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.

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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.*

From the New Yorker.

In the range of modern English poetry, it is rare to find an instance of grandeur, pathos and more melodious versification than the following hymn. The last two lines of one of the stanzas are now supplied; they were never written, or were lost from the manuscript. It is unnecessary to designate them, father than by their inferiority to the remainder.

PORTUGUESE HYMN TO THE VIRGIN MARY.

BY JOHN LEYDEN.

Star of the wide and pathless sea,
Who lov'st on mariners to shine,
These votive garments, wet to thee,
We hang within thy holy shrine.
When o'er us flashed the surging brine,
Amid the warring waters tost,
We called no other name but thine,
And hoped, when other hope was lost
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the vast and howling main,
When dark and lone is all the sky,
And mountain waves o'er ocean's plain,
Erect their stormy heads on high:
When virgins for their true loves sigh,
And raise their weeping eyes to thee,
The Star of Ocean heeds their cry,
And saves the foundering bark at sea.
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the dark and stormy sea,
When wrecking tempests rend us rave,
Thy gentle virgin form we see,
Bright rising o'er the hoary wave
The howling storm, that seem to grave
Their victims, sink in music sweet,
The surging waves recede to grave
The path beneath thy glistening feet.
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the desert waters wild,
Whose trying hears the seaman's cry,
The God of mercy as a child,
On that chaste bosom loved to lie;
While soft the chorus of the sky
Their hymn [illegible]
And [illegible]
The mother of the heaven's king.
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the deep—at that sweet name
The waves sleep silent round the keel,
The tempests wild lie [illegible] tame,
That made the deep's foundation's reel;
The soft, celestial gleams steal
So soothing through the realms of wo,
That spirits in affliction feel
Thy far-pervading extent [illegible]
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the mild and [illegible] seas,
Whom unbo[illegible] rays of mercy crown—
Whose [illegible] Portuguese,
O'er the [illegible] the [illegible] town,
W[illegible]
Who [illegible] light,
And Hea[illegible] crown,
The Star of Ocean [illegible]
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the deep, [illegible] eyes
To [illegible]
In vain a mortal [illegible]
To [illegible]
Mother of [illegible]
O[illegible]
When storms and [illegible] away,
T[illegible]
Ave Maris Stella!

ENGLAND.

Exchange at New York on London 9 a 9½ per cent. premium.

The Queen's Twins.—[illegible] undertaking [illegible] the Mi[illegible] the tunnel will be 1,199 feet, and the [illegible] excavation is 800 feet being 22 feet 6 inches in height, and 38 feet in breadth.

Proposed Bill for steam Vessels.—The heads of a bill to be brought before Parliament have been settled, by which it is proposed, "that all vessels engaged in the conveyance of passengers by water when impelled by any other means than sails or manual labour," shall not be employed without a license, appointed [illegible] for every 100 lives; not without paying a duty [illegible] every passenger, and [illegible] the rate of 1d for every four miles or fraction of four miles."

DUKE OF NORMANDY.—Rousselle, charged with attempting to assassinate this person, was brought up and discharged at the request of the Duke, the gentleman having declined to prosecute. A long correspondence was laid before the Magistrates relative to the affair in which it was intimated the Duke had "sought in itself to make a sensation in this country and in France." The Duke returned thanks to the Magistrates for their [illegible] and entered into a long statement of his grievances and the persecution he had suffered from his enemies in France.

Charitable.—A new institution is about to be opened at the West-end of the metropolis, to afford to the houseless poor a supper, bed, breakfast, and medical assistance if required. The committee have appointed Mr. Charles Coupe, of Margarette street, their medical officer, and the list of subscribers already includes the chief of the nobility and gentry.

Important Locomotive Invention.—Mr. Coles, of Charing cross, has recently made considerable improvements in locomotive carriages, by which he has reduced the friction two thirds whatever weight he may have to propel. The model of the carriages is shewn, which will carry an immense weight, mounted on large anti-friction wheels, whereon the friction is reduced so materially, that six ounces when fastened to a string passing over a pulley, and by that means attached to the carriage, with only four anti-friction wheels will propel a weight of 67 lbs; with eight wheels, three ounces will effect the same object; whilst without the anti-friction wheels the same weight will not be found sufficient to propel the empty carriage itself, although that weighs only eleven pounds; seven times greater weight is required to propel the carriage with the load; and double that to maintain the same velocity as when the anti-friction wheels are put on.

