VOLUME 20.

SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 11, 1849.

NUMBER 13.

THE MIDNIGHT CLOCK.

How solemn sounds the midnight clock, When half the earth is hushed in sleep! Like distant thunder's sudden shock, It breaks the silence, still and deep, And wakens, with a fearful knetl, Strange feelings in the hearers heart, As if it were the tolling bell

Proclaiming sadly—dust thou art: Even thus from its arial tower, It knells by night the dying hour. The strokes have censed-but their deep sound Still lingers in the listener s ear, Then, floating slowly, spreads around Upon the dewy atmosphere:

But now no sound the ear can mark, In silence hath expired the strain, A silence death-like, deep and dark
The silence of Night's slumb rous reign. Another hour hath Joined the past:

Another wave of Time, that,bore

Our barks which never rest, is cast Upon that unreturning shore, Where Memory wanders oft to seek The relies which that tide hath strewn-Lost gems and faded flowers which speak Of brighter Springs, when they were sown.

And thus we muse, till slumber kind, That mighty death of daily life, Enthralis and leads the captive mind Through halls with dreamy shadows rife; Yet while we rest through awful night, While earth is dark, and heaven sublime, Nor heed the moment's rapid flight, That sleepless sentinel of time Proclaims aloud, from that lone tower, The flight of every passing hour. Dollar Newspaper

Beautiful Romante

GRACE ATHERTON,

From the Boston Olive Branch.

OR THE ATTORNEY HOUSE. DY 21, B. T.

[CONTINUED.] Without a word, the attorney ascended to his room, and pushing a chair towards his son, scated himself beonly living being in that old house. Richard Scrivener had expected a totally different reception that night .-Rendered desperate by heavy losses at play, which he was fully aware had come to the old man's knowledge, heart, and whiten his locks yet untouched by Time, for he had braved his presence, anticipating a storm of re- the grave, by spurning the last request he would ever proaches, and prepared to meet thom in an attitude of make. cool defiance. With such apprehensions he had entered the house. The attorney, however, had chosen a better policy. Calmly, and like a statue, he sat there witching his son, and enjoying the bafiled, incredulous expresthing would have been better than that chilling silence,

yet bitterly sarcastic smile playing upon the attorney's for him. face. His own accustomed "nonchalance" forwook him,

is a vulgar practice, boy," continued the lawyer, "you here to-night."

and the thought chafed him sorely,

"You have lost deeply," continued the attorney, "and want money to seitle your debts: is it not so?" "Yes."

hour you have been dependent on me, you plunged into without a check poon your career. When your excesses threatened you with disgrace, an arm was interposed, for which you would have been the inmate of a prison."

which this was said, and moved uneasily in his chair. "I don't complain. Richard, that you have been indebted to me for everything, or call you thankless because that I have done. When a boy, you had a right to extoil. Up to this hour every wish has been gratified-ev-

torney paused and looked keenly at his son. check, and his eyes flashed at the calm arony, and the from the sign of the punch bowl, swinging and creaking words but he made no answer.

"You have gambled away \$5,000," said Mr. Scrivener sharply, suddenly starting to his feet and confronting Pay it, or go to prison: is it not so?" "Yes."

miser's coffers would as ever, minister to your need, and cover up your beggary, and that without even the recompense of thanks,"

"I have lost all," replied Richard. "You are my only very low and his cheek grow pale at the terrible alternative his words had called up.

father. "Five thousand dollars is a large sum!" a deep off in the direction of ____ Court. sigh escaped him as the words passed his lips. "Yes, a

the hand clasping his own was flung off, and the old man

terror depicted on the face before him, broke the silence. His voice harsh and bitter in its tones, "Take back your thanks, boy, until you have heard the condition, then repeat them if you will. Marry Grace Atherton, and I will be responsible for your debt-refuse, and you are from this moment, a beggar!" Richard Scrivener was thunderstruck, at first, at the unlooked for condition imposed upon him, and then at the subtle policy pursued by the attorney, with reference to this end, which now, without the aid of explanation from him, flashed up in his mittd. How plain it was! He had been kept dependent, not permitted to carve out for parental affection and doting fondness, while it only ren-

