

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

VOL. XX.—NO. 50.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

## TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, May 17, 1860.

### Selected Poetry.

#### A DREAM OF SUMMER.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Bland as the morning's breath of June,  
The south-west breeze play,  
And through its haze the Winter's noon,  
Seems warm as Summer's day.  
The snow-plumed angel of the north  
Has dropped his icy spear;  
Again the noisy earth looks forth,  
Again the streams gush clear.  
The fox his hill-side den forsakes,  
The musk rat leaves his nook,  
The blue-bird in the meadow brakes  
Is singing with the brook.  
"Dear up, O, mother Nature" cry  
Bird, breeze, and streamlet free,  
"Our winter voices prophesy  
Of summer days to thee."  
So in those winters of the soul,  
By winter blasts and drear,  
O'erstep from memory's frozen pole,  
Will sunny days appear.  
Revering hope and faith, they show  
The soul its living powers,  
And how, beneath the winter's snow  
Lie germs of summer flowers.  
The night is mother of the day,  
The winter of the spring,  
And ever, upon old decay,  
The greenest mosses cling;  
Behind the cloud, the starlight lurks;  
Through showers the sunbeams fall,  
For God, who loveth all his works,  
Has left his hope with all.

### Selected Tale.

#### THE MIDNIGHT WATCH.

##### CHAPTER III.

"Trifles light as air  
Are to the jealous confirmation strong,  
As proofs of holy writ."—*Oldell*.  
"Honest soldier,  
Who hath relieved you?"  
Bernardo hath my place."—*Hamlet*.

Left alone upon his post in the inner court, Gerald revolved in his mind what could best be done to aid his father. Everything was already in preparation for the prisoners' escape, but the success or failure of the whole enterprise turned solely upon the composure or opposition of the sentinel upon duty at the hour when the escape was to be effected. Gerald did not doubt, however, that should he himself not have the good fortune to be chosen for the midnight watch, he would not find much difficulty in persuading the comrade to whom it should fall to exchange it for a more commodious hour. He felt that there could be none who would not gladly accept his offer, and thus be left to enjoy their night's rest, instead of enduring the fatigues of a tedious night watch. Of his own safety, of the dishonor, the punishment that awaited him for abetting the escape of a prisoner of such importance, he thought not a moment. All such considerations were lost in his hopes of rescuing his father. But still, in the vague uncertainty that hung over the events of that important night, in the impatience of his mind to arrive quickly at that awful hour—that hour which was to decide so much joy or misery for him—Gerald scarcely knew how to conceal his feverish agitation. He was aware, however, how necessary it was to avoid betraying any feelings that might excite the least suspicion; and he determined to appear as cold and as unconcerned as possible.

There was another also, although at this moment a secondary torment, which added to his trouble of mind. He was unable to disengage his thoughts entirely from those feelings of bitter and scorching jealousy, which various little indications of coquetry, displayed by the evidently coquettish little Puritan, and certain marks of desire to seek her presence, and parade under her window, evinced by the hated Maywood, had placed in his heart—and in a jealous and impatient temperament like Gerald's, such seed, once sown, quickly grew up with rank luxuriance, and spread on every side, imbibing sustenance from every element that approached it, living, in want of better nourishment, upon the very air itself. Perhaps the sight of Mistress Mildred for a moment at her window, a passing word or merely a kind smile, might have poured a balm upon the ulcer of jealousy, soothed the pain and closed the wound—at least for the time. But during his long watch Gerald looked at that well-known window in vain. There was not a symptom of the fair girl's presence in her chamber, and Gerald's fertile imagination—the true imagination of the jealous lover—suggested to him a thousand doubts and fears of Mildred's truth, ingeniously invented self-tortures, weapons forged to be turned against himself—all mere vague conjectures, but assuming in his eyes all the solidity and reality of truth. If she were not in her chamber, he argued, where could she be? Perhaps with her father; and her father was dictating a dispatch to that Mark Maywood, who served him sometimes as secretary; and Mildred was gazing on him with pleasure; and he was raising his eyes from time to time to hers—or perhaps she was in the other gardens or alleys about the house, and that Maywood was following her at a distance, not unobserved; or perhaps she passed close by him, and muttered words of admiration or even of love, and she then listened with complacency; or perhaps the handsome young recruit whispered in her ear to ask her when he could see her pretty face again; and she smiled on him and said, that when his watch should be beneath her window she would come. Madness! Gerald would pursue his vision no further. But although the clouds of the vision rolled away, they left a dark, chilling mist of suspicion upon his mind that he could not, perhaps did not strive to shake off.

