SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, MAY 7, 1847.

THE Weekly Chronicle.

Volume II. "Nec Regi, Nec Populo, sed utroque." Number 36.

THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by DEVEBER & Co., at their office in the brick building of L. H. Deveber & Son, west side Prince William street.

TERMS—15s. per annum, or 12s. 6d. if paid in advance.

Any person forwarding the names of six responsible subscribers will be entitled to a copy gratis.

If Visiting and Business Cards, (plain and ornamental,) Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally, neatly executed.

All letters, communications &c., must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.—No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid; except at the option of the publisher.

Weekly Almanack.

May.	d.	Sun.	s.	Moon's	h.	w.
8 Saturday,	-	4 55	6	5 1	8	4 43
9 Sunday,	-	4 54	6	6 1	46	5 54
10 Monday,	-	4 53	6	7 2	12	7 11
11 Tuesday,	-	4 52	6	8 2	57	8 25
12 Wednesday,	-	4 51	7	9 3	31	9 23
13 Thursday,	-	4 50	7	10 4	12	10 18
14 Friday,	-	4 49	7	11 Sets.	11	8

New Moon 14th, 10h. 14m. morning.

LIVERY STABLE.

THE Subscriber respectfully announces to his Friends and the Public generally that he has a few good HORSES and CARRIAGES, which he will let on very reasonable terms, at his stable in *Charlotte Street*, opposite V. C. Troop's Store. All letting for business or pleasure dispensed with on the Sabbath, (except in cases of emergency.) No charge for Sunday to those wishing to spend that day with their friends out of the City, leaving on Saturday, and returning on Monday. The patronage of all who approve of the above, will be gratefully received.

GEORGE N. ROBINSON.

St. John, N. B., July 17 1846.

Wholesale Confectioner **and Lozenge Manufacturer.**

A. MARTIN begs to remind his Wholesale Customers that he has always on hand a large Stock of CONFECTIONS and LOZENGES of first rate quality, which he will sell at moderate prices, at his Establishment, in Prince William street, a few doors South of the Bank of New Brunswick, same side. May 29.

National Loan Fund LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY of London.

EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Capital, £500,000 Sterling.

Exclusive of a Reserved Fund (Surplus Premiums) of £37,000 sterling.

BOARD OF LOCAL DIRECTORS AT ST. JOHN, N. B. (Office Nelson street.)

Ensworth L. Jarvis, Esq., *Chairman.*

Edward Allison, Esq.	William Wright, Esq.
John V. Thurgar, Esq.	Robt. F. Hazen, Esq.

Physician and Medical Examiner.
Wm. Bayard, Esq. M. D.

WILLIAM J. STARR, FREDERICK R. STARR } *Agents.*

George Lee, Jr.	Fredericton,	*Sub Agents.*
Wm. Carman, Esq.	Miramichi,	
Thos. Wilson, Esq.	St. Andrews.	

ADVANTAGES OFFERED BY THE SOCIETY.

Perfect security, arising from a large Capital, totally independent of the Premium Fund.

A Loan of two thirds the premium paid, or half the Annual Premium for the first five years.

Low rates of Premiums.

Insurance for one or five years, or for life, with or without participation in profits of the Society.

A liberal allowance for the surrender of Policies.

Travelling limits and extra premiums liberal and moderate.

Division of Profits.—The assured has the option of receiving the Profits either in Cash, in reduction of Premiums, or in adding to the sum insured.

Premiums payable annually, half yearly, or quarterly.

The "*National Loan Fund Life Assurance Society,*" offers, as will be seen by the above, all the advantages allowed by any other Life Assurance Society of equal standing.

Every information as to the Society's rate of Premium, mode of Insurance, and Blank Forms, may be had on application at the office of the Agents.

WILLIAM J. STARR, FREDERICK R. STARR } *Agents.*

St. John, Dec. 24 1846. Nelson street.

THE HARTFORD **Fire Insurance Company,** OF HARTFORD, (CONN.)