dered him the more helpless and passive fin the hands of that parent, as an instrument of perfecting his ambitious schemes. He remembered the apparent casualty of his first acquaintance with Grace. How that now seemed like the first stop in a skilfully contrived plot. He called to mind the easy familiarity with which Mrs. Atherton had treated him. How, in spite of his escapes and reckless character, he had been tacitly admitted into her house in terms of friendly intercourse-had been as it were incidentally thrown into the society of her young and lovely daughter, and how, to centre there his affections, who had been, on the attorney's lips, a constant theme of praise, while at the same time they were a more insiduous auxiliary to the work, in the utterance of such maxims and councils as made him averse to the companionship of others of her sex. The thought of having been the old man's dupe, and being led blindfold, as it were, into a union which, he made no doubt, was projected by him for the accomplishment of some new ambitious or villain. ous purpose, maddened the young man, and he was bout retorting angrily upon his father; but the wily atorney instantly comprehending that he had misjudged his son, by so prematurely disclosing his plans, hastened to repair the error, and interrupted him with a calm explanation of the condition he had so abruptly imposed. He dwelt on the advantages that would accrue from such an ulliance; the beauty of Grace, the immense wealth which she would be dowered, and the sum of influence and power that would grow out of a union between the houses of Atherton and Scrivener. Then for the first time, unfolded to the dazzled gaze of the young man the forg the fire, and rubbed his withered fingers together in treasures of his own vast wealth, and pledged him that the ruddy light, in dogged silence, as if he had been the thos should all be his, at no distant period. He spoke touchingly of his own long cherished hopes in the matter, how his very life was bound up in their realization.

Richard Serivener was buffled by the affectionate, candid air so skilfully assumed in the tones and looks of the old man, standing meakly before him as a supplicant, pleading with sublime disinterestedness, for the happision of his face. The young man was annoyed. Any ness of his son, at the brilliant destiny proffed to him, and in spite of his heartlessness and corrupt principles, that searching glance, which he felt was reading his very the image of Grace as his wife, called up by the attorney's words, in all its gentle beauty, awakened in his "Come, my boy," said the attorney filling his glass, broast vague emotions of pleasure. But it was only "tis a bad night without. What with a cold heart and when the recollection of the old man's words: "Refuse a cold stomach, a man would have small chance for life and you are from this moment a beggar!" came over in such weather as this. Drink," said he, pushing the him, and he felt how powerless he was in his hands, bottle towards his son as he spoke, and watching him that the thought of accepting the condition imposed, as sharply. The young man swallowed the wine at a the only alternative, grew stronger until it became a condraught, and setting his glass upon the table, looked in- viction. He had spoken no word, but the compressed credulously at his father. He was baffled by that terri- lip, and flushed cheek mirrored his very soul under the attorney's keen glance, and that was intelligible enough

He had triumphed! To the dearest wish of his heart, and he sat there, dumb, as if wondering what was to a full assent, had passed the lips of his son-scaled with a fearful oath-and there was witness to the compact-the "Richard!" said his father sharply, "you have been little dwarf. The latter had not risen from his post at gambling. Bob," said ho, "don't be nottled at that," as the keyhole since the entrance of Richard Scrivener an augry flush came into the young man's check. "It Not a word of the foregoing conversation had escaped him. He listened with the most importurbable gravity. should be more fastidious in your ways and means of get- until it ceased, and the attorney's son, after draining his ting on in the world, that's all. Avoid risks. Hazard glass once more, to the health of Grace Atherton, preall for gold, but first lay the game deep and well. Had pared to depart, then laughing muliciously to himself, you followed these maxims, you would not have come the humpback glided in his shambling way through the corridor, and taking the flight of steps before described Richard Scrivener raised his head, and looked with as leading to a back range of buildings, descended raastonishment upon the little ugly figure before him. He pidly, heeding not the profound darkness that shrounded experienced a kind of terror in the conviction that he was his path, but with the ease of one evidently familiar with read and sifted in the very depths of his soul by that man, all the intricacios of that old mansion, until he found himself in the stone passage connecting these buildings with the house itself. Here he stopped. A gust of wind whistled sharply though a crevice in the wall just at his feet. Stooping down, the dwarf slipped one hand within Now listen to me. From your infancy up to this it, and with a slight effort removed one of the stones, disclosing an aperture of sufficient extent to admit of check to-day." the gaities of the world; you came and went at your will, his passing readily. Another moment, and he was upon the other side of the wall, standing in - Court.

