SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, APRIL 30, 1847.

THE Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 11. "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utrosque." Number 35.

THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by DONALD & 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.

ET 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.		H.	Sun. s.	Moon R.	H.	W.
1	Saturday,	5	3 6 57	8 15	Morn	
2	Sunday,	5	2 6 58	9 13	0 29	
3	Monday,	5	1 6 59	10 8	1 2	
4	Tuesday,	5	0 6 0	10 58	1 36	
5	Wednesday,	5	59 7 1	N 46	2 13	
6	Thursday,	4	57 7 3	Morn	2 57	
7	Friday,	4	56 7 4	0 30	3 45	

Last Quarter, 7th day, 6h. 10m. even.

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.

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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. Wills, S. H. Huntington, A. Huntington, junr.: Albert Day, Samuel Williams, F. G. Huntingdon, Elisha Colt, R. B. 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 Provinces on reasonable terms. Conditions made known, and every information given on application to JOHN ROBERTSON.
St. John, 1st March, 1844.

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 Assurances hereafter effected. All applications for insurance to be made to
RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.
Agents for New Brunswick.
Medical referee, John Paddock, Esq., M.D.
January 30, 1846.

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. B. Troop's Store. All hiring 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 1845.

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.

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 ethe 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 thereupon 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 delight-'ed, 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 chettoes, 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, F. R. STARR, } Managers & Agents, Nelson street.
March 12—3m. St. John, N. B.

English Window Glass.

Ex *Themis*, from Liverpool:

25 BOXES 7x9; 40 dito 8x10; 30 dito 9x11; 10 dito 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. DeWeber's new building, on the Western side of Prince William street.
December 11.

Stoves, Hollow Ware & Pig Iron.

Landing ex Nautilus, from Glasgow—
84 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 Bluenose, from Matanzas: 238 Puns MOLASSES; 50 Bags COFFEE; 58,000 Havana CIGARS. For sale by
April 16. JARDINE & CO.

Miscellany.

COMBAT BETWEEN A HORSE AND A LION.—A nobleman, in the early part of the reign of Louis XV., having a very vicious horse, which none of the grooms or servants would ride—several of them having been thrown and one killed—asked leave of his Majesty to have him turned into the menagerie, against one of the largest lions. The King readily consented, and the animal on a certain day was conducted thither. Soon after the arrival of the horse the door of the den was accordingly drawn up, and the lion with great state and majesty, marched slowly to the mouth of it, when seeing his antagonist, he set up a tremendous roar. The horse immediately started and fell back—his ears erected, his mane raised, his eyes sparkled, and something like a general convulsion seemed to agitate his whole frame. After the first emotion of fear had subsided, the horse retired to a corner of the menagerie where having directed his heels towards the lion and having reared his head above his left shoulder, he watched with extreme eagerness the motions of his enemy. The lion, who presently quitted the den, sidled about for more than a minute, as if meditating the mode of attack, when having sufficiently prepared himself for the combat, he made a sudden spring at the horse which defended itself by striking his adversary a most violent blow on the chest. The lion instantly retreated, groaned, and seemed for several minutes inclined to give up the contest, when, recovering from the painful effects of the blow, he returned to the charge with unabated violence. The mode of preparation for his second attack was the same as the first. He sidled from one side of the menagerie to the other for a considerable time, seeking for a favourable opportunity to seize his prey, during all which time the horse still preserved the same posture and still kept his head erect and turned over his shoulder. The lion at length gave a second spring with all the strength and velocity he could exercise, when the horse caught him with his hoof under his lower jaw, which he fractured. Having sustained a second and more severe repulse than the former, the lion retreated to his den as well as he was able, apparently in the greatest agony, moaning all the way in a most lamentable manner. The horse was soon obliged to be shot, as no one dared to approach the ground where he was kept.

