**TERMS OF PUBLICATION.**

Two Dollars per annum, payable semi-annual in advance. If not paid within the year, $2 50 will be charged.

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All advertisements will be inserted until ordered out, unless the time for which they are to be continued is specified, and will be charged accordingly.

Yearly advertisers will be charged $12 per annum, including subscription to the paper—with the privilege of keeping one advertisement not exceeding 2 squares standing during the year, and the insertion of a smaller one in each paper for three successive times.

All letters addressed to the editor must be post paid, otherwise no attention will be paid to them.

All notices for meetings, &c. and other notices which have heretofore been inserted gratis, will be charged 25 cents each, except Marriages and Deaths.

☞ *Pamphlets, Checks, Cards, Bills of Lading and Handbills of every description, neatly printed at this Office at the lowest cash prices.*


# MINERS' JOURNAL,

## AND POTTSVILLE GENERAL ADVERTISER.

I will teach you to pierce the bowels of the Earth and bring out from the Caverns of the Mountains, Metals which will give strength to our Hands and subject all Nature to our use and pleasure.—Dr. Johnson.


**Published Weekly by Benjamin Bannan, Pottsville, Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania.**

VOL. XV. SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 12, 1839. NO. 2.


## ENGLAND.

Exchange at New York, on London 9 a 9¼ per cent. premium.

*Another steamer lost.*—The Northern Yacht Steam ship sailed from New Castle for Leith, and up to the date of the last advices had not been heard from. There is every reason to fear that she has foundered at sea.

*Carlisle.*—In consequence of the increased revenue occurring to the customs at this port, the Loss of the Treasury has placed it in a higher class, with a corresponding increase of salary for the collector and comptroller.

*Huskinson's Monument.*—During the frost of last winter, the marble tablet erected, at Parkside, to the memory of the late Mr. Huskinson, was destroyed by the bank against which it was placed pressing too heavily against it. A new monument has recently been substituted for the old one, at the expense of the shareholders of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Company.

*Great Speed.*—The ship Sir Walter Scott, John Young, master, belonging to Liverpool, sailed from hence to Quebec, on the 11th April last; arrived at Quebec, there took on board a full cargo of timber, and arrived again in Liverpool, on the 6th day of July; sailed again on the 17th day of July, precisely the same voyage, and arrived here on Monday last, thus performing two voyages to Quebec and back in an incredibly short space of time, say in six months and twelve days, including the stoppage at both places.

*Sporting Extraordinary.*—At what they term a *morning set*, Mr. George Tucker caught the extraordinary number of 700 rabbits in Saunton Warren.

*Fire Proof Cement.*—An experiment was made at Manchester, lately, of the fire-proof cement that is to defy incendiarism and to destroy fire insurance offices. A small house that had been prepared with the cement was filled with shavings and other combustibles, and set on fire in the presence of a number of persons who had been invited, near and far, to be present at the attempted act of incendiarism. The shavings burned, and the flames rushed out in volumes but the house remained, for the most part, untouched. In one of two places the cement fell off, and the fire took effect on the parts uncovered, but on the whole, the experiment was considered successful. The Manchester Guardian observes: "There can be no doubt, we think, where one story floors carefully cut off from communication with those above and below it, the resistance offered to the flames by this cement would be sufficient to limit the ravages to that floor, or even apartment, until the arrival of the fire engine; and when there came to be operation, it would certainly be mainly the means a powerful auxiliary in checking and confining the flames."

*Hurricane at Whitby.*—One of the most violent storms ever witnessed for its duration, visited this port in November, it roared about midnight with the wind at S. E., accompanied by heavy torrents of rain which overflowed the docks, and did considerable damage to the grounds adjoining.

*Smuggled Tobacco.*—On the 25th Nov., the city of Carlisle, Hamburg and Rotterdam steamer, was seized by order of the Board of Customs at Hull, in consequence of having concealed amongst the luggage, and under the decks, 60lbs. of tobacco, 14lbs of tea, and five gallons of brandy, which were not entered to pay duty.

*Effects of Railways.*—The few remaining coaches on the road between Birmingham and London are actually carrying passengers at *twenty shillings* inside, and *ten shillings* outside; whilst of 22 coaches on the road prior to the opening of the railroad, there now only remains four, and it appears uncertain that the number can continue.

*Marrying one's Grandmother.*—A man actually applied to the Guardians of the Dundee Union a few days ago to be allowed to marry his grandmother, a Clergyman to whom he had applied to marry them by banns having refused to unite them.—Strange as it may seem, both the parties are under 20 years of age; and it is said that really there is no legal objection to their marriage. The applicant, we understand, was the illegitimate son of a woman name Taylor, aged 76. The young woman's (the grandmother's) name was formerly Odman: when she was 16 years of age, she went to live with old Pain, who married her before she was 17, and she has been a widow for a short time.