Relieved from his guard, Gerald returned to the guard-room—his mind in that agony of suspense and dread respecting his father, the disquietudes of which his jealous doubts scarcely diverted for a moment, and only rendered more hard to bear. On his way he again passed the detected Maywood. As he approached he evidently saw the young soldier crumple in his hand a paper he was reading, and hide it hastily about him. This was no fancy, he repeated to himself; this was reality. He had seen the look of confusion and trouble upon Maywood's face, the haste with which he hid that paper at his approach.—There was no longer any doubt. His hated rival was in correspondence already with his faithless mistress; and the contents of that written paper, what could they be, if not an acquiescence in some demand, a rendezvous granted, a meeting at her window? With rage in his heart, Gerald again longed to spring upon his rival and tear that paper from his bosom. But again prudence prevailed over passion. He felt that the life of his father depended upon his caution—his father—his father, whom he alone perhaps could serve, whose blessing was to be his recompense.—Swearing to tear for ever from his heart the vain, coquettish, heartless girl upon whom his affections had been so ill-disposed—for thus, in his passion, he qualified his lady love—he crushed down within him the violence of his angry feelings, and determined to defer his revenge, defer it only, until those few hours should be passed, those hours which should witness his father's safety—and then die willingly, if such should chance to be his fate, in securing his vengeance. Strange mixture of noble feelings and base passions! Where were now the strictly religious principles of his nurse and instructor? The fierce nature of his hot blood prevailed for the time over the better culture of his education.

At length the hour arrived when the soldiers were mustered in the outer court, before the front of the mansion, and the names of those called over who were appointed to the different watches of the night. How anxiously and eagerly did Gerald's heart beat as the midnight watch in the tower-court was named! Was it by a gracious and happy chance upon himself that the lot would fall? The name was pronounced. It was not his own. The sentinel appointed to this post, the man upon whom depended the destiny of his father, was another. But still, in spite of the first pang of disappointment—for disappointment would arise within him, although the chances had been so greatly against him—hope again revived in his heart. The sentinel whose post he coveted, whom he had to seduce into an exchange, whose watch he was to contrive to take from him as a favor, was one of the most easy of the whole troop to deal with, the lazy, phlegmatic, somnolent Goddamb Gideon, whose very nickname was an angry and a warrant of success, the wight yelet Go-to-bed Goddamb.

After waiting till the assembled soldiers had dispersed, and a proper time had elapsed before seeking Gideon, Gerald again returned to the outer court before the house, where he knew it was the habit of the indolent soldier to bask and doze upon a certain sheltered bench, in the last rays of the setting sun, absorbed, he himself would declare, in his devotions. And there, in truth, he found the man he sought. But, confusion! there was another by his side, and that other was the man who, among all, he would have the most avoided. It was Mark Maywood. He stood by the side of Gideon's reclining form, and was speaking with much earnestness to the phlegmatic soldier, whose widest-opened eyes seemed to express more animation than of wont. No time, however, was to be lost. The night was approaching, and it was necessary to come at once to an arrangement with the allotted sentinel of the midnight watch.

Overcoming his repugnance, and fully determined to act with caution, Gerald assumed an air of unconcern, and sauntered to the spot where sat Goddamb Gideon. After greeting sulkily the handsome young recruit, to whom Gerald's presence seemed in nowise pleasing, he commenced with affected indifference his attack upon the heavy sleeper.

"You are ever zealous, friend, in the good work," he said.

"Yes, and of a truth these crumbs of comfort have a blessed and pleasant savor in my nostrils," replied Goddamb Gideon, pressing his book between his hands, turning up the whites of his eyes, and snuffling through his nose, as though that member were stuffed up by the pleasant savor of which he spoke.