MEDITATIONS ON THE "OLD DUKE."—We wandered down Grosvenor-place, where we passed "the Duke," with a lady on his arm. Age seemed to have improved him; we never saw him look half so well. He was sprucely and handsomly attired in a blue frock coat, white trousers, white tie, and glossy hat; and save that his step had become a little more feeble, he did not look the worse for wear. We passed him by, and, gaining a good crossing over which we knew his way would lie, stopped to have a good look. Aye! there he was, the glorious duke—that grey haired, fresh-colored, plain-looking, shaky old gentleman. Can that be he upon whose breath hung the issues of life and death for thousands? Was it that broken voice, whose accents we could scarcely catch, that thundered in the earthquake tones of victory, the memorable "*Up guards and at them?*" Was it he who overthrew one after another the picked marshals of Napoleon, and, at last the great chief himself? We wonder does he ever muse alone, silent night, of the scenes through which he has passed? Do the dead come back to him in dreams? Does he ever think of the thousands of brave, and chivalrous, and high spirited men who have fallen at his very side? Does he think of the slaughtered thousands of Badajos, of the summits of Barossa, or of the fiery struggle of Waterloo? Has the flush of pride, which he used to feel in the hour of victory, faded as much from his soul as the eagle glance has vanished from his eye? Are the scenes through which he has borne himself so gloriously, mellowed by the hand of time still painted on the eye of memory? Or are all those brave spirits forgotten in the misty haze of the past, in the chaos of battles and sieges, of which, it may be, he does not now remember even the names? Each succeeding anniversary of Waterloo finds that band of veterans who fought beside him grow thinner. "They will soon be blotted from the things that be;" and the man of iron frame—he who led them on to victory—survives still. He has had his fill of all the honors this world could bestow—unbounded wealth, unrivalled glory, titles, fame, riches—all the blessings with which the poet's fancy could adorn old age—"Honor, love, obedience, troops of friends" are his. But we would give a trifle to know if he feels any satisfaction now at the possession of them all, or if the knowledge taught by the experience of the wise man of old has come to him at last—that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

CALVES.—Herdsmen have expressed various opinions as to the best method of rearing calves; some contending strenuously for the "natural way," as they are pleased to denominate it—that is, permitting them to run with their dams till they are four or five months old; while others assert that the better way is to separate them from the cows when a week or so old, and "raise them by hand." The economical farmer will of course candidly examine, and consider the cost in both cases, for this is an item of great importance, especially where large numbers are raised, as is the case on some farms.

The cost in both cases ought surely to be taken into consideration. In the first instance the butter or cheese, made from the milk would amount to more, in four months, than the value of the calf at that age. In the latter, the proceeds of the milk are nearly obtained independent of the rearing of the calf. This can be established on unquestionable authority. Then there is a very great balance in favour of the last method.—That the calf that runs with the cow four months, will somewhat exceed in growth and proportion, than the one reared by hand, is readily granted. But after that period, it is taken from the cow, and has to graze to seek its own living. Here a change of diet takes place, it shortly becomes stunted, its growth is checked, and this too at the very period when it ought to be in the most thriving condition. The one reared by hand becomes more and more accustomed to food, continues gradually to improve, without receiving any check in its growth, so that, when winter arrives, it is in far better condition than the other.

There is different procedures in preparing the mess for the calf. Each one has his favourite plan. One "mixes with a small quantity of milk a portion of boiled potatoes and fine bran." Another "boils the milk and lets it stand till it cools to the temperature of milk from the cow." The plan most generally adopted (and perhaps the best) is, to let the milk stand 12 hours at first, when it is skimmed, heated to the temperature of milk from the cow, and a handful of shorts or flour added to each calf's mess. Four or five quarts, at first, is a proper quantity.—This is to be moderately increased as judgment can best direct. After four or five weeks, whey, with a small quantity of shorts added, can be given with equal success.—Calves raised in this manner are more docile than when they run with the cows, and can be better and easier managed through the winter, and most generally ever afterwards. Another very important consideration is, they soon forget their mothers, and the trouble of keeping them seperate during the fall and winter is dispensed with.

VARIETIES.

Shakespeare, though one of the most generous of men, was a great higgler. He was often known to dispute with a shopkeeper for half an hour on the matter of a penny. He gives Hotspur credit for a portion of his own disposition, when he makes him say, "I would cavil on the ninth part of a hair."

THE CAP OF LIBERTY.—Among the Greeks and Romans the slaves were always bare-headed; only freemen could cover their heads. Hence when a slave was made free, a cap was placed on his head, as one of the tokens of emancipation. This is the meaning of the cap of liberty.