Quickly adjusting the stone in its place, the little figure and an active brain worked out your rescue. To the shuffled along through the court, crossed the street, and world you offered a fair exterior, because your follies and buried himself in the shadows of the lofty houses. He vices were covered up. And who has done this?" said had hot watched long before the door of the Attorney the old man hercely, "but the little ugly miser from his House opens noiselessly. A sudden gleam of light-a back the past," continued the attorney, speaking more hands, and parting words hurriedly exchanged, and all softly. "I do not complain that you have a haudred was darkness again. A moment after, a feeble ray of times become involved in extremities like the present, light glimmered from the window of the attorney's room, and that a hundred times my hand extended the aid but while a figure passed down the court, muttering a curse upon the obscurity and wildness of the night. The storm The young man winced at the bitter sarcasm with had not abated. There had been a moment's peace among the warring elements of the sky that night; and but one: it was when that onth stained the lips of Richard Scrivener in that desolate chamber. So fearful the came softly over her, as she witnessed the mute homoge you never recompensed me by so much as a word for all silence, succeeding the mad riot of wind and rain, that of love rendered to its idel, as if she too, knew what it it seemed as if the pulse of life, natural and physical, had was to love. pect it of me. In later years, I might have cast you off. run down. The pledge was given, and upon that sub-Mon scorn to be dependent on the bounty of others .- lime pause, came anew the rush of the tempest's wing; fine eyes before her gentle gaze, and speaking very low, You were a man, but I forbode to withhold from you that on it went, sweeping, and waving, with its icy breath, assistance which should have been the fruit of your own spinning like a top down wide gaping chimneys-whirling up whole eddies of dead leaves, and scattering ery want met without condition or question." The at- them miles and miles away, upon the open fields-unhinging crazy old shutters, tearing away, up the long sphere A voice whispered me, thou canst not soar thith-Shame and pride had crimsoned the young man's alleys, in search of old inns, and eliciting dismal shrieks smile of withering contempt that accompanied these at a most desperate rate beneath the venerable elin. It blighted before that destiny which denied it the element was bitterly cold, too. The rain fell in torrents, chang- of heaven-love! All murmuring against that decree ing to ice the instant it touched the pave.

his con. "You are in debt to that amount, and must Scrivener bent his steps homeward, He lodged in a distant part of the city, yet long as seemed the way thith- dreams. Those lips and eyes have no mockery in their am of age, love, and rich enough to share with thee our er, tempestuous and wild as was the night, the little dwarf "And you came here to-night, expecting that the old heeded it not, while dogging with steadfastness of pur- he continued bitterly, "not thus would the boautiful and Kate and refuse to bless our union. Will you not trust footsteps rapidly approached, he obeyed a sudden impose that retreating figure to the very threshold of the door. When he had entered the dwelling, the humpback, guided by a faint glimmer from a lamp, possessed justly portrayed our sweet friend. Were the lips more her white brow with his lips. himself of every feature by which he could readily iden- haughtily wreathed, as I look, methinks 'twere more hope. If you cannot aid me I am ruined." He spoke tify the spot at any future time, and then, chuckling to true to the life." himself and rubbing his hands together in evident glee, making soudry grotesque contortions with his uncouth one who has been an angel of mercy to us. Grace

The clock in the attorney's chamber struck one, and of love and kindness speaking comfort to our hearts their lips. I cannot share the joy your presence brings, through his soul, until he writhed in agony, and his featularge sum, Richard, for an old man like me, to pay, but its little round dial face was no longer visible in the fading when our dear mother left us—watching with me at your with one who has no thought of happiness spart from res worked convulsively, in the fierce struggle to suppress you shall have it, and—" * the centence was firelight, as the old man extinguished his lamp and threw aids when you lay stricken to the earth in defence of her me. My brother, Richard! may I not tell him of our in that room, all evidence of the passion that moved him. unfinished—his hands were suddenly seized in a warm | bimself upon a bed in one corner of the room, to dream life, and breathing eternal grating He was unconclose that the whole houshold had silently persons endoavered to prevent his leaving: and exercise

The attorney disliked such bursts of feeling. He fore- suing as from under his window, without, fell upon his the humble artist, until we came up from the depths of knew that the next words he should utter would call forth | ear. Ha! how like to that mocking echo that struck | want, to the possession of ease and contentment, and but very different emotions, and with a gesture of disgust, | terror to his heart before! Yes! very like it was. The | now was sitting in your chair, Phillip, that I might comattorney sprang to the window and looked below He plete her beautiful face glowing there before us." with a malicious laugh at the mingled astoniahment and was not sure, but it seemed to him that he could per-

when they opened again, the figure was gone. word to his sable landlord, he was presently in a sound