"But have a care that your zeal be not overmuch," continued Gerald; "and that you faint not by the way from the heaviness of your burden. Methinks your cheek is already pale from exceeding watching and prayer."

"Verily I have fought the good fight, and I have run the good race, and peradventure the flesh faileth me," snorted the Puritan soldier.

"Your allotted post, then, falls heavy upon you," said Gerald, with an air of kind concern, "for you have the midnight watch, methinks. Indeed, I pity you, my good friend. Hear me. I will perform the duties of your post, and you shall rest this night from your labors; my mind is troubled, and I heed not the watching through the night. You will rise from your couch ready for new outpourings of spiritual thought, and refreshed."

"As a giant refreshed with wine," interrupted Gideon with another snort; "yea, and so shall I be." Gerald's heart beat at what he considered an acceptance of his proposal; but Goddamb Gideon continued: "Thou art kind, and I thank thee no less that I refuse thy offer. Verily it would seem to be a gracious and an especial vouchsafing in my favor. For, behold, another had released me from my task."

"Another!" cried Gerald with a tone of consternation that overcame his caution.

"Yes, this good youth hath proffered to relieve me of my heavy burden," Gideon pointed to Mark Maywood.

Gerald started with angry surprise. Maywood bit his lip, and turned his head aside.

"He has taken thy post!" said Gerald choking with rage.

Gideon nodded his heavy head. 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 profess. 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 jealousy, joined to rage at losing that post, on which his father's whole fate depended, contributed to torture his mind. Not only would his detested rival find a favorable 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! Convinced with these accumulated feelings, he stood for a time speechless, struggling with his passions. When he looked again upon Maywood's face, that hated individual's eyes were bent on him with a stern but inquiring glance, and in evident discomposure. This very look was sufficient to confirm all the young lover's suspicions, 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 "inter-ruption to the inward outpourings of the spirit."

"Hark ye, Master Gideon," said Gerald, when they had got to 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 our 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 Goddamb, with an hypocritical upturning of his eyes. "Wouldst thou make my watch a pretext for ungodly chattering 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 fooling, Gideon. I know you as you are—I know you to be a thorough hypocrite."

"Nay, but of a truth"—exclaimed the pacific Goddamb, very sulkily.

"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 the window; by chance, man, by chance—no otherwise; but I would hinder this, and—" "Nay, but Master Maywood hath my word," again began Gideon.

"Nay, but Master Gideon slept whilom upon his post," continued Gerald, mimicking him. "And if Master Gideon be reported to his colonel, Master Gideon will have a week's arrest upon bread and water; but Master Gideon may do what he listeth."

"For the love of heaven, exclaimed Gideon, forgetting his Puritanical mask in his alarm; "you would not report me, comrade!—Swounds, you would not serve a poor fellow so sennay 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 upon us! Thou art as the cruel taskmasters of the children of Israel; and thy heart is hardened even as was Pharaoh's," whined Goddamb, again resuming his canting tone. "But be it ever as thou wilt."

Gerald triumphed; the midnight watch was his; and with it his father's safety and his father's blessing.

They returned to the spot where Maywood still stood observing them, Gideon following in the rear, muttering something about "the hand of the ungodly being upon him."

"Speak, Gideon, said Gerald as they appeared, 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 has given up to me, at the midnight hour, the watch over that offshoot of a rotten and corrupted 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 lip. "But this watch is mine now, by Master Gideon's consent, and these hours of the night I intend to devote to the watching 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.

"Hoity! toity! 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 with

some distance from the angry young men, 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 uncalculated interference. What is it to me, this post! but browbeaten 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 carnal weapon! Would ye have us all in arrest before we can look about us? Forbear, men of wrath!"

But the phlegmatic Gideon kept at a prudent distance.

At these words other considerations appeared suddenly to strike both the 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 actuated also by prudential motives, perhaps by the conscientious scruples of the party to which he belonged, perhaps by the thought of Mildred.

"This is truly ruffling and brawling like tavern haunters and drunkards," stammered Gerald, as if seeking an excuse of withdrawing from the fray. "But the time will come, Mark Maywood, when you shall not escape me."

