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The Geese Crop in Ohio.

Immense quantities of geese have recently arrived in New York from Ohio. They are driven across the country in droves, until they reach the Erie Railroad, where they are put on board the cars. About 800 can be transported in one double-decked car. The feathers are relied upon to pay the expense of transportation, as well as the small sum at which they are sold in Ohio, leaving the amount obtained for the carcasses as so much clear profit. Thus far the calculation has pretty nearly held good. The average price paid for them alive in Ohio is about 25 cts. The principal purchasers in New York are the Jews, who never buy dead poultry that has been killed by the Gentiles.

The agricultural editor of the New York Tribune has been making investigations with the view of posting himself upon the "goose question," and gives the result in the following paragraph:—

"A resident in the Buckeye State, which has lately made such an outpouring of geese, gives a reason why they can be procured there at prices that will pay a profit to the drover who brings them eastward. In the early settlement of the country, the increase of flocks to excess was kept down by 'the varmints.' It was also in early times, not an unusual thing for those who kept geese to eat now and then one, more from necessity than choice. Now, 'who ever eats a goose in Ohio?' And since the population has increased, and the destructive animals decreased, the geese have gone on multiplying to such an extent that in some places there are large flocks, the ownership of which is as uncertain as that of 'woods hogs' used to be when that long-noed breed were in the ascendant. These flocks roam at large, living in anybody's cornfield in the winter, and nesting upon islands and out-of-the-way places in summer. They are considered a nuisance by many farmers, and one was so much annoyed by the flocks of geese in his own fields and cattle-fencing lot that he bought a parcel of ravenous old sons on purpose to have them run down and eat up the geese.

We have heard poultry dealers in this city complaining bitterly about the poor quality of the Ohio goose-stock—that they were not well fattened; that they were of small size, and generally that their appearance was of the sealow order.—Perhaps they will cease to wonder at this, when they learn that they are never fattened, but run wild in summer, and such such feed in winter as they can amid the terrors of men, boys, clubs, sticks, dogs and "ravenous old sows;" and that they are "killed to get rid of them," and then picked—the feathers being regarded in Ohio as the only valuable portion.

A Distinction and a Difference.

A Magistrate in Southwark, Philadelphia, was greatly puzzled a short time since with the following item in a bill, on which he was about issuing a summons:—

To stealing one axe 37 1/2 cents.

"How is this, sir," said old frizzlewig, with indignation flashing in his countenance, "d'ye charge a man three levys for stealing his axe?"

"I do that, sir," said the plaintiff, submissively "and very reasonable it is at that."

"Reasonable! you villain, don't you know it will take you to the State prison!"

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the alarmed suiter, "I never heard of such a thing. Do you call that just?"

"No, I call it earnest; and so you'll find it unless you give Mr. Robinson his axe again instantly."

"Why I was done with it, and gave it to him two weeks ago!"

"It is well for you he did not prosecute you."

"Prosecute me! My dear sir, it's I who ought to have sued him two weeks before, he was werry provoking, when I axed him for the money, and wanted to tub me off with a quarter and sp."

"Put him out," said the justice to a constable, "he's the most barefaced rascal that ever I met with. Steal a man's axe and wants to be paid for it!"

The constable was more of a business man than his worship—he begged leave to inspect the account, and then cautiously hinted that his honor had mistaken the case. It was stealing the axe, that is, putting steel on the edge of it, that the charge was made.

"Oh, ay, sure enough," said the squire; "see what it is to want education! Never make out another bill, Mr. Bellows without a dictionary at your elbow. It may get you into prison before you know it."

RETIREMENT OF JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS FROM CONGRESS.

REMINISCENCES OF THIS VETERAN'S REPRESENTATIVE CAREER.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

Washington, Feb. 21, 1859.

Great changes will take place in the next House of Representatives. Some members of the present Congress will retire wholly from public life at the close of this session. Others may re-appear upon the scene. A few who led in the memorable conflicts of the last session have been called to other theaters of action, while two or three have gone to their final repose. Of these a few had been long in Congress, and here and there one has played a conspicuous part in the affairs. We may instance Giddings, Stephens, Quitman, Campbell, Orr, Clingman, Harris, and Letcher.