CHAPTER IV. In a small but neatly furnished apartment situated in the outskirts of the city, on the evening of the day succeeding the events in my last chapter, might have been, seen a young girl seated before a low easel, surrounded by certain appliances which at once indicated her to be the author of the beautiful painting she was contemplating. It was a portrait of a young and very levely girl, in a style of beauty singularly contrasting with and hardly surpassing that displayed in the features of the youthful artist herself. The eyes were blue and deep us a summer sky. A braid of pearls confined the hair to a small and exquisitely shaped head, save two or three golden ringlets which lay caressingly upon the sunny brow. There was something demure, half sportive, yet womanly in the arch smile wreathing the lips-an infantile grace blended with a dash of hauteur in her attitude as portraved by the artist. It was a face in which were united at once the artless simplicity of girlhood, and the riper levelices and thoughtful mien of the mature we man. The young girl who had but now finished this beautiful picture, sat with one hand pressed to her pale cheek, gazing upon it in rapt silence. Her own beauty was faultless, yet its elements were less physical in their character, and appealed more to the soul and mind of the beholder. Her face was pale, the features small and exquisitely chiselled. Long, silken lashes drooped over her jetty eyes, and from the pure intellectual brow, a mass of rich brown hair waved away behind, the beautifully rounded oar. Her form, slight and graceful, yet betraying in the swelling outline and softly rounded orm, the perfect development of womanhood, was simply attired in a mourning garb, the sombre aspect of which was and besought him not to bring sorrow upon his doting rolloved by a saug cambric collar clasped round her alender throat. The quiet elegance and refinement of manner displayed by this young girl, scemed, at first, strangely contrasted with the simplicity and plainness of the apartment she occupied, but on closer inspection of its appointments, this apparent incongruity vanished. Her perfect skill and taste had effected so harmonious a disposition and grouping of them, that they were to the lovely artist, what the gracuful giry costume was to the figure glowing on the canvass before her. In the centro of the room stood a table spread for the evening meal. The kettle sang cheerfully on the hearth. A golden can ary swung before the window and bathed himself in the slant rays of the setting sun. The young girl glanced at the clock, then rose and seated herself at the window.

> "He will soon be hore," she said in a low voice. and donced in her black eyes, while she looked. "A woman's stratagom, trust me Philip, will confirm my

and with an air of impatience, looked out upon the nou

jong cherished suspicions. An! here comes the trunut." Saying this, the girl sprang to the door, and it another moment was folded to the heart of her brother. Flinging off his cloak, he displayed an athletic form, and a face of m ingled aweetness and gravity, breathing a manly beauty in every line. His eyes were dark and somewhat haughty in their glance, yet now as he bent tenderly over the fair girl and kissed her cheek, they beamed softly and filled with a loving light.

"Dear Philip! you were gone such a weary while,"

said his sister leaning gently on her brother's arm "Ah! Kate, do you miss me then, so much? All day, when toiling so far from you, your sweet face is ever before me. Its smile shines in so brightly upon my little room, that my spirit gains strength and cheerfulness, and all murmurings at our changed lot are kept down in my heart. You have been a blessed angel to me, done Kuto. since our mother died." said the young man caressing fundly her cheek, now glowing with her brother's praise. "But, dearest sister, you are looking weary. Confess gow that the air without has not once kissed that fair

"That were a small loss," replied Kate mischievously, "if my good brother correctly estimates the gain threby." She drew him laughingly to the easel, as she spoke, and paused before it.

"Grace Atherton! do I dream, sweet sister?" exclaimed Philip, in mingled wonder and delight. Springing from her side, he knelt reverently before that face, so old black den! It is not to repreach you, that I bring haggard face peeping out open the night-the clasping of still! so beautiful! His lips moved, but the hush of that room remained unbroken. His eyes sparkled, the crimson rushed in torrents over face and brow, and his broad

> Kate, but now the merry laughing girl at the artifice employed to probe that heart, stood timidly back, with a more chastened, womanly feeling uppermost. An earnest sympathy shone in her eyes, and a thrill of pleasure

"Dearest sister," said the young man, dropping his "you have tempted me beyond my strength. I had worn his image in my heart, calmly, and there was bliss in that. It was heaven to breathe the air she broathed, though infinitely removed from her bright and beautiful er, thou poor and humble toiler, and thus my Kate, I was beguiled into content. All passion seemed crushed and high born Grace have looked on me. There would be me, dearest?" only scorn for all this deep, wild love. Kate, you have

"I said not that I would not help you," continued his figure, at the house he had, just inspected, he shambled Atherton is too good and noble to scorn us for our poverty. Has she not entered our humble dwelling on missions

Her brother answered not. His thoughts had flown ceive a dark object crouched and moving slowly down back to the time when chance made high at their first the court. As he looked, his eyes aching with the effort meeting, the preserver of the beautiful being he loved .to penetrale that intense darkness, involuntarily closed; How gloriously, like a vision of radiant leveliness, she rode by them upon her gallant steed. An hour, and as A moment after, the dwarf sallied into the street, and she again flew past, borne to inevitable death by the new presently disappeared in a neighboring cellar, at the on- terrified animal, a strong grasp was laid upon the loostrance of which swung a lantern illuminating a highly oned roin, its flight arrested, but Philip Marston lay colored illustration of "Oystors and Beer" painted upon stricken to the earth by a blow from the infuriated aniits cracked sides. Half asleep over a handful of coals mal, Memories of a soft hand bathing his temples, and upon the hearth, sat an old negro, the proprietor of the a warm breath fragrant from her, lips, upon his check, establishment. He started at the entrance of the hump- were busy at his heart. How tenderly she hung over back, and grumbled out something about the lateness of him, and spoke her thanks in low, murmured words, himself a name and fortune through the semblance of the hour, but the dwarf mode him no answer. Flinging and the gentle pressure of those delicate fingers, even himself upon a pallet of straw in one corner, without a vetthrilled his soul with a sense of exquisite happiness. And then came like the death knell of his new bern hopes, the bitter realities of his humble life-poverty. where once had been affluence—toil, for hours of ease contempt and neglect, in mockery of past friendshing. and to him the cup of sorrow, affliction-casting himself and Kate, orphans, upon the charities of a cold world .-Yet it was not all dark and cheerless in their heaven .-