*Poaching Extraordinary.*—Some well-known poachers of this neighbourhood, says the Western Summary, in making a lucky cast of their net, a new one, which cost them nearly £2 in fabric, near Kenton, last week, took 20 hares, nearly 50 rabbits, and, in stretching it across the road, actually trammelled a well known medical practitioner of that vicinity, who was riding past at the time.—The worthy disciple of Galen was, with some difficulty, extricated from his perilous situation without injury; and it is hoped the depredators will the next time be entangled in their own net.

*Canada.*—The London Courier announces, "upon good authority," that Earl Spencer will come out as governor general of Canada. The authority of the Courier, however, is questioned by some of other papers.

*Incendiarism.*—The papers give alarming accounts of the state of dissatisfaction and distress in the agricultural districts. Incendiary burnings of agricultural property, such as hay ricks, &c., are said to be quite frequent.—The immediate cause is said to be the high and still increased price of bread.

*S. Carolina loan.*—The house of Baring, Brothers, have taken the South Carolina loan of £500,000 bearing 5 per cent. interest; but the price had not transpired.

*The Mississippi State loan* of £250,000 has been taken by several contractors at 93—bearing 5 per cent. interest. A great amount of business in American securities was done in the week ending Nov. 24.

## IRELAND.

*Irish Peerage.*—It has been rumoured that Lord Morpeth is to be called to the Upper House in his own right, with a seat in the cabinet. The intelligence is hardly welcome to many Irishmen, who know how to appreciate his Lordship's efficient co-operation in conducting the affairs of this country, and who calculated on the combined influence of his talents and character in the Lower House.

*The Ballast Corporation.*—We are enabled to announce, that this Corporation has received from Government the promise of a loan of £25,000, for their projected Harbour Improvements, and that the Belfast Banking Company have agreed to advance such further sums as may be necessary for the completion of the first section of the new works.

*Colonial Office.*—It is stated in well informed circles that Lord Normanby was anxious for the Colonial Office, (and certainly he would be fit for it,) whenever he was to leave Ireland, but circumstances are now altered by the turn of affairs in Canada.

*Order of Mercy.*—A lady by the name of Hartnett was admitted a Sister of this order at Limerick at Peter Cell convent, where a most respectable assemblage of persons were attracted to witness the spectacle.—

*Tithe Meeting.*—A meeting of the inhabitants of the parishes of Dunmore, Bevonagh, Killolla, Templetoher, and Clonberp, has been held, and notwithstanding that it rained heavily during the day, thousands of the inhabitants of the above parishes congregated for the purpose of entering into resolutions expressive of their unabated hatred to tithes and for petitioning for their abolition. Owing to the severity of the day the attendance was not as numerous as was expected; there were, however, about twenty thousand persons assembled. The greater portion of the landed proprietors in the surrounding parishes, and the respective clergy were in attendance.

*Bon Mot.*—Among the most regular frequenters of the Zoological Gardens, on a Sunday (*propupular*) when the crowd is greatest, was Lord Brougham. But lion nor tiger, elephant nor ostrich, appeared to have any charms for him. He was always to be seen at one place, gazing intently on the motions of some amphibious animal placed within one of those water cages prepared for creatures who delight in that element. A gentleman was at length induced to attempt the discovery of the object of his Lordship's anxieties. On his return, he observed, "It is all quite *natural*—Lord Brougham is watching the Great Seal."

## SCOTLAND.

*Southerland.*—This county has suffered severely from the hurricane of the 18th November. About half-past four P. M., the wind blew from the N. W. with such violence as had never been witnessed by the oldest inhabitant. The Brora market was held upon this day, and consequently a considerable number of people had collected from the surrounding parishes. When the hurricane burst upon them, the scene that ensued baffles description; in one instant the tents were overthrown and shawls, ribbons, confections, &c. &c. scattered about in every direction; all was consternation, the poor pedlars exerting themselves to the utmost to preserve their little stock; children crying for their parents, parents searching for their children. In fifteen minutes scarce an individual was to be seen upon the market ground.

*Inspector of Steam Boats.*—The Glasgow Town Council have resolved to memorialize Government on the important subject of affording more safety and protection to the public in their lives and property while travelling in steam-vessels. They, at the same time, requested the Committee to examine the law recently passed in America on the subject.

*Suspension Bridge.*—The Government engineer, Mr. Rendall, has made a survey of the Montrose Bridge, and, we understand, purposes making a temporary roadway forthwith, which will be of vast advantage to that place. It is understood, also, that a complete repair will be commenced without delay.

*Andersonian University.*—Dr. William Hooker has been appointed Professor of Materia Medica to this Institution, in room of Dr. Andrew Buchanan, resigned.