At the head of the list stands the venerable member from Ohio. Mr. Giddings is a historic character. He has sat twenty years in the House; he is the connecting link between the large body of able and faithful representatives who now bear up the Republican standard, and the small band who aroused and maintained the same principles when he entered the hall.

The leading members at that time were Clifford and Evans of Maine, Adams, Cushing and Lawrence of Massachusetts, Truman Smith of Connecticut, Bernard, Fillmore, Granger and Grinnell of New York, Sergeant of Pennsylvania, Botts, Dringcole, Goggin, Hopkins, Hunter, and Wise of Virginia, Staley of North Carolina, Pickens, Rhett, and Waddy Thompson of South Carolina, King of Georgia, Bell, and A. V. Brown of Tennessee, Lewis of Alabama, A. G. Brown, and Thompson of Mississippi, and Tom. Corwin of Ohio. Of these only Mr. Hopkins is in the present House, and he has been a member but a portion of the intervening time. Messrs. Hunter, Bell, and A. G. Brown are in the Senate. Mr. Clifford is on the Supreme Bench; Messrs. A. V. Brown, and Jacob Thompson are in the Cabinet. Of the then members of the Senate, Mr. Crittenden only is now in that body. Mr. Buchanan was then also a Senator.

Thus our friend has outlived nearly a whole generation of public men. It would be a lesson for those who now "fret their brief hour" in the marble pile on the hill yonder to run their eyes over the journals of the two Houses and scan the lists of members for the last twenty years, and see how large a proportion have utterly perished from human recollection, leaving not the slightest trace of their greatness or their littleness behind.

One of Mr. Giddings' first acts in Congress was to vote, with all the Whigs, for Robert M. T. Hunter for Speaker. Botts, Goggin, and Wise voting with Giddings for Hunter! Goggin now runs for Governor of Virginia. Hunter and Wise oppose him, and so would Giddings if he could. Botts supports him. And yet Giddings and Botts dwell in the same political hemisphere, while Hunter and Giddings are wide as the poles asunder.—The complications which the negro has infused into American politics are more mazy than the wildest measures of Strauss.

Mr. Giddings entered Congress in the midst of the contest about the Right of Petition. He followed the lead of Adams in his championship of this right. He shared with him in the perils of the fight, and the glories of the triumph. He bore a distinguished part in the subsequent conflicts over the Annexation of Texas, the Oregon Joint Occupation, and the Wilmot Proviso.

The country recollects the agitation which sprang from the enfranchisement of the negroes of the brig Creole, by the British authorities in Bermuda, when driven into one of its ports by stress of weather, while voyaging from Virginia to New Orleans, with a cargo of slaves. In March, 1842, Mr. Giddings offered, in the House, nine resolutions touching this case, and affirming that all attempts to regain possession of, or to re-enslave these negroes, were unauthorized by the Constitution and laws of the United States, and incompatible with our national honor.—On reading the resolutions, a wild storm broke out, raging nearly all day, in the midst of which he withdrew the obnoxious paper. Mr. Botts drafted, and endeavored to offer a resolution (with a wordy preamble) declaring that "this House hold the conduct of the said member [Giddings] unwarranted and unwarrantable, and deserving the severe condemnation of the people of this country, and of this body in particular." The State of Virginia having been passed in the call for resolutions, Mr. Botts could not offer it, and he handed it to John B. Weller of Ohio for that purpose. The tempest, which had lulled on the withdrawal of the paper, now burst forth afresh on this resolution of censure. It raved with ungovernable fury for two days. Though the previous question was pending, the Speaker, Mr. White of Kentucky, a liberal-minded man, ruled that Giddings could be heard in his defense as a matter of "privilege." The House, insane with passion, overruled the Speaker. Giddings stood dumb before his accusers. After a struggle, the resolution was adopted—125 Yeas to 69 Nays. Among the Nays are the names of John Quincy Adams, Caleb Cushing, William Pitt Fessenden,

Millard Fillmore, Francis Granger, Robert C. Winthrop, and John McKeen, all honor to him! Giddings resigned his seat, returned to Ohio, and was sent back by a splendid majority.