A second time, Grace stood within that little room; and from that hour, peace and content dawned like a sunburst upon the orphan's dwelling. Was it strange that Philip loved, passionately loved this beautiful, this noble one! He loved, with all the fervor and depth of a spirit proud and sensitive, chained down in its lofty aspirations, as the clock struck ten, on the morning succeeding the live twenty-four hours. I have given orders that she be by the iron hand of poverty, and jealously guarding its interview with his son, he stood on the steps of Mrs. not disturbed within that time." secret from every human eye. And Graco? But we Atherton's elegant mansion. It was only on extraordimust not anticipate.

"Philip, dear," said his sister, laying her hand softly within his, inlook not thus sad and desponding. It were a rusty suit of black, rough unpolished boots, and a dirty will, to the searching gaze of that gentleman, he bowed no difficult task, mothinks, for my brother to win the rad and yellow cravat tied loosely round his throat, con- hurriedly, and drawing his hat over his eyes, retraced love of one whose cheek already crimsons at mention of stituted his daily wardrobe. On this occasion, he was his steps to _____Court. his name." She looked up archly into his face.

'you would counsel at the dictates of a loving, "woman's heart."

As he spoke, the girl started norvously, and her cheek flushed and paied by turns under his gaze; but he heed-

ed it not, and went on. "But it is madness in me to hope. Grace Atherton esteom, but she would scorn his suit. We are poor, my sister; she moves in a sphere far removed from ours; but," he added with kindling eye and curling lip, "we have an honorable pride left us. Philip Marston may love. but he will never woo in vain. Let this be as a dream, dear Kate. Forget the passion into which you have bedepths and measured its bitterness. Nay, speak not the dying wish of an old and valued friend-but-" yet," he pleaded as she looked deprecatingly upon his mournful face. "It must be no-this wild love must be subdued. You shall not again see me thus. I will toil often seen me thus, and it is only my solicitude for the she awaited the return of her brother Philip. on for thee, my sister. Your sweet face shall nightly beam on me -your voice alone cheer me, and Grace will be to us like some star, shining holily down into our spirits, and receiving the equal adoration of our hearts!"

They had unconsciously approached the picture of her of whom he spoke, and now with clasped hands-the slight figure of the girl leaning gently upon her brother's daughter, and that the young couple may soon possess gesture. The entrance of a young man, as the clock powerful frame, they stood before it, wrapt and silent.-All trace of presion had passed from the young man's lace. He gazed upon the canvass calmly, but there was despair in that look, as if the conviction had for the first time come, that an impassable gulflay between himself and Grace. They stood there in the dim twilight, until grateful smile. But the exquisite facetiousness there was Kate hed well nigh fastinated you out of your suppor, and that vision of leveliness faded away in the rapidly ap- in such sontiments proceeding from the old man's hys, not content with that, was charming you into forgetini-"What a surprise it will be to him!" glancing as she proaching darkness. Then they sat down to the evening as well as the contemptuous smeen accompanying them, ness of the fact that you had made an appointment with curtained its eyes with a delicate film and slept.

An hour went by and Kate Marston stood alone withnot raised her eyes from the floor since Philip went out. Night and day he toiled in the city, and now again he had gone to his task. "I am not worthy my brother's alone makes me happy. I cannot meet his eye when Philip's approval." Her check flushed at the thought, with a loving light in her downcast eyes, her hosom heaving with the tide of joy that swopt tumultuously from her heart. At that instant a voice, breathing in low, manly tones, the first cadence of a song, woke the stillness without. The strain was familiar to the young girl, and seemed not displeasing to her ear, for a joyous smile wreathed her lips, and a rosy hue stole into her cheek. under the sweet emotions it had awakened. Springing stood within the little room, clasped heart to heart.

"Richard!"

