# The Democratic Watchman.

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## Original Poetry.

[For the Democratic Watchman.]

### The Victory of Faith.

Sometimes I think I cannot have it so—
Can never with a Christian feeling bow
And say "'tis well" Then after a thick rain
Of tears has soothed my aching heart and brain,
Lending me clearer sight of God's wise plan,
To build the angel in the life of man
I take the cup its bitter portion drain
And patient wait for sunshine after rain

'Tis hard to see our earthly joys go by—
But we who look for lasting love on high,
And call our sorrows angels in the way
To lift us nearly into fadeless day,
Must bow in meekness midst the thorny way,
It is not long—and O, if God is good
I will accept this chastening as a hand
Reached down to lead me to the holy strand—
To check the current which too largely flows
In earthly channels turn its course towards God

PORTSMOUTH, N H — J L P

## Miscellaneous.

### The Gunmaker of Moscow.

**A Tale of the Empire under Peter the Great.**

CHAPTER I.

The time at which we open our story is midwinter, and towards the close of the seventeenth century. Russia is the scene.

In the suburbs of Moscow, and very near the river Moskwa, stood an humble cot, which betrayed a neatness of arrangement and show of taste that more than made up for its smallness of size. Back of the cot was an artisan's shop, and other out buildings. The shop was devoted to the manufacture of fire-arms, mostly. Some swords and other edged weapons, were made here upon special application.

The master of this tenement was the hero of our tale, Ruric Nevel. We find him standby his forge, watching the white smoke as it curled up towards the throat of the chimney. He was a young man, not over three-and-twenty, and possessed a frame of more than ordinary symetry and muscular development. He was not large—not above a medium size—but a single glance at the swelling chest, the broad shoulders, and the sinewy ridges of the bare arms, told at once that he was master of great physical power. His father had been killed in the late war with the Turks, and the son, leaving his mother with a sufficiency of sustenance, went to Spain soon after the bereavement.—There he found work in the most noted armories; and now, well versed in the trade, he had retured to his native city to follow his calling, and support his mother.

Near by stood a boy Paul Pecpoff a bright, intelligent lad, some fifteen years of age, who had bound himself to the gunmaker for the purpose of learning the art.

Claudia Nevel, Ruric's mother, was a noble looking woman, and the light of her still handsome countenance, was never brighter than when gazing upon her boy. She had a thankful, loving heart, and a prayerful, hopeful soul.

"It is snowing again, faster than ever," remarked Paul, as he took his seat at the supper table, in company with the others.

"Ah," returned Ruric, resting his knife a few moments while he bent his ear to listen to the voice of the storm. "I had hoped it would snow no more for the present. The snow is deep enough now. And how it blows!"

"Never mind," said the dame, in an easy trustful tone, "it must storm when it listeth, and we can only thank God that we have a shelter, and pray for those that have none."

"Amen!" responded Ruric fervently.

The meal was at length eaten, and the table set back, and shortly afterwards Paul retired to his bed.

Ruric drew his chair up close to the fireplace, and leaning against the jam he bowed his head in absorbing thought. This had become a habit with him of late. His mother having observed these fits of abstraction, became uneasy, and pressed Ruric to tell her what it was, over which he was so constantly and moodily brooding. Being thus urged, Ruric confessed that it was of Rosalind Valdai (the orphan daughter of a nobleman, and now the ward of Olga, the powerful and haughty Duke of Tula) he was thinking. Ruric's father, and the father of Rosalind, had been comrades in arms in their youth, and their children had been playmates. But when the older Nevel was slain in battle, Ruric was yet a boy, and the widow and her son remained poor and obscure; while Valdai, more fortunate, had risen to high rank, and dying, left Rosalind a title and a fortune.

The young people, however had not forgotten each other. Ruric loved Rosalind with all the fervor of his being, and he felt assured that Rosalind returned his love.—As he and his mother sat debating the matter on that stormy night, a loud knock at the outer door startled them.

"Is there any one here?" the gunmaker asked, as he opened the door, bowing his head and shielding his eyes from the driving snow with one hand.

"Yes," returned a voice from the Stygian darkness. "In God's name let me in, or I shall perish."