*Duke of Buccleuch.*—The reports of this nobleman's visit to the Continent being occasioned by pecuniary circumstances, are altogether unfounded.—

*Glasgow College.*—The approaching election of Lord Rector of Glasgow College, with its accompanying bustle, is now engaging the thoughts of the students. The Candidates already spoken of are Mr. Colquhoun of Kilermont, Sir John Herschel, and Sir James Graham.—

*The Dalhousie Prize.*—On Saturday last, the splendid Indian sword, presented by the late Earl of Dalhousie's Company of Archers, the Queen's Body Guard for Scotland, was shot for in Hope Park, and gained by John Stewart, Esq. W. S.

## WALES.

*Abergavenny Cymreigyddion Society.*—On the 5th anniversary of this Society 48 prizes were awarded; among other numerous subjects the following were brought forward by the successful competitors. The influence of Welsh traditions on the Literature of Europe, by John Dorney Harding of Doctor's Commons; the moral and intellectual effect produced on the Inhabitants of Wales by the developement of her mineral resources; for the best new arrangement of any Welsh air, harmonized for four voices;—On the authenticity of the bardic alphabet called Coelbrenny Beirdd; History of Neath abbey and Aberavon Castle: a poetical inscription on a cheese toaster! A poem on metheglin; the music of Wales.

Harpers, singers and others, male and female obtained prizes, among which was one awarded to Miss Evans of Newport, called the Gold Harp of Tredegar presented by Sir Charles Morgan, for the best performer on the Harp.

The most interesting comment on this meeting to Welshmen, residing in America, is that all the Competitors, and most of the ladies present, wore the genuine Welsh costume; and the latter, though subject to the rivalry of a blaze of English beauty, decidedly bore off the palm.

The followings song is a specimen of the genius of Welsh poetry.

MINSTREL TO THE BRIDE.

Lady—I take my harp of gold,
On! listen while I sweep each chord;
I cannot strike as bards of old,
But yet my mild notes may afford
Some pleasure; and wilt thou deride
The lay I tune to thee—sweet Bride?

The pearl that's rais'd from ocean's bed,
Boasts not more purity than thou:
And like the dew drop newly spread,
The smile which lights thy placid brow:
Oh! may the altar knot thou'st tied,
By no rash hand be loos'd—sweet Bride!

Virtue has been thy leading star;
Has brightly shone upon thy way:
Still may thy steps be led afar,
By her effulgent, steady ray:
If thou still cling to this, fair guide,
Thine bliss of heav'n, on earth—sweet Bride?

"Oh! for the pinions of a dove
To bear me to an isle of rest,"
Some sigh:—but ah! thy tender love
Yields peace: an isle of calm, thy breast!
Where, where on earth a spot beside
So fair, so free, from cloud—sweet Bride?

No path in life can thornless be:
No track where flowers never die:
Else some bright sylph I'd ask for thee.
That path of ease beneath the sky:
Yet may thy years, days, minutes, glide,
Unchequer'd by stern care—sweet Bride?

May he whose heart to thee is giv'n,
Prize thee, the source of all his joy:
Ne'er may that heart from thee be riv'n—
No friend thy mutual bliss destroy!
*One* only hour, thy souls divide;
Far distant, be *that* hour—sweet Bride!

## FRANCE.

The adherence of the French government is announced, to the treaty recently concluded between Great Britain and Turkey. Some of the London papers alleged, at the time when the treaty was published, that the French government was very much opposed to it, and all sorts of alarms were put forth in consequence. Austria also, it is said, will become a party to the treaty; and nothing more is said about the (pretended) threats of Russia to look upon it as a declaration of war by Turkey.

The Paris papers say that an army of 40,000 men has been ordered to the Northern frontier, in consequence of the unsettled state of affairs between Holland and Belgium.

The Paris papers announce the death of the Duke of Fitz James—a firm adherent to the elder branch of the Bourbons—and of the celebrated surgeon Lisfranc.

The Council of State was occupied with an important cause in which the Bonaparte family are interested. The case is thus stated in the Paris papers:

On the 20th of March, 1801, 7,000,000 of francs were due to the Emperor Napoleon, for his civil list, and four more for his family. The wants of the army being pressing at the time, Napoleon and his brothers left the specie in the Exchequer, and took checks to the amount, which were paid out of the proceeds of the sale of the woods of the state.—Subsequently to the disastrous campaigne of Waterloo, Louis XVIII, issued an ordinance, four days after his arrival in Paris, declaring the checks null and void, so that the 12,000,000 remain in the treasury, and are still due to the house of Napoleon and his brothers. The family of Napoleon has impeached as illegal and unconstitutional, the ordinance in question. The Council of State will have to decide on the merits of the case, which will be presided over by the Keeper of the Seals.