There was a momen's silence. The girl looked timidmeckly proud, tender yet impassioned, revealed how again into his face, it was gone, but he seemed embar- was completed. rassed by her caresses, and returned them with a hur-

lips.
"Kate, sweet one, you would speak of my father," said the young man, averting his face. "Ah! Richard," replied the girl gently, "have you

not promised to seek his approval in our love?" "Nay, love, that is of small account, as yet, and would bed. not, if bestowed, add to our happiness. Should it be withheld, believe me, it shall not affect us. My father which, in our changed lot, blasted hopes that once might is rich and powerful. He may have other views for me, Wrapping his cloak more closely around him, Richard have come to fruition, semed hushed for ever. But now than a speedy marriage, and it were, then, wiser to venthis face," said he passionately, "brings back my wild ture cautiously upon opposition to his wishes. When I pressure, and fell heavily back from his loosened clasp repose, as I bid them speak and shine only for me! Ah!" splendid home, he will not look coldly on my beautiful ling to the boll, the attorney pulled it violently, then, as

"But it is not that, Richard. Your love has made me for help, upon the lifeless form of her mother. "Nay, Philip," said the girl gently, "do not so wrong very happy, and I can hop; and pray that at some future

"It must not be, Kate," replied Richard Scrivene, tenance of the yet insensible woman, until a light four hastily: "I cannot tell you of all the circumstances which upon the shoulder, roused him. impose this silence on us. It is enough that it is so, and other terms."

Tenrs sprang to the girl's eyes, and the words just wondered that he could speak so calmly of their not day, your presence would but distress her." meeting again. The thought paled her cheek, for an instant, and then it was gone.

"Will it be very long, Richard?" she asked.

his, and touching the white uplifted forehead with his He did not immediately leave the house, but awaited in lips, he whispered softly that in her ear which sent the the withdrawing-room the return of the physician from rich blood mantling over cheeks and brow, and made Mrs. Atherton's chamber. It was not long before that her almost tremble for excess of happiness.

"You shall be my own sweet wife. Kutc, in a few

months!** that room. It was enough that he loved her, and had We are indebted to you, sir, for this What a privilege, She had grown too jenious now, of her precious secret, were from death, to animate the drooping faculties, so to care that even he should share it. When her lover that our worldly affairs may be arranged ere we depart, had gone. Kato Marston knelt before the picture of and the conclousness of having thus blessed our prosperhigh born, might love her brother, and make him as sincerely, that-" happy as she herself was that night.

CHAPTER V.

both carefully and neatly attired. Not a speck sullied. We return from this digression, to the evening of the "Kate," replied the young man in a tone of angulah. the brilliant lustre of his boots. The callar and ruffles day on which these events transpired. The attorney sat were of snowy whiteness, and his hand clasped a richly in his room, with the will yet unsigned before him. On air about the man, that would have declared him ten ten over with a name, in evident imitation of that afyears younger than he seemed the proceeding night .- fixed to a note which the lawyer was studying. Twice The footman ushered him obsequiously into the sump- since morning had he gone to Mrs. Atherton's, and beat tuous drawing-room, where he remained surveying its denied access to that lady, and now, baffled at every turn. has blessed the humble mechanic with her gratitude and uxurious appointments with a quiet, complaisant smile despairing and desperate, he racked his brain for a gleam on his lip, until summoned, a moment after, to the sick of hope, to plotted with a keener sagacity to schieve the humber of Mrs. Atherton.

instinuating tone, and then, scating bimself at a little being enacted in another part of the city. Kate Marston table, draw from his pocket a roll of parchment. "My stood at the door of her parlor, until the figure of her lover dear madam," said he, affecting an air of tenderness, "it was lest in the darkness; then she sat down, and with an treved me. Forget that you have sounded my heart's is a painful duty you have imposed on me-to execute elegant volume of poems (his gift) open before her.-

woman, hastily, and with a slight shudder; "you have heart, and brought the rich blood into her delicate check, welfare of our dear Graco, that has compelled me to en- In one of the stalls of a fashionable coffee-house not

the happiness in store for them, which alone overruled struck nine, gut an end to his suspense. my repugnance to undertake the unpleasant business of

lost upon the invalid, and she answered him with a stomach. Love is solfish, Dick. Confess that the fair

"Excuso me madam," continued the lawyor, suddony glancing at his watch, "but I am so hard pressed toin her little parlor. Her face was very pale, and she had day, that I must beg your immediate attention to the task before us. Shall I have the honor to submit these papers to your notice?"

love," she said in a low voice. "He suffers me to read ing all her fortitude, desired Mr. Scrivener to read them the stall, filled a glass of brandy, and tossed it off at his heart, while I must conceal from him that which aloud. It may be necessary to explain the singular re- draught "Pooh!" said he, contimptiounaly. "you know Richard has been here, and sometimes I think he mis. worldly affairs. She was improssed with the belief that, fallen in love with me, and it's a pleasant variety, you trusts me. Indeed this secresy cannot be right. Why having, as it were, by such a step taken leave of all ob. know, Tom, to have a soft white arm round one's neck should our love be kept from his knowledge? Surely he jects of an earthly nature, her own life must, in a natu- and a splendid pair of eyes looking through you, that's will esteem him whom his sister loves. I will ask Rich. ral sequence of events, shortly after terminate. On the all." ard that he sud, this concealment and make me happy in present occasion, this dread of approaching the subject, had been overruled by the candid statements of her phyand a thrill of pleasure came softly over her as she stood sician. Aware, then, that her death was possibly near, she had summoned her attorney, and now with a sort of fellow, Scrivenor. When does the coremony Come of?" forced calmness, listened, while he rapidly enumerated the sum, and represented the condition of his estates. One half of the property would go to his son upon his to the marriage." marriage with Grace Atherton, the remaining portion to revert to him, upon the event of his own decease.