More Warlike Preparations.—The Board of Admiralty have issued orders to commission the Acheron, a splended first class steamer, lately launched from Sheerness yard, of 130 horse power. The Salamander steam-frigate, one of the largest steamers in the Royal Navy, is to be immediately commissioned. The Acheron and Spitfire are destined for the Mediterranean station.

IRELAND.

Daniel O'Connell was the first person who lodged a tithe schedule (for his share of the million) at the Castle. It is announced that he is to leave Darrynane on the 5th of Nov. to attend a round of dinners at Kanturk, Youghal, Thurles, Galway, Waterford, Limerick, Cork &c. He is to be in Dublin about the 30th of Nov., when the precursor agitation will begin in earnest.

Irish Railroads.—It is understood that the Duke of Leinster, Earls of Shannon, Glengall, and Kenmore, Lords Viscount Hawarden and Lismore, with many other influential noblemen and gentlemen have resolved to take up the question of Irish railways, in order that such may be undertaken under the auspices of Government and commissioners.

Military.—The total rank and file of the army in Ireland for November, is as follows, viz artillery 812; cavalry 1859; infantry 13,247. Total 15,818.

Outrage.—On Tuesday evening, Mr. Charles O'Keeffe, an opulent landholder, and brewer and tanner, resident in Thurles, was shot, when about fifty yards from his own house. The ball, fired from a pistol, entered his left shoulder; and he expired in a few minutes. Mr. O'Keeffe was a Roman Catholic, but had irritated the peasantry by ejecting some tenants on an estate managed, for non payment of rent.

Railroads.—A deputation from the Committee appointed at the recent meeting on the subject of the Irish Railroads at the Commercial Building, waited on Lord Morpheth and submitted to him a general plan for a main trunk and branches, differing materially from those recommended by the Commissioners, and not interfering with any Company already formed. The sum required to establish these £8,000,000 and the proposition of the Committee is that it be raised by one-third in subscriptions, one third from Parliament, and one third from the counties. Lord Morpheth said he thought the proposition tangible.

Tithe Act.—The Tithe Act Commissioners collarged, until the 11th of next January, the period for lodging memorials praying for remission of the former advance from the million Fund. Immediately on the meeting of Parliament, a short bill will be introduced, authorising a distribution of the residue of the Million, and this measure will pass through in a few days. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners have been called on to repay One Hundred Thousand pounds borrowed for them by the Board of Works from the million, and, should the sum go back to the Fund, the Tithe Owners will receive tenshillings in the pound, on the arrears of the last four years.

English Tea.—Yesterday the Mayor received the following communication from the India House, London, conveying a sample of tea, grown in the newly acquired territory Assam where large forests of this precious plant are found, and possessing a degree of strength and flavour, fully equal, if not superior, to the tea imported from China:—

"Mr. Gordon presents his compliments to the Mayor of Limerick. By direction of Sir John Hobhouse, he has the honor of sending to him a sample of tea, grown in British India, with a memorandum explanatory of the measures taken to improve the cultivation and manufacture. Mr. Gordon will be happy to receive any communication on the subject from the Mayor of Limerick, or from any persons connected with the tea trade.

"India Board, 4th December, 1838."

Humanity.—Captain Browne, late 8th Infantry, and a Magistrate of Downshire, has received a gold medal for saving the crew of the Bloom schooner, wrecked last October on the northern coast of Ireland.

SCOTLAND.

[illegible] Government is ready to receive tenders for [illegible] thirty-two pound balls.

Mrs. Anne Grant.—With regret we announce the death of this Lady at Edinburgh in her 84th year. She is the author of "Letters from the mountains," and other well known works.

The Sirius.—This steamer had nearly foundered on her voyage to Petersburg the North Sea having [illegible] her fore cabin, while the water was two feet deep in her hold, but fortunately for the passengers she got safe into Copenhagen.