A new treaty of commerce has been negociated with Belgium. Its spirit is that of entire reciprocity, with a very great leaning to free trade. The goods and vessels of either nation are to pay no more or higher duties in the ports of the other, than are paid by the goods and vessels of the other in their own ports. The treaty was looked upon with favor in the commercial circles of Paris.

## RUSSIA.

An extensive revolt is said to have broken out in Georgia, Shira, one of the principal cities, had been sacked by the rebels, and 6000 Russians massacred, among whom were two general officers.—The rebels were advancing on Tiflis, when the last accounts were sent from Erzeroun to Constantinople. The Russian government, anticipating trouble, had despatched 15,000 men before the insurrection broke out.

It appears that an extensive conspiracy has been discovered in Poland, the leaders of which had been arrested and thrown into prison at Wilna. The Emperor had ordered that the property of all participators in the plot should be immediately sequestered. The names of 15 persons are published, who have been arrested—all holding respectable positions in society.

From the Philadelphia Commercial list.

SCHUYLKILL COAL TRADE.

Quantity of Coal arrived at Fairmount Locks from the opening of the navigation this season, up to the close of the same.

| Consignees. | No. of boats. | tons | cwt. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Del Coal Co. | 1039 | 57,970 | 00 |
| J. W. Downing | 402 | 22,905 | 15 |
| C. W. Bacon | 365 | 20,737 | 07 |
| J. & W. Rogers & Co. | 343 | 19,261 | 0- |
| S. B. Reeve & Co. | 326 | 18,000 | 00 |
| North America Coal Co. | 296 | 15,300 | 15 |
| Simon & Boulton | 249 | 14,031 | 01 |
| I. D. Franklin | 241 | 13,000 | 00 |
| Brackston & Haines | 237 | 13,627 | 02 |
| West, Hodgson & Co | 236 | 12,177 | 04 |
| Wm. Dewey | 211 | 11,900 | 00 |
| C. Parker | 208 | 11,000 | 00 |
| R. Henderson & Co. | 200 | 10,500 | 00 |
| P. E. Hamm & Co. | 175 | 8,862 | 17 |
| T. C. Williams & Co. | 173 | 8,641 | 12 |
| Wm. Wallace & Co. | 160 | 7,900 | 00 |
| F. B. Nicholas | 150 | 7,900 | 05 |
| Repplier & Co. | 148 | 7,764 | 15 |
| B. H. Springer | 145 | 7,540 | 02 |
| L. S. N. R. & Coal Co. | 141 | 7,500 | 15 |
| H. Lehr, Jun. | 131 | 7,061 | 09 |
| Lewis & Bull | 135 | 7,268 | 13 |
| Geo. C. Hale. | 66 | 3,562 | 15 |
| Jacob Serrill | 127 | 6,457 | 10 |
| M'Elvaine & Carter | 114 | 6,000 | 00 |
| M. Patterson | 74 | 3,982 | 04 |
| M. Hale | 72 | 3,684 | 00 |
| R. Clarkson | 64 | 3,500 | 00 |
| Stouch & Haverstack | 60 | 3,096 | 09 |
| Johnson & Engleman | 59 | 2,992 | 19 |
| Conrad Grove | 54 | 2,870 | 11 |
| Hobbs & Pinney | 45 | 2,299 | 13 |
| Hamilton & Esling | 35 | 1,779 | 11 |
| Jos. S. Hinchman & Co. | 30 | 1,504 | 06 |
| Bolton & Co. | 30 | 1,490 | 00 |
| S. Griffith | 30 | 1,536 | 00 |
| W. Keen | 30 | 1,527 | 10 |
| Bunting, Clark & Co. | 25 | 1,931 | 16 |
| W. & J. Ford | 15 | 765 | 13 |
| J. Brown | 8 | 433 | 17 |
| M'Candles | 6 | 359 | 15 |
| Sundry Persons | 110 | 5,733 | 10 |
| New York | 227 | 11,517 | 16 |
| Wilmington, Del. | 31 | 699 | 11 |
| Bordentown | 3 | 145 | 18 |
| Bristol | 2 | 101 | 10 |
| Chester | 1 | 49 | 04 |
| Mount Holly | 1 | 55 | 06 |
| Total receipts this season, | 7,208 | 383,095 | 01 |
| Shipped from Pottsville | 7,891 | 431,719 | 00 |
| Left on the line of the Canal. | 683 | 48,624 | 00 |

*Yankee Courtship.*—Jonathan Bunbatter saw Prudence Fearstall at meeting. Jonathan sidedup to Prudence after meeting, and she kind a sidled off. He went closer, and asked her if she would accept the crook of his elbow. She resolved she could, and plumped her arm right around his'n. Jonathan felt overish, and said he liked the text: "seek and ye shall find," was purty good readin. Prudence hinted that "ask and ye shall receive," was better: Jonathan thought so too, but this axing was a puzzler.—A feller was apt to get into a snarl when he axed, and snarling wasn't no fun. Prudence guessed strawberries and cream were slick. Jonathan thought they warn't so slick as Pru's lips. "Now don't" said Pru, and she gove Jonathan's arm an involuntary hug. He was leetle started, but thought his farm wanted some female help to look arter the house. Pru. knew how to make rale good bread.—"Now don't" said Pru. "If I should," said Jonathan. "Now don't, said Pru. "If I should," said Jonathan. "Now don's," said Pru. "May-be you wouldn't"—and Jonathan shock all over, and Prudence replied, "If you be coming over that game you'd better tell feyther." "That's jist what I want," said Jonathan: and in three weeks Jonathan and Prudence were "my old man" and my "old woman."

