Meigs County Telegraph.

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T. A. PLANTS, Editor. "Independent in all things--Neutral in nothing." T. A. PLANTS & Co., Publishers.

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Poetry.

AN ANCIENT TOAST.

It was a grand day in the old chivalric time; the wine circling around the board in a noble hall, and the sculptured walls rang with sentiment and song. The lady of knightly heart was pledged aloud by name, and many a syllable significant of loveliness had been uttered, until it came to St. Leon's turn, when, lifting the sparkling cup on high:

"I drink to one," he said,
"Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven on this grateful heart,
Till memory is dead.

"To one whose love for me shall last,
When lighter passions long have passed,
So holy 'tis and true;
To one whose love hath longer dwelt,
More deeply faced, more keenly felt,
Than any pledged to you."

Each guest upstarted at the word,
And laid his hand upon his sword,
With fury flashing eyes;
And Stanley said, "We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood,
Thus lightly to another,
Then bent his noble head as though
To give that word the reverence due,
And gently said, "My Mother."

THE LONG-ARMED ROBBER.

A RUSSIAN TALE.

Two versts from Wilna, upon an eminence between a wood, a morass, and a river, at some distance upon the high road, stands a wooden country house, with a green and antiquated roof. Here usually throughout the summer, and sometimes, too, in autumn, resides Gaurila Michailowitch, P., a retired captain, and at present district-justice, a very worthy man as are all district-justices in the Wilna department.

Early one Sunday morning, in the month of August, ——, his worship Gaurila Michailowitch, with his honored lady, Praskovya Yegorovna, set off for the city, in a britschka, to transact sundry urgent matters of business—viz., to go to church, to drink with his reverence and prototype, to eat and be convivial with the district attorney, to hear the town news from the commandant's lady, to read the St. Petersburg papers, at the district treasurer's, and to play boston at the governor's. Scarcely had the master and mistress driven from their door, when all the servants followed their example, and quitted the house. The butler went to see his cousin in the village; the cook betook himself to the public house to drink brandy; the cookmaid to the river to catch crayfish; Procher and Daria went nutting in the wood; Vaska and Natasha strayed to the heath to gather cranberries, &c.; Duna alone remained in the house. Duna, the pearl of the whole Wilna department, fair as a lily, fresh as a rose, graceful as a cedar, a sprightly, virtuous damsel; by her calling a housemaid; by her natural good qualities, the favorite of her mistress, the grand object of the frequent visits of the master of the house to the women's apartments, the victim of an ardent propensity of the district clerks for kissing, the goddess for whose sake the governor's valet—who, like herself had been brought up in the great world in the Nevska Perspective—neglected the polishing of his master's boots, to the great scandal and indignation of the whole provincial administration; none but he could appreciate her feelings; none but she could duly estimate the grace of his deportment. They mutually adored each other, as only hearts can adore that have taken fire by the Kasan Bridge in St. Petersburg, and they were as happy as none can be but in the country.

Girls shut up in a house by themselves are always afraid of thieves. Duna, therefore, carefully fastened the outer doors, and to avoid thinking of thieves, she went to look at herself in the glass while she waited for the valet, whom she had given to understand that her master and mistress were to spend the whole day in the town. In the pleasantest possible mood, Duna arranged her curls, set her neckerchief in order, tightened her girdle, and hummed a tune, when suddenly there was a gentle tap at the door. "That is he!" and like an arrow she flew and opened it to let him in. "Ah! it is not he!"

"I am your man," replied a deep husky voice, as there cautiously entered through the open door a big-built fellow, in a tattered frieze cloak and faded cap, with a swarthy face much in want of the barber's office, terrible foxy moustaches, and a dusky red nose, and a scarlet forehead, blue lips and blood-thirsty eyes; the very type of a chairman of a city pot house, or one of those diabolical figures that are only to be seen in Salvator Rosa's paintings.

The astonished Duna recoiled some steps, and repeated with a sigh from the bottom of her heart, "It is not he!"—Meanwhile the stranger had stepped in, and with the utmost coolness closed the door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket.