The Nautilus Yacht Steamer, a presumed loss of [illegible] and mistress, [illegible] at least a portion coal [illegible] N. Leon, Newport. It is the [illegible] which is equipped and equipped [illegible] The North. [illegible] Yacht, it may be remembered, sailed from [illegible] on Thursday morning, the 11th [illegible] on board five men and six steerage passengers, [illegible] in all 24 persons. [illegible] and [illegible] passenger at North Sunderland, and was seen when passing Holy Island, there is little doubt she went down in the storm, in all probability not far from the spot where she was cast up. A stiff gale from the S. E., has prevailed on the coast for several days, and has, no doubt, contributed to drive the wreck ashore.—

Cotton seems to be on the advance in Liverpool the Gazette, Wednesday's, states in Liverpool an advance to 9[illegible] pence a shade higher. A great deal of business has been done in Glasgow during the last three weeks, in consequence of a rise which is expected to take place in a few days. A great quantity has changed hands in Glasgow during the above period at steady prices.

Poland.—A Glasgow paper states that a conspiracy has been discovered in Poland and in the western governments; and that the ringleaders, whose name is Stefan Kurczesky, with his accomplices, to the number of 15, are in prison at Wilna. The Emperor has ordered that all the property, real and personal, of the participators in sanitious plots shall be immediately sequestrated, and placed under the care of the crown; and that measure is to be applied not only to those persons who are now under arrest, but to all others who in the course of the investigation shall be accused and found guilty. Among the persons arrested there are several, it is said connected with families of the highest respectability.

WALES.

Fossil Shells.—Splendid specimens of fossil shells have been found in the Mailtraeth Colliery in Anglesey, eighty yards deep.

Earthquake.—On the 15th Nov. last, a smart shock of an earthquake was felt at Kingston. In several places, the rocking was so severe, that many persons leaped out of bed, expecting their houses to fall. A rumbling noise like thunder, accompanied the concussion, a great calm existed, both before and after the shock. The winds was east, with a dense fog; thermometer ranging 35, and the barometer 29.[illegible] The sensation was felt from north to south.

Education.—Six proprietors of Factories in Montgomeryshire have lately been convicted in different penalties, under the provisions of the Factory Bill, 3d. and 4th. Wm IV. principally under the section for neglecting to educate the children in their employ. The humane intentions of her Majesty's Government have at length reached the Principality, and the sections of Cambria have equal protections with their neighbors.

Antiquities.—An ancient silver spoon, supposed to be made in the reign of Elizabeth, was recently found in making some alterations in that ancient building, the Feathers Inn, Ludlow—and some time since a silver medal was found at the same spot, on the obverse of which was the whole length effigy of Henry 4th, with figures on each side, and the inscription "obit 20 March."—"Henrius IV. Rex"—On the reverse, the Royal arms, surrounded with the motto "Honi soit qui mal y pense," and on the outer rim—"Buried at Canterbury"—"Reigned xiii years." The metal was thin, and 21 inches in diameter.

Kidwelly.—The Tin Works at this place have been taken by Hugh H. Dowman, late of Carmarthen.

Llanelly.—The works of the railway and dock company, will be completed by the 1st of May next.

Welsh Coal.—The coal formation consists of alternative layers of a yellow or reddish sandstone, with clayey matter in the form of dark brown slates, of a softer nature than the primary slate, used for roofing, and called clay shale; and sometimes from their being mixed with bituminous shale. Between those beds of bituminous matter and shale the coal seams are interposed. Coal varies considerably in the quantity of bitumin it contains, and is more or less valuable for economical purposes according to the admixture of this substance. The quantity of coal raised in British isles is very considerable, and it may be said that to this substance, and the iron ore found in [illegible] deposit, England owes a great deal of her commercial prosperity; for to the abundance and cheapness of both these substances in various districts we are indebted for a large portion of our manufactures; the same series of beds not only furnishing fuel for working the steam engines, but also for their construction.

The accumulation of vegetable matter at a remote epoch in the history of the world for the consumption of creatures which should afterwards exist on its surface must strike the least inquiring; but when the upturned, twisted, and shattered strata, so common in districts composed of the coal measures, are before us, design is not so apparent, more particularly when the miner complains of the dislocation (faults) which interrupts his progress. We might, therefore, regard this as a bar to the ingenuity and industry of man, extracting the combustible so valuable to him. When, however, we look more closely into this subject, we find that the shattered condition of the rocks, though it may embarrass mining conditions for a time, is in reality highly advantageous, as preventing the passage of subterraneous waters from one mass to another; and the miners, in collieries situated in one particular mass, have only to contend with the waters in it; whereas if the strata were always horizontal, unbroken, and continuous, the abundance of water that would flow into the workings would render them so difficult and expensive that the extraction of the coal must be abandoned.