*Marriage in Lapland.*—It is death in Lapland to marry a maid without the concent of her parents or friends. When a yound man has formed an attachment to a young female, the fashion is to appoint their friends to meet, to behold the two young parties run a race together. The maid is allowed, in starting, the third part of the race, so that it is impossible, except voluntarily, that she should be overtaken.

If the maid outrun her suitor, the matter is ended; he must never have her, it being penal for the man to renew the proposal for marriage. But if the virgin has an affection for him though at first she runs hard to try the truth of his love, she will (without Atalanta's golden balls to retard her speed,) pretend some casuality, and make a voluntary halt before she comes to the mark or end of the race. Thus none are compelled to marry without their own wills; and this is the cause that in this poor country the married people are richer in their contentment than in other lands where, so many forced matches make feigned love, and cause real unhappiness.

## POTTSVILLE.

*Saturday Morning, Jan. 12.*

## THE DEAD WITNESS!

*A Tale of the times of Bluff King Hal.*

Chapter I.

Ruffian! let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill fashion!
*Two Gentlemen of Verona*

Oh let me in the a'o night;
Arise and let me in! *Scotch Song.*

'Twas autumn; as the bells chimed the hour of eight, darkness had completely covered that part of London, which in 1517 stood in the neighborhood of Bernhard Castle. The evening chorus of the boatmen, speeding homeward on the bosom of the Thames, was growing faint and more faint. One by one, the lights which glimmered from casements were extinguished, and the deep, broad and awful silence of night, was uninterrupted, save by a passing reveller or belated 'prentice.

At length, a figure issued from the deep shadow of the archway of Bernhard Castle, and evidently appeared at a loss which way to direct its steps. As the star light fell on his person, it showed a strong and vigorous man, in the prime of youth, whose round and jovial face, gave unceasing tokens of good humor and self-enjoyment.

"Where can the boat loiter," he communed to himself, looking up and down the Thames, which was just assuming a silver tint from the rising moon. "I have no particular relish for this part of the city after night fall; they do say the Alsatians are any thing but honest or ——".

"Save your fair sir," interrupted a grim and muffled personage, who suddenly stept up on his right hand, as another apparently of the same stamp occupied his other side.

"A fair greeting, friend, what want ye?" coolly replied the stranger.

"Every thing!" was the response.

"I cannot supply ye then—stand aside, I would pass!"

"We are tired of standing," said one of the ruffians, for such they evidently were.

"Yes, in the pillory!" rejoined the other, laughing in despite of all sense of shame, "but if thou hast not a close fist, bestow your charity,"

"Thou'lt find it close to thy head, with a quarter staff to boot, and thou mayest not off!" retorted the stranger, nothing daunted at the uncouth company he found himself engaged with.

"Come, submit quietly, and hand over your money; we mean to rob you," said the first desperado.

"Aye, or cut your throat!" continued the other, drawing a knife or dagger, as was perceptible in the growing moonshine.

"Ha! St. George! say'st thou so? take this then knave!" cried the cavalier, dealing a blow with his staff, on the sconce of the last speaker, which staggered him! The other immediately seized his arms behind, and while they were struggling, his comrade revived, and advancing, with demoniac rage depicted in his face, prepared to strike a death-blow! At this instant, so pregnant with danger to the stranger, a new actor arrived on the scene: pausing but an instant, to view the inequality of the contest, he rushed boldly on the ruffians, shouting,

"Off knaves! two on one! that is not fair 'prentice play! off, off! I say!"

His vigorous attack discomposed the robbers, who, brave only in superiority of strength and numbers, precipitately fled, pursued by him. Returning in an instant, he addressed the rescued person:

"I find you in equivocal company, fair sir, and if you be stranger here, as I imagine, I'll be your guide towards home: the gentlemen of these precincts, are skin to bat and owl—nightbirds—you understand!"

"I do, and return a thousand thanks for your friendly help and offer, but a boat awaits my signal at yonder stairs. By what name shall I hereafter know my champion?"

"I am called Piers Fortescue, an't please you, 'prentice to Master George Elliot here hard by."

