

THE HARTZ JOURNAL

AND POTTSVILLE GENERAL ADVERTISER.

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

VOL. XV. SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 30, 1839. NO. 12.

Terms of Publication.

Two Dollars per annum, payable semi-annually in advance. If not paid within 14 days, 25¢ will be charged.

Advertisements not exceeding twelve lines will be charged \$1 for three insertions—and 50 cents for one insertion. Larger ones in proportion. All advertisements will be inserted until ordered otherwise. The time for which they are so continued is specified, and will be charged accordingly.

Yearly advertisements will be charged \$12 per annum including subscription to the paper—with the privilege of keeping one of the earliest and best circulating papers published 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.

Philadelphia, Pa. Office at the lowest cash prices.

PROSPECTUS

OF

THE MINER JOURNAL.

THIS JOURNAL was originally published and otherwise improved at the commencement of the year, and will now rank with any paper in the State, or Philadelphia. Its pages will be devoted to a General Chronicle of the Coal Business; Improvements in the Manufacture of Iron; The progress of the Arts and Sciences; A Summary of European Intelligence; The Current News of the Day.

In addition, each number will be furnished, unless a press of local matter should prevent it, with ORIGINAL TALES.

Thereby making it equal in interest to many publications whose subscription prices double it in amount.

To those interested in the Coal or Iron business, as well as the general reader, its pages will be a happy and a most valuable source of information, and no pains will be spared to render it worthy the patronage of all classes of the community.

ANOTHER ENLARGEMENT.—In the first week of January, 1839, the *Miner's Journal* will again be enlarged, and another column in each page, which will make the largest paper published in the State, out of Philadelphia, provided each subscriber will, in the next time, procure an additional one. Those who do not will be charged \$1.50 per annum for the enlargement take place. The Coal Region will then have a representative abroad that will add credit to the enterprise and liberality of its owners.

B. BANNAN.

BOOK-BINDERY.

B. BANNAN has procured a Book Bindery in connection with his Book Store, where all kinds of Books will be bound at the shortest notice and at low rates.

Blank Books &c.

Every description of blank books at the lowest rates, and the trade supplied wholesale at Philadelphia prices.

April 11 27-

Franklin Rolling Mill.

On the Little Schuylkill River Road, near McKeanburg, Schuylkill County.

THE subscribers respectfully announce to the public that the Rolling Mill is now in the full tide of successful operation, and are prepared to furnish Iron of a superior quality, of all the sizes in ordinary use. Also, Rail Road Iron, of every kind, at the shortest notice. Address, SAMUEL BAROLETTE & CO., Port Clinton, Schuylkill Co. Pottsville, Feb. 9, 1839. 6-ly

For Sale.

THE unexpired Lease, with all the improvements, Waggon, Screens, Schutes, of the veins lately worked by Jacob Bull & Co., and known as the "Mammoth Vein," in complete order and now ready for working. For terms apply to BURD PATTERSON, or JAMES M. BEATTY, Feb 9 6-

For Sale.

SIX Schuylkill Canal Boats, nearly new, will be sold low. Apply to ANDREW RUSSELL, Mahanango Street, Feb 9 6-ly

Last Notice!

ALL persons knowing themselves indebted to the subscriber, are required to make settlement before the 1st March next; after which all accounts without distinction will be placed in the hands of a collector. J. C. KERN, Jan 5 1-

Partnership Notice.

THE subscribers have this day entered into Partnership, under the firm of HARRISON & HAYS, for the purpose of transacting a general commission and forwarding business, at Vine Street Wharf, Schuylkill Philadelphia. J. HARRISON, R. HAYS, Philadelphia, Feb. 2 5-2mo

Limited Partnership Notice.

JOHN Stanton & William Green have entered into a partnership in conformity to the provisions of the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "an act relative to limited partnerships," in the business of mining and selling coal. William Green, junior, of Woodbridge, New Jersey is the special and John Stanton, of Pottsville, the general partner. The said William Green, junior, has contributed the sum of Two Thousand Dollars to the capital stock of said firm. The said partnership commenced on the 16th day of February, 1839, and is to terminate on the 1st day of January, 1847. Feb. 23d, 1839. 8-6t

To creditors and others interested in the Estate of Edward Boyd, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that letters of administration on the Estate of said Edward Boyd were on the 9th day of February, granted by the Register of Schuylkill County to the undersigned both residing in the town of Schuylkill. All persons having claims or demands against the estate of said deceased are requested to make known the same to them without delay, and all persons indebted are required to pay the amount due to either of the administrators. FRANCES BOYD, FRANCIS DOUGHERTY, Feb. 16 7-6t

New Books.