OFFERS to insure every description of property against loss or damage by Fire, on reasonable terms. This company has been doing business for more than twenty-five years, and during that period have settled all their losses without compelling the insured in any instance to resort to a court of justice.

The Directors of the company are Eliphalet Terry, James H. Wells, S. H. Huntington, A. Huntington, junr.; Albert Day, Samuel Williams, T. C. Huntington, Elisha Colt, E. E. Ward. ELIPHALET TERRY, President.

JAMES G. BOLLES, *Secretary.*

The subscriber having been duly appointed as Agent for the above company, is prepared to issue Policies of Insurance against Fire for all descriptions of property in this city and throughout the Province on reasonable terms. Conditions made known, and every information given on application to JOHN ROBERTSON.

St. John, 1st March, 1847.

Minerva Life Assurance Company. King William street, London.

ALL Persons assured at the above Office, are requested to take Notice, that in future no Extra Premium will be charged on their Policies for residence in British North America, as heretofore; nor will such Extra Premium be charged on any Assurance hereafter effected. All applications for assurance to be made to

RANNEY, STURDEE & CO. *Agents for New Brunswick.*

Medical referee, John Paddock, Esq., M.D.

January 30, 1846.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

Extraordinary Cure of a Case ABANDONED BY *Guy's, the Metropolitan, King's College and Charing Cross Hospitals.*

SUMMARY OF AFFIDAVIT.

Wm. BROOKE, Messenger, of 2, Union street Southwark, London, maketh oath and saith, that he (this deponent) was afflicted with FIFTEEN RUNNING ULCERS on his left arm, and ulcerated sores and wounds on both legs, for which deponent was admitted an out-door patient at the Metropolitan Hospital, in April, 1841, where he continued for nearly four weeks. Unable to receive a cure elsewhere, the deponent sought relief at the three following hospitals:—King's College Hospital in May for five weeks; at Guy's Hospital in July, for six weeks; and at Charing cross Hospital at the end of August, for some weeks more; which deponent left, being a far worse condition than when he had quitted Guy's where sir BARNSBY COOPER, and other medical officers of the establishment had told deponent that *the only chance of saving his life was to LOSE HIS ARM!* The deponent therefore upon called upon Dr. Bright, chief physician, of Guy's, who on viewing deponent's condition, kindly and liberally said, "*I am utterly at a loss what to do for you! but here is half a-sovereign: go to Mr. HOLLOWAY, and try what effect his Pills and Ointment will have, as I have frequently witnessed the wonderful effects they have in desperate cases. You can let me see you again.*" This unprejudiced advice was followed by the deponent, and *a perfect cure* effected in three weeks, by the use alone of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT, after four Hospitals had failed!!! When Dr. Bright was shown by the deponent, the result of his advice and charity, he said, "I am both astounded and delighted, for I thought that if I ever saw you again alive it would be without your arm. I can only compare this cure to a charm!!!"

Sworn at the Mansion house of the city of London, this 8th day of March, 1842. } WM. BROOKE.

Before me, JOHN PIRIE Mayor.

IN ALL DISEASES of the Skin, Bad Legs, Old Wounds and Ulcers, Bad Breasts, sore Nipples, Stoney and Ulcerated Cancers, Tumours, swellings, Gout, Rheumatism, and Lumbago, likewise in cases of Piles; the Pills, in all the above cases ought to be used with the Ointment; as by this means cures will be effected with a much greater certainty, and in half the time that it would require by using the Ointment alone. The Ointment is proved to be a certain remedy for the bites of most ghastlines, Sand-flies, Chiego-foot, Yawns, and Coco-bay.

Burns, scalds, childblains, chapped Hands and Lips, also Bunions and Soft Corns, will be immediately cured by the use of the Ointment.

The Pills are not only the finest remedy known when used with the Ointment, but as a General Medicine there is nothing equal to them. In nervous affections they will be found of the greatest service. These Pills are, without exception, the finest purifier of the Blood ever discovered, and ought to be used by all!!!