GO AHEAD.—RHEUMATISM AVAUNT!—A Yankee professor has patented a scientific remedy for rheumatism. He places a patient's head a hat, lined with copper, and on his feet a pair of boots lined with zinc. The boots are filled with diluted sulphuric acid, and connected to the hat by a metalic wire, running along the seam in the inexpressibles. Off bounds the rheumatic sufferer at a hand-gallop, and rushes across the country like Mazeppa on his charger, or Van Tromp with his cork leg! When the force of the acid is expended, he "brings up," either in the Oregon country, Texas or Canada, according to the direction given to him in starting; he then sits down, and writes home a letter announcing his recovery.

When the English and French were disputing as to their respective rights to certain territories in America, Voltaire remarked that they were quite agreed upon one point, namely, that the natives had no right at all to the land in question.

VAGABONDS.—Vagabonds are described by our ancient statutes to be "such as wake in the night and sleep in the day, haunt accustomed taverns and ale houses, and roats about; and no man knoweth from whence they come and whither they go."

The Chinese proverb says a lie has no legs, and cannot stand; but it has wings, and can fly far and wide.

Good nature is more to be prized than the greatest beauty or the keenest wit.

[From Blackwood's Magazine.]

THE MID-NIGHT WATCH.

A TALE OF THE PROTECTORATE.

(Continued.)

The dark mourning habit which Lord Clynton wore in imitation of many of the Royalist party, after the execution of their unfortunate master, although soiled and torn, gave him an air of dignity in spite of its look of sadness; and the long grizzled beard, which had evidently remained untrimmed, having been left palpably to grow uncultured as a sign of sorrow, bestowed upon him an imposing expression, in spite of its neglected state.

The old man was consequently still doubtful as to the safety of the communication which was to be the key of his escape, and even more anxious as to the means by which he might reach it. Gerald watched with palpitating heart, how, in his promenade the old cavalier approached nearer and nearer, as if unconsciously, the parapet wall. He had been alone, all he said to himself, had been well; but there was another witness to observe the prisoner's action. Gerald in his turn also scrutinized the comrade of his watch, and turned over in his own mind schemes to elude his vigilance.

Gerald thanked the good fortune that had sent him, at such a moment, a comrade of so drowsy and phlegmatic a nature. But it was in vain that he watched for some further indications of the usual result of Go to bed God-lamb's pious meditations.—The eyes would still preserve most provoking rotundity; any more, they appeared determined, out of the most obstinate spirit of opposition to assume at that moment liveliness they never had been known to assume before, since they had opened on the light of day.

The old cavalier still paced the court, but nearer to the bushes than before. Impatient, also at the loss of the precious moments, as they hurried by, Gerald approached his comrade.

'You seem weary, friend,' said he.

'Yea, verily,' answered Godlamb Gideon through his nose. 'My soul is weary with long watching: but if the flesh be weak, the spirit is still strong.'

'Give way, comrade, give way,' insinuated Gerald: 'I will keep watch for both, and none shall be the wise.'

'Nay, but the laborer is worthy of his hire,' snorted Gideon with much unction. 'Odds pittikins, man,' he blurted out immediately afterwards: in another and more natural tone—would you have me in arrest again for sleeping on my post? That is to say,' continued the Puritan soldier, casting up his eyes, and again resuming his canting whine, 'verily and of truth the land of the scourger has been heavy upon me; the unjust have prevailed against me; but I will watch, that I fall not again into their toils.

Gerald turned away with impatient vexation.—At that moment the old cavalier, who had taken advantage of the few words passing between the two sentinels, to approach the bushes unobserved, was bending down to possess himself of the packet. As Gerald turned he again drew back, his purpose unfulfilled.

Standing with his back to the other sentinel, Gerald now made a sign to the old man, with his finger placed upon his lips, to say not a word but to repose his confidence in him. The prisoner started with surprise and looked at the young soldier with a mixture of hope and doubt. Before making any further demonstration, Gerald again turned to his walk to assure himself that Gideon observed nothing of this interchange of looks with the prisoner, and then again turning with a look of fervor and truth, which would have been alone sufficient to inspire confidence in the old cavalier, and passing as near him as he could with prudence, murmured with a low voice, trust to me!' The old man again started, but there was more of pleasurable surprise, and less of doubt in his expression. Gerald's heart beat wildly, as his father's eye beamed upon him for the first time with a kindly and grateful feeling.