"What do you want? Who are you?" cried Duna. "Why do you put the key in your pocket!"

"Don't be alarmed, my little dear," he said, smiling. "I am come to pay you a visit. The time must have hung heavy on your hands, all alone here."

"Not at all. But what do you mean by pocketing the key?"

Instead of answering, he went up to her and patted her on the cheek. She sprang from him.

"Why do you lock the door? Give me the key, or I will cry out."

"That will do you no good. I know very well there is no one in the house."

"A pretty thing indeed! Come in, without 'With your leave,' or 'By your leave,' and lock the door, as if you were in your own house!"

"I always lock the door when I have the luck to be alone with so pretty a girl as you, my angel!" and once more he patted her cheek with his coarse, dirty hand. The angry Duna retreated into a corner.

"But who are you? It is very unhandsome, so it is, to make fun of a girl, and tease her so without any acquaintance."

"I never visit acquaintances," he replied, with an altered look, and a tone that froze the poor girl's blood.

In every antechamber and chancery office, Duna bore the reputation of a girl of spirit. She was no easy conquest. Many a presumptuous clerk had felt the print of her nails in his face to that degree that he was not likely to forget it, though he should live to be a master in chancery.—Duna, in fact, did honor to the virtue of St. Petersburg. But a bashful provincial chancery clerk, with his inky fingers, is a trifle to a girl who has been brought up in the best milliner's shop in the Nevska Perspective; an unshaved, broad-shouldered, ugly vagabond, in a frieze cloak, with red moustaches and a violet nose, is quite a different sort of thing, and enough to frighten anybody. Duna began to cry.

"Don't cry, my little duck! I won't do you any harm," he said in a softer tone, as he drew near her. Now, this softer tone alarmed her even more, and she involuntarily stretched out her arms to keep him off.

"Who are you, I say?" she cried, in despair, but with an assumption of courage, with a fire that was gradually extinguished by her gushing tears. "You shall tell me on the spot who you are."

"Who I am?"

"Yes, who you are? Your calling?—Your name?"

"I am a thief."

"A thief!" she echoed, falteringly, turning as white as snow.

"I am a thief by name, and a robber by station," he said, with a smile, and looking tenderly into her blue eyes; but the smile on his face resembled the ghastly glimmering of the moon upon the foul waters of the morass. This is the approved style in robber tales, so you see there was no joke in the matter; after such a phrase all sorts of horrors may be expected. Duna was terrified (not at the phrase, but at the smile,) and a cold tremor ran through her frame; but seeing that her visitor was making sport of her uneasiness, she rallid herself a little, and cried out hurriedly, but with a tremulous voice, "A robber? Poh! what a horrid life."

"Every man to his calling. I had another once; but now, I say, my pretty lass, give me something to eat. I have not put a bit in my mouth these three days. We will breakfast together, and then—"

With a sudden gesture he threw his arm around her neck to kiss her. The sight of his bristly chin, and formidable moustaches charging so fiercely upon her, the sight of his ugly red nose that nearly touched her cheek, put her in a downright passion; and she with the strengh that makes heroes of us in moments of extreme peril, she pushed the audacious fellow back.

"Hands off, if you please, Mr. Robber! I'd thank you not to frighten me for nothing. I know what you are come for."

"You know, do you? Well, what is it, then?"

"Oh! I know very well; but allow me to tell you it's a very great shame. I will have you up for it. Give me back the key this moment and be off."

"Some breakfast," growled the stranger.

"I have no breakfast for you; there is nothing to eat in the whole house. Go breakfast in the public house, if you have a mind. By the same token you smell of brandy enough to knock one backwards; I dare say you have made a very good breakfast already."

"What! nothing to eat?" he muttered, knitting his brow, and bending a piercing glance on the girl as he put his right hand down toward his boot. "Do you see this?" said he, showing her a broad-bladed knife with small black speckles, traces of recently shed blood he had somewhere hastily wiped off on the grass. "I have no time to joke with you."

