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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, May 10, 1860.

Selected Poetry.

THE LAMP AT SEA.

BY BONGFELLOW.

The night was made for cooling shade,
For silence and for sleep;
And when I was a child I laid
My hands upon my breast and prayed,
And sank to slumbers deep.
Childlike as then, I lie to-night
And watch my lonely cabin light.
Each movement of the swaying lamp
Shows how the vessel reels;
And o'er her deck the billows tramp,
And all her timbers strain and creak,
With every shock she feels;
It starts and shudders while it burns,
And in its hinged socket turns.
Now swinging slow, and slanting low,
It almost level lies,
And yet I know, while to and fro
I watch the seeming pendule go,
With restless fall and rise,
The steady shaft is still upright,
Poising its little globe of light.
O, hand of God! O, lamp of peace!
O, promise of my soul!
Though weak and tossed, and ill at ease,
Amid the roar of smiting seas—
The ship's convulsive roll—
I own, with love and tender awe,
Your perfect type of faith and law!
A heavenly trust my spirits calm!
My soul is filled with light!
The ocean sings his solemn psalms;
The wild winds chant: "I cross my palms!
Happy as if to-night,
Under the cottage roof again,
I heard the soothing summer rains."

Selected Tale.

THE MIDNIGHT WATCH.

CHAPTER II.

"O, 'tis your son!
I know him not,
I'll be no father to so vile a son."
—*Rochley (Women Never Weep).*
"Yet I have comfort, if by any means
I get a blessing from my father's hand."—*Idem.*
Gerald sat with a troubled and moody air upon one of the stone benches of the low hall, which, formerly intended, perhaps, as a sort of waiting room for the domestics of the establishment, was now used as the guard room. Although his thoughts were not upon the objects around him, he seemed to be assiduously employed in cleaning and arranging his accoutrements—for, in spite of his birth and the fortune bequeathed to him by his uncle, he was still left to fulfil the very humblest and most irksome duties of a military life.
It had been part of the severe Colonel Lyle's system of education to inure his adopted son to every toil and privation that might give health and hardihood to mind as well as body; and upon the same principle, when he enrolled the boy as a volunteer in his own troop, he had compelled him to serve as a common soldier. The Colonel's strict and somewhat overwrought sense of justice, as well as his peculiar political opinions, had led him, moreover, to declare, that whatever the artificial position of his adopted son in the supposed scale of society, it should be by merit only that the young volunteer should rise from the ranks through the various grades of military distinction; and upon his death-bed he had urged his friend Seaman to pursue the same system, as long as Gerald should feel disposed to follow under him the career of arms. Although received, therefore, with certain reservations, upon an equality of footing into the family of Colonel Seaman, and in some measure looked upon as the accepted lover and future husband of the Colonel's fair daughter, young Gerald found himself condemned to go through all the inferior duties and occupations of a common soldier.
Long accustomed, however, by his uncle's strict and unbending system of training, to hardships little regarded by a roughly nurtured youth of his years, he never thought of murmuring against this harsh probation; and if, now, he pursued his occupation with a troubled brow, it was far other thoughts that caused that look of doubt and uneasiness.
The vaguest suspicions of his mistress's fickleness were sufficient to excite the jealous temperament of a youth like Gerald, whose naturally ardent and passionate disposition, whose hot Clynton blood had been only subdued, not quenched, by the strict education of his severe, cold uncle Lyle. But there were thoughts and feelings of a far more momentous and harassing nature which now assailed him. The packet which he had discovered among the bushes growing close upon the parapet wall, and which had evidently been conveyed by stealth within the precincts of the fortress, had borne the following superscription: "For the Lord Clynton—these."
It was Lord Clynton, then—it was his own father, who was a prisoner within those walls. Under sad auspices were his filial affections now first awakened. He was aware of the danger that must attend his unhappy parent should he be discovered to be, as was probably the case, one of those obstinate malignants, as they were termed, who, after having made reluctant submission when the fate of arms proved fatal to Charles I, had again joined the royalist troops when the standard was raised for the young prince, and fought in his cause, until the final overthrow at Worcester forced them into flight from the country. It was in an attempt of this kind that the prisoner had been taken. Gerald knew how almost certain would be the old cavalier's condemnation under such circumstances. But there were evidently hopes of saving him.—Communications, it was clear, had been established with the prisoner by persons outside the walls of the fortress. It was, known, proba-