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of Patients are affixed to each Pot.—*Sold at PETERS & TILLEY'S, No. 1, King street, St. John, N. B.*

NATIONAL LOAN FUND **Life Assurance Society** OF LONDON.

NOTICE TO THE ASSURED IN THIS OFFICE.

AT a Court of Directors recently held in London, the following resolution was passed, which is published for the information of the numerous parties assured by the above Society, who reside in this Province:

"Resolved, That persons assured by this Society be allowed to cross and re-cross the Atlantic in Royal Mail or first class Steamers, or in first class sailing vessels, during the months of May, June, July, August, September, and October, free of extra charge, and during the months of November, December, January, February, March, and April, on payment previous to embarkation of an extra premium of five shillings per cent, on the sum assured, for each passage.

W. J. STARR, } Managers & Agents.
F. R. STARR, } Nelson street.

March 12—3m. St. John, N. B.

English Window Glass.

Ex *Themis*, from Liverpool:

23 BOXES 7x9; 40 ditto 8x10; 30 ditto 9x11; 10 ditto 9x12; 25 do. 10x12; 25 do. 10x14; 10 do. 12x14; 20 do. 12x16; 40 do. 12x18; 15 do. 12x17; 10 do. 14x20; 5 do. 14x18; 10 do. 16x20; 10 do. 16x22; 10 do. 16x24; 10 do. 18x24.

For sale low by W. O. SMITH.

October 30 Market Square.

MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

THIS Company is prepared to receive applications for Insurance against FIRE upon Buildings and other Property, at the Office of the subscriber. I. WOODWARD.

St. John, Nov. 11, 1846. *Secretary.*

Mr. A. Mackenna, *Attorney at Law, and Notary Public,*

OFFICE, up stairs in the Brick Building corner of Church and Prince Wm. streets.

June 12, 1846.

MR. G. BLATCH, *Attorney at Law, Notary Public, and Conveyancer.*

OFFICE in Mr. L. H. DeVeber's new building, on the Western side of Prince William street.

December 11.

Stoves, Hollow Ware & Pig Iron.

Landing ex *Nautilus*, from Glasgow—

81 CANADA Stoves, from 20 to 36 inches; 12 tons Hollow WARE, well assorted; 100 tons Pig IRON, No 1. For sale by

Nov. 6. WM CARVILL.

Notice.

THE business heretofore carried on by the subscribers under the firm of N. & J. ADAMS, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All parties indebted to the said firm, are requested to settle the same before the 1st day of April, and all debts due by the said firm will be settled by N. Adams, at his old stand, King street.

NATHANIEL ADAMS, JAMES ADAMS.

St. John, March 3, 1847.

Molasses, Coffee, and Cigars.

LANDING, ex *Sheerness*, from Matanzas: 238 Puncs MOLASSES; 50 Bags COFFEE; 50,000 Havana CIGARS. For sale by

April 16. JARDINE & CO.

Miscellany.

PANTHER FIGHT.—A correspondent at the Lake of two Mountains, has transmitted to us an account of a conflict between an Indian and an American Panther, which took place near the Black Lead Mines on the York-branch of the Madawaska River. The Indian was returning from the inspection of a number of Beaver-traps on the morning of the 20th January, without any weapon but his tomahawk and hunting knife; and while passing along, he heard a crackling among the boughs above his head. On looking up he perceived the animal just in the act of springing from a large hemlock directly at him, he started backwards a couple of steps, and drew his belt.—The Panther foiled in her spring, bounded swiftly at her foe, who struck her a severe blow in the shoulder, which, however did not prevent her seizing him with her teeth, while with her claws she lacerated horribly her victim's thigh and leg. The Indian repeated the blows on different parts of the beast's body, until she relinquished her hold of his knee and seized him by the left shoulder, when the tomahawk became useless, and both rolled on the ground together. The Indian now began to get weak from the great loss of blood, and although the severe wounds he had inflicted with his tomahawk on his foe, tended in a great degree to relax the ferocity of her attack, yet she was fast overcoming him, and he saw no prospect but death before him.—In the struggle his hand came in contact with handle of the knife, which he instinctively drew forth, and struck at random against the Panther; after the second stroke he felt the claws of the savage beast relaxing; when he sunk into a state of insensibility, from which he soon recovered, the cold and snow having staunched the flow of blood from the wounds he had received in the conflict, he found the Panther lying dead beside him, with her head nearly severed from the body, the last plunge of the knife having completely cut through both jugular veins. The Indian with great difficulty reached his wigwam, when his companions directed by him went to the scene of blood and found the animal to be one of the largest kind, and of a species very rare in this part of the world.—*Ottawa Advocate.*