Poor Duna started with open eyes, and seemed petrified by his basilisk glances.

"Breakfast!" he shouted.

"Immediately!"

"Be quick; I have no time to lose."

"Take whatever you please; there is some roast meat of yesterday in the cupboard, and some brandy."

"Show me into the parlor, put everything you have got upon the table, and stir yourself."

Pale and bewildered, she tottered to the cupboard in the antechamber. He stuck the knife in his boot, and followed her step by step. Bread, brandy, salt, butter, cheese, and cold roast veal, were placed on the same table where the proprietors of the house had recently breakfasted before setting off for the town. He seated himself, seized Duna's arm and forced her down beside him. "Well, I say," said he, bolting the fat veal with ravenous voracity, and squinting sideways at his companion, "I gave you a jolly start, didn't I?"

"I believe you did! I wonder who would not be frightened so?"

"You did wrong to stand out against me. If you had done what I wanted at once—— Your health. Drink a little drop to keep me company."

"I never touch brandy."

"That's a pity; it's capital brandy.—What's your name?"

"Catherina Nicola."

"That's a lie," he said, with his mouth full, and scowling on her; "I know your name is Avdotya Yeremeyevna."

"Then why do you ask, if you know?"

"To try your candor. Capital brandy, to be sure; is there any more of it?"

"There's another bottle in the cupboard."

"Have the goodness to bring it to me."

"There it is."

"Thank you. By your leave I'll give you a kiss for it."

Duna no longer dared to resist; she submitted with the best grace she could to the rude kiss, contenting herself with wiping the place where his sharp beard had scratched her soft skin till it almost bled.

"To let you see that I am up to a thing or two," he went on, after he had gulped his third glass of brandy, "I will tell you that a clerk brought your master fifteen hundred roubles yesterday from Ivanovitch F., whose case was brought last week before the district court. Is not that true?"

"May be so."

"Well, where does your master keep his money?"

"Really I do not know."

"But I do; we shall soon find it. Avdotya Yeremeyevna, my pet, my darling!"

"What is your pleasure?"

Poor Duna was forced to make a show of being sociable. The guest was in the happiest humor; he laughed and joked with her. Duna gradually forgot her terrors, grew bolder, defended herself becomingly, nay, laughed aloud, and endeavored to hide her intense anxiety under a show of cheerfulness, while in secret she prayed fervently to heaven that the red-nosed guest might take his leave, and the incomparable Ivan might soon arrive to idemnify her sensitive heart for this fearful torment.

Alas! Ivan, who had got leave of the governor, spead wih hasty steps and with a heart full of tenderness and hope, to meet her. He walked not; he flew. Cupid had fastened his two wings to his boots. He flew like an arrow. But on his way lay a brandy-shop; there is no road without them. He would have flown by it; but in the brandy-shop were his acquaintances, his beloved friends. He made a halt with them for a moment, and got tipsy with them. It happened quite against his will; he was even in despair at it. Altogether, it was one of the most memorable victories ever achieved by Friendship over Love.

Meanwhile, the ugly vagabond had emptied his sixth glass of brandy. At the seventh he grew pensive, pursed his brows, and hit his lips as if a pang shot through his vitals; a dark shadow passed like a cloud over his countenance; suddenly he sprang from his seat, and, without intending it, pushed so strongly against his companion, that she almost fell between his feet. He looked round uneasily, took the brandy-bottle, the bread, and a piece of meat from the table, put them all into the fathomless pockets of his cloak, and said:

"Thank you for bread and salt—for your hospitality. Gaurila Michailovich keeps his money in his secretary, eh? Why don't you speak? You see I am not such a bad fellow as you thought at first, my pretty chick. I love you—I love you so much——Just tell me what sort of death you would like best to die. Shall I cut off your head, eh? Or would you rather I would hang you—from that beam for instance? Don't be afraid; only say what you would like best, charming Duna."

"What pleasure can you take in plaguing me so cruelly?" said Duna, not crediting that the ugly jester with the red nose could be in earnest.