MARSHALL'S Life of Washington, for Schools, The Year Book, or Manual of Every Day Reference. Book's Universal Gazetteer. Hare's Chemistry. Buckland's Geology. Lyell's Geology. De La Beche's Manual. Bowdler's Interest Tables. American Mechanic. Lardner on Steam Engines. Ladies' Medical Pocket Book. Gentlemen's Do. Do. Keith's Demonstrations of Christianity. Bowdler's Pocket Dairy. Adcock's Engineer's Almanac, Tables &c. Pocket Almanacs. Feb. 16 7-6t

Steel Pens.

PERRYAN Patent three-pointed pens, a very superior article under Spring Pens. Double Patent Pens. Pardow's Commercial Pens. Gilet's Commercial Do. Webster Pens, &c. &c. Feb. 23d and for sale by B. BANNAN, 8-

Piano Instructor.

MINKER'S New and Improved Method of Instruction for the Piano, just revised and enlarged. Feb. 23 8-

ENGLAND.

Exchange at New York, on London 9 to 9 1/2 per cent premium.

The *Week of the Phoenix of Lyons*—We regret to state that the accounts of a nature to encourage hope for the safety of the crew of the *Phoenix* of Lyons, wrecked on the coast near Berwick on Monday week, have as yet reached Berwick; and, as nearly a fortnight has elapsed since the melancholy occurrence, there appears great reason to conclude that the fate entertained for her safety have been too well founded.

The Bishop of Norwich says, "the most moral county in England, consisting of the most simple, rural, happy population, and where thieving and vice are little known, is Camberland. In this county I find that the proportion of the whole population educated is one half, having only one half uneducated."

The *Late Wreck of the Liverpool Jan. 31*—The competition for the purchase of the goods saved from the wrecks of the *Pennsylvania* and the *St. Andrew* continues with unabated vigor, and with no diminution in the attendance of bidders. The *St. Andrew* has been condemned, and in despite of her crippled condition, and the dreary prospect of unsteady weather, the hull was knocked down for £1350, the purchaser further, more binding themselves to deliver according to direction such fragments of her cargo as the hold might be found to contain.

The Rev. J. R. Stephens has been committed for trial at the next Assizes, on a charge of uttering obscene language, and consorting with others in the same way, in violation of the Act. He was on the same day admitted out on bail—in his recognizance of £1000 and two sureties of £300 each.

William Marshall Pomeroy, late secretary to the Manchester Infirmary, has been committed for trial, charged with embezzling upwards of £500 belonging to that institution.

The centenary subscription now exceeds £135,000; and it is right to state that of this amount those Wesleyan ministers whose donations have already been announced amount to nearly £12,000.

Castle Howard, the extensive demesne of the Earl of Carlisle, has suffered severely by the late hurricane; and although the mansion has received little or no damage, it is said that £7,000 will not cover the damage done to the estate.

It is our painful duty this week to announce the most extensive conflagration with which, for many years, the town of Wakefield has been visited. The corn and flour mill belonging to Messrs. Horner and Drake, situated a little beyond the bridge, on the Barnsley road, was seen on fire about five o'clock on Wednesday morning, by the watchman employed to protect the premises in that part of the town, about six o'clock nearly the whole of the roof of the building fell in, and the raging of the element was so furious, that all attempt to arrest its progress was decidedly unavailing.