bly, that by permission of the commander, the prisoner was allowed to take the air for a certain time daily, in the small court beneath the walls of the tower in which he was confined; and this opportunity was watched, it would seem, for the conveyance of the communication into the hand of the prisoner.
The conflicting struggle which had arisen in Gerald's mind, now gave place to an overpowering feeling. He was determined at all risks, and at whatever sacrifice to himself, to save his father. The breach of trust—the dereliction from his honor—the probability of being obliged to renounce the hand of the girl he loved, if detected in assisting in a plot to favor the evasion of the old cavalier—all faded before his sight, and appeared as naught when compared with the hope of rescuing his father from his cruel situation. What the nature of the scheme was which Lord Clynton's friends seemed to be devising, in order to effect his escape, or how far he could assist in such a project, he was unable to divine. But the one thought was there, and mastered all—the thought that, on opening the way of escape before his father, he should be able to say, "Father, bless thy long-extranged son; it is he who saves thee." The rest was doubt, confusion, and darkness.
Again and again did he turn over in his mind a thousand projects by which to aid in the evasion of the prisoner. Again and again did he endeavor to conjecture what might have been already purposed. All appeared to him to be impracticable on the one hand, and a mystery on the other. Already the consciousness of his secret induced him to look upon every one with suspicious eyes, as an enemy or a spy upon his conduct. But most of all, with that prejudice which pointed him out his supposed rival at the object of peculiar hatred, did he look upon Mark Maywood whose violent party feelings, and fierce Republican abhorrence of royalty, and the adherents of the fallen royalty of England, had already manifested themselves in such frequent outbreaks since his arrival as a fresh recruit in the troop—that Mark Maywood, who, even now, kept watch over his father's prison, and might, if he discovered the packet which was intended for the old man's hand, thwart forever the only means of the unfortunate prisoner's escape. And as this thought came across him, Gerald counted, in an agony of mind, all the possibilities by which the packet might meet the sentinel's eye. With beating heart he reviewed, in imagination, every leaf which hid it, every overhanging branch which might aid in its concealment. Bitterly did he reproach himself in his heart, that he had thrown it back to his hiding place so hastily and carelessly upon hearing the approach of the guard. It seemed to him that if the packet were discovered, it would have been he who had delivered up his father, who had betrayed the secret on which depended his father's safety. The thought, however, that the evening was closing in, somewhat consoled him. Eternally long seemed the time spent in this mute agony of doubt. At length the hour sounded for the relief of the guard, and Gerald's heart beat painfully. Now he might learn whether Maywood had made the dreaded discovery—placed himself as if by chance in the passage through which the guard had to pass with the report to the Governor, and gazed with scrutinizing look into the face of the young soldier as he went by, as if he could read an answer to his dreaded doubts in those dark eyes. Mark Maywood's face, to which, in spite of its beauty, the closely clipped dark hair in roundhead fashion, contrasting with the thick mustache, gave a harsh and hard look, was stern, frowning, and expressive of that sullen severity which was usually put on by the enthusiasts of the day. In such a case Gerald could read nothing to dissipate his doubts, but everything to strengthen them. Anxiously did he await the return of the relieved sentinel to the guard room. But when Mark Maywood came at last, he interchanged but a few sentences with the older and sterner of his comrades, said not a word to Gerald, and, taking a well-worn Bible in his hand, flung himself on a bench, and soon seemed lost in serious devotion. Once in truth, Gerald fancied that he raised his eye to scan him, as if with scorn, and then indeed he first remarked that Maywood twisted between his fingers a rose. For a moment his aversion to the young soldier, as an enemy to be dreaded for his father's sake, was absorbed in his hatred to him as a suspected rival.—That rose? how had he obtained it? Could Mildred be so base as to encourage the handsome young enthusiast, who, in spite of his gloomy character, had evidently, to Gerald's jealous eye, shown himself feelingly alive to the attraction of pretty Mistress Mildred's charms? For a moment the feelings of jealousy so completely overpowered all others, that he started forward to challenge the young man to account for the possession of that rose. But again the thoughts of his father came across him. Such a challenge must necessarily involve him in a quarrel—a quarrel would be followed by an arrest for breach of discipline—a confinement of some hours, during which he, who might have aided his father's escape, might perhaps have left him to perish; and swallowing with an effort all the bitter feelings that almost choked him, he again turned away and sought his hard couch.
Sleep he could not; or if he dozed, the conflicting feelings of doubt, apprehension for his father, and burning jealousy, still flitted through his mind like a troubled and tormenting nightmare; and the next day Gerald arose with the earliest dawn, in a state of mind the uneasiness of which seemed intolerable. The morning broke—the day advanced—and as no new measures seemed to be taken with respect to the prisoner, Gerald's mind began by degrees to be relieved from its trembling apprehensions as to the discovery of the packet; eagerly did he await the hour of his own guard, which in the course of the morning, was announced to him to be at noon, and as usual in the small inner court. His heart beat with impatience to see whether the secret communication still remained in its hiding place, and to facilitate, if possible, the means of its falling into his father's hands.