POTTSVILLE.

Saturday Morning, Jan. 26

ITEMS.

Georgia.—A recent census makes the population of this state 662,173.

Delaware.—Owing to the composition of the two branches of the Legislature, it is altogether possible that no election of Senator of the United States will be made at the present session of the Legislature of that State.

Mr. Lane, of Gloucester, one of the State Senators from Essex, passing down street, in Boston trod on a piece of orange peel; his foot slipped and he fell down fracturing his leg in two places.

Effects of Benton's Message.—A special election to fill a vacancy in the Senate, was held week before last, in Randolph County, Missouri, which resulted in the election of a decided Whig, by a majority of six votes. Two years ago, the Loco Foco majority in this county was 204.

The Hon John Van Ness Yates, died at Albany at the age of sixty. He was Secretary of State under De Witt Clinton.

Non Committal.—The Wellsville (Ohio) Adverteser, has the names of *Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, William Henry Harrison* arrayed at the head of his editorial columns, which he resolves once a week, and thus changes the relative position of the three.

Cold Enough.—On the morning of Dec. 31st, the thermometer at Bangor, Maine, stood 21 below zero, at Norridgewock, 32 below!

Massachusetts.—Another trial for the election of a member of Congress in the 4th district, is to be made on the first Monday in February.

Awful.—We understand, says the N. Y. Whig, that the United States Marshall has received instructions to watch the Royal William from her arrival until her departure, to prevent any more of the sub-treasurers from practicing flotation in office.—Who watches the marshall?

The Sub-Treasury in Illinois.—In the House of Representatives of Illinois on the 11th inst., a resolution was adopted declaring that it was inexpedient to pass a law providing for the collection and keeping of the revenue of the State in gold and silver exclusively.—The vote was 79 ayes to 9 noes—The Sub Treasury has no hold in the thriving state of Illinois.

"Incidents of Travel."—The reviewer of Stephen's Travels, in the January number of the North American, says that "a person, favored by circumstances, may reach Mount Calvary *thirty three days after* leaving Broadway. Thirteen days may take him to Bristol, two to Paris, three to Marseilles, ten to Syria, four to Jaffa, and one from there to Jerusalem.

Standing armies.—The largest in the world is kept up by the Chinese; it amounts to 1,200,000 men.—Russia has 650,000 men continually under arms, and France 310,000. The army of the United Kingdom is upwards of 90,000.

Russia.—The Emperor has directed the females of his family to become school-mistresses, and accordingly a number of schools are to be formed in St Petersburg, over which they are to preside.

Temperance.—In consequence of the failure of the harvest in Sweden, the Government of that country issued a Royal proclamation on the 10th ult., prohibiting the distilling of spirits from corn for the next two months.

Lead.—Gov. Dodge, says that upwards of ten million pounds of lead, are sent annually from the mines of Wisconsin.

Sir John Herschel, has been raised to the rank of a Baronet. From his astronomical discoveries, we should think him a candidate for the *star* chamber.

☞ *An Ice Boat* at Philadelphia, succeeds in keeping the channel of the Delaware, free from ice.

James the Novelist, has published six stories called a "Book of Passions" said to be in his best style.

Commercial Credit.—Two millions of protested bills against the U. S. sent out for collection by the Bank of England, have all been paid except about $2000.

Frank Johnson, and his Band, were mistaken in England for a tribe of American Indians, of which Frank, was chief.

Poetry and Sculpture.—A tobacconist in New York has for a sign a representation of three figures severally employed, as described by the following graphic lines:

We three
Brothers be,
In one cause—
Tom smokes,
Bill puffs,
And I chaws.

The Bills Writing.—It is stated that upwards of £5,000 letters were received in N. Y. by the recent Liverpool and London packets. The Royal William alone brought 3,000.

John Van Buren, was in Dublin, on the 6th Dec. the guest of Lord Morpeth.

DRAMATIC TALE.

WRITTEN FOR THE MINERS' JOURNAL.