"Then follow quickly," said Ruric.—"Here—give me your hand. There—now come."

The youth found the thickly-gloved hand—gloved with the softest fur—and having led the invisible applicant into the hall he closed the door, and then led the way to the kitchen. Without speaking, Ruric turned and gazed upon the new comer. The stranger, *who was equally desirous of ascertaining what manner of man Ruric was*, was a monk—and habited something like one of the Black monks of St. Michael. He was of medium height, and possessed a rotundity of person which was comical to behold.

At length, after warming himself by the fire, the guest asked if he could be accomodated with some sleeping place, and being answered in the affirmative, Ruric showed him to a chamber and then retired himself.

The next morning, after breakfast, the Monk went with Ruric to his shop, and examined with much interest the various weapons therein. Ruric questioned him closely as to whether he had ever met him before, but the Monk replied evasively, and after saying that in case the gunmaker should ever, in any great emergency, need a friend that he should apply to him, he took his leave.

Towards the middle of the afternoon, just as Ruric had finished tempering some parts of a gun-lock, the back door of his shop was opened, and two men entered. They were young men, dressed in costly furs, and both of them stout and good looking. The gunmaker recognized them as the Count Conrad Damonoff and his friend Stephen Urzen.

"I think I speak with Ruric Nevel," said the Count, moving forward.

"You do," returned Ruric, not at all surprised at the visit, so the people of all classes were in the habit of calling at his place to order arms.

"You are acquainted with the Lady Rosalind Valdai?" he said.

"I am," answered Ruric, now beginning to wonder.

"Well, sir," resumed Damonoff, with much haughtiness "perhaps my business can be quickly and satisfactorily settled. It is my desire to make the Lady Rosalind my wife."

"And why have you come to me with this information, sir?" he asked.

"Ruric Nevel, you shall not say that I did not make myself fully understood, and hence I will explain." The Count spoke this as speaks a man who feels that he is doing a very condescending thing, and in the same tone proceeded. "The Lady Rosalind is of noble parentage and very wealthy. My own station and wealth are equal with hers. I love her, and must have her for my wife. I have been to see the noble Duke, her guardian and he objects not to my suit. But he informed me that there was one impediment and that was her love for you. He knows full well as I know, and as all must know, that she could never become your wife; but yet he is anxious not to interfere too much against her own inclinations. So a simple denial from you, to the effect that you can never claim her hand, is all that is necessary. I have a paper here all drawn up, and all that I require is simply your signature. Here it is only a plain, simple avowal on your part that you have no hopes nor thoughts of seeking the hand of the lady in marriage."

As the Count spoke he drew a paper from the bosom of his marten doublet and having opened it, he handed it towards the gunmaker. But Ruric took it not. He drew back and gazed the visitor sternly in the face.

"Sir Count," he said, calmly and firmly, "you have plainly stated your position, and I will as plainly answer. I cannot sign the paper."

"Ha!" gasped Damonoff, in quick passion. "Do you refuse?"

"Most flatly."

"Put you will sign it!" hissed Damonoff, turning pale with rage. "Here it is—sign! If you would live—sign!"

"Perhaps he cannot write," suggested Urzen contemptuously.

"Then he may make his mark," rejoined the Count, in the same contemptuous tone.

"It might not require much more urging to induce me to make my mark in a manner not all agreeable to you, sir," the youth retorted, with his teeth now set, and the dark veins of his brow starting more plainly out. "Do you seek a quarrel with me?"

"Seek—I seek what I will have. Will you sign?"

"Once more—No!"

"Then, by heavens, you shall know what it is to thwart such as me! How's that?"

As these words passed from the Count's lips in a low, hissing whisper, he aimed a blow with his fist at Ruric's head. The gunmaker had not dreamed of such a dastardly act, and was not prepared for it.—Yet he dodged it, and as the Count drew back, Ruric dealt him a blow upon the brow that felled him to the floor like a dead ox.

"Beware, Stephen Urzen!" he whispered to the Count's companion, as that individual made a movement as though he would come forward. "I am not myself now, and your safest where you are."

The man thus addressed viewed the gunmaker a few moments, and he seemed to conclude that he had better avoid a personal encounter.