The young soldier again looked at his comrade. Gideon's eyes were now beginning to close in the excess of his fervor over the pious page. Walking quietly to the protecting bushes, Gerald bent over the parapet, as if to look into the stream, and plunging his arm at the same time into the leaves, felt for the packet. After a moments fear and doubt he touched it—he drew it forth. By a movement of his head he saw the old man watching him with increasing agitation; but giving him another look to reassure him, Gerald rose from his posture, and was about to conceal the packet in his handoleer, when it slipped from his fingers and fell to the ground. At the noise of the fall, Gideon's eyes were again opened, and were lifted up with owl-like sagacity of expression. Gerald's foot was already upon the packet. Neither he nor the old cavalier dared to interchange a look. Gideon's eyes said, as plainly as eyes could speak, that they were not asleep, and had not been asleep, and never intended to go to sleep—in fact were wonderfully wakeful. Aware, that he could not remain motionless upon the spot where he stood, under the full stare of Gideon's eyes, Gerald let fall his musket, and then kneeling with his back to his fellow sentinel, contrived adroitly to raise the packet at the same time with his musket, and to conceal it on his person. The prisoner was following his movements with anxious eagerness.

Possessed of the precious document, Gerald now felt the impossibility of giving it into his father's hands, as long as the eyes of Godlamb Gideon were upon them. There appeared to him to be but one practicable manner of conveying the desired intelligence contained within it to the prisoner—namely, by examing himself the contents, in such a manner as not to excite the suspicion of his comrade, and then communicate them in low and broken sentences to his father.

Placed in such a position as not to be observed by Gideon he took the packet from his bosom, and making the movement of breaking the fastening, look imploringly at the old cavalier. The old man comprehended the glance, hesitated for a moment with a look of doubt, and then, clearing his brow with an expression of resolution, as if there were no other means, nodded his head stealthily to the young soldier, and walking to one of the stone benches fixed against the walls of the court, the farthest removed from the spot where Gideon stood, flung himself down upon it, and with his face buried between his hands seemed absorbed in thought.

From one of the capacious pockets of his full hose, Gerald now produced a book—it was the Bible; for it was the fashion of the times among the Puritanical party to carry the holy book about the person. With a short humble prayer that he might not be thought to desecrate the sacred volume by applying it to a purpose of concealment for his father's sake he placed upon its open pages the letter, which formed the only contents of the packet, after having first torn away and concealed, unobserved, envelope, and then resumed his monotonous pacing up and down the court.

Gideon observed his comrade's seeming devotion, and appeared determined to outrival him in excess of zeal, by applying himself more seductively than ever to his book.

'Your friends are on the alert—a lugger lies off the coast ready for your escape,' said Gerald in a low tone to the cavalier, as he passed as near to him in his walk as discretion would permit.

Such was the sense of the commencement of the communication. The old man made a gentle inclination of the head to show that he understood him, without raising it from between his hands.—The young soldier looked at Gideon; Gideon had shifted his legs, and perched himself in an attitude bearing a more direct resemblance to that of a reposing crane than ever. Gerald again cast his eyes upon his open book.

'All is prepared for to-night,' he continued in mutter, as he again slowly passed the seat of the prisoner. 'Have the bars of your window been cut by the file already conveyed to you?'

The old man again bowed his head with an affirmative movement.

As Gerald turned once more, Go-to-bed God-lamb was nodding his head over his book, as if in very enthusiastic approval of its contents, but unfortunately with so much energy—that he jerked it up again into an upright posture—and immediately began staring before him with great vehemence.

Gerald bit his lips with vexation and continued his walk. His eyes were seemingly employed upon the page before him—

'About will be brought without noise under the walls at twelve this night,' continued the anxious son, repeating his father where he sat. 'You must descend from the window by your bed clothes.'

Gerald resumed his walk. Gideon winking and blinking with much energy—

'The only difficulty is to elude the vigilance of the sentinel who shall have the *midnight watch*,'—murmured Gerald, as he again came back past the prisoner.

The old man raised his head and looked at him anxiously.

Gideon was again nodding, but with a less degree of enthusiasm, as Gerald turned himself that way. The young man quickened his step, and was soon by his father's side—

'Every means that lies in my power shall be employed to favour your escape,' whispered Gerald, with much emotion.