"So be it, comrade," replied the other, again sheathing his half drawn rapier. "I know you not, and can but barely divine your cause of enmity. But I will not fail you at the night time. Till then let this suffice. The midnight 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 Goddamb," said the other. But Go-to-bed Goddamb stirred not. He shrank from the appeal to himself.

"It is to me your post has been consigned, is it not so?" inquired the one.

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

"Speak, who is 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 absently shut his eyes in utter despair, and pointing to Gerald, with the words, "Verily, and of a 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 expressed it.

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

##### CHAPTER IV.

"What hour now?"  
"I think it lacks of twelve."  
"No, it is struck—"  
"Indeed, I heard it not!"—*Hamlet*.

The night had closed in—that night of so vital an importance to his father's destiny—and Gerald sat 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 cold, stern, almost determined expression still pervaded it.

"Comrade," said Maywood with much appearance of frankness in his manner. "I have spoken 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 out admiration. Nor have I."

Gerald started with again wrath, but his rival interrupted him.

"Bear with me for a while," he 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 as it is I have but guessed it, on witnessing your anxiety to hold this watch in the court, beneath her window—I had withdrawn, as is my duty. And now, comrade, I return to offer you the sacrifice of my newborn admiration, and at the same time my friendship."

"What you say seems fair and straightforward, Master Maywood," said Gerald, overcome by the frank manner of the young soldier, "and I thank for this generosity & 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 herself 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! no more of this," pursued 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 one cup. These drinkings of toasts, as it is called, these pledgings over liquor are considered unseemly, and even ungodly by many;

I know it well, but you cannot refuse to drink one cup with me, as 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 cups of horn.

"I reject not your kindly feeling," answered Gerald; "but I am not wont to drink," and he repelled the cup which Maywood now filled for him.

"Nay, nay!" said Mark, sitting down by the table on which Gerald leaned. "You wrong me by refusing this first offer of reconciliation. Come, comrade, this 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, but at the same moment calling to a dog that had followed him into the room, he said, "Down, Roger, down," and stooped to repulse it; immediately afterward he raised the horn, and seemed to drain the ale to the last drop.

"One more, and then I will not 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 turns with this fermented liquor. I have done wrong to drink it," said Gerald rubbing 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. A sensation of overpowering drowsiness crept over him more and more.

The thought of his watch, however, was still uppermost in his mind, and he had yet power sufficient to reflect that there was still some time to midnight, and that a little slumber might restore him; and giving away to the oppressive sleep which came over him, he laid his head on the table, and was immediately lost to all sense of what was passing around him.

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 began to course each other through his brain, at first of an indefinite and fantastic nature—then they assumed a more definite shape. He dreamed of his father—that old, Gray-headed cavalier, with his long white beard—and before him stood Lazarus Seaman who accused him of absurd and imaginary crimes. And now they brought him into that open court a file of soldiers were drawn up—their muskets were levelled at the old man's heart—Gerald struggled, and sought to spring between those deadly instruments and his doomed father, but his feet clove to the ground—he struggled in vain—the muskets were discharged, and his father fell weltering in his blood. With the last struggle of a 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 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 intellects seemed still confused and troubled. How strangely real now appeared the impressions 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 himself that it was necessary for him to be ready to answer for Goddamb Gideon when that worthy's name was to be called over for the midnight watch. He staggered up to his feet, and with difficulty found his way into the open air. As he gazed, with somewhat troubled brain, on the bright starlit sky, two or three soldiers hurried past him.

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

"Midnight! where have you been hiding yourself, comrade?" answered the man. "Midnight is long since past."

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

"Then you have escaped by wonderful interposition, friend, from the consequences of your nonsense; 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 surety."

Gerald uttered a long 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 violently the soldier who had come to his assistance, he rushed round the mansion with whirling brain and clenched teeth toward the tower court. His father had been killed—killed by his own folly. Rage, despair, contrition, 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, dragged his liquor, cheated him into a sleep, in

order to be present undisturbed 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 boats upon the water—the voice of Lazarus Seaman—now the men calling to each other. Horror stricken, overwhelmed with despair, convulsed with passion, he bounded through the vaulted passage. In the moonlit court stood now but one figure alone—the sentinel, who was bending over the parapet, and seemed to be watching with interest the movement of the boats upon the water. With the rage of a tiger, Gerald sprang upon him, and seized him by the collar with frenzied rage. It was indeed Maywood—pale, agitated and excited.