Impolicy of depending upon foreign countries for a supply of Corn—It is a great part of our supply should be waiting from foreign countries, and the probability that it could be furnished without such an advance of price as would be enormously heavy. We must look to our own supplies, if not quite exclusively, at least chiefly. It is, on the necessity, and skill, and economy in cultivation, of our own agricultural follow, subjects that we should depend, for all other dependence would fail us in the day of necessity, whenever that day shall arrive. It can only be by due and real protection that the British farmer can be enabled to supply the wants of the community, and for want of such protection he should feel constrained by his annual produce, the void cannot be filled up, except at a cost very far beyond what such protection expended on the domestic cultivators would amount to—*Jacob's Tactics on Corn.*

So undisciplined is the system of farming carried on amongst the manufacturing population of this neighborhood, and in aid of the plan of the Chartists, that on Monday last, at New Mills, Strine, Dingle, and that district, a man was publicly hawking pistols at 3s a brace, for which he found many willing purchasers.

IRELAND.

A new Masonic Lodge was constituted in "due form" in the town of Durrow, in the County of Wick, on a late occasion. The master of the Kilkeny Lodge, 643, accompanied by some experienced brethren of that body, attended at Durrow, for the purpose of conducting the ceremonial in the situation, and the installation of its officers, under the usual Masonic authority. This Lodge is numbered 646, and has been opened under highly favorable auspices.

Funeral of Lord Norbury—Durrow. The melancholy obsequies have been performed, and as kind-hearted and benevolent a man as ever breathed—the victim, the verily believe of a conspiracy as base as I fear it is extensive—has been committed to the grave. Amidst the regrets of his friends and acquaintances, and the bitter grief of his sorrowing relatives.

A most affecting and impressive discourse was delivered by Mr. Lovar, the highly-gifted Rector of Tullamore.

The principal mourners were his Lordship's eldest son (Viscount Glandine, now Earl of Norbury) his brother, the Hon. Otway Tozer, and Messrs. Vandeleur and Stewart, his sons-in-law.

The Irish Representative Bishops in the next session of Parliament are the Archbishop of Tuam, and the Bishops of Limerick, Down, and Elphin.

Mr. Geo. Wilson, of the 12th regiment, quartered in Treale, undertook, on Monday last, for a sporting bet with a brother officer, to walk a match against time on the Killarney road, the distance twenty-five miles, to be done in six and a quarter hours. He started at a quarter before two, and although he had had bad roads and a good deal of night to contend with, he performed his match with perfect ease in twenty minutes less than the time allowed. We understand he offered to take odds that he walks 50 mile in twelve hours.

A beautiful painting was presented a few days since to the charge of Moyarky, County of Tipperary, by Miss Stagnicks, upon whose estate, the chapel stands. The subject is the Holy Family, from the pencil of Miss Stagnicks herself, executed at Versailles with the purest taste, and set off with a richly embossed gilt frame. This evidence of Protestant liberality has been gratefully acknowledged in an address from the parish priest, the Rev. Robt. Gray, and his affectionate flock.

SCOTLAND.

Testimonial.—The Rev. William Mitchell, A. M. Minister of Holy Trinity Church, Aberdeen, was, on Tuesday last presented by his congregation with a handsomely-bound copy of Giff's Commentary on the Old and New Testament (8 vols.), as a testimony of their respect for him as their pastor.

Snuffing extraordinary.—A slaughtered pig, which had just been landed at Wapping, from the steamship *Perth*, Dundee, was seized by the Officers of Excise, in consequence of a bladder—not its own—having been discovered in its stomach, containing about two gallons of prime Highland whisky, which an English duty had not been paid.

Highland Clans.—The following is an alphabetical list of all the known clans of Scotland, with a description of the particular badges of distinction, and the name by which each clan and which served as the distinguished badge of his clan, & Highland Chief also wore two eagle's feathers in his bonnet:

- | Clan | Badge |
|-------------|--------------------|
| Buchanan | Rich |
| Campbell | White |
| Chalmers | White |
| Colquhoun | White |
| Cunningham | Common Saltire |
| Drummond | Holly |
| Finlayson | Purple Fingert |
| Ferguson | Top |
| Forbes | Broom |
| Fraser | Yew |
| Gordon | Leurel |
| Graham | Crested Heath |
| Grant | Rosewort |
| Gunn | Crab Apple Tree |
| Lamont | Five Leaved Heath |
| M'Alister | Bell Heath |
| M'Donald | Moonshin Heath |
| M'Donnell | Cypress |
| M'Dowell | Clond Berry Bush |
| M'Farlane | Pine |
| M'Gregor | Baxwood |
| M'Intosh | Bull Bush |
| M'Kay | Deer Grass |
| M'Kenzie | St. John's Wort |
| M'Neil | Mountain Ash |
| M'Nicol | Blackberry Heath |
| M'Pherson | Red Whorle Berries |
| M'Quarrie | Rose Bush Berries |
| M'Rae | Sea Ware |
| M'Robertson | Yellow Birch Wood |
| M'Russell | Black Thorn |
| M'Walter | Fair Club Moss |
| M'Young | Eagle's Feathers |
| MacKenzie | Ash |
| MacLellan | Juniper |
| MacLellan | Heather |
| MacLellan | The Great Maple |
| MacLellan | Fern, or Brechina |
| MacLellan | Rose |
| MacLellan | Bear Berries |
| MacLellan | Cliver |
| MacLellan | Stech |
| MacLellan | Stech |
| MacLellan | Stech |

WALES.

Accident.—On Wednesday evening, about 10 o'clock, the inhabitants of Merthyr were alarmed by a noise of an explosion at the Pen-y-darwan Iron Works. So loud was it, that many were terrified, and some very extensive destruction had taken place. On inquiring it was found that a man, who has not been employed long at these works, had thrown water on some hot materials in the refinery, unconscious of its being likely to produce any ill effects. The result was an immense volume of the steam instantly generated, and every thing near the spot was scattered in every direction; part of the roof also being carried away. We regret to add that the poor man was dreadfully injured; and that he has suffered the total loss of sight.

The Iron Trade in South Wales.—This important trade is in every way flourishing and satisfactory state. During the whole of the year the price of common bars at the ports of South Wales has remained steady, and the demand has increased from the activity and buoyancy of the market, an advance has frequently appeared inevitable, no alteration has taken place. The demand at present is very great, both for home and foreign consumption.

Joseph Baily, Esq., the respected member for Worcester has become purchaser of the extensive property of Penbridge Hall, Newton Estate, consisting of about three square miles of land, in that neighborhood.

Melancholy Accident.—Captain Turpin, of the barque Charles Clark, of Swansea, was washed overboard on Sunday night last, and perished. The vessel was on her voyage home from Cuba, and within a few miles of Penbridge Hall. This was his second voyage as captain. He has left a widow and two young children.

A High Chimney belonging to Pantywidder, the residence of D. Tennant, Esq., near Swansea, was thrown down by the violence of the storm early on Monday morning last, and fell through the roof into the sleeping apartment occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Tennant. A strong beam, situated over the bed, projected it, or the consequence, probably, would have been fatal. The room was filled with bricks, part of the roof, &c., which completely blocked off the door. A considerable time elapsed before the servants could force a passage into the room.

Frugal Providence Guard, (Hadral).—On Monday morning last, a fire broke out in the premises of Mr. Hulbert, at Providence Grove, Hadral, near this town; and so rapid was the progress of the devouring element, that of all the valuable paintings, a library of more than three thousand rare and valuable books, manuscripts, curiosities, antiquities, gold and silver furniture, plate, bedding, wearing apparel, &c., everything was consumed, with the whole of the house and a great part of the house adjoining; also the printing-office, &c. attached.

Perkins Anglesy.—According to the annual account of this ancient and charitable hospital, a fine beast, weighing 1000 lbs, and the produce of its larder of superior barley, made into haves, were distributed among the poor of Holyhead and neighborhood, on the 24th day of December last, being together of the value of twenty pounds.

The Lords of the Treasury have awarded to Mr. Logdale the annuity of £120 a year for the loss of his office as town clerk of Shrewsbury. It is reported that the corporation will oppose their Lordship's order.

The Late Storm.—Among the many magnificent trees which have been destroyed by the late hurricane, some of those splendid Silver and Balm of Gilead firs, which were the admiration of every one who visited the Camp Park, have fallen to the ground. We had the curiosity to measure one of them, which was 86 feet from the ground, measuring 12 feet in circumference. They were certainly the largest specimens of the kind we ever heard of.

ANTHRACITE COAL.

