

# The Huntingdon Journal.

WM. BREWSTER,

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

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**Scrofula, or King's Evil,**  
Is a constitutional disease, a corruption of the  
blood, by which this fluid becomes vitiated,  
weak and poor. Being in the circulation, it  
permeates the whole body, and may burst out  
in disease on any part of it. No organ is free  
from its attacks, nor is there one which it may  
not destroy. The scrofulous taint is variously  
caused by mercury, disease of the liver, dis-  
ordered or unhealthy food, impure air, filth  
and filthy habits, the depressing veins, and,  
above all, by the venereal infection. What-  
ever be its origin, it is hereditary in the con-  
stitution, descending from parents to children  
unto the third and fourth generation. It, indeed,  
it seems to be the rod of Him who says, "I  
will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon  
their children."

Its effects commence by deposition from the  
blood of corrupt or vitiated matter, which in-  
fects the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is termed  
tubercles; in the glands, swellings; and on  
the surface, eruptions or sores. This foul cor-  
ruption, which renders the blood, depresses  
the energies of the system, and produces con-  
stitutions not only suffer from scrofulous com-  
plaints, but they have far less power to with-  
stand the attacks of other diseases; conse-  
quently, vast numbers perish by disorders  
which, although not serious in their nature,  
are still rendered fatal by this taint in the  
system. Most of the consumption which as-  
saults the human family has its origin directly  
in this scrofulous contamination; and many  
destructive diseases of the liver, kidneys, stom-  
ach, and, indeed, of all the organs, arise from  
or are aggravated by the same cause.

One quarter of all our people are scrofulous;  
their organs are invaded by this lurking in-  
fection, and their health is undermined. To  
cleanse it from the system we must renovate  
the blood by an alterative medicine, and in-  
vigorate it by healthy food and exercise.  
Such a medicine we supply in

**AYER'S**  
**Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla,**  
the most effectual remedy which the medical  
skill of our times can devise for this every-  
where prevailing and fatal malady. It is com-  
bined from the most active remedies that have  
been discovered for the eradication of this foul  
disorder from the blood, and the rescue of the  
system from its destructive consequences.  
Hence it should be employed for the cure of  
not only scrofula, but also those other affec-  
tions which arise from it, such as Eruptions,  
Rashes, and Skin Diseases, ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE,  
ROSE, or ERYSIPELAS, PIMPLES, PUSTULES,  
BLOTCHES, BLAINS and BOILS, TUMORS, TETTER  
and SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, RINGWORM,  
RINGWORMS, SYMPLECTIC and MALARIAL DISEASES,  
DROPPY, DYSPEPSIA, DEBILITY, and,  
indeed, ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM VITIA-  
TED OR IMPURE BLOOD. The popular belief  
in "impurity of the blood" is founded in truth,  
for scrofula is a degeneration of the blood. The  
particular purgative and virtue of this Sarsapa-  
rilla is to purify and regenerate this vital fluid,  
without which sound health is impossible in  
contaminated constitutions.

**Ayer's Cathartic Pills,**  
FOR ALL THE PURPOSES OF A FAMILY PHYSIC,  
are so composed that disease within the range of  
their action can rarely without or create them.  
Their penetrating properties search, and cleanse,  
and invigorate every portion of the human organ-  
ism, correcting any diseased action, and restoring  
healthy vitality. As a consequence of these  
properties, the invalid who is bowed down with  
pain or physical debility is astonished to find his  
health so completely restored by a remedy so  
simple and inviting.

Not only do they cure the every-day complaints  
of every body, but they are also the most  
dangerous diseases. The agent below named is  
pleased to furnish gratis my American Almanac,  
containing certificates of their cures and directions  
for their use in the following complaints: *Consti-  
pation, Heartburn, Headache arising from disordered  
Stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Pain in and Morbid  
function of the Bowels, Flatulency, Loss of Appete,  
Jaundice, and other kindred complaints,*  
arising from a low state of the body or obstruction  
of its functions.

**Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,**  
FOR THE RAPID CURE OF  
Coughs, Cold, Influenza, Hoarseness,  
Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption,  
and for the relief of Consumptive  
Patients in advanced stages of the  
disease.

So wide is the field of its usefulness and so nu-  
merous are the cases of its cures, that almost  
every section of country abounds in personal pub-  
licly known, who have been restored from alarming  
and even desperate diseases of the lungs by its  
use. When once tried, its superiority over every  
other medicine of its kind is too apparent to require  
observation, and where its virtues are known, the  
public no longer hesitate what antidote to employ  
for the distressing and often fatal affections of the  
respiratory organs that are incident to our climate.  
While many inferior remedies thrust upon the  
community have failed and been discarded, this  
has gained friends by every trial, conferred benefits  
on the afflicted that can never be forgotten, and pro-  
duced cures too numerous and too remarkable to  
be forgotten.

PREPARED BY  
**DR. J. C. AYER & CO.**  
LOWELL, MASS.  
JOHN REED, Agent Huntingdon, Pa.  
Nov. 10, 1858.—1y.

## A SEASON STORY.

### The Giant of the Harz Forest.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The solitude of Harz forest in Germa-  
ny, but especially the mountain called  
Blockberg, or rather Brockenberg, are the  
chosen scenes of tales of witches, demons,  
and apparitions. The occupation of the  
inhabitants, who are either miners or for-  
esters, is of a kind that renders their pecu-  
liarity prone to superstition, and the natu-  
ral phenomena which they witness in pur-  
suit of their solitary or subterranean pur-  
sion, are often set down by them to the  
interference of goblins, or the power of mag-  
ic. Among the various legends current  
in that wild country, there is a favorite  
one, which supposes the Harz to be haun-  
ted by a sort of tutelar demon, in shape  
of a wild man of huge stature, his head  
wreathed with oak leaves, and his middle  
hand a pine tree up by the roots. It is  
certain that many persons profess to have  
seen such a form traversing, with huge  
slides, in a line parallel to their own coun-  
the opposite ridge of a mountain, when di-  
vided from it by a narrow glen, and in-  
deed the fact of the apparition is so gen-  
erally admitted, that modern scepticism has  
only found refuge by ascribing it to optical  
deception.

In elder times, the intercourse of the  
demon with the inhabitants was more fa-  
miliar, and according to the traditions of  
the Harz, he was wont, with a capricious  
usually ascribed to these earth-born powers  
to interfere with the affairs of mortals, for  
their weal sometimes and sometimes for  
their woe. But it was observed that even  
his gifts often turned out, in the long run,  
fatal to those on whom they were bestowed  
and it was no uncommon thing for the pas-  
tors, in their care of their flocks, to com-  
pose long sermons, the burden whereof  
was a warning against having any inter-  
course, direct or indirect, with the Harz de-  
mon. The fortunes of Martin Waldeck  
have been often quoted by the aged to their  
giddy children, when they were heard to  
scoff at danger which appeared visionary.

A traveling capuchin had possessed him-  
self of the pulpit of the thatched church at  
a little hamlet called Morgenbrodt, lying  
in the Harz district from which he declaimed  
against the wickedness of the inhabi-  
tants, their communication with fiends,  
witches and fairies, and, in particular, with  
the woodland goblin of the Harz. The  
doctrines of Luther had already begun to  
spread among the peasantry, for the in-  
cident is placed under the reign of Charles  
V., and they laughed to scorn the zeal with  
which the venerable man insisted upon his  
topic. At length, as his vehemence in-  
creased with opposition, so their opposi-  
tion rose in proportion to his vehemence.  
The inhabitants did not like to hear an ac-  
customed quiet demon, who had inhabited  
the Brockenberg for so many ages, sum-  
marily confounded with Baalpeor, Ashtaroth,  
and Beelzebub himself, and condemned  
without reprieve to the bottomless To-  
phet. The apprehension that the spirit  
might avenge himself on them for listening  
to such an illiberal sentence, added to their  
national interest in his behalf. A traveling  
friar, they said, that is here to day and  
away to-morrow, may say what he pleases,  
but it is we, the ancient and constant in-  
habitants of the country, that are left at  
the mercy of the insulted demon, and must  
of course, pay for all. Under the irrita-  
tion occasioned by these reflections, the  
peasants from injurious language betook  
themselves to stonings, and having pebbled  
the priest's pretty handsomely, they drove  
him out of the parish to preach against de-  
mons elsewhere.