A very pleasing incident occurred in one of our public schools a day or two since. It seems that the boys attending the school, of the average age of seven years, had in their play of bat and ball, broken one of the neighbours windows, but no clue of the offender could be obtained as he would not confess nor would any of his associates expose him.

The case troubled the teacher, and on the occasion of one of our citizens visiting the school, she privately and briefly stated the circumstance and wished him in some remarks to the school to advert to the principle involved in the case.

The address to the school had reference principally to the conduct of boys in the streets and at their sports. The principles of rectitude and kindness which should govern them every where—even when alone and when they thought no eye to see and no one present to observe. The school seemed deeply interested in the remarks.

A very short time after the visiter left the school, a little boy arose in his seat and said,

"Miss ——, I batted the ball that broke Mr. —— window. Another boy threw the ball, but I batted it and it struck the window. I am willing to pay for it."

There was a death-like silence in the school as the little boy was speaking, and continued for a minute after he had closed.

"But it wont be right for ——, to pay the whole for the glass," said another boy rising in his seat, "all of us that were playing should pay something because we were all engaged alike in the play, I'll pay my part!"

"And I!"

"And I!"

A thrill of pleasure seemed to run through the school at this disply of correct feeling. The teacher's heart was touched and she felt more than ever the responsibility of her charge.—*Bangor Whig.*

FOOTMEN'S CALVES.—It may perhaps be not generally known to all our country readers that one of the greatest essentials with regard to the recommendation of a London footman is not only his height, but the size and form of his legs—veal being at a high price in the 'Jackey market' of the metropolis. A friend of the author's, who once lived in one of the leading squares at the west end, had occasion to hire a new footman. The man arrived, but for the first two or three days was absent from his post at the hour of his master's dinner. Upon inquiry being made of the butler why the new footman did not make his appearance, the excuse was given that the man's calves were not yet come home.' 'What!' said the astonished master—'what do you mean?' 'Why, sir, replied the major-domo, 'the man's legs are not quite so well formed and large as is consistent with his calling, and he has been obliged to have recourse to those artificial means which are resorted to by great numbers of the fashionable footmen of London—namely, to order a pair of 'sham calves,' and I am sorry to say that the man who makes them has disappointed him, from the vast quantity which he has orders for at this season of the year. However, he will be ready to appear by dinner-time to-morrow.—*New Sporting Magazine.*

Extraordinary Speed and Power on the Broad Gauge.—The greatest speed that has ever been reached by the locomotive engine, was attained on Thursday last by the great Western, with the usual twelve o'clock up express train from Exeter.—The train from Didcot consisted of six passenger carriages, with nearly every seat filled, and the load, exclusive of the engine and tender, was about 65 tons. The engine was driven by Mr. Daniel Gooch, the locomotive superintendent of the Great Western line, accompanied by Mr. McConnell, the locomotive superintendent of the London and North Western line. On arriving at the 20th mile-post, the speed of the engine, which was merely keeping her working time, was found to be 61 miles per hour. The engine at this time was working with the steam cut off about nine inches out of her stroke of 2f. She was then allowed to work with her steam cut off at 15½ inches, and her speed for the next quarter of a mile increased to the rate of 69 miles per hour. The next quarter of a mile was performed in rather less than 12 seconds; and the following quarter in 12 seconds or at the rate of 75 miles per hour. The gradient was a falling one, of four feet per mile. After attaining this speed the power of the engine was reduced to her ordinary working rate, but there is no doubt that had her full power been put on, a speed of 80 or 85 miles per hour could have been attained. While working with her steam cut of at 13½ inches, a speed of 49½ miles per hour was reached on a level. The fire box and the heating surface of the "Great Western" locomotive are considerably below the capacity of the broad gauge, and we are quite satisfied that with the road properly laid and in good order, and with some improvement in the "points" of railways, a velocity of 90 or a 100 miles per hour may be reached on the broad gauge line.—*English paper.*