It is not generally known that Wales affords an almost inexhaustible supply of this most valuable fuel, and that it can be shipped at the ports of Swansea and Neath, in South Wales, at the moderate cost of from 7s 6d. to 15s. per ton. All persons experienced in the use of this coal admit that its power of producing heat is superior to that of any other kind; and no one, indeed, can wonder at this when made acquainted with its composition. An average specimen, analysed with the greatest care, was found to contain—

Carbon	89-85
Volatiles	8-65
Ashes	1-60

100

Some descriptions, and particularly those which exhibit a conchoidal fracture, contain from 35 to 38 per cent. of carbon; bituminous coals yield no more than from 70 to 80 per cent. of carbon. This coal is justly called "natural charcoal," and hence its particular value to iron manufacturers, since it is an established fact, that charcoal iron is superior to any other, and it is no less true, that in all cases where anthracite has been used in the manufacture of iron, the quality of the metal has been decidedly improved. This is now daily proved by re-melting pig-iron of a weak sort; in a cupola, with anthracite, by which is obtained a casting of 30 per cent. stronger than obtained by means of coke! Such being the case, it has been thought desirable to make the value of anthracite more extensively known among the

iron-founders of this country; and accordingly, the following remarks may prove valuable to a portion of that respectable body.—Anthracite has been used in re-melting cupolas some years past, by a few iron-founders in Glamorganshire, and by all in the United States; and a writer in the *Liverpool Albion* says, he has been frequently told by practical men in America, that they would prefer anthracite, even though its cost were £5 per ton. Its application to this purpose presented some difficulties at first, arising chiefly from its slow combustion, causing the iron to re-melt less rapidly than when charcoal or coke was used, and from the description of some of the harder sorts when thrown into a hot furnace. These difficulties, however, have been entirely overcome; and by adopting the following methods of operation, all kinds of anthracite can be used with the greatest advantage.—If the coal is of that description which contains most water, let it be calcined before it is used; and this can be done at a very slight cost, either in a small kiln, similar to that used in burning lime, or by heating the coal in a conical form round a loose brick flue, in a similar manner to that employed by many for coking bituminous coal, taking care to place the largest pieces nearest the flue, and the smaller ones at the exterior of the cone. The operation costs about 3d. per ton, and this coal hereby loses about ten per cent. of its weight. But the most approved method of using stone coal for re-melting is to apply the hot blast, which it must be observed, has contrary effect upon iron when worked with coke; for, it is a fact, that the heated blast, in conjunction with anthracite, increases the toughness and malleability of the metal. The most economical mode hitherto adopted of heating the blast in cupolas is, to cause the pipes belonging to each twyer to pass twice over the flame; and it is important to have the twyers made wider than they usually are, in order to admit as great a volume of air as possible. With this arrangement 20 lbs. of iron may be made to melt out 2 cwt. of iron. Some experiments are now being made to ascertain the best construction of fire place for the use of anthracite in locomotive engines, the result of which experiments may be looked forward to with confidence; for it will be recollected that when this coal was tried on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, 5 1/2 cwt. of it was sufficient to do the work of 7 1/2 cwt. of coke. From this trial, besides that it was of great strength of anthracite, as compared with the latter, appears in about the same proportion as from all other trials. It is now generally used in locomotives on many of the railroads in the United States.

For burning lime, the culm or small of anthracite has been used for years; and about 10 cwt. of it is equal to 30 cwt. of bituminous coal; and since the former emits no smoke, it ought for that reason to be used in all thickly-populated districts where lime-burning is indispensable. For the same reason, those lofty and expensive chimneys, which are required for carrying up to a sufficient height the very dense smoke of common coal, are altogether unnecessary where anthracite coal is used. The great heating power of this fuel is daily proved in Dr. Annot's stove, and Messrs. Price and Manly's patent warming apparatus, for which it is a peculiarly calculated, that it is likely soon to supersede every other. For steam boat's engines anthracite will, eventually, be found not merely an available, but a most valuable fuel. It is, in fact, already used in boats on the Delaware River, where, by means of it alone, a speed of twelve or thirteen miles an hour is commonly obtained. In conclusion, it may be confidently stated, that anthracite can be most advantageously employed for all purposes where coke and charcoal have heretofore been preferred to raw coal; for being by nature free from those volatile matters which bituminous coal is freed from by operation of coking, its sole combustible ingredient is carbon, and consequently, it burns without smoke.

