

tried to say so, but her words were almost inaudible.

"For the sake of our child," he continued, in a voice that trembled in spite of every effort to render it firm, "for the sake of our child, and also to avoid the gossip and scandal which would otherwise be occasioned, I should wish that our outer life—that which the world must see and know—might be the same as heretofore. I should wish that when we meet our friends in the social circle, and even when we are in the presence of the servants, our demeanor might be such as not to occasion remark, and that only in private might we be strangers."

Strangers! had it then come to that? After another long pause, during which he evidently expected Adelaide to speak, Mr. Fletcher went on—

"The term I have used sounds perhaps unnecessarily harsh—but with my views of the marriage relation—views that you have heard me explain a hundred times, I can adopt no other that will express my meaning. There can be no sanctity in marriage save where it is hallowed by a mutual love. We cannot meet merely as friends, we must be more or nothing. It is better therefore that there should be no intercourse between us save in the presence of others."

Still Adelaide replied not.

"I would like, Mrs. Fletcher, to have you deal frankly with me. It is now very necessary that we should understand each other fully."

Adelaide gasped for breath, and her lips moved for a minute or two before any sound issued from them.

"It shall be as you say."

Her husband bowed his head. In his heart of hearts he had hoped for a different answer. It was not a strong hope, and he was hardly conscious that he cherished it, but it was just enough to make him feel disappointed that she yielded without a murmur to his wishes, and he regarded this as an additional proof that she had never loved him.

"You will oblige me by drawing upon Barrett & Co., whenever you need money, and as freely as ever. They will receive orders from me to furnish you with whatever funds you may require."

"He ceased, and for a half hour they sat in silence, scarcely conscious of the lapse of time. At length Adelaide felt that she could endure it no longer, and she rose feebly from her chair:

"Have you any thing further to say to me, Mr. Fletcher?"

"Nothing more," was the answer. A cold bow was exchanged between them, and thus the husband and wife parted.

"It is all over—oh, my god, why hast thou forsaken me!" cried Adelaide, as she closed her own chamber and fell almost fainting upon the bed. "Kate, Kate, you warned and counseled me, but I would not heed you. In my headstrong folly I would not listen to your entreaties, and now it is too late, and you are not here to comfort me! Would I were at rest beside you, Kate—that my poor heart would break at once, and forever!"

"Oh, mamma, mamma," warbled a sweet, childish voice, "see pity fowers Katy find in the garden!" and the little creature climbed up on a chair, and tugged at the bed, and strove to remove the hands that covered her mother's face.

Adelaide rolled the little one to her heart, and wept more calmly than before. She had yet something to live for.

Months rolled slowly by. Mr. Fletcher and Adelaide seldom met save in the social circle and at the table, and there they were never alone. Day by day their alienation became more perfect—day by day their hearts grew further and further apart, and the cloud that hung over them more dense and dark.

They were very wretched both of them; but neither party read aright the feelings of the other. Mr. Fletcher did not realize how impossible it was for Adelaide to make the least advance towards a reconciliation, while she was conscious that no words she could utter would be sufficient to outweigh the evidence of the past—of those years that her husband thought were years of hypocrisy and deceit.

"You married me because I was rich, you sold yourself for my cursed gold!" those words were constantly ringing in her ears. She knew that they had not been spoken carelessly and unmeaningly—they had been breathed in tones that expressed the deepest conviction, and she could not wonder that the charge had been brought against her; but what could she do? Galling, humiliating as was the thought, that he who had surrounded her with so much luxury, regarded it now only as the price of her truth. She could not exonerate herself; she could say nothing in her own defense.

Then, gradually, as day after day her husband continued, as at first, cold, formal, and distinctly polite, the conviction forced itself upon her mind, that he had lost all love for her, that their estrangement had ceased to be a matter of the least concern to him. And so she avoided him more studiously than ever. She held herself still more coldly aloof, thinking that he loathed her very presence. Her home was desolate. In the long evenings, after little Katy was fast asleep, it was such torture to sit alone in her room; to hear her husband's step in the library; to know that he was so near her in loneliness and bitterness of spirit, and yet feel as if they were as effectually separated as if the waters of an ocean rolled between them.

So she fled from the solitude and dreariness of her own chamber, and mingled more freely than before in the circles of gaiety and fashion. She tried to forget her misery by plunging into a whirlpool of excitement. There, too, she occasionally met her husband; and sometimes she could steal away into some quiet corner, and gaze upon him unobserved—with none to mark the starting tears.

It had been Mr. Fletcher's wish that their unhappy difficulties might not become matter for gossip and speculation with the world about them, and he accordingly never neglected any attention that the usages of society prescribed.