[*From Blackwood's Magazine.*]

THE MID-NIGHT WATCH.

A TALE OF THE PROTECTORATE.

(*Concluded.*)

The blood boiled in Gerald's veins and rushed into his cheek. He felt for a moment nearly suffocated with the violence of his passion. Since the young recruit had been anxious to obtain Gideon's weary post, there could be no doubt what was his purpose. There, and in the silence of the night, he would be able under Mildred's window, to pour into her ear those words of love which he dared not openly confess. It was true, then, that Mildred had bid him try to obtain the post of sentinel in the inner court. That was their hour of rendezvous.—Furious jealously, joined to rage at loosing that post, on which his fathers' whole fate depended, contributed to torture his mind. Not only would his detested rival find a favourable opportunity of holding converse with that faithless girl, but he would be there to prevent his father's escape—he of all others—he that fierce, and violent Republican, that determined enemy of all adherents to the royal cause. If the vision of Maywood interchanging soft words with Mildred at her window tormented the unhappy lover, far more agonizing were the feelings that represented to him the stern young sentinel raising his musket upon his shoulder to arrest the escape of the old man—shooting him perhaps in his descent from the tower window—bringing him bleeding to the earth. Horror! Convulsed with these accumulated feelings, he stood for a time speechless, struggling with his passions.—When he looked again upon Maywood's face, that pated individuals eye were bent upon him with a stern but inquiring glance, and in evident discomposure. This very look was sufficient to confirm all the young lover's suspicion and it was with the greatest difficulty that he could control his passion. He mastered himself, however, sufficiently to meet the glance of Maywood without giving vent to his wrath, and turning to Gideon he called him aside.

The indolent soldier evidently rose unwillingly but he followed Gerald to a little distance, grumbling something about an 'interruption to the inward outpourings of the spirit.'

'Hark ye, Master Gideon,' said Gerald, when they had got some distance from Mark, 'you must not do me wrong in this. I own that my request is not wholly disinterested. You know that I love your colonel's daughter, that I am affianced to her.—Her chamber looks into that court, and at midnight——'

'Now out on thee,' Master Lyle,' drawled Goodman, with a hypocritical upturning of his eyes.—'Wouldst thou make my watch as pretext for ungodly clambering and profane love passages?'

'How now, fellow!' exclaimed the young man in wrath. 'What mean you by this insolence?' and he grasped Gideon's collar with violence. But immediately afterwards repenting of his excitement, he continued with a calm tone, although still in some irritation. 'This is mere raving, Gideon I know you. I know you to be a thorough hypocrite.'

'Nay, but of a truth,'—exclaimed the pacific Goodman very softly.

'Hear me,' interrupted Gerald, 'it is not as you think—that Maywood loves her too. He also would keep the watch at midnight, in the hope to see her at her window—by chance man, by chance—not otherwise; but I would hinder this, and—'

'Nay, but Master Maywood hath my word,' again began Gideon.

'Nay, but Master Gideon slept while upon his post,' continued Gerald, interrupting him. 'And if Master Gideon be reported to his colonel, Master Gideon would have a week's street upon bread and water; but Master Gideon may do what he listeth.'

'For the love of Heaven,' exclaimed Gideon, forgetting his Puritanical cloak in his alarm; 'you would not report me, comrade? Sounds, you would not serve a poor fellow so scurvy a trick.'

'Upon one condition then,' replied Gerald.—'Retract your word to that man—give me up your post at midnight; and I will be as silent as the grave.'