In the seventeen years that have passed since this event transpired, the people of the North have taught the House of Representatives some salutary lessons concerning the discussion of Slavery within its walls. Mr. John Minor Botts is older and wiser now than he was then. And Mr. Giddings has sat in the Hall till, so far from resolutions and debate on the Slavery question being ruled out of order, it has become almost disorderly and impossible for members to talk or act upon anything else! "It does not move though!" said Galileo.

On the death of Adams, his Anti-Slavery mantle fell upon the shoulders of Giddings. His course during the contest over the Compromise measures of 1850, and in all the phases of the Kansas controversy, from its initiation in the repeal of the Missouri compact down to the crowning infamy of the Lecompton swindle, would have met the approbation of the great man whose fame in coming generations will rest less upon the statesmanship he displayed, during the noon-day of his powers, in high administrative positions, than upon the skill, courage and eloquence with which he defended in his declining years, on the floor of Congress, the cause of Liberty and Humanity.

The stalwart form of Giddings, unbent with the weight of years, his towering head crowned with flowing white locks, is a marked object as he calmly sits in the House amid the surging sea of young life around him. Though he is an interesting spectacle to beholders, and though it is a treat to hear him, on questions of order, give from memory, or, it may be, from his own personal observation, the rulings of previous Congresses; or to see him silence some upstart negro propagandist with a crushing fact, or impale him on a sharp retort, or roast him with irony as he implores his Republican colleagues not to interrupt by cries of order his "young friend from the South," who is cursing like a very drab in vindication of the Divine origin of Slavery. But your interest in the aged man culminates as you go with him to the old Hall, and he points out the localities where thrilling events transpired in times gone by. Here is where Adams stood when he offered the famous petition for dissolving the Union. There spoke Kentucky Marshall when he denounced him as guilty of high treason. Here sat the fiery McDuffie, and yonder the classic Everett. Standing on this aisle, Corwin delivered the inimitable speech, describing a Michigan militia-muster to the life, and killing Brigadier-General Cray's stone dead. By the side of that pillar stood Webster when he pronounced the immortal oration that furnished over Greece, and roused the drooping spirits of her people in the struggle for independence. On this spot the chair of Adams rested for many years, and it was here that the great patriot fell.

We must give one scene in the Old Hall more in detail. We write from recollection. In 1840, the Indian Appropriation bill was under consideration in Committee of the Whole. Mr. Giddings attacked an item which proposed to pay the State of Georgia for certain runaway slaves who had found shelter among the Creek Indians. Mr. Black of Georgia replied in a grossly foul personal assault upon Giddings. Amid much excitement, Giddings standing in the side-aisle at the left of the Chair, was responding with great severity to this attack. Black armed with a pistol and heavy sword-cane, and followed by three or four Southern Members (one of whom is now distinguished Senator), crossed the hall, and coming within striking distance of Giddings, said, "Repeat those words and I'll knock you down!" He repeated the words, and went on with his speech. At that moment Mr. Dawson of Louisiana, rushed to the spot, cocked his pistol, and shouted, "I'll shoot him! by G—d, I'll shoot him!"

The peril of Giddings was imminent.—Quick as thought, Mr. Causine of Maryland, his hand on his pistol leaped into the aisle between Black and Giddings, to defend the latter; Kenneth Rayner of North Carolina, also armed, took a position at the left hand of Giddings; Charles Hudson of Massachusetts planted himself on his right; while Solomon Foot of Vermont, now in the Senate, stood immediately behind him, to prevent an assault from that quarter. And there, surrounded by Causine and Rayner of the South, and Hudson and Foot of the North, with Black, Dawson and other armed and incensed men in front, stood Giddings, his head towering above the crowd, delivering his speech with great vigor and entire self-possession, and never, from the beginning to the close of the melee, losing the thread of the subject, except when, as Black approached him, he hurled at him the defiance, "COME ON! THE PEOPLE OF OHIO DON'T SEND COWARDS HERE!"

It is understood that Mr. Giddings will spend his remaining days in preparing a work that shall depict the scenes that have passed before his eye, and in so many of which he has borne a leading part, during his "Twenty Years in the House of Representatives." He cannot render a higher service to the country, nor make a more valuable contribution to the great cause. Let us hope that he will not take for his model the heavy volumes of Mr. Benton on a similar theme.

A Fight.