But he thought her frivolous and heartless. He did not know that the smiles he saw were worn only because he had desired that their estrangement might not be made public, and because, to conceal her grief, she was forced to assume

the mask of gaiety. He did not know that often, in the darkness and silence of night, she had stolen to the door of his room, listening intently if haply she might catch the faintest echo of a sigh; and then, shivering and trembling, crept back to her couch again, to weep and moan until the morning. He did not know that once she had found the door ajar, and knowing by his quiet and regular breathing that he was asleep, had glided softly into the room, and watched him through her blinding tears. He did not know that she had bent over him, until her raven hair had mingled with his own; that carried away by an irresistible impulse, she had stooped until her lips touched his, and that then, frightened and abashed, she had flown away like a startled bird. He dreamed of her that night. He thought that she was in his arms, showering soft kisses upon his lips and brow. Ah! had he but known that "it was not all a dream!"

There was now but one connecting link between them, and that was their child. Her they both worshipped. The happiest moments Mr. Fletcher knew were those in which he sent for little Katy, and snatching her up in his arms bore her to the library, and kept her for hours together, listening to her artless prattle, and receiving and returning her fond caresses.

One day, while he was playing with her, she burst into tears for some trifling cause, and her father reproved her, telling her it was "naughty to cry."

"No, not naughty, mamma cry. Mamma not naughty," said the child, shaking her bright curly very decidedly.

"Mamma cries! What does mamma cry for?" asked Mr. Fletcher, while his heart beat quickly.

"Katy know. Mamma kiss Katy, and mamma cry—oh, very bad!" she replied, clasping her small hands together.

"Poor mamma! Katy sorry—papa sorry, too!"

Mr. Fletcher clasped the little tell-tale to his heart, but he could draw nothing more from her. Perhaps if she had looked closely in her father's face, she might have thought "papa, cried" too?

The little fairy was the only connecting link between them, and at length that was also broken.

They were at a large party one evening, when a messenger came for them. Their child was very ill. With blanched cheeks and trembling hearts they hurried homeward. Scarlet fever, in its most malignant form, had laid its withering hand upon their darling, and in less than twenty-four hours they knew that there was no hope—their sweet little Katy must die!

There were four days and nights of agony, and then Adelaide, in the midst of that mother sorrow, for the expression of which earth has no language, blessed God that it was over—that the little quivering limbs were still, and that the tiny hand that had clasped her fingers so closely all through the deathstruggle would no longer be tossed wildly in fierce paroxysms of pain.

They stood by the tiny coffin; but not together. Their tears fell like rain upon the little pale face that lay within it; but they did not mingle. Each one alone wept over their dead, and shrank from intruding upon the grief of the other.

Oh, it was very, very terrible!—dead

child in the house, and the father and the mother mourning each in a separate room; each feeling that their estrangement was worse than death, and yet using no effort to prevent the gulf that lay between them from growing broader and deeper!

Katy was buried! The single sunbeam that illumined their life-path faded away, and all was darkness.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Child's Story.

A philosopher once asked a little girl if she had a soul. She looked up into his face with an air of astonishment and offended dignity, and replied—

"To be sure I have."

"What makes you think you have?"

"Because I have," she replied.

"But how do you know you have a soul?"

"Because I do know," she answered. It was a child's reason, but the philosopher could hardly have given a better.

"Well, then," said he after a pause, "if you have a soul, can you tell what your soul is?"

"Why, said she, I am six years old, and don't you suppose I know what my soul is?"

"Perhaps you do. If you tell me I shall find out whether you do or not."

"Then you think I don't know, but I do; it's my think!"

"You think?" said the philosopher astonished in turn, "who told you so?"

"Nobody. I should feel ashamed if I did not know that, without being told."

The philosopher had puzzled his brain a great deal about the soul, but could not have given a better definition of it in so few words.—*Reaper.*

The *St. Louis Intelligencer* says that the divorce law of Massachusetts has just been so amended that the defendant in an action for divorce can demand trial by jury.

A Mexican paper says that the Roman Catholic Church in that country owns property worth \$400,000,000.

A new stove has been invented for the comfort of travelers, it is put under the feet and a mustard plaster upon the head, which draws the heat through the whole system.

An expedition, consisting of two companies of dragoons and three companies of rangers, commanded by Captain Calhoun, has set out from Fort Chardbourne, to operate against the Southern Comanches of Texas. A train, numbering 63 government wagons, laden with supplies, accompanied the expedition.

NEW YORK, March 31.

Washington dispatches state that orders have been sent to nearly all our navy yards to have all available vessels and material prepared for immediate use, and instructions issued to all naval officers at the various yards to hold themselves in readiness for sea. A reinforcement of the Gulf Squadron is stated to be the object in view.

Kansas Election.

CHICAGO, March 31.

A dispatch from western Missouri, via St. Louis, says that the pro-slavery ticket on the north side of Kansas river had 1,000 majority, and that there was no opposition to the pro-slavery ticket in Burr Oak or Atchison precincts.

ARRIVAL OF THE ATLANTIC.

NEW YORK, March 30.

The *Atlantic* arrived at Halifax at nine o'clock on Thursday night.