Gustavus of Sweeden

OR THE

FATAL PROPHECY!

From the celebrated opera of "Gustavus or the Masked Ball."

"Thoughts black! hands apt!
Drugs fit, and time agreeing!" *Macbeth.*

"Mid furs, and silks, and jewels sheen,
He stood in simple Lincoln green,
The centre of the glittering ring,
And Snowden's knight, is Scotland's King!
Lady of the Lake.

CHAPTER I.—*The Hovel of the Sorceress.*

All the gay and curious, of the great City of Stockholm, were assembled in the spacious, but dingy apartment of the Sorceress Arvedson, which was situated on one of the streets fronting the port. A motly group, composed her audience: nobles, sailors, peers and peasants, were alike led either by curiosity or superstition, to have the fate of the dark future read to them. In the centre of the hovel, was erected a hearth of massy stones, and a blazing fire burned under a cauldron, into which Arvedson was scattering "herbs of magic power," as she was treading the mystic circle, and muttering her caballistic incantations. The smoke rose in thick clouds to the rafters, and added to the gloom of the scene, as the mistress of the orgies, stood waving her wand to command silence, with the imposing dignity of one, who knew the strong hold she had over their superstitious fears.

"Our fortunes! our fortunes! tell us our fortunes" cried some of the most venture some.

"Back, idiots, and await my will: neither the time, or spell has yet been attained!"

"Avast paying out your cable there," bawled out a strong, athletic, middle aged sailor, as he elbowed his way through the press, "no more of your jawing tack, out make way for a King's sailor—I want to know what fortune is going to give me—she and the King are both in my debt. For eighteen years I've had nothing but wounds, bruises, and splinters, and now I wants to know if I'm ever likely to make up my leeway?"

"Show me your hand."

"What! you want to overhaul my grappiers do you? well if I'd know that, I'd washed them; but there it is, the hand that has always been ready to defend King and Country."

"That's a brave fellow, Oscar!" remarked a young man, also in a sailor's garb, but of almost feminine delicacy of appearance, and addressing a mere lad, who by his dress was an attendant on some noble of rank. The page made a whispered reply, as the Sorceress again addressed the old sailor.

"It would seem, that your King has been unjust to you ——"

"Avast there! old mother of Belzebub! I never said that, never thought it, Lord love his noble soul! unjust to me! why he never owed me any thing; all I had was his, and if my life could at any time be of service to him, why I'd think no more of it, than I would of a mouldy biscuit, or a bit of salt junk!"

"Your hand again" said Arvedson. She perused the lineaments of his palm and then added." Your King will yet reward you, you shall roll in wealth!"

"What, shall I though! shiver my timbers! if Poll and I don't go to church next Sunday! and she shall carry such a jolly pennant flying from her masthead! my eyes! roll in wealth! I'll swim in punch for a month!"

"Nay more" continued the Sorceress, after having allowed his first gush of feeling to subside," you shall have a noble rank."

"Rank! you don't mean that I'm to mount the gingerbread swabs on my shoulders, do you!"

"I mean the rank of naval officer."

"That, have command of a ship, walk the quarter deck, and perhaps take an enemy's vessel! you don't mean that, do you! Lord love your old soul, I must have a buss, if you were the ugliest old witch in Christendom." And suiting the action to the word, the tar threw his arms around her neck, and kissed her so hard, that it sounded like the report of fire arms. "There now, I'll give you the last shot in my locker."

So saying, he thrust his hand into his capacious jacket—opened it, and as an immense quantity of gold met his gaze, he could only signify his astonishment—by exclaiming "my eyes! what the devil does all this mean!"

"What's the matter, shipmate!" asked the young sailor before referred to.

"Matter enough!" replied he, "how the devil did all these yellow boys come here, and what's this writing? grape shot and canister! if it isn't a commission! "*The King Gustavus, to his friend and brave comrade Christian, commander of the royal brig Gustavus Vasa.*" Smash my bulwarks! if I understand all this! I commander of a royal brig! only let me get within gun shot of the enemy, and see if any navy can boast a better sailor than honest old Christian!"

His joy was arrested by a loud knock at one of the side doors of the apartment.

"Away now," exclaimed the Sorceress, "my Mistress the Countess of Ankarstrom approaches, to know the secret of her fate. Away! the gift, the hour have for the present passed! at midnight you may again consult me."