Conrad Damonoff slowly rose to his feet and gazed into his antagonist's face a few moments in silence. His own face was deathly pale, and his whole frame quivered.

"Ruric Nevel," he said, in a hissing, maddened tone, "you will hear from me. I can overlook your plebeian stock."

And with this he turned away.

"Paul," said the gunmaker, turning to his boy, after the men had gone, "not a word of this to my mother. Be sure."

On the following morning, as Ruric was preparing for breakfast, he saw Olga, the Duke, pass by, and strike off into the Boro dino road. Now, thought he, is the time to call on Rosalind; and as soon as he had eaten his breakfast he prepared for the visit.—He dressed well, and no man in Moscow had a nobler look when the dust of toil was removed from his brow and garb.

He took a horse sledge, and started off for the Kreline, within which the Duke resided.

In one of the sumptuously furnished apartments of the palace of the Duke of Tula sat Rosalind Valdai. She was a beautiful girl; molded in perfect form, with the full flush of health and vigor, and possessing a face of peculiar sweetness and intelligence. She was only nineteen years of age, and she had been ten years an orphan. There was nothing of the aristocrat in her look—nothing proud, nothing haughty; but gentleness and love were the true elements of her soul.

"How now, Zenobie!" asked Rosalind, as her waiting maid entered.

"There is a gentleman below who would see you," the girl replied.

"Then tell him I cannot see him," said Rosalind, trembling.

"But it is Ruric Nevel, my mistress."

"Ruric!" exclaimed the fair maiden, starting up, while the rich blood mounted to her brow and temples. "O, I am glad he has come. My prayers are surely answered. Lead him hither, Zenobie."

The girl departed, and ere long afterwards Ruric entered the apartment. He walked quickly to where Rosalind had arisen to her feet, and taking one of her hands in both his own he pressed it to his lips. It was with difficulty he spoke. But the emotions of his soul became calm at length, and then *he received Rosalind's promise that she would never permit her hand to be disposed of to another by the Duke of Tula.* Ruric informed her of the visit of Count Damonoff to his shop, its purpose and the result.—Rosalind was astonished and alarmed. Still, she could not believe that the Duke meant to bestow her hand upon Damonoff. The Duke owed him money, she said, and might perhaps be playing with the Count.

Ruric started as a new suspicion flashed upon him. Had the Duke sent Damonoff upon that mission in purpose to get him into a quarrel. "Aye" thought the youth to himself "the Duke knows that I have taught the sword play, and he knows that the Count would be no match for me. So he thinks in this subtle manner to make me an instrument for ridding him of a plague."

But the youth was careful not to let Rosalind know of this. He thought she would be unhappy if she knew that a duel was likely to come off between himself and the Count.

After some minutes of comparative silence, Ruric took leave of Rosalind, and was soon in the open court. Here he entered his sledge, and then drove to the barracks in the Khitagorod, where he inquired for a young man named Orsa, a lieutenant of the guard. The officer was quickly found, and as he met Ruric his salutation was warm and cordial. After the first friendly greetings had passed, Ruric remarked, "I may have a meeting with Conrad Count Damonoff. He has sought a quarrel, insulted me most grossly, aimed a blow at my head, and I knocked him down. You can judge as well as I what the result may be."

"Most surely he will challenge you," cried the officer excitedly.

"So I think," resumed Ruric calmly.—"And now will you serve me in the event?"

"With pleasure."

And thereupon Ruric related all that had occurred at the time of the Count's visit to his shop, and then took his leave.

He reached home just as his mother was spreading the board for dinner. He often went away on business, and she thought not of asking him any questions.

On questioning Paul, in the shop, in the afternoon, Ruric, to his great surprise, learned that the Black Monk had been there during his absence, to purchase a dagger, that he had drawn out of the boy a minute account of the visit of Urzen and Damonoff, and that he seemed to be much pleased with Ruric's conduct. As they were talking, Urzen called and presented a challenge from the Count. Ruric at once referred him to his friend, and he took his leave.

That evening, about eight o'clock, a sledge drove up to Ruric's door, and young Orsa entered the house. He called Ruric aside, and informed him that the arrangements had all been made.