At length the hour arrived—accompanied by the corporal and the other soldiers of the guard, he was taken to relieve his predecessors on the post, and after an interchange of the usual formalities, was left alone. His first impulse was to examine the bush into which, on the previous evening, had been flung the packet. After looking carefully around him, and, in spite of the absorbing though which now occupied his attention, casting one glance, accompanied by a troubled sigh, upon Mildred's window, he approached the wall. Before, however, he could put aside the leaves, several heavy steps resounded through the vaulted passage, and Gerald drew back from the wall with all the seeming unconcern he could assume.
The persons who entered the court were the commander, Lazarus Seaman himself, and three soldiers. With a grave salute, and a few words to Gerald, the Colonel gave directions that the heavy gate of the prison tower should be opened, and motioning to one of the soldiers who accompanied him to remain behind, he entered the tower with the two others, and was immediately heard mounting the winding stair leading to the room above, in which the prisoner was confined.
Again did Gerald's heart beat thick with apprehension. What could be the purpose of this visit of the Governor to his prisoner?—Had a report of the previous evening been the cause of this fresh examination? Did it result from the discovery of the secret packet? Gerald trembled—a moment's search among those bushes would convince him of the reality or vanity of his agonizing fears, and yet he did not dare to stir a step to solve his doubts. The eye of the other soldier was upon him. He listened with straining ears to catch the faintest sound that came from the tower, as if he could thereby know what passed in the chamber of the prisoner; striving, at the same time, to master all expression of his feelings, lest his secret should be read upon his brow by the very anxiety to conceal it.—Useless effort; for the soldier who remained behind paid little heed to him, and would have been totally unable to comprehend his motives for uneasiness, had even its exposition been visible.
At length the steps of the Governor and his party were heard descending the stairs of the tower. As they emerged into the court, Gerald started with a fresh burst of uncontrollable agitation. The old cavalier followed the Roundhead Colonel. With a few more words to signify to his prisoner that the time allotted to him to take air in that court was short, Lazarus Seaman again retired.
The soldier, already mentioned, remained behind as a sort of extra sentinel, or watch, to prevent all possibility of escape, during the time the prisoner was permitted to promenade the open space.
Gerald was in the presence of his father! With what overpowering emotion did he now long to throw himself into those arms, and be pressed to his father's heart! And yet the utmost caution was necessary. A word might deprive him of all power to assist the prisoner in his projected escape. It was with the utmost difficulty that he restrained his feelings, and watched the noble form of the old cavalier as he paced slowly and sadly up and down the court.
That, then, was his father!
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 probably to grow uncut as a sign of sorrow, bestowed upon him an imposing expression, in spite of its neglected state.
Although cast down and worn out by disappointment and vexation, there was evidently a feverish and testy impatience in the old man's manner, which was perhaps a symptom of the family temperament; and Gerald observed that from time to time he looked sharply at both the sentinels, and then cast a furtive glance at the clump of bushes near the wall. The packet then was supposed by the prisoner to be still there; but yet uneasiness and doubt were visible in his hasty looks. In reflecting upon the position of the barred window of the prisoner's chamber, Gerald remembered that its tenant might have witnessed the approach of the supposed fisherman, and divined his motive, without being able to see what had passed near the bushes themselves.
The old man was consequently still doubtful as to the safety of the communication which was to be the key to 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. Had he been alone, all he said to himself, would have been well; but there was another witness to observe the prisoner's actions. Gerald in his turn also scrutinized the comrade of his watch, and turned over in his mind schemes to elude his vigilance.
The man employed upon the extra duty of this watch was well known to him by sight and reputation. He was said to have been originally of Dutch extraction; and certainly there was much in his heavy features, sleepy eyes, and phlegmatic temperament which seemed to attest the truth of such a supposition—a supposition which was still more borne out by the report that he owned the euphonious appellation of Gideon Van Guse. This, however, was but vague hearsay; for in imitation of the fantastic habit of some of the fanatics of the time, Gideon had adopted a pious cognomen, the softness of which he perhaps fancied to accord well with his own placable and quiet disposition. He went by the name of Godlamb Gideon, except upon those occasions when some of the more wicked of his companions took advantage of certain drowsy and somniferous points in his indolent character, to bestow upon him the nickname of Go-to-bed Godlamb.
As Gerald cast his scrutinizing look upon him, Master Go-to-bed Godlamb was standing