At this summons, they all left the apartment, except the young sailor, who incited perhaps by a curiosity to behold the most beautiful of Sweden's dames, hid in a recess, unseen by all. As the crowd disappeared, Arvedson opened the side door and a female of dazzling and surpassing beauty entered the precincts of the magic chamber. Alarmed and agitated, she glanced hastily around, and then sank on a seat.

"Compose yourself and inform me why you are here!"

"If your art is as great, as 'tis reported, you need not ask of me."

"It requires but little art, to read the secret of those wildly gleaming eyes, that heaving breast, that palpitating heart—'tis love that agitates your bosom."

"If you know it," exclaimed the Countess, rising suddenly and grasping the arm of the Enchantress, "you know also that it is unholy, unsanctioned by mankind, and cursed by heaven! a passion, which bows me to the grave! never shall my husband be dishonored!—From you I seek aid—does your art include a spell which may allay this struggle—is a spell to preserve my faith and honor?"

"I know a drink," replied Arvedson, "by which this maddening influence may be controlled."

"Oh give it me," cried the Countess throwing herself at her feet, "give it me, and all my worldly wealth shall be yours!"

"Without the city walls, a dark secluded spot sustains the fearful instrument of death to criminals devoted. In this place, by men abhored and dreaded, the mangled forms and mouldering skeletons of those, who have died on the gallows, hang on the fatal frames, creaking in the midnight blast, as though still uttering the shrieks of torment! There, this very night—you must repair—alone—at midnight! Ha! you turn pale, you cannot endure the trial!"

"Yes, yes, I have the courage: I will bear all, rather than endure this agony of torment."

"Under that gibbet, there grows a wondrous herb—there and there only; nurtured in blood, and watered by the tears of crime! this you must gather, but as you root it up, shrink not to hear an awful deep heaved groan, as though the sterile spot, felt agony at yielding the only treasure it can boast—can'st thou endure it?"

"I can! I can and will: honor and duty call, I will obey."

"Away then to thy palace, bring me the herb to morrow, and all shall yet be well! Away, the rabble are impatient of restraint, and clamor for entrance."

Thus saying, the witch led the Countess Ankarstrom to the door at which she entered, and the unhappy wife left the apartment. Closing the door after her, Arvedson withdrew the bolt from the main entrance, and the crowd again entered.

Added to some of the group who had before sought the assistance of the Enchantress, were now to be distinguished some dozen nobles, wrapped in their capacious furs and cloaks, who on their entrance looked with evident marks of distrust about the apartment. Apparently the result did not please them, as the following detached dialogue would intimate.

"Curses on him, Dehorn, he has again escaped us."

"Where, Voralberg, can he have hid himself?"

"Are our friends all ready?"

"Yes."

"Will they all strike?"

"Yes, for liberty!"

"Be cautious then, we may yet encounter him."

In the mean time the young sailor, who had been a silent, but not unattentive spectator of the interview between Arvedson and the Countess, had mingled with the group, and now pressing forward to the Sorceress, addressed her thus,

"Come venerable Sybil, tell me, sailor as I am, what will be my fate in love—shall it be blest! what is my estate and calling?"

He held out his hand to Arvedson, who after gazing at it attentively and minutely, replied.

"If I mistake not this is a warrior hand, to whom the sword is not a stranger."

"Proceed!"

"Ask me no further!"

"And why not!"

"You will not like no hear your fate."

"Were it that of demons, I would not shrink from it."

"You are about to die!"

"If in battle, I hail that fate with rapture!"

"You will fall by an assassin's hand!"

"Know you the hand that shall attempt my life!"

"The very first that you shall grasp this day in friendship!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the merry sailor, nothing daunted by this appalling announcement, "come friends—'tis a good joke, and we will enjoy it! here is my hand, who will refuse it! come give this canting oracle the lie!"

As all shrunk back, with an instinctive dread, at the effects of the prophecy, the door opened, and a tall and commanding personage entered. As soon as the speaker saw him, he seemed to forget the object of his query, but rushing to him and shaking his hand heartily exclaimed,

"What has detained my good friend!"

"The Count Ankarstrom is the doomed one!" cried the crowd.