"Damonoff is in a hurry," he said, "and we have appointed the meeting at 10 o'clock to-morrow forenoon. It will take place at the bend of the river just beyond the Viska Hill."

"And the weapons?" asked Ruric.

"Swords," returned Orsa. "The Count will bring his own, and he gives you the privilege of selecting such an one as you choose."

"I thank you, Orsa, for your kindness thus far, and you may rest assured that I shall be prompt."

"Suppose I call here in the morning for you?" suggested the visitor.

"I should be pleased to have you do so," the gunmaker replied; and thus it was arranged.

On the following morning Ruric was up betimes, and at the breakfast table not a word of the one all-absorbing theme was uttered. After the meal was finished the gunmaker went out to his shop, and took down from one of the closets a long leathern case, in which were two swords. They were Toledo blades and of most exquisite workmanship and finish. Ruric took out the heaviest, which was a two-edged weapon, with a cross hilt of heavily gilded metal. He placed the point upon the floor and then, with all his weight he bent the blade till the pommel touched the point. The blade steel sprang back to its place with a sharp clang and the texture was not started. Then he struck the flat of the blade upon the anvil with great force. The ring was sharp and clear, and the weapon remained unharmed.

"By St Michael," said the gunmaker to his boy, "Moscow does not contain another blade like that. Damascus never saw a better."

"I think you are right, my master," the boy returned, who had beheld the trial of the blade with unbounded admiration.—"But," he added, "could you not temper a blade like that?"

"Perhaps, if I had the steel. But I have it not. The steel of these two blades came from India, and was originally in one weapon—a ponderous, two handed affair, belonging to a Bengal chieftain. The metal possesses all the hardness of the finest razor, with the elasticity of the most subtle spring. My old master at Toledo gave me these as a memento. Were I to mention the sum of money he was once offered for the larger one, you would hardly credit it."

After this Ruric gave Paul a few directions about the work, promising to be back before night. Just then Orsa drove up to the door.

Ruric was already. His mother was in the kitchen. He went to her with a smile upon his face. He put his arms about her and drew her to his bosom.

"God bless you, my mother! I shall come back." He said this, and then he kissed her.

He dared stop to speak no more, but opened the door and passed out.

"Have you a good weapon?" asked Orsa, as the horse started on.

"I have," Ruric said quietly; "and one which he stood more tests than most swords will bear." And after some further remarks he related the peculiar circumstances attending the making of the sword, and his possession of it.

At length they struck upon the river, and in half an hour more they reached the appointed spot. The day was beautiful.—They had been upon the ground but a few minutes when the other party came in sight around the bend of the river. *The black monk was there also.*

As soon as the Count and his second and surgeon had arrived, and the horses had been secured, the lieutenant proposed that they should repair to an old building which was close at hand.

"Aye" added Damondoff—"Let us have this business done, for I would be back to dinner. I dine with Olga to-day, and a fair maiden awaits my coming."

"Notice him not," whispered Orsa, who walked close by Ruric's side. "That is one of his chief points when engaged in an affair of this kind. He hopes to get you angry, and so unhinge your nerves."

"Never fear," answered the gunmaker.

The party halted when they reached the interior of the rough structure, and the Count threw off his pelisse and drew his sword. Ruric followed his example.

"Sir Count," the latter said, as he moved a step forward, "ere we commence this work I wish all present to undestand distinctly how I stand. You have sought this quarrel from the first. Without the least provocation from me you have insulted me most grossly, and this is the climax. So, before God and man, be the result upon your own head."

"Out, lying knave——"

"Hold," cried the surgeon, laying his hand heavily upon the Count's arm. "You have no right to speak thus, for you lower yourself when you do it. If you have come to fight, do so honorably."

An angry reply was upon Damondoff's lips, but he did not speak it. He turned to his antagonist and said,—

"Will you measure weapons, sir? Mine may be a mite the longest. I seek no advantage; and I have one here of the same length and weight as my own if you wish it."

"I am well satisfied as it is," replied Ruric.

"Then take your ground,——Are you ready?"

"I am!"

The two swords were crossed in an instant with a clear, sharp clang.