The prisoner gave him an inquiring glance, as if to ask his meaning—Gerald looked round—Godlamb was now snoring, after the fashion of a well known farm yard animal—not the one whose name he bore.

'God grant,' continued the young man in much agitation, 'that the lot fall to me to be the sentry on that watch—then all were well.'

'And who are you young man,' said the cavalier, who thus interest yourself so warmly in my fate.

Gerald could no longer command his feelings.—He flung himself at the old man's feet.

'Father,' he exclaimed in smothered accents, 'give me thy blessing.'

'Your father! I!' cried the old cavalier; 'you Gerald Clynton! no—no—Gerald Lyle, I should have said. Tell me not so.

'I am your son Gerald—Gerald Clynton—Oh, call me by that name!' exclaimed the kneeling young man, in a choked voice, for the tears were starting into his eyes.

'These are no ties of mine. I know thee not!—leave me!' said Lord Clynton springing from his seat in bitter anger.

Go-to-bed Godlamb stirred uneasily upon his post. Gerald rose quickly from his knees, trembling with agitation; for, in spite of the great violence of his emotion he had sufficient presence of mind to look cautiously round at his sleeping comrade.—Gideon's eyes were still closed over his book, in that profound mystery of devotion which was one of his most remarkable merits.

'My Father!' cried Gerald imploringly to the old man, who now stood looking towards him with a harsh and stubborn expression of countenance, although the workings of emotion were faintly perceptible in the lineament of his face.

Lord Clynton waved him impatiently away, and turned aside.

'I understand you not,' repeated Gerald, gazing into his face, and explain—father—this is a mystery to me.

'Not understand me!' echoed Lord Clynton with scorn—'convenient phrase! convenient memory! You understood not perhaps those letters you, those letters in which I implored you to forget the past, and offered you a loving welcome to my heart.—But you could dictate a letter to your uncle, in which you could upbraid me for my past unkindness, and refused to return. You understood not my urgent appeal to you to join the cause of truth and loyalty, and fight by your father's side. But you could dictate a second answer, worded with cold contempt, in which you could assert your rebellious right—degenerate boy! to follow those principles you dared to my face to qualify as those of justice and religion.

'Letters!' repeated Gerald astounded. 'An appeal! I know of none—until my uncle's death I scarcely knew I had a father to whom I owed a duty—I never heard that he followed another cause but that which I was taught to believe the right.

'No letters; No appeal,' said his father, half in scornful mistrust, half in doubt.

'None—I protest to you, my father, replied the agitated youth. Now—only now—I can construe rightly the words my uncle uttered on his death bed, which spoke of the wrong he had done me and you.

'Can I believe all this,' said the passionate old cavalier, now evidently wavering in his wrath.

'As God lives,' said Gerald, that God whom I perhaps offend, that I thus call upon his name—that God who has said, 'swear not at all.' The old cavalier shrugged his shoulders at this evidence of Puritanical education of his son. 'I swear to you, that I knew nothing of those matters.

Lord Clynton was evidently moved, although the rebellious spirit within still resisted the more affectionate promptings of his heart.

'Father prove me,' cried Gerald, imploringly.—'Let me live henceforth to serve you—let me die for you if the needs must be—let me save you from this prison—let me earn thy blessing—that blessing, which is my dearest treasure upon earth.'

Gerald again bent down at the old man's feet.—Lord Clynton still struggled with his feelings.—There was still a contest in his heart between long cherished anger, and newly awakened confidence. Before either could again speak, the trampling of feet was once more heard along the vaulted passage. The agitated son rose quickly to his feet, and strove to repress his emotion. His father gave him one look, and that he fondly construed into a look of kindness. In another moment the colonel entered the court, followed by two soldiers.

Gideon's poised leg fell to the ground; his eyes opened and started out wonderfully. That troubled stare told, as if the eyes had a tongue, that Go-to-bed Godlamb had been sleeping soundly on his post. Fortunately for the somnolent soldier, the sharp looks of Lazarus Seaman were not bent in this direction.

With a formal bow to the prisoner, Colonel Seaman informed him that the time allotted to him for exercise in the open air was past. With another formal inclination of the head, the old cavalier bowed to his jailer, and turned to mount the tower stair. He exchanged not another look with his son; but as he turned away, Gerald tried to read in his face a milder feeling.