"And now," said the lawyer, repressing the exulting tone which his feelings would have thrown into the words, to the door she met her lover, and the next moment they and speaking very low, "we had better, my dear madam, proceed with the will."

upon the parchment before him. Its purport was, briefly, bottom of it, I dare say." The young man said this y into his face-that look, half veiled by the fringed lide, a bequest of her property to her daughter, upon the con- with the most unconcerned air possible, and applied himdition that she should become the wife of Richard Scrive. self to the yiands, which were yet untasted. deeply she loved him. She could not speak at first for ner. Failing of this, the bulk of her estates would pass the weight of happiness which oppressed her. Thoughts to Simon Scrivener, as being her nearest of kin, while a came thronging from her heart, but so fast they multi- small annuity remained to Grace. It would be impos- loss of Grace Atherton's fortune would trouble you little!" chest heaved with the powerful emotion that swept over plied, that all utterance seemed denied: only a murmur sible to paint the brilliant sye, the burning cheek of the of delight looked from her lips, and her eyes hunddwith old man, as a thrill of feverish joy ran through his frame strug, "for then I shall be rid of the girl. I'm not of the tears of joy, were fixed on his, as she abandoned herself at such a consummation of his hopes. Already he beto the awort spell his presence flung over her. She was held this dazzling wealth within his grasp, for sure he folded in his embrace, but perceived not that her lover's was that Grace would shrink from claiming it, at such brow darkened, and his features worked convulsively as an alternative. She hated him, and despised his son. if a spasm of pain had seized them. When she looked The lawyer was perfectly sure of the result. The will

ried, distraught air. There was a peculiar meaning in her pillow and closed her eyes. A vague apprehension, force against the gangling of the stall. [Continued.] the look she now gave him. He divined therein her perhaps a thought of remorse, at having sacrificed her REPUBLICANISMIN RUSSIA.—The Czar of Russia has thoughts, and anticipated the question that rose to her child upon the after of ambition, kept her silent; while child upon the alter of ambition, kept her silent; while published a ukase or the regulations of the Universities, the attorney sat motionless, with his eyes fastened to the These institutions have become in that country, as in characters he had just traced, as if they had flung a charm, a spell over him, which he had not power, by The secret societies enjoyed the students are impaced with word or gesture, to break. A moment passed, and then liberal ideas to a dreadful extent. To prevent the apread staring up, with the pen and paper he approached the of the contagion, the Czer has prescribed that the number

"My doar Mrs. Atherion will make another effort, and

sign this," said he gently. There was no answer. The lawyer raised the white hand from the snowy coverlid, but it returned not his like a dead thing. Mrs. Atherton had fainted! Springpulse of thought, and slipped the will among his papers an eye on the time as it flies; and now do you see, don't Her lover stooped down and touched for the first time that were laying losely upon the table. A moment after stay later than three, if you are any ways moderately Grace outered the room, and scarcely noticing the pres-"With my very soul," said the girl passionately .- once of Mr. Scrivener, flung herself, with loud shricks

The attorney stood gnawing his lip with miggled time this necessity for allence will cause. But I dread rage and disappointment. To be baffled in his schemes, this concealment—I am unhappy when you are gone.— when the moment of triumph but now seemed to have I may not speak of you to others or hear your praises on arrived, woke a storm of fury and passion that swept clasp and before him stood his son pouring out his thanks of the margings of Richard Scrivener and Grace Atherin broken, yet grateful words.

Clasp and before him stood his son pouring out his thanks of the margings of Richard Scrivener and Grace Atherton. At the same moment, a laugh, leud and abrill, in And then, how she want forth and spread the fame of to him with her beautiful eyes.

Clasp and before him stood his son pouring out his thanks of the margings of Richard Scrivener and Grace Atherton. At the same moment, a laugh, leud and abrill, in And then, how she want forth and spread the fame of to him with her beautiful eyes.

Grace Atherton stood before him. Her face was very believe me," he said more gently, "we cannot meet on pale, and her eye tearful, yet a quiet scorn thrilled in every word, and stung the old man sharply, as she spoke. "It is not fitting, sir, that you remain here. If my mother spoken fell coldly on her heart. For a moment she wakes, she will be inadequate to any further business to-

\$1 50 A VDAR, in Advance.