The above is all of this story that will be published in our columns. We give this as a sample. The continuation of it from where it leaves off here can only be found in the New York Ledger, the great family paper, for which the most popular writers in the county contribute, and which is for sale at all the stores throughout the city and country, where papers are sold. Remember and ask for the New York Ledger of March 19, and in it you will get the continuation of the story from where it leaves off here. If you cannot get a copy at any book store, the publisher of the Ledger will mail you a copy on the receipt of five cents.

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### The Washington Tragedy.

STATEMENT OF SAMUEL P. BUTTERWORTH, ESQ.

The following statement, concerning the recent tragedy has been made by Mr Butterworth. It furnishes a full and reliable history of all the circumstances attending the unhappy occurrence.

"In consequence of erroneous and false statements which have appeared in the public press in relation to the death of Mr P Barton Key, I feel it is necessary that I should state the facts, so far as I am connected with the occurrence.

On Sunday morning, about 12 o'clock M I received, at the house of a friend with whom I was staying, a note from the Hon. Mr Sickles, saying "*Don B. Come to me right away*" which I showed to the Hon Robert J Walker and Senator Gwin, with whom I was then conversing. I asked the bearer of the note who was there, and said to my friends, "What can Mr. Sickles desire?"

I immediately went to the house of Mr Sickles. On my arrival, I found Mr Sickles in his bed room lying on his face on his pillow, overwhelmed with grief. Some time elapsed before I could obtain from him an account of the cause of his affliction. He kept exclaiming "I am a dishonored and ruined man and cannot look you in the face!" Finally he disclosed the following circumstances:

On Friday, Mr Sickles received an anonymous letter, stating that his wife was in the habit of meeting Mr. P. Barton Key, at a house on Fifteenth street, in the negro neighborhood. Through an agent, Mr. Sickles has ascertained that Mr. Key had rented a house in that neighborhood, and was in the habit of meeting a lady there, corresponding in dress and appearance to the wife of Mr Sickles.

Being possessed of these facts he stated them to his wife on Saturday night. She said at once that "she perceived she was discovered," and thereupon made a full confession of her guilt in writing.

By this confession it appeared that this criminal intercourse had been going on since April, 1858—sometimes in the absence of Mr S., at the house of her husband, and that at the commencement of the present session of Congress, Mr Key had rented an untenanted house on Fifteenth street, where they were in the habit of meeting frequently.

After he had apprised me of the foregoing facts, he consulted as to what course he should pursue. I advised him to send his wife to her mother at New York that, as it was now near the close of the session it would excite no remark that during the time intervening between the close of this session and the commencement of the next, he could go to Europe for a few months, and in the meantime a separation could be arranged between himself and wife, that I presumed the affair was known only to one or two persons beyond mere surmise, and that for the honor of his little daughter, and his wife's friends, this course should be pursued.

To this Mr. Sickles replied, "My friend, I would gladly pursue this course, but so abandoned, so reckless, have Key and my wife been, that all the negroes in that neighborhood, and I dare not say how many other persons, know all about the circumstances."

I then left Mr S. in his bed-room, and on going down stairs I met, in the library Mr. George B. Wooldridge, a clerk of the House of Representatives. I said to him, "This is a terrible affair." He then handed me the written statement made by Mrs. Sickles of her guilt, which was written and signed as I was then informed, by Mrs. S., in the presence of two females, and witnessed by them. I read the statement, laid it down on the table, and said, "I will go down town for awhile, and return here again," and requested Mr. Wooldridge to say so to Mr. S. if he should inquire for me.

I immediately left the house, and walked to the club on Sixteenth street, drank a glass of ale with a friend, and slowly returned to the house of Mr. Sickles.

On entering the library again Mr. Wooldridge informed me that Key had twice passed the house during the morning and had a short time since waved his handkerchief three times as a signal.

While in conversation with Mr. Wooldridge, Mr. Sickles came into the library, and said that he had "seen the scoundrel making signals," and he added, "My God! this is horrible!"

I said, "Mr. Sickles, you must be calm, and look this matter square in the face. If there be a possibility of keeping the certain knowledge of this crime from the public, you must do nothing to destroy that possibility. You may be mistaken in your belief that it is known to the whole city."

He instantly replied, "No, no, my friend—I am not! It is already the town talk!"