Three young men, who had been present  
and assisting upon this occasion, were upon  
their return to the hut where they  
carried on the laborious and mean occupa-  
tion of preparing charcoal for the smelting  
furnaces. On their way, the conversation  
naturally turned upon the demon of the  
Harz and the doctrine of the capuchin.—  
Max and George Waldeck, the two elder  
brothers, although they allowed the lan-  
guage of the capuchin to have been indis-  
creet and worthy of censure, as presu-  
mption to determine upon the precise char-  
acter and abode of the spirit, yet contended  
it was dangerous in the highest degree to  
accept of his gifts, or hold any communica-  
tion with him. He was powerful, they  
allowed, but wayward and capricious, and  
those who had intercourse with him sel-  
dom came to a good end. Did he not give  
the brave knight, Ecbert of Rabenwal, that  
famous black steed, by means of which he  
vanquished all the champions at the great  
tournament at Bremen? and did not the  
same steed afterwards precipitate itself  
with its rider, into an abyss so steep and  
fearful, that neither horse nor man were  
ever seen more? Had he not given to  
Damo Gertrude Trodden a curious spell  
for making butter come, and was she not  
burnt for a witch by the grand criminal  
judge of the Electorate, because she avail-  
ed herself of his gift? But these and many  
other instances which they quoted, of  
mischance and ill-luck ultimately attend-  
ing on the apparent benefits conferred by  
the Harz spirit, failed to make any impres-  
sion upon Martin Waldeck, the youngest  
of the brothers.

Martin was youthful, rash, and impetu-  
ous; excelling in all the exercises which  
distinguish a mountaineer, and brave and  
undaunted from his familiar intercourse  
with the dangers that attend them. He  
laughed at the timidity of his brothers,—

"Tell me not of such folly," he said; "the  
demon is a good demon—he lives among  
us as if he were a peasant like ourselves—  
haunts the lonely crags and recesses of  
the mountains like a huntsman or goatherd  
—and he who lives the Harz forest and its  
wild scenes, cannot be indifferent to the  
hardy children of the soil. But, if the  
demon were as malicious as you would  
make him, how should he derive power  
over mortals, who barely avail themselves  
of his gifts, without binding themselves to  
submit to his pleasure? When you carry  
your charcoal to the furnace, is not the mo-  
ney as good that is paid you by blasphem-  
ing Blazze, the old reprobate overseer, as  
if you got it from the pastor himself? It is  
not the goblin's gifts which can endanger  
you, but it is the use you shall make  
of them that you must account for. And  
were the demon to appear to me this mo-  
ment, and indicate to me a gold or silver  
mine, I would begin to dig away even be-  
fore his back was turned, and I would con-  
sider myself as under the protection of a  
much greater than he, while I made a  
good use of the wealth he pointed out to me."

To this the elder brother replied, that  
wealth ill won was seldom well spent; but  
Martin presumptuously declared, that the  
possession of all the treasures of the Harz  
would not make the slightest alteration on  
his habits, morals, or character.

His brother entreated Martin to talk less  
wildly upon this subject, and with some dif-  
ficulty contrived to withdraw his attention  
by calling it to the consideration of the ap-  
proaching bear-chase. This talk brought  
them to their hut, a wretched wigwag, situ-  
ated upon one side of a wild, narrow, and  
romantic dell, in the recesses of the Brocken-  
berg. They released their sister from at-  
tending upon the operation of charring the  
wood, which requires constant attention  
and divided among themselves the duty of  
watching it by night according to their cus-  
tom, one always waking while his brothers  
slept.