"Nay not so," replied the seeming Sailor, "for now I am sure I press the hand of a friend! do I not Ankarstrom!"

"Long live your majesty, to prove it so!" exclaimed the Count, sinking at his feet.

"How, the King!" exclaimed the Sorceress.

"Aye Arvedson, your King," said Gustavus, for it was the unfortunate but lively Monarch, "could not your art tell you that!"

From the moment the King had come forward, the nobles who had last entered, were holding a whispered conversation together.

"When can fate offer a more tempting opportunity," said Dehorn.

"Now when disguised and defenceless let us strike the blow," answered Vorallberg.

"Ay! never can it be done with more safety to ourselves."

Thus spoke, the conspirators, for such they were, aiming at the destruction of the King, cautiously approached their victim. But they were to be foiled! the crowd without, had heard that their beloved monarch was present, and now rushed into the apartment, embracing his knees, and kissing the hem of the large cloak which the attentive page, Oscar, had thrown over his disguised master. Foremost in the crowd was the veteran sailor, Christian, who blubbering like a child, exclaimed,

"It is himself! it is my King! God bless him!"

"Ah my noble commander," said Gustavus smiling, "how fares the Gustavus Vasa! Happy am I, in having been near you to reward your expressions of attachment. The commission written, but in haste, and with a pencil, shall be drawn out in full, and with it a purse of royal guineas for thy faithful Poll!"

"Huzza! huzza! Long live the King," cried the assembled multitude in one long, glad shout!

"Ankarstrom, your hand again! Christian yours—who now says that Gustavus will fall by the hand he grasps in friendship! These are the surest safeguards of a monarch, his own integrity and his people's love! That is a rampart the assassin's steel can never penetrate!"

"God save the King," was again the joyous response, sent forth by his adoring subjects!

CHAPTER II.—*The Meeting! the Discovery!*

"——Jealousy—it is the green eyed monster,
And doth make the meat it feeds on." *Othello.*

The spot, to which the Sorceress Arvedson had directed the attention of the Countess Ankarstrom, was every way fitted for its horrid use. A desolate glen, surrounded on all sides by rocky eminences, was now partially covered with snow, except where there [illegible] they [illegible] with immense bar of iron, from which depended the livid corses of the malefactors who had been recently executed; the cold, wintry moon, shining on their pallid features in ghastly grimness!

As the midnight bell tolled, and its vibrations reechoed through the glen, the figure of a female, with a veil and cloak, might be seen advancing with timid and faltering steps, from a chasm in the rocks. As she approached the place of executions, a cold shudder ran over her frame, and nearly overcome with terror, the unhappy Amelia de Ankarstrom, sank upon a bank!

"Powers of mercy sustain me," cried she, "or my strength of mind and body will yield together! here, am I to seek the precious balm, which shall expel the poison from my heart, rendy my innocence, and restore my peace! let me quickly gain it, and having gained it, I must fly thee, beloved and injured Gustavus from my heart, but not, alas! without a pang!"

As she moved towards the pillars, where the mystic plant was to be sought, a man stepped from their shade, and encountered her! She shrieked and would have fallen, had he not rushed forward to her support.

"Amelia" said he imploringly, "calm your fears, in your Gustavus, your king, who comes to watch over, and protect you!"

"And have I betrayed my secret weakness, then!" faltered the poor Countess, "I dare not meet your eye."

"Weakness, Amelia! am I so blessed as to have inspired one thrill of tenderness in that gentle bosom!"

"Sire, forbear, and pity me! I am the wife of him you call your friend, of him who would sacrifice his heart's blood for your happiness!"

"I know, I feel my crime! but virtue sinks before the madness of my love! every tie of honor bids me avoid you, but Amelia, I feel I cannot live without you! Nay, Amelia, do not seek to leave me! at your word I'll quit my state and sovereignty—the people I have loved—the country I have bled for—the glory which has been my cherished dream from boyhood, all, all Amelia shall be renounced for you."

"Oh Sire, save me from myself! I confess my love, but oh, be noble, be generous, and rescue me from despair!"

"Beloved one, I am powerless to do your bidding! Gustavus, who never shrank from mortal foe, cannot become the conqueror of himself! let this embrace bespeak my passion!—"

The distant murmur of voices fell on their ears: Amelia started and relieved herself from his arms. A step approached, and as the advancing person stepped from the dark shade of the mountain into the moonlight, it revealed the form of Ankatstrom!