"Ha! St. George! thou takest a late hour young man; thy back will feel thy master's strap at sunrise, and though I cannot save thee from the lash, yet within this purse, thou wilt find a balsam to heal thy wounds—take it, 'tis better thine than the cutthroats, who would have wrested it from me, whether it was my pleasure or not. Spend the gold as thou wilt, but lose not the purse; should evil ever befal thee, or thou hast need of a friend at court, and thou may'st surely aspire, since a butcher's son, they say, is chief in our King's councils, on such emergency, send this purse to Henry Willoughbye, of the royal household, and I will endeavor to repay thee for my life preserved. And now farewell! the moon has bravely risen, and I see my boat approaching. Remember, I am thy debtor, until I ransom my purse; till then, peace be with ye!"

Thus saying, he turned towards the landing place, as a barge, with a party colored silken tilt moored along side, and stepping into he stern, he gave orders to embark. Piers watched him, until the receding bark was hardly identified from the waters, and then, as he paced towards home, communed with himself on the probability of passing the night, without a roof above him! Arriving at the door of Master Elliot's house, he knocked with that hesitating, dubious, sneaking rap which always distinguishes the truant of late hours, and which most of our male readers understand better than we can describe! No answer came—another knock, a little bolder, shared the same fate!

"Once more, before I make up my mind to find lodgings in the market place for the night," muttered Piers, and he was about to repeat it, when an upper window opened, and the long silken hairs of an old man, were seen, almost covering his face, as candle in hand, it was protruded from the casement.

"Who knocks!"

"'Tis only I, Master!"

"Go to the devil, sirrah!"

"Goodly company for thy 'prentice to consort with, Master!"

"Goodly or not, thou sleepest not under my roof this night;—get thee hence, villain!" said the old man, closing the bar with a vehemence, to assist the emphasis of the last word.

Piers sat him down on the steps; first he laughed at his Master's violence, then he whistled to keep himself company; next he rose, and striding to the centre of the street, looked wistfully up at the windows, and at length growing angry, in spite of all his endeavors, he began to fume! He was however interrupted in his unamiable feelings, by the measured tramp of the City night-guard approaching, and unwilling to obtain lodgings, at the public expense, however much he stood in need, he ran in an opposite direction, under the old archway of the Castle.

As the body of troops crossed the square, in front of Elliot's house, a boat was seen approaching from an opposite quarter of the river, and soon reaching the shore, landed a cavalier. He was cloaked, with an evident intention of concealment, for it was carefully muffled around his face. When he arrived under the merchant's window, from whence Piers had been just repulsed, he took a rapid, but perfect survey of the premises, and then almost unconsciously, thus gave his thoughts vent in words;

"Should fortune smile on my scheme, I am a free man again! surrounded on every side by dunning creditors, my only refuge from a prison, is this purse-proud citizen's wealth, with the hand of his daughter. What though he has refused her, this night shall place her in my power by force, and then his pardon soon can be obtained. Hist! some one stirs! propitious stars! 'tis she, herself!"

As he spoke, he sprang into the shadow of the house, and the window above again opened, while a voice, which fell like music on the moon beams, whispered, "Hist! Piers! my father has retired to rest again—nay, fear not to show thyself, I see thee beneath the doorledge—wait but till I descend, and thou shalt be admitted."

As the casement closed, the muffled cavalier stepped exultingly forth, almost shouting,

"Ah ha! she's mine! the bird flies to the springe! now creditors, debts and duns farewell!"

The clank of chains was heard, the door of the merchant's house slowly opened, and his daughter appeared with a lighted cresset in her hand. She advanced over the threshold and whispered,

"Where art thou Piers?—ah there you are, thou hidest thy face, art not ashamed of thy pranks! nay, uncover thy guilty face," and playfully pulling the cloak as she spoke, from his features, she started, exclaiming "Hubert Monkshaw!"

Rushing towards the door, she was intercepted by the cavalier, who grasping her by the arm firmly, though respectfully, while the light of triumph gleamed from his eye, spoke thus,

"Be not alarmed, fair lady, I will use thee with all gentleness, but you *must* follow me, I have watched this auspicious moment for months; if persuasion will not now avail my suit, force must be my next argument! I claim thee, Jane Elliot, for my wife!"

"You have already had my answer," replied the trembling girl; "never will I consent to wed a revelling gallant, although he be of the proud house of Monkshaw!"

"Then thus I seize thee as my prize!" said the cavalier, as he attempted to force her towards the boat; but scarce had he advanced a step, ere a powerful blow felled him to the earth.

"Robber!" cried Piers, for his was the hand that dealt the retribution, "think not thus easily to compass thy dastard ends! the mastiffs of our quarter, are not without protectors from the night thief!"

Hubert slowly arose, and with grim rage depicted on ever feature muttered,

"You struck me!"

"I did,"

"You confess!"