The Woodman and the Baron.

A LEGEND OF THE HARTZ.

What are these That look not like the inhabitants of the earth, And stare on it! MACARTH.

As the chivalrous Harnsh Harnsdorff was one day riding in the Hartz Forest, a tremendous crash in the thickets caused his horse to swerve from its course, and make way for a boar which, bleeding from wounds and foaming with rage, rushed forth, followed at full speed by a wondrous herd of boars, the weak from loss of blood, suddenly halted in the thick brushwood which concealed it from view, and the horse, unconscious of its proximity to the enraged brute, came in contact with him, and fell, and threw the rider with considerable violence. The boar, unable to make his escape, rushed at the fallen steed and inflicted several severe wounds on it, and was about to wreak his vengeance on the unarmed hunter, when Harnsdorff, though totally unprepared, put spurs to his horse, and by repeatedly charging the boar succeeded in diverting his attention; not, however, without placing himself and his own horse in the most imminent danger, the legs of the latter suffering severely from the beating tanks of the formidable foe. At length, seeing a favourable opportunity, he adroitly grasped one of the hunting-

pears that still bristled from the side of the boar, and one lunge from his ungiving arm transfixed him in the spine.

"Woodman," said Harnsdorff to a person who had just made his appearance, and whose dog, together with those of the thrown rider, had by this time fastened on the boar, "take charge of the horse; I will see to the boarman. Methinks the roan is past cure; but as to my black mare, she is accustomed to scars."

"Dost thou mean to taunt me?" said the luckless hunter, rising from the ground, when Harnsdorff instantly recognized the voice and features of his old enemy, the Baron. "Thou wouldst maintain that the Harnsdorff is better maul than his foe."

"I taunt thee not," replied Harnsdorff, "nor have I treated thee like a foe. Here lies thy foe—his tasks are done with my mare's blood. I would not have hazarded the loss of Black Linden for anything less than to preserve the life of a fellow-creature. Had I not ridden to the rescue, that monster would have buried his snout in thy bowels ere this. Will thou accompany me to the castle? Thou pausest—go then, and tell the world that thy life has been saved by Harnsdorff!"

"I would he had taken it, and those of all my race, rather than that I should be indebted for the preservation of it to one of that name. I shall henceforth despise my self."

"It is time our animosity should end. Why prolong the useless quarrel! Let our long-lived hostility that has subsisted between our houses be forgotten. Let rivalry cease, and over a mug of the best in Bohemia let us drink oblivion to the feud!"

"Be it so, then; thou hast a right to impose terms," said the Baron, reluctantly, extending his hand towards Harnsdorff.

The foe from birth then proceeded to the castle. Harnsdorff was overjoyed beyond measure at what he deemed the fortunate circumstance which was to unite in terms of friendship two families that had hitherto lived in open rivalry and hostility almost within bowshot of each other. The Baron felt differently; the idea of being under an obligation to the Harnsdorff stung him; but he disguised all adverse feeling, and seemed to warm as the wine circulated. They drank deeply; and at length the Baron proposed—

"A full cup to the lady of Lindenhausen!"

The toast was in honor of the intended bride of Harnsdorff; but before the chalice was at the Baron's lips, his eyes rested on an antique suit of richly ornamented chain mail, and a sword and shield which, with other warlike trophies, hung suspended from the roof; the sight of them kindled anew the ancestral strife in his bosom; and in one of those paroxysms of rage to which he was so liable, and which were but the outbreaks of the deliberate malice of his cooler moments, he exclaimed—

"Is it thus that thou treatest a guest? Thouakest a soldier to thy banquet-board, and insultest him by displaying the dishonored arms of his predecessors!"

"They are not dishonored," said Harnsdorff. "A royal hand conferred them on their ancestors; and although by the fortune of war he lost them, it must ever be remembered that it was to signalize his prowess that the royal gift was given. They are memorials of an honorable contest when thine are memorials of a dishonorable one."

"Several different monarchs—spoke different languages and acknowledged different faiths!"

"Prove thy professed friendship by delivering up thy sword and shield—they hang there but to insult a rival!"