The manifesto issued by the new Emperor of Russia is of an inspiring character, referring to the endeavors of his father to improve the condition of his troops, and declaring his adherence to his father's plans in this respect to the largest extent. The manifesto concludes:

Plymouth Banner.

W. J. BURNS, Editor & Proprietor.

PLYMOUTH, IND.

Thursday Morning, April 5, 1855.

Remember to pay the postage on your letters. From the first of April the law requires letter-postage to be prepaid, and letters will not be forwarded, if the postage is not paid when the letter is deposited in the postoffice. Recollect this, or your letters may be lost. Postmasters are not bound to receive, or take care of any letters that are not postpaid when left.

THE Czar's Death Confirmed.

ARRIVAL OF THE ATLANTIC.

ALEXANDER SUCCEEDS TO THE THRONE.

The Steamship *Atlantic* left Liverpool at 2 P. M., of the 10th, arrived off the lightship about midnight, but did not come up till day light. She experienced westerly gales during the entire passage. She brings 74 passengers, among them are Bishop Hughes, Bishop Newman, &c.

The *Atlantic* arrived out at Liverpool on the 4th P. M.

The death of the Czar Nicholas is confirmed. He died shortly after noon on Friday, March 2nd. His death was from atrophy of the lungs—after only a few days illness. His last words to the Empress were, "tell Frederick, the King of Prussia, to continue attached to Russia as he has hitherto been, and never to forget his father's words."

It is said that a few days before his death, the Czar succeeded in effecting a complete reconciliation between his two elder sons, Alexander and Constantine.

The latest dates from Sebastopol are to the 8th instant. The Allies had reopened their fire upon the town with good effect. The weather was cooler and finer, and the health of the troops improving.

Three miles of railroad was in operation.

We have received and are still receiving a flattering increase of patronage, but Millikan, but had never before fully comprehended the cause. We are fully satisfied of one thing, to be sure—we could not get in communication, by railroad or otherwise, with a better little town, or better neighbor of the quill than John of the Union.

The news of the Emperor's death, was received in England with every demonstration of joy. In several of the theatres, the managers came before the curtains, and announced the fact, which was received with tumultuous cheering. Some of the people were disappointed, that the authorities did not ring the church bells.

At Berlin the court placed itself in the two Russian embassies by the French.

Farther particulars of the storming of

the two Russian redoubts by the French.

An official French dispatch says: "The siege works are proceeding with great activity."

The reported death of the Grand Duke Michael was false. He and his brother had left the Crimea for St. Petersburg.

Menschikoff had gone to Moscow, Gen. Osten Sacken was in command of Sebastopol, and Gen. Luder at Odessa.

The knobkirk committee was continuing its investigation into the war, eliciting evidence of the worst mismanagement.

Parliamentary proceedings were uninter-

esting.

The Emperor Napoleon's visit to the Crimea is as doubtful as ever.

The charge against den Forsy of intriguing with the Russians at Sebastopol is denied by the Moniteur, but Forsy is recalled.

The Belgian ministerial crisis continues.

The Spanish Cortes have had Cuban affairs brought before them, and a recommendation from Gen. Concha to make liberal concessions to the Cubans.

A new Barbary loan of \$6,000,000

thalers is announced.

Lakewood, Barbadoes.—There has

been an improved tone in the market

during the week, and prices have also improved, but the advance has rather checked business. Between, Shelly & Co. report an advance of 21 on wheat, and 18 on flour, 18 on corn—Western Cents flour 41s 42s for old, and 39s 38s for new. Wheat, white 11s 10s 12s; red 10s 6s 11s 11s 12s. Indian corn, white 42s 43s; yellow 42s 43s.

The following is an account of the daily life of a Creole family in the town of Santa Cruz, the capitol of the Bolivian department of that name. For a lazy man, Santa de Bolivia must be a perfect paradise, to say nothing of the chance a bachelor has of being able to secure a partner in a city where there are five women to one man:

Immediately on the death of Nicholas

being known in Paris, orders were sent

to Cambrai to push on the siege of

Sebastopol with the utmost vigor.

The Legation of Nov. 24, is denied.

The *Madrid Free Press* says that the

Spanish Cortes have had Cuban affairs

brought before them, and a recommendation from Gen. Concha to make liberal concessions to the Cubans.

The *Madrid Free Press* says that Mrs. Matilda, aged one hundred and two years, died on Tuesday last, at the residence of Robert Armstrong, her son in law, two miles west of Greensburg.

The *New York Tribune* thinks the present inefficient condition of the military service of Great Britain, as exhibited before Sebastopol, is justly attributable to the late Duke of Wellington, and the system of which he was author.

Reason governs the wise man and edgels the fool.

MARRIED

On the 24th day of March, 1855, by G.

R. COONS, Esq., Mr. THOMAS HAMILTON,

and Miss SARAH SPROUT. Both of this

County.

TERMS.—One-half sum of three dollars and

under, cash in hand,