"If it needs confession to substantiate it, I'll repeat it, to make all sure!"

"Your life shall pay for this! you have insulted me—look to yourself Piers Fortescue!" As he spoke, he drew his cloak around him, retreated to the boat, and left the shore.

Relieved from his presence, the young couple entered the house. Piers betook himself to his cot, but scarcely had Jane entered her apartment, ere the furious merchant rushed in, foaming with rage, and shouting,

"Why girl, did'st thou disobey me, and admit yon night brawler! answer me!—I have marked thy growing love for him, banish it! a lowly 'prentice, whom I have raised to what he is, shall never wed daughter of mine!"

"Nay father; say not thus," replied the weeping girl, "above all the world, I love, and still must love him?"

"Darest thou confess thy passion? then may a wronged sire's malison rest upon thy head! thus, thus, I curse thee!"

"No! no! no! father, for pity's sake! for the remembrance of my dear mother, recal your fearful words!"

"Swear then to forget him!"

"Nay father, ask it not—I cannot!"

"Lost, lost girl! my curses cling to thee!" cried the father, and throwing off her extended arms, he rushed from the room, as she fell senseless on the floor.

Chapter II.

Yonder's foul murder done! *Othello.*

Avaunt and quit my sight,
Thy bones are marrowless! *Macbeth.*

It was the next evening after these events, Piers Fortescue and Jane Elliot, were to renew their vows of love, upon the spot where they were wont to hold their secret meetings. It was a ruined chapel, and before the tomb of some holy templar, whose effigy was carved upon the walls. While Piers was waiting Jane's arrival, a sudden step broke upon the stillness of the scene, and the next moment, Hubert Monkshaw stood before him.

"There is no time for parley; Piers Fortescue," said he, "I am not thy foe, seeing thou hast won the girl: I come to warn you, that Elliot has discovered thy meeting place—; our life is beset; see! even now, the grim father is upon you!"

As Monkshaw spoke, the merchant rushed into the chapel, with sword drawn, and stood before Piers, unable for a moment to speak from passion; Hubert glided behind the tomb unobserved.

"Robber! seducer!" cried the father, when at length, he could command himself, "draw and defend thyself—your life or mine!"

He lunged furiously at Piers, who calmly parried the blows with his sheathed rapier, at the same time imploringly exclaiming,

"Master Elliot, forbear, harm me not! I would not scathe one hair of thy grey head, to win me, even Jane! forbear! forbear!"

"Then swear, that thou wilt never wed my daughter. Swear it here, before my ancestor's tomb!"

"Never!" cried Piers.

"Thou wilt not! then Piers Fortescue, this tomb is thine own! I swear it!"

Again did the furious Elliot lunge at the lover, who simply retreated, to avoid injury, till his foot becoming entangled in the grass, he fell—and in an instant, the father's sword was at his throat. He was about to deal a death blow in his rage, when Monkshaw stepped forth, and plunged his dagger in the merchant's heart! Elliot staggered, fell, and died! His murderer passed upon the corpse, as if to satisfy himself that vitality had fled, and then sheathing his dagger, stood motionless, with folded arms, regarding Piers.

"Hubert, thou art a murderer!" at length exclaimed Fortescue.

"Certes," muttingly replied Monkshaw, "there are strange visionary notions of a gibbet, floating before my view, part of which thou will partake with me, as an accomplice!"

"Taunt me not, Hubert Monkshaw! for I am goaded mad!"

"Ha! ha! ha! thou art lost, for ever—she, thy Jane is torn from thee, and the deed was mine! my master piece! and see! she comes this way to keep her tryst with thee—what, a brave welcome thou canst give her! Come help me to conceal the body in yonder tomb."

"What! wouldst thou make me still more thy slave! would not the secret burier of the murdered, become an accomplice with the murderer! Holy, saints! Jane is here!"

As he spoke, the daughter of the man who now lay a corpse before him, advanced to meet her lover, Monkshaw dropped his cloak over the body to conceal it, while Jane buried herself in Fortescue's bosom.

"Oh Piers," said she, smiling confidingly through her tears, "I have peilled all for thee—even a father's anger! What ailest thee! Piers, thy face is pale, thine eye is red, what has happened!"

"Murder!" said Monkshaw calmly, as a body of Archer guards were seen entering the chapel, "Guards! seize on the murderer of—"

"Murderer! Piers! thou dos't not mean!—murderer of whom!" gasped Jane.

"Your father!" said Monkshaw, removing the cloak.

"Piers, a murderer, and of him! oh God! oh God!"

"The unhappy girl staggered towards her father's body, and with a shriek fell upon it, as cold as the inanimate clay, she clasped!"

"Yes," said the officer of the guard, examining the murdered man, "this is the merchant, I know him by his velvet cloak and sable hat,—'tis even so, secure your prisoner!"