I then said "If that be so, there is but one course left for you as a man of honor.—You need no advice!"

After a few moments silence, Mr. S., said that he "was satisfied that Key had been in the club house opposite," and what surprised him very much was that his wife strenuously denied this, though freely confessing her guilt. He then walked into the hall, and said to me, "Come, go over with me to Stuart's room, in the club house, and he may be able to inform me whether Key has a room there, and for what purpose he uses it." I assented, and walked out into the street, supposing that Mr Sickles was following me. I left the house for this sole purpose.

When I left Mr S. in the hall I am satisfied that he had no weapons on his person. He was without his overcoat. He said nothing to me about weapons or the probability of encountering Key.

I walk slowly down the avenue on the south side to the corner, and as I was crossing the street I saw Key advance a few steps towards me. He salute me, saying, "Good morning, Butterworth what a fine day we have!" I responded, and said, "Have you come from the club?" He said, "I have." I asked, "Is Stuart in his room?" He answered, "Yes, and he is quite unwell." I then said, "I am going up to see him; good morning!" and turned to leave him. As I did so I saw Mr Sickles for the first time after leaving the house, coming rapidly down Sixteenth street, on the side next the square, and then near the corner.

I had walked about thirty feet on my way to the club, when I heard Mr. Sickles exclaim in a loud voice, "Key, you scoundrel, you have dishonored my house, you must die!"

I turned immediately and saw K. thrust his hand in his vest or side coat pocket, and take a step in the direction of Mr Sickles, and simultaneously I heard the discharge of a pistol. Key then rapidly advanced on Sickles, seized him with his left hand by the collar of his coat, and seemed to make an effort to strike with something in his right hand which I then supposed to be a weapon.

Mr S. backed into the middle of the street, when he succeeded in extricating himself from Key's grasp, drew a pistol from his overcoat pocket, and presented it at Key, who retreated backward up Sixteenth street toward the club, and threw something at Sickles. Sickles followed, and when within ten feet, fired. I saw that Key was wounded. He staggered towards the sidewalk, saying, "Don't shoot me!" He leaned for a moment against a tree when Sickles advanced upon him, cocked a cap, and then fired the third time.

As Key was falling, Sickles frequently exclaimed "You villian, you have dishonored my house, and you must die!" He uttered these words again while standing over Key with pistol in his hand.

I took no part in the contest. I believed them both to be armed. When I left Mr. Sickles' house I had no thought of meeting or seeing Mr Key, my object being to visit Mr Stuart. I had no arms with me. I did not know that Mr Sickles intended to take arms with him. He left the house after me, and without any suggestion from me, came towards the chicken the north side of the square. When Mr Key saluted me I did not know that Mr Sickles was approaching, nor did I see him until I turned to leave Mr. Key. I did not see Mr. Sickles shoot Key after his fall, nor place his pistol in contact with his head or clothing.

After the third fire, I advanced and took Mr. Sickles' arm, and I walked with him up Sixteenth street, and advised him to go to his house, or to the Attorney General's.—He did so. I returned to the scene and picked up an opera glass from the middle of the street, and gave it to Mr Sickles.

This is the whole of my connection with this unfortunate occurrence. It is not true that I either sought or dreamed Mr Key.—He first addressed me, and our interview did not last one minute. I have known the late Mr Key in New York and in Washington during the last ten years, and our relations have ever been of the most friendly character. I did not anticipate a collision on the Sabbath, though I did not doubt but that it would take place at an early day.

SAMUEL F. BUTTERWORTH.

This statement is fully corroborated by Hon Robert J. Walker, Senator Gwin of California, and Mr. Woldridge, a clerk in the House of Representatives.

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MRS. LEE, an aged lady, of Columbus, Ohio, a few days since obtained a warrant for the arrest of a mulatto named William Foily, on the ground that he had destroyed her happiness, by marrying her daughter Mary Ann, a very pretty white girl, making an oath to the effect that the girl was eighteen years of age, when she was but sixteen.—The girl, however, appears to be satisfied with her doubtful colored husband.

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It is said that the reason why the Yankee was made after everything else was, because if he had been created first he would have annoyed the Almighty by endless suggestions of improvement.