"Avenging heaven, my husband!" said Amelia in an agitated whisper, as she drew closely around her face the thick folds of her veil.

"How is this Ankarstrom, why am I thus intruded on, and watched!" enquired the monarch as the Count reached the spot.

"Hatred, sire, is watchful, as well as friendship: your steps have been watched, and blades are now gleaming in the moonlight which are thirsting for your blood!"

"Ah is it so, let us then retire," said the King.

"Nay not so Sire, they know a female is in your company, and the sight of her would guide their weapons to your heart. You must away and alone."

"He is right," whispered Amelia, "away! away Gustavus! for your own sake—well then for *my* sake, save yourself!"

"What! and abandon thee? not for a thousand lives!"

"Haste, haste sire!" cried the Count, who was impatiently watching the path he had lately ascended. "They are at hand, I see the gleam of their torches."

"By heaven I cannot leave thee!"

"Do it," again whispered Amelia, "or see me reveal myself, and fall his victim before your face!"

"Ankarstrom," said the King, after a moment of deep agitation, "I know your truth and honor, and how sacred to you is your plighted word, then swear to me to see this lady safe within the walls of Stockholm."

"Most cheerfully I promise it."

"Nay more, speak not to her—look not towards her, do not strive to hear her voice, or even guess at her features!"

"This sire, I promise on my sacred word; now take this mantle, in which I have escaped their detection, and fly at once—God speed my King to safety!"

Hardly had Gustavus left the spot, and merged into the dark shadow of the hills, ere the conspirators approached. Their rage was great, when they discovered that their prey had escaped them, and they seemed to vent it in ribald jests on the trembling Amelia.

"Perhaps," said Dehorn, advancing, and flashing his torch before her, "the fair one will favor us with a glance at the pretty face of a king's minion!"

"Back! back," cried the Count, drawing his sword and standing in an attitude of defence before her, "I have sworn to protect her, and will do it with my heart's blood."

They made a threatning advance upon him, when Amelia, reckless of all consequences, threw herself before him and lifting her veil exclaimed. "Nay, nay—harm him not—he is my husband!"

"Amelia, my wife!" cried Ankarstrom.

"His wife!" laughed the conspirators.

CHAPTER III.—*The Prophecy Fulfilled!*

And thou unhappy—kind of heart,
Whose steady arm, by awful virtue urged,
Lifted the *Roman* steel against thy friend.
Thompson's Winter.

The events detailed in the last chapter, turned the firmest friend of Gustavus, into his most implacable foe! Smarting under the supposed infidelity of his wife, and treachery of his King, Count Ankarstrom, was easily induced to join the conspiracy which Dehorn and Voralberg had long been fomenting. The historical facts are well known to all; for the elucidation of our present narative, it will be only necessary to state, that on the following morning, the palace of the Count was the rendezvous of all the disaffected, and then, and there, the compact was sealed, which presaged the death of the unfortunate Prince.

The Countess Amelia, was dragged by her infuriated husband, into the midst of their consultations. Each one was anxious, that the honor of striking the first blow, should be delegated to himself, and to reconcile these conflicting interests, chance was brought as umpire. The names of all were thrown into an urn, and the Countess forced to draw out a single name! As tremblingly she performed the task, horror struck her dumb, when she perceived the name of Ankarstrom!

Their plans were soon matured; that very night was to witness their accomplishment. A masked ball and a concert were then to be given by the King, and amid the secrecy which such an occasion permitted, the blow was to be struck!

King Gustavus, was in the mean time, involved in a struggle between his passions and his sense of right. Ignorant of the Countess' detection, he was striving to obtain a powerful victory over his feelings.

"I will not yield," said he, communing to himself, "in such a contest, where honor and friendship must both be desecrated! No—I will see Amelia no more; Ankarstrom shall be appointed Viceroy of Finland—to-morrow they shall both depart."

The cause of virtue once triumphant, the decision fled—the royal commission was despatched to Ankarstrom, and the King prepared for the approach ing revel. The guests had begun to move, ere the order was forwarded to the Count, containing his dignified promotion. Arraying himself in a plain