planted against a wall, in the full warmth of an autumnal sun, perched upon one leg, according to a habit which he seemed to have inherited, by a sort of instinct, from the cranes of the country of his fathers, and which he was generally observed to adopt when in a more than usually drowsy disposition. His other leg was twisted round its brother, in somewhat incomprehensible fashion. But in spite of this supposed indication of drowsiness, Gideon's light eyes stared out from under his preposterously high steeple hat with unusual wakefulness and rotundity, and gave to his not very expressive physiognomy the appearance of that of an owl.
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 results of Go-to-bed Godlamb's pious meditations. The eyes would still preserve a most provoking rotundity; nay, more, they appeared determined, out of the most obstinate spirit of opposition, to assume at that moment a 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," he said.
"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 wiser."
"Nay, but the laborer is worthy of his hire," snorted Gideon with muchunction—"Odds pititkins, 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 hand of the scoundrel 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 in his walk, to assure himself that Gideon observed nothing of this interchange of looks with the prisoner, and then again turning his back to him placed his hand upon his heart 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 in a low tone, "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 time with 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 moment's fear and doubt, he touched it—he drew it forth. By a movement of his head, he saw the old man watching him increasing agitation; and giving him another look to reassure him Gerald rose from his posture, and was about to conceal the packet in his banister, when it slipped from his fingers and fell to the ground. At the noise of the fall, Gideon's eyes again opened, and were lifted upon 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 fell full his musket, as if by accident, 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 upon 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 the 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 examining himself the contents, in such a manner as not to excite the suspicion of his comrade, and then communicating 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 looked 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 waving to one of the stone benches fixed against the walls of the court, the furthest removed from the spot where Gideon stood, flung himself down upon it, and with his face buried in 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, the envelope, and then resumed his monotonous pacing upon and down the court.
Gideon observed his comrade's seeming devotion, and appearing determined to outvail him in excess of zeal, applied himself more sedulously than ever to his book.
"Your friends are on the alert—a logger lies off the coast ready for your escape," said Gerald in a low tone to the old 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 his 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 to 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 Godlamb 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 straight 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—
"A boat will be brought without noise under the walls at twelve this night," continued the anxious son, repassing his father where he sat. "You must descend from your window by your bed clothes."
Gerald resumed his walk. Gideon was winking and blinking with much energy—
"The only difficulty is to elude the vigilance of the sentinel who shall have the midnight watch," muttered 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 lesser degree of enthusiasm, as Gerald turned himself that way. The young man quickened his step and was soon once more by his father's side—
"Every means that lie in my power shall be employed to favor 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 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 well!"
"And 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 my son! you Gerald Clynton! No—no—Gerald Lyle, I shall 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.
"Thou art no son of mine. I know the 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 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 traits.
"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 lineaments of his face.
Lord Clynton waved him impatiently away, and turned aside his head.
"Oh, repulse me not, my father!" cried Gerald with imploring looks. "Why am I still the proscribed son of your affections?—What have I done, to be thus driven from your arms? Am I still—though innocent of all wrong—to pay so cruel a penalty for my unhappy birth?"
"Allude not to your mother!" exclaimed the old man passionately. "Defile not her memory even by a thought, base boy! Were she living still, she also would refuse to acknowledge her degenerate son."
"Great God! what have I done to merit this?" said the unhappy son, forgetting, in the agitation of his mind, the strict principles of the Puritanical party, which forbade as sinful this adjuration of the Deity—"I thought to save you, my father from your cruel situation—I thought to aid your flight."
"Say rather," said the excited cavalier, giving way to his hot, unreasonable temper, to trample on the prisoner—the scoff at him, and triumph over him—to deliver him up to his enemies. What have I else to expect from the degenerate rebel to the religion of his fathers, his country and his king. Go, boy—go play the patriot at thy ease—reverse the tale of the Roman Brutus—and denounce thy father to the block!"
"Unjust! unkind!" said the young man, struggling with his tears, which now began to give place to feelings of indignation in him also. "But you have ever been so. You have driven me, an innocent babe, from your affection and your sight; and when now first