Max Waldeck, the eldest, watched dur-  
ing the two first hours of the night, and  
was considerably alarmed by observing on  
the opposite bank of the glen, or valley,  
a huge fire surrounded by some figures that  
appeared to wheel around it with antic ges-  
tures. Max at first thought him of call-  
ing up his brothers; but recollecting the  
daring character of the youngest, and find-  
ing it impossible to wake the elder without  
also disturbing Martin—conceiving also  
what he saw to be an illusion of the demon,  
sent perhaps in consequence of the ven-  
erous expressions used by Martin on the  
betake himself to the safeguard of such  
prayers as he could murmur over, and to  
watch in great terror and annoyance this  
strange and alarming apparition. After  
blazing for some time, the fire faded grad-  
ually away into darkness, and the rest of  
Max's watch was only disturbed by the re-  
membrance of its terrors.

George now occupied the place of Max,  
who had retired to rest. The phenom-  
enon of a huge blazing fire, upon the op-  
posite bank of the glen, again presented it-  
self to the eye of the watchman. It was  
surrounded as before with figures, which,  
distinguished by their opaque forms, being  
between the spectator and the red glaring  
light, moved and fluctuated around it as if  
engaged in some mystical ceremony.—  
George, though equally cautious, was of a  
bolder character than his elder brother.—  
He resolved to examine more nearly the  
object of his wonder; and accordingly,  
after crossing the rivulet which divided  
the glen, he climbed up the opposite bank,  
and approached within an arrow's flight  
of the fire, which blazed apparently with  
the same fury as when he first witnessed  
it.

The appearance of the assistants who  
surrounded it, resembled those phantoms  
which are seen in a troubled dream, and  
at once confirmed the idea he had enter-  
tained from the first, that it did not belong  
to the human world. Amongst these  
strange unearthly forms, George Waldeck  
distinguished that of a giant overgrown  
with hair, holding an uprooted fir in his  
hand, with which, from time to time, he  
seemed to stir the blazing fire, and having  
on other clothing than a wreath of oak  
leaves around his forehead and loins.—  
George's heart sank within him at recog-  
nizing the well known apparition of the  
Harz demon, as he had been often de-  
scribed to him by the ancient shepherds  
and huntsmen who had seen his form tra-  
versing the mountains. He turned, and  
was about to fly, but, upon second thought,  
blaming his own cowardice, he recited men-  
tally the verse of the Psalmist, "All good  
angels, praise the Lord!" which in that  
country supposed powerful as an exorcism,  
and turned himself once more to-  
wards the place where he had seen the  
fire, but it was no longer visible.

The pale moon alone enlightened the  
side of the valley; and when George, with  
trembling steps, a moist brow, and hair  
bristling upright under his collar's cap,  
came to the spot on which the fire had been  
so lately visible, marked as it was by a  
scathed oak tree, there appeared not on the  
heath the slightest vestiges of what he  
had seen. The moss and wild flowers  
were unscorched, and the branches of the  
oak tree, which had so lately appeared in  
wreaths of flame and smoke, were moist  
with the dews of midnight.

George returned to his hut with trem-  
bling steps, and, arguing like his elder  
brother, resolved to say nothing of what he  
had seen, lest he should awaken in Martin  
that daring curiosity which he almost  
deemed to be allied with impiety.

It was now Martin's turn to watch. The  
household cock had given his first sum-  
mons, and the night was well nigh spent.  
Upon examining the state of the furnace

