

tered his sledge, and then drove to the barracks in the Kbitagorod, where he inquired for a young friend 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—struck a blow at my head—and I knocked him down. You can judge as well as I what the result must be."

"Most surely we 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 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 ten 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 said; and thus it was arranged.

On the following morning Ruric was up betimes, and at the breakfast table not a word of the 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 leather case, in which were two swords. They were Toledo blades, and of most exquisite workmanship and finish. Ruric took out the heaviest one, 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 pomel touched the point. The little 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 scabbard with great force. The ring was sharp and clear, and the weapon remained unharmed.

"By St. Michael," said the gunmaker to his boy, "Moseow 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 largest 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 all ready. 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 off.

"I have," Ruric said, quietly; "and one which has 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 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 moon 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 Damonoff, "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 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 unbend 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, "are we to commence this work I wish all present to understand distinctly how I stand.

You have sought this quarrel from the first. Without the least provocation from 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 honorably."

An angry reply was upon Damonoff'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 of my own address.

"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 country 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.

The Ledger is mailed to subscribers at \$3 a year, or two copies for \$3. Address your letters to Robert Bonner, publisher, 44 Ann street, New York. It is the handsomest and best paper in the country, elegantly illustrated, and characterized by a high moral tone. Its present circulation is over four hundred thousand copies, which is the best evidence we can give of its merits.

The Jeffersonian.

THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1859.

The fourth lecture of the course before the Stroudsburg Philomathean Society and public generally, was delivered by the Hon. George R. Barrett, on Monday evening, the 28th ult., to a very respectable audience. Subject—"The Present and Future of our Country." The lecture was certainly very excellent, and ably delivered, and gave satisfaction to all with whom we have conversed in regard to it. The next lecture will be delivered by the Rev. Pennell Coombe, on Friday evening, March the 11th, instead of Monday evening March the 7th, as stated on Cards and Bills.

Court Proceedings.

Court met on Monday last, present all the judges. Samuel Melick was chosen foreman of the Grand Jury. The following cases were disposed of:

Williamson, Taylor & Co. vs. Daniel Andrew, Jr., Garnishee of Lyndford Overpeck. This was an action to recover monies, supposed to be in hands of defendant, by attachment. Verdict for defendant.

Commonwealth vs. Manuel Marshal. Fornication and bastardy. Manuel Marshall being called did not appear. Neilson Marshall, surety, being called did not appear. Same day Bench Warrant issued for defendant.

Jacob T. Smith, to use of J. Teerpening vs. George Rouse. This was an action to recover the share of grain under lease between Smith & Teerpening, he being the purchaser of the property, and the grain not having been excepted at sale. Verdict for defendant under charge of Court.

A number of Fornication and Bastardy cases occupied the docket, some of which were settled, some continued and some yet to be tried. We will give the remainder of the proceedings in our next.

Poor House Meeting.

A large meeting was held in the Court House, in this borough, on Tuesday Eve., ast, to take into consideration the propriety of petitioning the present Legislature for an act to establish a house for the support and employment of the poor. John Teel, Esq., presided, assisted by Dr. Wm. Walton, Jr., Wm. Haney, Charles Haney, Esq., and Wm. Mosteller, as vice presidents, and Charles S. Palmer, Secretary. The meeting was addressed by John De Young, Abraham Edinger, Mahlon Holler and Maj. Burnham, of Mauch Chunk, in English, and by Dewalt Fisher in the German language. The following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That our members of the Legislature be instructed to have a bill passed, authorising the erection of a poor house in Monroe County, to be accepted or rejected by such townships as shall by a majority of their votes, next fall, vote for or against it.

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A Church for outcasts exclusively, is about to be built at Cincinnati. Nearly a thousand dollars were subscribed on Friday.

A great-grandson of William Penn recently died at a very advanced age at a charity hospital in Bristol, England.

We received a few days ago the March number of that excellent literary Magazine, entitled the Atlantic Monthly. It is filled, as it always is, with very entertaining and highly instructive matter.