Some persons got into a fight at Gouldsborough, on Friday, the 11th inst., and an Irishman was severely hurt. Officers were in pursuit of the offenders, on Saturday, but did not arrest them.

The fight commenced in an insult offered to an Irish girl named Elisa Mackesy, which her friends resented. The girl came to Wilkes-Barre and made complaint before Esquire Barnes, who issued warrants for the arrest of Charles Miller, Fred. Nagle, Nelson Stevens, and William LaFrants.

Constable Rohn took a mule team with bob sleds, and a black driver, and started on Saturday afternoon for Gouldsborough. Miller had made himself scarce. Nagle stepped across the Lehigh into Monroe county. Stevens and LaFrants were arrested. Some scamp struck Rohn at young Fred. Nagle's and almost knocked him down, but the fellow escaped in the dark.

While the constable was getting his team ready for return, the black driver not being able to find himself in the dark, (from some cause, explained perhaps by stopping at taverns on the way) the two prisoners ran off. When starting it was discovered that the box of the sled, the log chain which fastened it on, the whip and Buffalo robe had all been stolen, and officer and driver had to ride home on the bare bobs.

What a graceless set of scamps officer Rohn got amongst. They seemed to have no reverence for the majesty of the commonwealth as represented in her officers. It was bad enough for prisoners to run away, but to steal part of the sled was outrageous.

Mr. Rohn says in another half hour he believes mules and harness would have gone, and perhaps the driver who was already in possession of bad spirits.

One man was badly hurt in the fight.—Wilkes-Barre Record.

Items for Housekeepers.
Save all your pieces of bread for puddings; dry, or they will mould.

Examine your pickles, sweetmeats and everything put away.

Buy small quantities of cheese at a time; get some farmer to put down your butter in the fall.

A hot shovel held over varnished furniture will take out white spots.

A bit of glue, dissolved in skim milk and water will restore rusty old crapes. Ribbons of any kind should be washed in cold soap suds, and not rinsed.

If your flat irons are rough, rub them well with fine salt and it will make them smooth.

Oat straw is best for filling beds; should be changed once a year.

If you are buying carpet for durability, choose small figures.

Scotch snuff put on the holes where crickets come out will destroy them.

Wood ashes and common salt, wet with water, will stop the cracks of a stove, and prevent the smoke from escaping.

Green should be the prevailing color of bed hangings and window drapery.

A gallon of strong lye put in a barrel of hard water will make it as soft as rain water.

THE GUNMAKER OF MOSCOW.

A Tale of the Empire under Peter the Great.

CHAPTER I.

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

In the suburbs of Moscow, and very near the river Moskwa, stood a 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. This 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 standing by 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 symmetry 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 then late war with the Turks, and the son leaping with a sufficiency of sustenance, went to Spain soon after the benevolent. There he found work in the most noted armories; and now well versed in the trade, he had returned to his native city to follow his calling, and support his mother.

Near by stood a boy—Paul Peepoff—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 't would snow no more for the present. The snow is deep enough now.—And how it blows!"

"Never mind," spoke the dame in a trustful, easy tone, "it must storm when it listeth, and we can only thank God that we have shelter, and pray for those who 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 close up to the fire place, 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 so moodily brooding. Being thus urged, Ruric confessed that it was of Rosalind Valdaï (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 elder Nevel was slain in battle, Ruric was yet a boy, and the widow and her son remained poor and obscure; while Valdaï, more fortunate, had risen to a 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 upon 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 newcomer. 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 accommodated 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 might 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, 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 by the visit, since people of all classes were in the habit of calling at his place to order arms.

"You are acquainted with the Lady Rosalind Valdaï?" 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."

Ruric Nevel started at these words, and he clasped his hands to hide their tremulousness. But he was not long debating upon an answer.

"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 he 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 all must know—that she could never become your wife; but yet he is anxious not to interfere too much against her 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 proposition, and I will as plainly answer. I cannot sign the paper."

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

"Most flatly."

"But 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 at all agreeable to you, sir," the youth retorted, with his teeth now set, and the dark veins upon 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 he 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 you are 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 Borodino 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 and sledge, and started off for the Kremlin, within which the duke resided.

In one of the sumptuously furnished apartments of the palace of the Duke of Tula sat Rosalind Valdaï. 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 of 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 on 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 en-