suspected!—they knew!—they were making a mockery of my horror?—this I thought and this I think. But anything better than this agony! Anything was more tolerable than this derision! I could bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die!—and now—again!—hark! louder! louder! louder!—

“Villains!” I shrieked, “dissemble no more! I admit the deed!—tear up the planks!—here, here!—it is the beating of his hideous heart!”

THE RUSSIAN WINDOW.

The sliding window is a characteristic peculiar to the Russian people; even in our own times, compel a Russian merchant or peasant to make double casements for the winter, he will perhaps make them, but he will nevertheless always leave one window free—that can be opened or shut as he pleases with a sliding door. Without this window his house feels to him like a prison—close, stifling, and gloomy; he would, rather than have no free opening, knock out a pane of glass; what cares he, iron child of the North, for the frost? Surrounded with snow, in the bitterest cold, he opens his beloved little window, and through it admires God's light, the midnight sky strewn with angel eyes. He looks out at the passengers, going and coming, listens to their gossiping talk, harkens with a kind of delighted sympathy to the rustling sound of the belated traveller's step upon the snowy road, to the distant tinkle of the sledgo-bell dying faintly along the wintry deserts—sounds which have a pensive attraction for a Russian heart.

INGENUOUS CONFESSION.

WHEN Mr. Wilberforce was candidate for Hull, his sister, an amiable and witty young lady offered the compliment of a new gown to each of the wives of those freemen who voted for her brother; on which she was saluted with the cry of 'Miss Wilberforce forever'; when she pleasantly observed, 'I thank you gentlemen; but I cannot agree with you, for really, I do not wish to be Miss Wilberforce for ever.'