"Why don't you answer," he said, examining the secretary and the lock. "I should like to know—whether you—would rather—be hanged, or——Oho! Gaurila Michailovich keeps his money under two locks, does he? Stay a bit; it is not the first we have coaxed open." So saying, he took an iron instrument out of his pocket, and immediately began to use it upon the lock. Duna stood as if spell-bound in the middle of the room, trembling in all her frame.

"Well, what is it then? Speak out, Avdotya Yeremeyevna. Can't you make up your mind? Hang the lock! Avdotya Yeremeyevna, I wait your answer, my precious. This is the strongest lock I've seen this many a day. Will you speak, or not?"

The secretary burst open with a crash.

"Whoo! what a lot of fine things! Bank notes, and ducats, and watches! They don't go—spoiled, most likely. A ring! I don't want it. Oh, I'll take these diamonds. Are these all crumbs of office?"

Chatting in this fashion with himself and with Duna, he crammed his pockets with money, watches, and trinkets, and then turned abruptly to the half-dead girl.

"Well, my love, your choice? Waste no time; but tell me, what death will you die?"

"Well, I'm sure! Ar'n't you ashamed, sir? It is a very ugly joke, this."

"I am not joking at all, my sweet one."

"What have I done to you? You have taken whatever you pleased; I did not hinder you."

"That's very true; but do you see, I can't abide leaving eye-witnesses behind me—I wash my hands of them, by all means. With others I don't stand on ceremony; but as you, my love, are such a nice, good-natured, amiable little dear, I will give you your choice of death. I love politeness; I too have been brought up in St. Petersburg."

Still she would not believe that he was in earnest.

"Now, then, let's have it at once; I have no time to lose. Let us put compliments aside. I am extremely sorry, but you must die by my hand. I am not going to be such a fool as to let you live, to tell what sort of mustaches, eyes, nose, clothes, &c., I have got—what I did here, and which way I went. Now, Avdotya Yeremeyevna, answer me quickly."

Every word of her cold-blooded torturer was a dagger stroke to her heart; her limbs grew icy cold, and floods of tears passed over her inanimate face. She tottered and fell to the floor. In her fall, she caught the robber's foot, and kissed it.

"Have mercy on me!" she shrieked. "Oh, spare my life, I implore you! I swear to you, before the Holy Virgin, I will not say a syallable to any one. May I never see heaven, if I do! For the sake of the blessed St. Nicholas, have compassion upon me! I will pray all my life for you, as for my own father, my brother——"

The inexorable miscreant shook her off from his foot, kicking her in the breast. In vain she raised her imploring looks and arms towards him; in vain she sought to touch his stony heart with all that intense despair, and the clinging love for a beautiful, joyous existence, could breathe into the words, the voice, and the tears of a hopeless being. The villain, harder than granite, grew every moment more cruel and savage. Raging with impatience, he caught her by the hair, forced back her head, drew his knife from his boot, and was about to plunge it in her breast.

"Oh, oh! for the love of heaven!" sobbed the unfortunate girl, beside herself at the sight of the terrible knife; "hang me! hang me! No bloody death! Mercy! mercy! Hang me rather!"

"Ay, ay," he said, with a hideous grin; "so you can speak at last. Why did not you say so at once? I have lost a good deal of time already; still I can't refuse you the favor, you are such a nice girl.—Don't be afraid, Duna. You shall die in the pleasantest manner. It is an ugly death, that of the knife. If I might choose myself, I would rather be hanged than knouted, when my time comes. We will look about for a cord."

The wretched girl, powerless in mind and body through terror, cold as ice, trembling and almost lifeless, submitted to all his commands.

The rope was soon found, and the murderer returned with his victim to the same room where the remains of the breakfast still stood upon the table. He threatened to kill her instantly if she stirred from the spot where she stood—placed a chair on the table and sprang nimbly upon it.—Having fastened the rope round the beam, he drew the knife from his boot, cut off the projecting part of the rope, stuck the knife into the beam, and set about making a double running knot on the rope.