"They were my father's, and my father's father's! They have hung there for centuries! They are heir-looms of the castle! I will not dismantle these walls for the friendship of all that is noble in Bohemia!"

"Harnsdorff, good night!" saying which, the Baron abruptly took his departure.

While this scene was enacting within the castle, a very different one was enacted without. But before proceeding with our narrative, it is necessary to give some account of Hans Bachoffner, the woodman, in whose care the horses were committed. He was about fifty-five years of age, a stout-built, raven-haired, broad-shouldered person, with a short neck, an unusually large head, an uncouth weather-beaten countenance, a flat nose, immense cheek-bones, elf locks, and dark eyes with a decided squint. A broad belt, within which a hatchet and a pipe were generally thrust, was buckled round his waist. Another belt, slung over his right shoulder, supported a basket or pannier in which the provision of the day for himself and dog were deposited; together with a plentiful store of tobacco, without which the life of a Bohemian would be a state of purgatory. A pair of huge boots, reaching far above his knees, served to protect him from the briars. We must not forget his dog Rudolph, who was of a most forbidding appearance—his only companion, and sharer of his hut. He was a fine large animal, nearly as shaggy as the mane of a lion; his grey muzzle indicated advanced age—and the loss of an eye—the remaining one being what is termed a wall-eye—gave him an obliquity of look in unison with the antique glance of his master.

The woodman, as he had been directed, with the assistance of the groom, washed and dressed the wounds of the suffering horse, which detained him at the castle several hours. It was near midnight, and the snow had been falling fast, when, with his dog, he sallied forth, and imprudently ventured homeward. The snow had obliterated the forest foot-paths. It was dark, and he had neither guide nor compass. The wolves howled, the winds roared, the snows rushed over him like the simoom of the desert, threatening every moment to overwhelm him. He feared to advance lest the next step should plunge him into a pitfall. It was equal perilous to retreat; doubly so to remain where he was, since inaction would have lulled him into that deep sleep, which during intense cold is frequently the precursor of a deeper one.

"What! in uncertainty what to do, he heard a sound of voices, as of persons crowding at harvest-horn. As he approached the place whence the noise proceeded, the snow began to feel warm and comfortable to his feet—the air became suddenly milder—the darkness by degrees was dissipated—the winds were hushed—and the trees were lit with silvery foliage; all seemed enchantment! The voices, at first indistinctly heard, became louder and louder; they were evidently the accents of song and merriment, if not of hospitality, and more welcome sounds could not have greeted his ear at the present juncture. "By Jove! he bethought himself of many-looking fellows, seated around a table of iron, beneath a canopy of the same even-

ment material. Their voices hearkened, their attention—They were not indistinct. The banquet table was laden with a variety of meats, and quantities of sparkling wine, and a host of other things. Many of them Bachoffner had been accustomed to see. The smoke of the fire, the light of the candles, while it allayed the rigour of the frosty atmosphere, and rendered it, in the opinion of the woodman, warm and happy as a summer's eve. On his approach, the strangers gazed at the following lines:

"Thou shalt see another summer's toil! Ere dawn another summer's toil! Thou shalt see a harvest grown! Ne'er another harvest grown!"

When Bachoffner had stated himself, a large flagon of Dutch sack was offered him, from which he drank a hearty draught. A pipe charged with the rich tobacco, the fumes of which had so gratefully assuaged his nostrils, was then handed to him. Here he sat for several hours with the jovial foreigners, in all the luxury of an eastern satrap, Rudolph crouching underneath his chair the while. The draught operated like opium on his senses. Under the influence of the god of the flagon, he became insensible to the extraordinary character of his companions, and conversed with them as with so many rustic revellers. Time—place—circumstances—were alike forgotten. The wailing of welcome still rang in his ears, and the wassailing cup went freely round. Many were the tales of by-gone times that were told; some were of exploits of comparatively recent date, others exceedingly remote, so that, taken collectively, they seemed to form a chronological chain of events reaching up to the days of Charlemagne, and presenting a continuous history of an almost forgotten period. Each individual spoke only of what he himself had witnessed; and the venerable appearance of a majority of the narrators was in keeping with the stories narrated.