We can only say, that those wishing the first literary Monthly published in this country would do well to obtain a copy. Published by Phillips, Sampson and Co., No. 13 Winter street, Boston, Mass., for Three dollars a year, or for Ten dollars five copies will be sent to any address.

The Teachers meeting, which was announced in our last issue, to occur on Saturday last, at Fennerville, was postponed, in consequence of the inclemency of the weather, to Saturday next, the 5th of March.

FOR THE JEFFERSONIAN.

MR. EDITOR:

"A man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still."

In your last issue I observe a harsh communication, in which my name is freely used, while the author hides himself behind the *nom de plume*, "Justice"—

This person—who endeavors to make us believe he is not one of your townsmen—I shall not answer, for I think it very far from justice, in any man, to be found se-creted, Indian like, behind a tree or a fence whilst he is casting stones at one who shows himself, without screen, in the open field.

The above named author, and yourself in another column, intimate that I am not on friendly terms with Mr. Holmes.

Now this is a mistake. I have no ill feelings at all towards the gentleman in question.

He is a person to whom I have never had an introduction and to whom I have never spoken. In fact I am less acquainted with him than with the man, "Justice."

I thought Mr. Holmes came out rather roughly in answer to my first letter, and perhaps I returned too much of "like for like." But I have used no epithets, as both the other parties have done; and I will leave it to any intelligent and candid person to say which has used the most abusive language. "Justice" has shown himself more abusive than either of the others, while at the same time condemning such a course.

But Mr. Editor, I must censure you also. I always considered it an editor's duty to let correspondents, who are in a controversy, speak for themselves. If you consider an article unfit for publication it is your duty to exclude it, but you have no right to take sides, like a partial judge, with either party. The correspondence published is open to your readers, and let them decide the case for themselves. Let us have fair play and

"Carve him as a feast fit for gods. Not how men like a carcass fit for hounds."

My criticism on Mr. Holmes' Essay I will leave to the best author our Country can produce to say, if that part which is criticism, is not correct. "Justice" well knew it to be correct, and it was not candor which influenced his judgment. He has tried to make us believe he is an impartial outsider, who has just stepped in to see fair play; but it does not require a great deal of penetration to see through the mock dress, which he has assumed, and which he most unjustly calls "Justice."

I think he has overreached the bounds of duty, and I am surprised that Mr. Holmes should allow another to speak for him. But if assistance was solicited—and I guess it was—then "Justice" shall be excused, except for coming out under false colors. Whenever he throws off this mantle, I will address myself expressly to him, until he too calls in a helper and retreats. That he did not come out under true colors, under such circumstances, is direct evidence of cowardice, if nothing less.

A. B. BURRELL.

Water Gap Feb. 24.

Notice.

The fourth lecture of the Philomathean Society was given last Monday evening, to a large audience, by the Hon. Geo. R. Barret, of Mauch Chunk, Pa. The remainder of the course will be delivered by the following gentlemen.

March 11—Rev. Pennell Coombe, of Philadelphia. Subject—"Man and his relations."

March 15—Col. John W. Forney, of Philadelphia. Subject—"American Statesmen."

Tickets for the Course, 50 cents. Single Tickets, 15 cents.

The number of Indians within the limits of the United States is three hundred and fifty thousand. More than three hundred and ninety treaties have been ratified with the Indians since the adoption of the constitution, by which the government has acquired 591,163,188 acres of land.

A Church for outcasts exclusively, is about to be built at Cincinnati. Nearly a thousand dollars were subscribed on Friday.

A great-grandson of William Penn recently died at a very advanced age at a charity hospital in Bristol, England.

"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, "are we to commence this work I wish all present to understand distinctly how I stand.

Dreadful affair at Washington. Assassination of Philip Barton Key, by Daniel E. Sickles of New York.

Special Correspondence to the Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 27, 1859.