Duna stood motionless in the middle of the room; heat and cold rushed alternately through her frame; sparks of fire danced before her eyes; she saw nothing; she did nothing but pray, confess her sins, commend herself to all the saints, and mentally bid farewell to all that was dear to her in life.

"Presently, presently, my precious!" said the murderer, going on with his work; "you shall see how nicely I will hang you. I am not a new hand at the job. Do you see now, all is ready; only we must try whether the rope is strong enough. I would not for the world you should fall to the ground and break your ribs. It is for your interest and my own that ——Draw the chair away from under my feet."

Duna unconsciously went up to the table, and drew away the chair; whilst the robber held the rope fast in both hands, having slipped it over one arm up to the elbow, to convince himself of its strength by swinging on it with the whole weight of his body.

"Push the table aside."

Duna did so.

"All right; it's a capital rope, it will bear more than you—you and me together."

He now let go the rope, intending to jump to the ground. Apparently, it was his purpose to startle the poor girl by the bold and sudden leap; but the noose intended for her, gliding along his arm, caught him fast by the wrist. Duna's executioner had in fact hanged himself by the hand.

Though experiencing the most acute pain, he wished to conceal his critical position from the girl, that she might not avail herself of it to escape. He tried to reach his imprisoned hand with his left; but the weight of his body prevented his bringing his shoulders parallel. Suddenly he began to whirl and fling himself wildly through the air, hoping the rope would snap; but in vain! If he had but the knife in his boot, he might have severed it, or, at the worst, have cut off his hand, and saved himself by flight. But, unluckily for him, the knife was sticking in the beam. How was he to get it?

He thought of one means—a desperate one—the last. He collected all his strength to shake the knife out with a powerful spring. The effort failed.

The weight of his heavy frame dangling in the air by one hand only, his violent efforts, the pressure of the tight-drawn knot, occasioned the villain intense torture; the joints of his arm crackled and began to part; the blood oozed out under the rope from the lacerated skin, and trickled into the sleeve of his cloak; while that of the rest of his trembling frame rushed from the extremities to his head. Every moment it seemed as if the hand would be torn off. He even wished that it might. His anxiety lest the people of the house should return; his dread of being taken in this predicament; impatience, rage; the thought of his misdeeds, of his punishment, all his guilty life. All this possess his tumultuous imagination, and brought his dark soul to despair. Cold sweat broke from his forehead. In spite of his tiger-like endurance, a cry of agony burst at last from his iron bosom.

Duna, petrified, and thinking only of death, had hitherto looked on in idiotic indifference. For a long time she did not understand what he was doing, and made no attempt to understand it. True, she was still standing up like a living thing, but living she was not. The involuntary cry of the murderer waked her, however, from her trance. She saw him bleeding, as if it were half a dream; she saw blood on the floor; a hideous, gaping mouth, with great misshapen teeth; red fiery eyes, starting from the socket. She read his anguish in his ghastly, distorted features, and guessed at last what had happened. Hope animated her; she began to think of deliverance.

"Avdotya! push the table nearer," said the robber, in altered, but still harsh and commanding accents, that terrified her again, and compelled her to blind obedience. Once more she lost her presence of mind, and pushed the corner of the table towards him. The villian reached it with the toes of one foot; he raised himself up a few times. It was for him a moment of heavenly enjoyment. Never in his whole life had he known one like it—not even after the most successful murder. His agony was less intolerable; he drew breath again, but his left hand, which he tried to use to free his right, was benumbed and powerless. The knot, too, had grown too tight; the reprobate felt that he could do no more without aid.

"Avdotya Yeremeyevna! kind friend! good girl! do me the favor! Jump upon the table; untie my arm—pray do! I will not kill you; I only meant to frighten you. Oh! how my head swims!"

The miscreant's tortue touched the kind-hearted girl's soul. The feeling of compassion not unfrequently extinguishes in woman the thought of her own danger.—That woman thinks with her heart, has been thousands of times said since the invention of printing. In Duna's bosom compassion prevailed over fear, and stifled the voice of self-preservation. She sprang upon the table, and labored long and hard at the knot. She could not undo it.