They were the phantom foresters who, it is said, on the day of every century, hold a midnight revelry in the Hartz. The number of attendants increases each successive meeting, since every son of Pan who cleaves heart of oak in the forest, and death associates with them.

As morning approached, Bachoffner recollected that his pleasant but mysterious companions had invited him to "sit and hear his future fate," and with the inherent curiosity of human nature to dive into futurity, he asked what they could tell him. The prophetic chorus followed.

"Thou shalt slough thine earthly coil Ere dawn another summer's toil! Thou shalt see a harvest grown! Ne'er another harvest grown!"

This was heavy news for the woodman, who loved mother-earth dearly. The cup of joy was converted into the chalice of sorrow. He prayed them to reverse their decree, and assign to him a longer period wherein to complete his earthly pilgrimage. To which request he received this disheartening response:

"It cannot be—it cannot be. Follow woodman! 'tis not we Who spin the brittle thread of life, But it is God in moral strife, While yet remains a deed undone— A woful job on thee to win. Then 'tis ours to grant a boon— Thou shalt wander when the moon Sheds her pale beams on the deal. Through the Hartz invisible; Till he whom thou canst reveal. That of which the death doth seal. Shall meet thee in the dead of night. Then shalt thou to human sight Be palpable as child of fate. Beyond this we can naught decree, Companion of our jubilee!"

They then rose, and trod a farewell carol, the burden of which was:

"Night wears short—the day dawns long— Now depart the phantom throng! But to meet—again to meet— On each remembered feast to greet. And in verse and lyric rhyme, To tell the tale of bidden times; When will join the phantom crew, All that in the forest live!"

The chorists then glided away, Bachoffner knew not how! The mimic banquet-hall, the snowy temple of the bacchanal foresters, vanished! The hoarse music of their voices became faint, and the often-repeated chorus faded away like the last solemn notes of a funeral dirge!

No sooner had the phantoms disappeared, than the grey tints of morning proclaimed the approach of day; the snow under foot again became uncomfortable; Bachoffner's hazy frame was pinched by the frost; and Rudolph, shivering beneath the piercing cold, followed his master as he wended his way home, which he found much nearer than he had anticipated.

He could not sleep many nights after this strange event; nor could he divest himself of the recollection of the warning he had received of the number of his days. The sun once rang in his ears with an eternal reverberation:

"Thou shalt slough thine earthly coil Ere dawn another summer's toil! Thou shalt see a harvest grown! Ne'er another harvest grown!"

A few months after this period, Harnsdorff went early one morning to Bachoffner's hut, hoping to find the forester before he had set out on his work. He opened the door; the woodman, belted and equipped for work, and unconscious of the presence of an intruder, lay on some skins that were spread on the floor, fast by a blazing fire, hugging his dog, Rudolph, said he, in a tone of painful earnestness, "thou must seek another master; the summer's toil is nearly over."

Rudolph disengaged himself from his master's grasp, and leaped upon him with many a lusty bound. The dog was as happy as the woodman was wretched.

"Rudolph! thou'lt not leap long on my knee— Who then will bid thee bid the Wolf? Who then will lead thee—tend thee—care thee? Thou shalt not starve. I will find thee another master."

"He shall never bid a kind master," said Harnsdorff, who, not knowing whether the woodman had lost senses or not, had wanted to hear the result of the curious apostrophe to the dog which he had so unintentionally broken in upon. "What had happened to inspire these gloomy forebodings?"

"My time is come!"

"Art thou unwell?"

"I was never better in health; but something is impending, I wot not what."

"Thou wilt outlive thy fancy," said Harnsdorff; "let us change the subject. I have a charge for thee. Thou knowest the castle is to undergo repair, and that meanwhile my residence will be of the villa; and as the winter will probably wear through before the repairs will be completed, it is advisable to remove such valuables as are portable; most of which, since the direct road is nearly impassable, will be conveyed under a strong escort by a circuitous route this day. There are some things, however, with the care of which I will trust none but thyself. What I hand thee the plate, it may be replaced; but we should not replace the trophies which the late Harnsdorff took from the attic of the castle, and which, at this moment, he would relinquish his forest rights in payment. He very richly gave thee with never the prospect of being the heir to a vast estate."

"It may perhaps be the last day I shall ever see form."

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