'Lord have mercy on us! Thou art as the cruel taskmaster of the children of Israel and thy heart is hardened even as was Pharaoh's,' whined Goodman, again resuming his canting tone. 'But be it then as thou will.'

Gerald triumphed. The mid night watch was his—and with it his father's safety, and his father's blessing.

They returned to the seat where Maywood still stood observing them. Gideon followed in the rear, muttering about the hand of the ungodly being upon him.

'Speak Gideon,' said Gerald as they approached and thank your comrade here for his kindly proffered barter of hours; since it is I who take your post, you will not need his well-meant and disinterested civilities.'

There was something of a sneer on Gerald's lip, as he pronounced these words, which probably augmented the feelings of anger that now evidently flushed the usually cold face of Maywood and darkened his brow; for the latter appeared to tremble with suppressed passion as he advanced upon his rival with the words—

'How now, you Master, what's your name?—What warrants you to interfere thus ill advisedly in my concerns? If this man had given up to me, at the mid night hour the watch over that offshoot of a rotten and corrupt stem of tyranny, is it for you to stand between me and my purpose?'

'Your purpose is doubtless of the best, and truest and worthiest,' replied Gerald, with another flickering sneer upon his lips. 'But the watch is mine now by Master Gideon's consent, and these hours of the night I intended to devote to the watch of those whose security may need my care.'

Mark Maywood bit his lip, and clenched his hands together in a vain effort to suppress his violent irritation.

'Holy, holy! Here's a coil about an old inveterate Amalekite' said Gideon in a mixture of his natural and assumed phraseology, prudently withdrawing at the same time some distance from the angry young man, as if afraid lest an appeal to himself should involve him in the quarrel.

'Hark ye, sirrah,' cried Maywood, angrily, 'I am not about to resign the right this man has yielded to me at the caprice of the first foolish fellow who chooses to cross my path, without making him repent his unsolicited for interference. What is it to me—this post, but to be brow beaten by a bullying boy. I never will be.'

'Nor will I yield to a base and treacherous hypocrite like thee, Mark Maywood,' exclaimed his angry antagonist.

The hands of both the young men were instantly upon their rapiers.

'By the mass, what are ye about?' exclaimed Gideon in alarm. 'Trifle not with the sacred weapon. Would ye have me put on arrest before we can look about us? Fathmer, men of wrath.'

But the philogmatic Gideon kept at a prudent distance.

At these words, either considerations appeared suddenly to strike the other two young men. In spite of their passion, both paused irresolute.

Gerald reflected that were he involved in a quarrel, he would necessarily be prevented in any case, whether victorious over his adversary, and then consigned to prison, or himself disabled, from forwarding his father's escape. His rival appeared moved by prudent motives perhaps by conscientious scruples as to the party to which he belonged perhaps by the thoughts of Mildred.

'This is truly ruffling and bawling like tavern hunters and drunkards,' stammered Gerald, as if seeking an excuse for withdrawing from the fray; 'but the time will come Mark Maywood, when you shall not escape me.'

'He is so, comrade,' replied the other again sheating his half drawn rapier. 'I know you not, and cannot barely divine your cause of enmity. But I will not fail you at the right time. Till then, let this suffice. The mid night watch is mine—mine by the first consent of yonder soldier to my proposal of exchange.'

'No! mine, again urged Gerald, 'mine by his retraction of his prior consent, if such he gave.

'Come hither, comrade,' cried Maywood to Gideon, who was suddenly absorbed once more in his devotions.

'Hear ye, Master Goodman,' said the other.—'But Go-to-bed Goodman stirred not. He shrunk from the appeal to himself.

'This to me your post has been consigned, say not so?' inquired the one.

'It is I who take it off your hands—speak, cried Gerald. 'Remember, Gideon,' he added with uplifted finger.