after long years, I beg a father's blessing—stretch forth my arm to earn a father's thanks—you spurn me from your feet, and heap unmerited obloquy upon my head."
"Unmerited!" echoed Lord Clynton. "Do you forget your disobedience? or do the convenient tenets of your hypocritical party permit you to erase the fifth commandment from the decalogue, and teach you that the honoring of your father is an idle observance, not to be weighed in the balance against the cause of the God of Israel and his people; so goes the phrase—does it not?"
"I understand you not," said Gerald. "In what have I refused to honor my father? whose face I see for the first time to-day—at least since I have had thought and memory."
"In what?" exclaimed his father, with a bitter laugh, "said I not so? Honor and dishonor in your new fangled vocabulary are but vain words that you understand no longer. In what? If I, thy father—since to my shame I must be so—if I have been led by my overwhelming grief for that angel, to treat thee with wrong in thy childhood, my conscience has no longer a reproach to offer me; for my son has in return treated me with the bitterest scorn, and refused to come to those loving arms, which at last opened to receive him. In what? I have appealed to thee with the strongest appeal of a father to join me in the true and joint cause of murdered royalty, and I find thee even now before me, with arms in thy hands, to aid the sacrilegious traitors to their king—maybe to turn them with parrioidal arm against thy father."
"Again I understand you not," repeated Gerald, gazing wistfully in his face. "Oh, speak, explain—my 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 I addressed 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 refuse 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 was aware 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—but only now—can I construe rightly the words my uncle uttered on his death-bed, which spoke of 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, whom I thus call upon by name—that God who has said, 'Swear not at all.' The old cavalier shrugged his shoulders at this evidence of the Puritanical education of his son: "I swear to you, that I know 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 needs must be—let me save you from this prison—let me earn your 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 look 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 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 his direction.
With a formal bow to his 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 turned 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.
"I will save him, or I will die!" muttered Gerald to himself, as she party disappeared under the tower gateway. "I will force him to grant me that blessing he has refused me—I will earn it well;" and he determined in his mind that, come what might, he would find means to be appointed to the midnight watch.
(TO BE CONCLUDED.)
BEECHER ON "SOLEMN PEOPLE."—There are a few who, even in this life, seem to be preparing themselves for that smileless eternity to which they look forward, by banishing all gaiety from their hearts, all joyousness from their countenances. I meet one such in the street not unfrequently, a person of intelligence and education, but who gives all that passes such a rayless and chilling look of recognition, something as if he were one of Heaven's assessors, come down to "doom" every acquaintance he meets, that I have sometimes begun to sneeze on the spot, and gone home with a violent cold, dating from that instant. I don't doubt he would cut his kitten's tail off if he caught her playing with it.