The lawyer reddened to the temples, and gathering up his papers, silently left the apartment. An hour before, he had entered it, full of high hopes, with an elastic, He was touched by the sad look which accompanied nimble step. Now he slunk away to the bitterness of the words, and drawing her slender form more closely to despair, throughly cowed down and crushed in spirit.--

personage made his appearance. "Ah, good morning, doctor," said the attorney, assuming an easy familiarty in his tone; "our esteemed friend An hour went by, running over with biles for one in is without doubt, again the happy subject of your skill .mised to make her his wife. Philip was forgotten .- my deer sir, to be the instrument of rescuining one as it Grace Atherton, and prayed that she, the beautiful, the ity, remain with us to smooth the dying pillow. I trust,

"I am sorry to disappoint you, sir," replied Dr. Ashleigh, in a sententious tone; "I fear Mrs Atherton is beoynd all human skill to save. Her system has received a Mr. Scrivener was a very punctual man. Precisely severe shock. Perfect rest and quiet are essential, that she

There was a cool civiltiy, and a marked emphasis in nury occasions that the attorney bestowed the least at- this reply, that recalled the lawyer to himself. Not caring tention upon himself, in regard to his attire. Ordinarily, to submit his face, that no longer acknowledged his own

vrought gold cano. There was a cheerful, even jaunty the table were pon, ink, and several pieces of paper writwork that semed almost tottering to its fall.

The lawyer paid his compliments to that lady in an Meanwhile, scenes of a verry different character were now glancing at the eloquent page, and again yielding to "Dan't speak of dying, Mr. Scrivener," said the sick the delicious memories of the past hour, that thrilled her

ter upon the disagreeable task of making try will." far distant, there was scated at'a table spread worth a light "I can understand the feelings of a parent's heart," anddelicate suppor, a dark-featured, sinister-looking man replied the attorney, in a soft melancholy voice. "It is of herculean frame. He evidently awaited the arrival of auxiety, my dear Mrs. Atherton, that my son Richard some one, for the repast was yet untouched, and from may secure the honor of an alliance with your charming time to time he consulted his watch, with an impatient

"Ah! there you are at last," said he, in a surely tone this morning."

"A woman will make a man forget time, appointments
The compliment conveyed in this speech, was not with a friend, and every thing else, even to a hungry "A woman will make a man forget time, appointments to a cold repast. Ha! ha! my boy, what exacting creatures women are! Thank my stars I've kept clear of

em, so far!" His companion made no enswer, for the moment, to this speech, but quietly seated himself at the table, and Mrs. Atherton recoiled a moment, and then, summon- drawing close the curtain that drooped at the entrance of luctance exhibited by this lady, in the settlement of her me better than that. Kate Marston is a pretty girl, has

> "Not exactly all." replied the other, with a laugh: "Miss Grace and the comfortable sum of two millions, makes a very pleasant exception to that. You're a lucky "Not so fast, if you please," said his companion .--

"The will is yet unsigned, and the girl will not consent "And in that event?" interrupted the other. "The prize slips out of our hand," replied Richard

Scrivener, cooly. "And the old woman?"

"Dead, very likely, by this time," was the answer .-"She swooned away this morning, when about to sign Mrs. Atherton bowed in silence, and the attorney pro- the will. The old governor has been there twice to day cooded, formerly to convey her last will and testament but the decior kept her too close for him. Grace is at the "Confound it, Scrivener vou're a strange fellow," said

> his friend, eveing him with disgust. "I dare swear, the "Faith, Tom, you're right replied the other, with a marrying sort-ha! ha! Besides, she's a milk-and-water, piece. There's Kate Marston, a black-eyed, warm hearted little witch, of the right spirit; now if-1' The rest of this sentence was spoken in a very low tone.

Scearcely had the words passed his lips, ere the young man felt himself seized violently by the throat, and a mo-Overcome by her exertious, Mrs. Atherton sank upon | ment after, a strong hand hurled him with prodigious

other parts of Europe, so many het beds of republicanism. of the students at each University shall not exceed three hundred, and has forbidden the reception of applicates until the number has been thus reduced.

Anti-Cholena Prescription .- Don't get in a finster, and go on a buster, nor allow yourself to terrified be; but keep a cool head, and nover be led, to join a hurral and

If a sparking you go, and we know you do so, keep

Wise. Don't dread it at all, be old young or small, neither be everly rash; but keep calmly on, as ye always have done. and avoid eating acid or trash.

Be tidy and clean, avoid everything green, whether it be cabbage of krout; and quite skimming you'll go, if you take for a motto, "always know what you're about."

"Was Mr. Brown a popular man when he lived in your town?" inquired a busy-body of his friend. "I should think he was," replied the gentleman, "se many