'Speak, who je it?' said both at once. Gideon shuffled with his feet, and looked heavier and more embarrassed than ever, but as he caught sight of the warning finger, he absolutely shut his eyes in utter despair, and pointing to Gerald, with the words 'Verily, and of truth, thou art the man,' he hastened away as fast as his indolent nature would permit before he should fall into the toils of the angry philistines, as he termed it.

Gerald could not suppress a look of triumph.—Whatever were Mark Maywood's feelings he repressed them by a dark scowl of disappointment and then turned away without another word.

The night had closed in—that night of so vital an importance to his father's destiny—and Gerald was alone in a small lower room, his heart beating high with hope, that he should contribute to his father's rescue.

He was lost in thought, when a firm hand laid on his shoulder roused him from his abstracted state. He turned his head, and saw to his surprise Mark Maywood by his side. The young man wore a calmer, clearer brow, although his usual stern cold, almost determined expression, still pervaded it.

'Comrade,' said Maywood, with much appearance of frankness in his manner, 'I have spoken to you roughly without cause; I crave your pardon.'

Gerald heard this unexpected address with great astonishment; and before he answered, paused in much embarrassment.

'Let us be frank, continued Mark. Had we been so before much ill will and evil blood might have been spared. I have only divined your feelings from my own. You have not seen the pretty daughter of our colonel with admiration. Nor have I.'

Gerald started with rising warmth, but his rival interrupted him.

'Bear with me a while, so continued, and hear me out. You have been here long. I am but a new comer. You have the prior claim. Perhaps she returns your love. Had I known of this before—and so it is I have but guessed it on witnessing your anxiety to hold the watch in the court beneath her window—I had withdrawn, as it is my duty.—And now comrade, I return to offer you the sacrifice of my new born admiration, and at the same time my friendship.

'What you say seems straight forward, Master Maywood,' said Gerald overcome by the frank manner of the young soldier, 'and I thank you for this generosity and truth. My suspicions then did not deceive me? You love her, and you sought to see her to night?'

'I did,' said Maywood.

'And she, did she return your love? Did she accede to this meeting?'

Mark shook his head with a faint doubtful smile but gave no answer. Gerald's brow again grew gloomy, and he sank his head between his hands.

'Come, come to morrow' cheered the other young soldier, with a cordiality of manner which Gerald had never before witnessed in his dark, stern aspect. 'Let all be forgiven and forgotten.—Come pledge me in this cup. These drinking of toasts, as it is called, these pledges over liquor are considered unmanly, and unholy by many; I know it well. You cannot refuse to drink one cup with me, as an earnest of our kindly feeling for the future.

For the first time Gerald now observed that Maywood bore under his arm a flagon of ale, and held in his left hand two drinking cups of horn.

'I reject not your kindly feeling' answered Gerald; 'but I am not wont to drink—and to repeled the cup which Maywood had filled for him.

'Nay! nay!' said Mark, sitting down by the table on which Gerald sat. 'You wrong me by refusing this first offer of reconciliation. Come, comrade, drink one.'

Gerald took the cup of ale unwillingly, and only raised it to his lips. But Maywood shook his head at him—and Gerald, in compliance with his newly made friend's request, at last swallowed the contents.

'I am not used to these strong drinks,' said Gerald setting down the horn with evident distaste—I like them not—but I have done this to show my willingness to meet you on friendly ground.'

Maywood raised in turn his cup, and at the same time calling to a dog that followed him into the room he said, 'Down, Roger, down,' and stopped to repulse it; immediately afterwards he raised the horn and seemed to drain the ale to the last drop.

'One more, and then I will urge you again,' said Mark to Gerald, eyeing him with a sharp, inquiring look.

'No, no, not one,' replied the young man with disgust. 'Already this unusual drink has confused my head. I am accustomed to water only—such was my uncle's mode of educating me. It is strange how my brain throbs with this fermented liquor. I did wrong to drink it,' and Gerald rubbed his heavy forehead and strained his eyes. His powers of vision became more and more confused; and it was with difficulty that he could now see before him the face of Maywood, which to his intellect, disordered by the liquor, seemed to wear a strange expression of cunning and triumphant contempt.—He made an effort, however to shake off this feeling and raise his sinking head, but in vain.