in which the wood was deposited in or-  
der to its being coked or charred, he was  
surprised to find that the fire had not been  
sufficiently maintained; for in his excur-  
sion and its consequences, George had for-  
gotten the principal object of his watch. Mar-  
tin's first thought was to call up the slum-  
bers; but, observing that both his broth-  
ers slept unwontedly deep and heavily, he  
respected their repose, and set himself to  
supply the furnace with fuel without re-  
quiring their aid. What he heaped upon  
it was apparently damp and unfit for the  
purpose, for the fire seemed rather to decay  
than revive. Martin next went to collect  
some logs from a stack which had been care-  
fully cut and dried for that purpose; but  
when he returned, he found the fire to-  
tally extinguished. This was a serious  
evil, and threatened them with the loss of  
their trade for more than one day. The  
vexed and mortified watchman set about  
to strike a light in order to re-kindle the  
fire, but the tinder was moist, and his labor  
in this respect also proved ineffectual. He  
was about to call up his brothers, for cir-  
cumstances seemed to be pressing, when  
flashes of light glimmered not only through  
the window, but through every crevice of  
the rudely built hut, and unsummoned  
he beheld the same apparition which had  
before alarmed the successive watches of  
his brethren. His first idea was, that the  
Mullerhausers, their rivals in trade, and  
with whom they had had many quarrels,  
might have encroached upon their bounds  
for the purpose of pirating their wood, and  
he resolved to awake his brothers, and be  
revenge on them for their audacity. But  
a short reflection and observation on the  
gestures and manner of those who seemed  
to "work in the fire," induced him to dis-  
miss his belief, and, though rather scepti-  
cal in such matters, to conclude that what  
he saw was a supernatural phenomenon.  
"But be they men or fiends," said the un-  
daunted forester, "that busy themselves  
yonder with such fantastical rites and ges-  
tures, I will go and demand a light to re-  
kindle our furnace." He relinquished at  
the same time, the idea of awakening his  
brethren. "There was a belief that such ad-  
ventures as he was about to undertake were  
accessible to only one person at a time; he  
feared also that his brothers, in their scrup-  
ulous timidity, might interfere to prevent  
his pursuing his investigation he had re-  
solved to commence; and, therefore, snatch-  
ing his boarspear from the wall, the un-  
daunted Martin Waldeck set forth on his  
adventure alone.

With the same success as his brother  
George, but in this country, he approached  
the furnace, and, as he neared the glowing  
light, he could recognize, in the presiding  
figure, the attributes of the Harz de-  
mon. A cold shuddering assailed him for  
the first time in his life; but the recollection  
that he had at a distance dared and  
even courted the intercourse which was  
now about to take place, confirmed his  
staggering courage, and pride supplying  
what he wanted in resolution, he advanced  
with tolerable firmness towards the fire,  
the figures which surrounded it appearing  
still more wild, fantastical and supernatural.  
The nearer he approached to the assem-  
bly, the more he was seized with a cold  
shudder, and he was received with a loud  
shout of discordant and unnatural laughter,  
which to his stunned ears, seemed more alar-  
ming than a combination of the most dismal  
and melancholy sounds that could be imagined.  
"Who art thou?" said the giant, compre-  
sing his savage and exaggerated features  
into a sort of forced gravity, while they  
were occasionally agitated by the convul-  
sion of the laughter which he seemed to  
suppress.

"Martin Waldeck, the forester," an-  
swered the hardy youth;—"and who art  
you?"  
"The King of the Waste and of the  
Mine," answered the spectre;—"and why  
hast thou dared to encroach on my mys-  
teries?"  
"I came in search of light to re-kindle  
my fire," answered Martin boldly, and  
then resolutely asked in his turn, "What  
mysteries are those that you celebrate  
here?"  
"We celebrate," answered the complai-  
sant demon, "the wedding of Horace with  
the Black Dragon—but take thy hie that  
thou comest to seek, and begone—No mortal  
may long look upon us and live!"  
The peasant struck his spear point into  
a large piece of blazing wood, which he  
heaved up with some difficulty, and then  
turned round to regain his hut, the shouts  
of laughter being renewed behind him  
with treble violence, and ringing far down  
the narrow valley. When Martin returned  
to the hut, his first care, however much  
astonished with what he had seen, was to  
dispose of the kindled coal among the fuel  
so as might best light the fire of the fur-  
nace; but after many efforts, and all exer-  
tions of bellows and fire-prong, the coal he  
had brought from the demon's fire became  
totally extinct, without kindling any of  
the others. He turned about and observed  
the fire still blazing on the hill, although  
those who had been busied around it had  
disappeared. As he conceived the spectre  
had been jesting with him, he gave way  
to the natural hardness of his temper,  
and, determining to see the adventure to an  
end, resumed the road to the fire, from  
which, unopposed by the demon, he bro't  
off in the same manner a blazing piece of  
charcoal, but still without being able to suc-  
ceed in lighting his fire. Impunity having  
increased his rashness, he re-olved upon a  
third experiment, and was as successful as  
before in reaching the fire; but, when he  
had again appropriated a piece of burning  
coal, and had turned to depart, he heard  
the harsh and supernatural voice which  
had before accosted him, pronounce these  
words: "Dare not to return hither a fourth  
time!"