"Villain! traitor! assassin!" screamed Gerald madly frantic with passion and despair, "you have betrayed that grey-headed old man; you have murdered him; but I will have revenge! He was my father, and it is 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 the young men stared at each other in bewildered surprise. Then all at once the truth flashed across them.

"Brother! brother!" burst simultaneously from their lips. "Gerald! Everard!" they exclaimed again; and Everard Clynton, flinging himself into his brother's arms, gave way to his suppressed agitation, and burst into a flood of tears. At this moment a distant sound of a gun came across the water; Everard sprang up and grasped his brother's arm.

"Hush!" he said, "three shots from the sea are the signal to me that he has escaped in safety to the vessel that awaits him."

Another boom faintly across the broad. A pause of fearful interest followed, and then another. Once more the brothers fell into each other's arms.

In a few words Everard Clynton explained to his brother, how, after his father's capture, he had enlisted in the troop quartered in the fortress, in order to save him. How he had known from their friends without the means provided to effect his father's escape; how he, too, had sought, with desperation, the midnight watch upon which depended his father's delivery; and, finding himself overcome by his supposed rival, he had administered to him a sleeping draught in order to secure the post; how his pretended admiration for Mistress Mildred had been assumed in order to forward his views, and color his designs, by giving a pretext to his desire to obtain the post of sentry in the court; how Mildred had never given him any encouragement, Gerald's unreasonable jealousy having supplied the rest.

He had assisted his father to escape, and only long after his flight had given the alarm, and fired upon the water, pretending to call for a sudden pursuit.

Mark Maywood, however, was tried by a court-martial for negligence upon duty on the night of the prisoner's escape; but the constantly exhibited violence of the Republican principles which he had affected, as well as his zeal and exemplary good conduct since he had joined the troop, saved him in the Colonels' eyes. He was acquitted. Shortly afterwards he disappeared altogether from the fortress, after an affectionate farewell to Gerald Clynton, who had the good fortune to receive, in due time, the assurance of his brother's safe escape to join his father in Flanders.

Not long afterwards, the death of Colonel Lazarus Seaman leaving his daughter an orphan, Gerald Clynton married pretty little Mistress Mildred, and, quitting the service, retired to Lyle-Court, the estate bequeathed to him by his uncle.

There is no doubt that pretty little Mistress Mildred's eyes were given to be coquetish in spite of themselves; but yet, notwithstanding sundry little symptoms of jealousy exhibited by Gerald, there is every reason to believe that he was as absurd and misled in his jealousy after he was before his marriage; and that she made him a most excellent wife.

During the more peaceful times of the Protectorate, Gerald received news from time to time of the welfare of his father and his brother; and, upon the Restoration, he had the happiness of welcoming them to the English shores once more.

Although Lord Clynton always preserved a predilection for his elder son, yet he had somehow found out that Gerald bore an extraordinary resemblance to his deceased mother, and always treated him with the utmost love. He never forgot, also, the deep affection Gerald had displayed in his efforts to save him during that never-to-be-forgotten *Midnight Watch*.

LET THE CHILDREN SLEEP.—We earnestly advise that all who think a great deal, who have infirm health, who are in trouble, or who have to work hard, take all the sleep they can get, without medical means.

We caution parents, particularly, not to allow their children to be waked up of mornings, let nature wake them up, she will not do it prematurely; but have a care that they go to bed at an early hour; let it be earlier and earlier, until it is found that they wake up themselves in full time to dress for breakfast. Being waked up early, and allowed to engage in difficult, or any studies, late and just before retiring, has given many a beautiful and promising child brain fever, or determined ordinary ailments to the production of water on the brain. Let parents make every possible effort to have their children go to sleep in a pleasant humor. Never scold or give lectures, or in any way wound a child's feelings as it goes to bed. Let all banish business and every worldly care at bed-time, and let sleep come to a mind at peace with God and all the world.

Of that time which we call the present, there is not an appreciable part belongs either to a past which has fled, or to a future which is still on the wing; it has perished, or it is not born; it was; or it is not.