This city has been thrown into an unusual state of excitement this afternoon by the shooting of Philip Barton Key, United States Attorney for the District of Columbia, by Daniel E. Sickles, Member of Congress from the 11th District of New York, resulting in the almost instant death of the former. The circumstances as I have learned them from the parties most interested on both sides, including Mr. Sickles, with whom I have had an interview in the District Jail, are as follows:

For more than a year there have been floating rumors of improper intimacy between Mr. Key and Mrs. Sickles. They have from time to time attended parties, the opera, and rode out together. Mr. Sickles has heard of these reports, but would never credit them until Thursday evening last. On that evening, just as a party was about breaking up at his house, Mr. Sickles received among his papers an anonymous letter. Without opening his mail, or knowing the contents of the letter, he accompanied his wife to a hotel at Willard's. On his return home at midnight, Mr. Sickles opened the anonymous letter, which informed him of the infidelity of his wife, of her intimacy with Mr. Key, and stating all the details of the manner of their meeting, and naming the place of rendezvous. The letter was so plausible in its statements, and gave such precise directions for the detection of the parties in their assignation meetings that Mr. Sickles decided to investigate the facts. Accordingly he placed the letter in the hands of two of his most intimate friends, who last evening possessed themselves of the evidence satisfactory to Mr. Sickles that Mr. Key had rented a house of a negro in Fifteenth street, which he used as a place of rendezvous with Mrs. Sickles.

This morning, being in great agony of mind, Mr. Sickles in the presence of two witnesses, charged his wife with having had illicit intercourse with Mr. Key.—

At first Mrs. Sickles declared her innocence. Mr. Sickles then paraded before her the evidence of her guilt. She became overwhelmed with sudden anguish, fainted, and finally confessed her guilt. Mr. Sickles was not satisfied with this verbal confession, but desired Mrs. Sickles to make the confession in writing. She complied. She also informed him how often Mr. Key had been in the habit of telegraphing to her by a wave of his handkerchief when he wanted her to come out.

Mr. Sickles's residence is No. 7 President's square, in view of the Jackson statue, which is opposite the White House.

In full view of Mr. Sickles's residence on the other side of the square, Fifteen-and-a-half street, is the Washington Club House, where Mr. Key frequented, and from the windows of which Mrs. Sickles says he was in the habit of telegraphing to her with his white handkerchief. If Mr. Sickles was absent, she was in the habit of returning the signal.

About two o'clock to day Mr. Sickles saw Mr. Key come out of the Club House and go round the square and walk past his (Sickles') house two or three times.

He made the signal for Mrs. Sickles once or twice, when Mr. Sickles, arming himself with a five-bore six inch revolver and two single-barrel Derringers, which carry each a ball double the size of the revolvers, went out of his house and walked down past the President's, and met Mr. Key. The latter greeted the former, and was about offering him his hand, when Mr. Sickles, refusing to take Mr. Key's hand, said, "Sir, you have dishonored me; prepare to die!" Mr. Key started back a few feet, exclaiming, "What for? What for! Don't don't I?" and made a movement as if seeking for a weapon in his left breast, but which proved to be an opera glass, which he threw at Sickles.

Mr. Sickles then drew one of his Derringers and shot Mr. Key, who staggered some; Mr. Sickles shot at Mr. Key again, with his second Derringer, which sent him reeling against a tree; he cried out "murder," when Mr. Sickles fired a third time, from his revolver, and Mr. Key fell. Mr. Sickles, believing him dying, desisted, and did not fire again.

Mr. Samuel F. Butterworth, Superintendent of the Assay Office, New York, was conversing with Mr. Key when Mr. Sickles came up, and witnessed the affair, and then went with Mr. Sickles to the office of United States Attorney General Black. He expressed a desire to surrender himself, and accordingly sent for the Mayor, the Marshal of the District being absent, and in company with that magistrate, rode in his carriage to the District Jail, where he has been visited by a large number of his friends, from different sections of the country, all of whom expressed great sympathy for Mr. Sickles.