The attempt to kindle the fire with this  
last coal having proved as ineffectual as on  
the former occasions, Martin relinquished  
the hopeless attempt, and flung himself on  
his bed of leaves, resolving to delay till the  
next morning the communication of his su-  
pernatural adventure to his brothers. He  
was awakened from a heavy sleep into  
which he had sunk, from fatigue of body  
and agitation of mind, by loud exclaima-  
tions of surprise and joy. His brothers,  
astonished at finding the fire extinguished  
when they awoke, had proceeded to ar-  
range the fuel in order to renew it, when  
they found in the ashes three huge metallic  
masses, which their skill (for most of the  
peasants in the Harz are practical mineral-  
ogists) immediately ascertained to be pure  
gold.

It was some days upon their joyful con-  
gratulations when they learned from Mar-  
tin the mode in which he had obtained this  
treasure, to which their own experience of  
the nocturnal vision induced them to give  
full credit. But they were unable to re-  
sist the temptation of sharing in their broth-  
er's wealth. Taking now upon him as  
head of the house, Martin Waldeck  
bought lands and forests, built a castle,  
obtained a patent of nobility, and, greatly  
to the indignation of the ancient aristoc-  
racy of the neighborhood was invested  
with all the privileges of a man of family.  
His courage in public war, as well as in  
private feuds, together with the number  
of retainers whom he kept in pay, sustain-  
ed him for some time against the odium  
which was excited by his sudden elevation,  
and the arrogance of his pretensions.

And now it was seen in the instance of  
Martin Waldeck, as it has been in that of  
many others, how little mortals can foresee  
the effect of sudden prosperity on their  
own disposition. The evil propensities in  
his nature, which poverty had checked  
and repressed, ripened and bore their un-  
hallowed fruit under the influence of tempta-  
tion and the means of indulgence. As  
Deep calls unto Deep, one bad passion  
awakened another;—the fiend of avarice  
invoked that of pride, and pride was to be  
supported by cruelty and oppression.—  
Waldeck's character, always bold and  
daring, but rendered harsh and assuming  
by prosperity, soon made him odious not  
to the nobles only, but likewise to the  
lower ranks who saw, with double dislike,  
the oppressive rights of the feudal nobility  
of the empire so remorselessly exercised  
by one who had risen from the very dregs  
of the people. His adventure, although  
carefully concealed, began likewise to be  
whispered abroad, and the clergy already  
feeling the inconvenience, and the magnitude  
of a huge treasure in so strange a manner,  
had not sought to sanctify it by dedicating  
a considerable portion to the use of the  
church. Surrounded by enemies, public  
and private, tormented by a thousand feuds  
and threatened by the church with excom-  
munication, Martin Waldeck or as we must  
now call him, the Baron Von Waldeck,  
often regretted bitterly the labors and  
sports of his unenvied poverty. But his  
courage failed him not under all these dif-  
ficulties, and seemed rather to augment in  
proportion to the danger which darkened  
around him, until an accident precipitated  
his fall.