Few words will suffice to explain the success of Monkshaw's villiany. Piers was dragged to prison, loaded with chains, and the day appointed, when he was to be tried for his life.

On the morning of that day, as the early rays of the sun were gloomily peering through the bars of his dungeon, a rattling of chains was heard, and the portal unbarred. The prisoner thought they were coming to lead him to his trial, and arose from his bed of straw to meet them. To his surprise Hubert Monkshaw stood before him.

"You here?" said Piers, "I expected not to see thee again, till in the court, where thou wilt sacrifice thy victim."

"I bring thee good tidings Piers!"

"Murderer! hence! away! thou cans't not wonder that I hate thy very face!" said the wretched youth, turning with aversion from him.

"And wouldst thou hate thy friend—nay, look not thus, I am thy friend! The means of escape are open to thee, thy prison doors are unbarred, thy warden bribed—take this purse and fly! This day I am summoned to witness against thy life; to save myself, I must condemn thee.—Fly then, while life and liberty are left thee!"

"Never! I will meet my doom; innocence cannot fly, when guilt would crush it."

"Then fool hardy boy! thou art lost," said Monkshaw passionately, as he left the prison, seeing in his eye, the calmness of determination. Their meeting had not been solitary: at the moment the offer of escape had been made and refused, a secret panel in the wall was opened, and a person stood within the apartment. As the door closed on Monkshaw, he approached Piers, who stood rapt in a reverie, and touching his shoulder exclaimed,

"So, Sir 'Prentice, thou wilt not fly, when liberty is offered thee?"

"St. Nicholas! 'tis Master Willoughbye!"

"Yes it is, and I have overheard thy converse with yon brawler Monkshaw. Hark! the bell summons thee to trial! come, cheer thee—thou hast a friend in me; death has not stared thee as close in the face as it did me, when thy friendly arm preserved me! Hope for the best, put thy trust on high, and remember, that heaven never left the good defenceless! I must not be seen—farewell! at thy worst need, I will be near thee."

Thus saying, the cavalier left the prison, by the secret door, as he had entered, at the moment the guard appeared, to lead the prisoner to his trial. With all the horrible appurtenances of judicial form, he was conveyed to the grand hall of Westminster, then the seat of Justice. The primary evidence was that of the Captain of the Guard who arrested him. He deposed to the confusion of the prisoner, and the exclamation of Jane, "Piers, a murderer!" Others were brought forward, who testified that the deceased merchant, had told the prisoner, that he never should marry his daughter, while life remained for him to refuse.

"Piers Fortescue," said the Judge, "I would yield thy youth every advantage the law affords. This crime looks black and terrible, thy life hangs on a thread; what canst thou say to disprove this evidence?"

"Nothing!" mournfully exclaimed the prisoner, "but that I am innocent!"

"But one more witness remains," continued the Judge; let Hubert Monkshaw be called!"

The wretched witness ascended the box, devoted to those who gave evidence; his face was haggard, his dress disarranged, and a casual spectator, contrasting his appearance, with the calm, but sad expression of Piers, might have readily reversed their positions, before the tribunal. On being asked by the Judge to state his knowledge of the affair, Hubert began, in a voice almost inarticulate with emotion,

"My Lord, this is harrowing to the soul of friendship, but I owe it to myself and justice! on the night in question, wandering near the ruined chapel, I heard the noise of strife—entering, I found the prisoner, and his aged victim engaged in mortal strife. I strove to pacify, but unavailingly, and hurried to alarm the guard, hoping to prevent a fearful crime. Returning, my anxiety outstripped the rest, and I arrived too late to save, but in time to see the prisoner strike the merchant to the heart!"

"Hubert Monkshaw," said Piers, in a voice whose rounded fullness swelled through the gothic arches of the apartment, "lift up thine hands to heaven, and imprecate its vengeance on thy head, if that thou art forsworn! pray that a miracle may blast thee, and that the merchant, in the livid garments of the tomb, may rise to choke thee with thy impious lie! invoke it, or thou art perjured!"

Piers glared upon him, the eyes of the whole court followed, and fastened upon him. He saw, it was the time for action, and huskily exclaimed,

"My Lord, this is most unusual, but if what I have spoken be not truth, may Master Elliot's ghost stand by my side, and take on the perjury upon my soul for ever!"

Scarcely had he uttered these words, when a large window behind the Judge's bench opened, and the pale and gory figure of the merchant, stood before him in velvet cloak and sable hat, even as he lived!

"Ah!" shuddered Monkshaw, "can it be! can beings revisit earth? no! no! it is but phantasy!"

"Let the witness proceed," said the Judge, when followed the fatal blow!

"My Lord! my Lord!" cried Monkshaw in horrible confusion, "it is impossible for me to proceed, while that figure is glaring at me from yonder seat, what [illegible]