"Do me the favor, sweet, sweet Duna! Fetch a knife—cut the cursed rope—I am dying with pain."

The girl jumped off the table and ran to the pantry. Poor creature! she little knew the return the red-nosed guest was prepared to make for her kindness of heart. She found a knife; she hurried back; she was on the threshold of the scene of torture, when the table on which the robber had rested his foot turned over with a loud noise. He had upset it in endeavoring to change his feet. Once more he was swinging with all his weight in the air. A piercing yell told the renewal of his former tortures. Duna stopped short at the door. His hideously distorted face struck her with involuntary horror; she thought it was Satan's own features she beheld. The sight riveted her to the spot where she stood; she shuddered, and dared not move a step forward.

She looked round and saw a window open. The thought flashed upon her that she might avail herself of the circumstance. But he suffers so dreadfully!—How frightfully he screams! The rope must be cut. Duna advanced a few steps. That horrid, gaping mouth! Duna tottered back, and mechanically unconscious of what she did, she raised herself to the window-ledge, and dropped from it into the court-yard.

When she was in the court-yard, she knew not what she had done. She had escaped the sight of that ferocious mouth, but not the influence of her tormentor.—He had fascinated her. He was still lord of her life. Her knees trembled; she dared not withdraw from the window.

"Ha! you young jade!" howled the miscreant, savagely; "you have done cleverly. I'd have slit your throat like a chicken's."

These words, uttered in unspeakable agony and despair, suddenly rallied the girl's energies. She ran to the gate.—The monster's horrid jest had proved his horrid punishment.

Could he have supposed that he tied the knot for himself? Could he have supposed that that awful moment, in which her foot hung over the grave, should be the moment of deliverance to the innocent, and of exemplary punishment to the guilty? Here was the finger of Providence. It is everywhere. It is a falsehood to maintain that vice and crime alone prosper in this world.

She ran, and ran, till her strength was exhausted; no one was in sight. She ran further; her breath failed; her limbs tottered; she dared not look round, lest she should again see that fearful mouth, lest she should again fall into the hands of her persecutor. Nowhere a living soul.

She struggled up a rising ground.

"Ah! there is our butler; and there is Vaska, and Procher Ah! *he* too is with them"

He, to wit, the incomparable Ivan, the governor's valet. They were all returning home from the brandy shop, careless and happy, singing love songs, cracking jokes upon their masters, with their caps set jauntily on one side, and tacking along the road in easy zigzags.

Duna ran toward them, pale, with staring eyes and flying hair; her neck uncovered, her wits bewildered.

"Come along, quick, quick!" she screamed. "He is hanging! hanging! hanging!—the villain is hanging! Faster! faster!

"Hey, darling little dove of the woods," they all cried to her, with a laugh; "who is hanging? Where is he hanging? Give us a kiss, Dumushka.—'Tis a merry world."

"He is hanging, I tell you! Don't laugh. Run to the house. Take forks, hatchets, guns—a thief—a murderer, with great mustaches and a red nose! He said he would slit my theoat like a chicken's—that he'd hang me."

They hastened their steps, armed themselves as well as they could, broke the house-door open, and went into the parlor. The robber had fainted. Blood streamed from his mouth and nose; the arm by which he hung had grown nearly a foot longer. They took him down and bound him.

After the return of the master and mistress of the house, he was conveyed the same evening to prison, and delivered into the hands of justice! And justice could not but own that never till then had so long an arm come before her.

MIRACLES NEVER CEASE!—THE LATEST PRODIGY OF SCIENCE.—Great truths are indestructible. When Jenner averred that vaccine innoculation was a safeguard against the smallpox, the 'faculty' sneered. Forty five years later, the world laughed at Daguerre's first announcement that he could fix a shadow and render it as imperishable as substance. Even Morse's telegraph was regarded by thousands as a myth, until the first line was put up in 1844. Now vaccination is universal, daguerreotypes are as common as woodcuts, and we talk by telegraph with almost as much facility as across a friend's table.