A proclamation by the reigning Duke of  
Brunswick had invited to a solemn tourna-  
ment all German nobles of free and hono-  
rable descent; and Martin Waldeck, splen-  
dently armed, accompanied by his two broth-  
ers, and a gallantly equipped retinue, had  
the arrogance to appear among the chivalry  
of the province, and demand permission to  
enter the lists. This was considered as  
filling up the measure of his presumption.  
A thousand voices exclaimed, "We will  
have no kinder-astir mingle in our games  
of chivalry!" Irritated to frenzy, Martin  
drew his sword and leaped down the her-  
ald who, in compliance with the general  
outcry, opposed his entry into the lists.—  
An hundred swords were unsheathed to  
avenge what in those days regarded as  
a crime only inferior to sacrilege, or re-  
gicide. Waldeck, after defending him-  
self like a lion, was seized, tried on the  
spot by the judges of the lists, and con-  
demned, as the appropriate punishment for  
breaking the peace of his sovereign, and vi-  
olating the sacred person of a herald-at-  
arms, to have his right hand struck from  
his body, to be ignominiously deprived of  
the honor of nobility, of which he was un-  
worthy, and to be expelled from the city.  
When he had been stripped of his arms,  
and sustained the mutilation imposed by  
this severe sentence, the unhappy victim  
of ambition was abandoned to the rabble,  
who followed him with threats and out-  
rages levelled alternately against the necro-  
mancer and oppressor, which at length  
succeeded in rescuing him from the hands  
of the populace, when satiated with cruelty,  
they had left him half dead through  
loss of blood, and through the outrages he  
had sustained. They were not permitted,  
such was the ingenuous cruelty of their  
enemies, to make use of any other means,  
of removing him, excepting such a collar's  
cart as they had themselves formerly used  
in which they deposited their brother on a  
truss of straw, scarcely expecting to reach  
any place of shelter ere death should re-  
lease him from his misery.

When the Waldecks, journeying in this  
miserable manner, had approached the  
verge of their native county, in a hollow  
way, between two mountains, they per-  
ceived a figure advancing toward them,  
which at first sight seemed to be an aged  
man. But as he approached, his limbs and  
stature increased, the cloak fell from his  
shoulders, his pilgrim's staff was changed  
into an uprooted pine-tree, and the gigan-  
tic figure of the Harz demon passed be-

fore them in terror. When he came op-  
posite the cart which contained the mis-  
erable Waldeck, his huge features dilated  
into a grin of unutterable contempt and  
malice, as he asked the sufferer, "How  
like you the fire my coals have kindled?"  
"The power of motion, which terror suspen-  
ded in his two brothers, seemed to be re-  
stored to Martin by the energy of his cour-  
age. He raised himself on the cart, bent  
his brows, and, clenching his fist, shook it  
at the spectre with a ghastly look of hate  
and defiance. The goblin vanished with  
his usual tremendous and explosive laugh,  
and left Waldeck exhausted with this effort  
of expiring nature.

The terrified brethren turned their ve-  
hicle toward the towers of a convent,  
which arose in a wood of pine-trees beside  
the road. They were charitably received  
by a barfooted and long bearded capu-  
chin, and Martin survived only to complete  
the first confession he had made since the  
day of his sudden prosperity, and to re-  
ceive absolution from the very priest  
whom, precisely on that day three years,  
he had assisted to peit out of the hamlet  
of Morgenbrodt. And the three years  
of precarious prosperity were supposed to  
have a mysterious correspondence with  
the number of his visits to the spectral fire  
upon the hill.

The body of Martin Waldeck was inter-  
red in the convent where he expired, in  
which his brothers, having assumed the  
habit of the order, lived and died in the  
performance of acts of charity and devotion.  
His lands, to which no one asserted any  
claim, lay waste until they were reas-  
sumed by the emperor as a lapsed fief, and  
the ruins of the castle which Waldeck had  
called by his own name, are still shunned  
by the miners and forester as haunted by the  
evil spirits. Thus were the miseries at-  
tendant upon wealth, hastily attained and  
ill employed, exemplified in the fortunes  
of Martin Waldeck.