At first Gerald's sleep was heavy and complete. How long it remained so he had no power to tell.—At length, however, it became lighter, and grew more troubled and confused. Wild dreams became to course each other through his brain—at first of a undefinable and fantastic nature—then they assumed a more definite shape. He dreamed of his father—that old grey headed cavalier with his long white beard—and before him stood Lazarus Seaman, who accused him of unsurd and imaginary crimes. And now they brought him to the open court—a file of soldiers was drawn up—their muskets were levelled at the old man's heart—Gerald struggled and tried to spring between those deadly instruments and his doomed father, but his feet close to the ground—he struggled in vain—the muskets were discharged, and his father fell weltering in his blood. With the last struggle of convulsive nightmare, he started up, uttering a loud scream. It was but a frightful dream—and yet the noise of those fearful muskets—that discharge of artillery—still rang in his ears. As he opened his eyes all was dark around him—the darkness of the deep night. It was long before he could sufficiently recover his senses to remember what had passed, and when slowly the events of the day forced themselves upon his mind his intellect seemed still confused and troubled. And how strangely real seemed the impression of that dream! It was with difficulty he could persuade himself that the firing had been imaginary; and even now there seemed a strange confusion of noise and voices around him—but that surely, was the ringing in his head from the unusual draught he had taken.

Slowly his whole memory returned to him, and he recalled to mind that it was necessary for him to answer Goodman Gideon when that worthy's name was to be called for the midnight watch. He staggered upon his feet, and with difficulty found his way into the open air. As he gazed with a sore what troubled brain on the bright star lit sky, two or three soldiers hurried past him.

'Hark ye, comrade,' said he to one, 'how long is it to midnight?'

'Midnight! where have you been hiding yourself, comrade! Midnight has long since passed.'

'Long since passed!' screamed Gerald with frantic violence. 'No, no! it is impossible—my post was at midnight in the tower court.'

'Then you have escaped by a wonderful interposition, friend, from the consequences of your absence; for I was there when the names were called, and present was answered for the sentinel at the tower court.'

'Father of mercy!' cried Gerald in despair.—'What then has happened?'

'Happened?' echoed the soldier; 'why, the prisoner has tried to escape! But didn't you hear the shots? They brought the old reprobate to the earth of a society.'

Gerald uttered a loud groan and fell against the wall of the house; but in another moment he recovered himself by a desperate effort from a feeling of sickness and death, and repulsing the soldier violently who had come to his assistance, he rushed round the mansion with whirling brain and clenched teeth towards the tower court. His father had been killed—killed by his own folly. Rage, despair, confusion, self-horror, at having been so weak as to accept Maywood's proposal to drink that fatal drink which caused his deadly sleep, all tortured his heart and drove him almost to madness. He could not doubt that it was that hated Maywood who had deceived him, drugged his liquor, cheated him into sleep, in order to be present and scathed at his rendezvous with Mildred: and now it was by his hand by the hand of that villain that his father had fallen.

All was commotion in the fortress. Gerald, as he rushed forward, heard the noise of voices and oars upon the water—the voice of Lazarus Seaman—now the men calling to each other. Horror stricken, overwhelmed with despair, convulsed with rage, he bounded through the vaulted passage. In the moonlit court stood but one figure alone—the sentinel, who was leaning over the parapet, and seemed to be watching with interest the movements of the boats upon the water. With the rage of a tiger, Gerald sprang upon him, and seized him by the collar with a frenzied grasp. It was indeed Maywood—pale, agitated and excited.

'Villain! traitor! assassin!' screamed Gerald madly, frantic with passion and despair—'you betrayed that grey-headed old man; you have murdered him; but I will have revenge!'—He was my father, and in you have killed him.'

'Your father!' exclaimed the young sentinel, in a voice choked by emotion. 'He was mine, and I have saved him!'

Gerald released his hold, and staggered back.

For a moment they stood at one other in bewil-