Such is necessarily the progress of a grand discovery or invention in an age like ours; and of this irresistible onward movement of the useful and beneficent in practical science, we have a still more striking example in the world-wide popularity of Holloway's great remedies. If we mistake not, they are scarcely older as an invention than the photograph and the electric telegraph, and yet they are familiar to half the human race. The discoveries of Daguerre and Morse have not been applied throughout the whole area of civilization; but barbarian and semi-barbarian races, upon whom the light of Christianity has not yet dawned, have experienced the benefits of these preparations.

When they were first introduced to public notice through the columns of the English press, about twenty years ago, some of the medical magnates of the day scoffed at them, as their prototypes of the days of Jenner and Harvey scoffed at vaccination and the theory of the circulation of the blood. But how is it now? The name of Holloway has been rendered illustrious by the spontaneous testimony of countless multitudes. The voice of skepticism has been hushed, and the specious arguments of professional dogmatists confounded, by the introduction of his Pills and Ointment into the medical institutions of the most enlightened nations.

There may possibly be here and there a dogged disciplinarian of the old school, who *wont* see what is patent to the whole world—some fossil specimen of a bygone age of medical bigotry, who closes his ears to the great fact that Holloway's vegetable remedies are displacing and superseding the mineral poisons, once considered all in all; but such instances of confirmed and hopeless "old fogyism" are fortunately few and far between. They will probably be remembered when Holloway is forgoten—and not till then.—*N. Y. Nat. Pol. Gazette.*

MURDEROUS AFFRAY AT LOUISVILLE.—About dusk last evening, an altercation occurred at the Spring Garden, between James Walker, a member of a notorious family, and Richard Phillips, of Jefferson county. In attempting to quiet the disturbance Mr. G. Schleider, the proprietor of the grounds, was shot by Walker. A ball penetrated his face and lodged in the rear of his head, causing a wound that will doubtless prove fatal. At a late hour last night, Drs. Flint, Brandeis, and others, were in attendance. Mr. Schleider is a native of France, and a quiet, unobtrusive, gentlemanly citizen.—*Democrat.*

☞The Portsmouth "Times," an Administration paper, has the following complimentary notice of the Republican candidate for member of the Board of Public Works:

"Our friend and neighbor, John B. Gregory, received the nomination on the third ballot. We are glad of it, and it so it must be—which Heaven avert!—that the Sham Republicans again succeed this fall, we would rather see him in that responsible place than any other man of his party. John is a capital young man—honest and upright, and, withal, has the requisite capacity and training. We feel a little pride, too, in that Scioto county got the man. Southern Ohio is looking up."

AN EXTRAORDINARY FAMILY.—Mr. John Coats and wife, aged respectively 71 and 70 years, who are now living in good health, about two miles east of Winchester, Ind., had a family festival at their home on the 23th ult., at which were their children and grand children, numbering in all 144. All that were present were seated around one table, and from the account given by the Randolph "Journal," those who were absent and deceased, if added to the group present, would have made the total number 171.—*Fort Wayne Rep.*

☞From the Owen County (Ind.) "Journal" we learn that a band of Regulators, composed of many of the best men in Greene county, have commenced the work of purging the county of all suspicious characters, a number of whom have been lurking about for some time, much to the annoyance and detriment of the better class of citizens. Six persons had been notified to leave in from five to fifteen days. Some of those notified are said to be men of considerable means.

☞At the University of Virginia a shooting affair recently came off between two students, who quarreled about some college medal. The parties were, Mr. J. M. Bentley, of Kentucky, and Chas. Gachet, of Alabama, in which the former was seriously, if not fatally wounded—the ball of his adversary passing through the right arm, entering the right breast, at the nipple, and ranging toward the heart.—His physician has not been able to extract the ball. Mr. Gachet was admitted to bail.

☞At the recent municipal election in New Orleans, the Opposition candidate for comptroller had about 2,000 majority.