## WIFE AND HUMOR.

### PETERS' FIRST WIFE.

"Dear! dear! no toast, eggs boiled hard  
as bricks, and the coffee stone cold,"  
and Mr. Peters rose from the breakfast ta-  
ble in a temper by no means enviable, and  
rang the bell violently. There was no an-  
swer! He rang again, a third, a fourth  
time, still no answer. Out of all patience,  
he went to the door and called:  
"Maria! Maria!"  
A slight, pretty little woman, dressed in  
a soiled, tumbled wrapper, with hair in a  
state of direful confusion, answered this sum-  
mons that nature intended should be deck-  
ed with continual smiles, but now, with all  
its roses in bloom, it was drawn out to its  
full length, and the large blue eyes had  
rather a doleful or serious expression, to-  
ally at variance with their usual joyous look.  
Her voice, too, had lost its melodious, ring-  
ing sound, and was subdued to a dismal  
whine.

"What is it, Joseph?"  
"Where's Bridget?"  
"Gone out for me. I want more white  
ribbon for my ascension robe."

Mr. Peters said a very naughty word,  
and then continued:  
"Cold coffee, hard eggs, breakfast not fit  
to eat."

"I wish," whined his wife, "you would  
think less of temporal matters, and turn  
your attention to the great end of life."  
"Hang it all, madam, I would like to en-  
joy my life while I do have it. Here was  
I the happiest man in the United States,  
with a pleasant home, a chatty, cheerful,  
loving wife, and good, quiet children; and  
now since you have joined the Millerites,  
what am I?"

"Oh, Joseph, if you would only come in-  
to that blessed circle!"  
"Oh, Maria, if you would only come out  
of it. Where are the boys?"  
"I am sure I don't know."

"Are they going to school to-day?"  
"My dear, their teacher has given up her  
school, and is turning her mind to more  
exalted objects. Oh! Joseph, turn now  
while there is time. You have still a week  
for preparation and repentance."

"Repentance? Well when I take up  
the subject, it will take rather more than  
a week to put it through."

And Mr. Peters put on his coat and took  
up his hat.  
"Joseph," said his wife, "you need send  
home no dinner."

Joe made no answer, unless the violent-  
ly emphatic manner in which he closed the  
door was one. Muttering with anger, he  
strode into a restaurant to make a break-  
fast. Here he was hailed by one of his  
bachelor friends, Fred Somers, who look-  
ed up as he heard Joe's order.

"Hallo! he cried. 'You here? Why,  
what are you doing here at breakfast time?  
Wife sick?'"  
"No."

"Gone out of town?"  
"No."  
"Then why don't you breakfast at home?"  
Children sick?"  
"No."

"Well, what the thunder is to pay?"  
"Maria's joined the Millerites!"  
Fred gave a long whistle and then said:  
"Going to ascend next week?"  
"Yes, and if I don't commit suicide in  
the meantime, you may congratulate me.  
I am almost distracted. Can't get a decent  
meal, children running riot, servants saucy,  
house all in confusion, wife in the blues,  
either quoting the speeches of the elders at  
me, or sewing on a white robe, and groan-  
ing at every third stitch. Hang it all, Fred,  
I have a great mind to take poison, or join  
the army."

"Hem! hem! you give an enchanting pic-  
ture, but I think I can suggest a cure."

"A cure."  
"Yes, if you will promise to follow my  
advice, I will make your home pleasant,  
your wife cheerful, and your children hap-  
py."  
"Do it," cried Joe. "I'll follow your word  
like a soldier under his officer. What shall  
I do?"

At ten time Mr. Peters entered his home  
whistling. Maria was seated at the table,  
sewing on her white robes, and there were  
no signs of preparation for the evening  
meal.

"Maria, my dear," said Mr. Peters cheer-  
fully, "is tea ready?"  
"I don't know," was the answer, "I have  
been out all day, attending meeting!"  
"You are resolved then to leave me next  
week?"

"Oh! Joe, I must go when I am called."  
"Yes, my dear, of course. Well I must  
resign myself, I suppose. By the way, my  
dear, has it ever occurred to you that I  
shall be left a widower with three children?  
I think I'm a handsome man yet, my love,  
and Joe walked over to the glass, passed  
his fingers through his hair, and pulled up  
his collar. Maria looked up, rather sur-  
prised.