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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

JOHN F. DUNCOMBE
[illegible] at Law, in Marshall's Office, Erie.

A. A. CRAIG
[illegible] removed to No. 1 Hughes Block, 2d [illegible] street, Erie, Pa

E. CHAPIN
[illegible] and Guitar, residence on Sixth st. [illegible] Music arranged for [illegible]

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C. BROWNELL,
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[illegible] DOLLAR

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[illegible] Ware [illegible]

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[illegible] & CO.
[illegible]

[illegible] AUSTIN
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[illegible] GUNNISON
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BOOTH & STEWART,
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[illegible]

[illegible] & METCALF,
[illegible]

[illegible] & GRAY,
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[illegible] LANE
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[illegible] STUART
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[illegible]

[illegible] & BENNETT
[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] KELLOGG
[illegible]

[illegible] & GOODRICH
[illegible]

JAMES LYTLE
[illegible]

[illegible] & SLOAN,
[illegible]

JOHN SWENEY
[illegible]

JOHN BEAN & CO.
[illegible]

GEORGE H. MORTON
[illegible]

ROZENSWEIG & CO.
[illegible]

[illegible] MARSHALL
[illegible]

BEALS & HAYES,
[illegible]

[illegible] JACKSON & SON
[illegible]

[illegible] THORNTON,
NOTARY PUBLIC
[illegible] Mortgages, Leases, &c., accu[illegible]

CHAUNCY HULBERT,
Wainwright, Huntington and Floyd.
[illegible] Domestic Dry [illegible]

[illegible] DOUGLASS,
[illegible]

[illegible] & HAGILL
[illegible]

[illegible] WRIGHT & CO.,
[illegible]

WEBB & THAYER,
[illegible] Sand manufactory, [illegible] Erie, Pa
[illegible] THAYER

[illegible] GALBRAITH,
[illegible] the new Court [illegible]

[illegible] CHAPIN.
[illegible] Office in the Empire Block, [illegible] and Fifth streets, up stairs [illegible] all work warranted.

[illegible] for sale by
BURTON & SINCLAIR

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[illegible] corns, sore eyes, [illegible] Felons, &c., [illegible] remedy just re[illegible]
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TIBBALS & HAYES

[illegible] CASHMERE, Misses Bloomer Hats, split soft straw [illegible] parasols, at June 24 BOOTH & STEWART'S.

Select Poetry.

NEW WORLD FOR COLUMBUS

BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

On the crowded quays of Genoa
Walked a discontented man—
Gazing forth upon the ocean.
Far as straining eye could scan
Fixed and pallid was his forehead
And his arms were tightly locked
Over the heart that in his bosom
Like a surging billow [illegible]

Gazed he forth upon [illegible]
Through the [illegible]
Gazed he forth when [illegible]
Clothed the sea with [illegible]
And his lips would matter [illegible]
And his forehead [illegible]
While he hugged [illegible]
As 'twere hard to keep [illegible]

Gathered the people [illegible]
Jeering men, and laughing [illegible]
Mocking scorn and [illegible]
Nodding chins and [illegible]
And the greybeard [illegible]
'Tis a sight should [illegible]
This poor man has [illegible]
Poor Columbus [illegible]

Like that madman [illegible]
Stands the People [illegible]
Fixing on the Future [illegible]
Earnest eye and [illegible]
Throb their hearts [illegible]
And they hug their [illegible]
Lest the might of their [illegible]
Should be [illegible]

Like Columbus [illegible]
Through the [illegible]
The world [illegible]
Shining [illegible]
Heed they not the [illegible]
Heed they [illegible]
For the [illegible]
Though the [illegible]

Brothers! [illegible]
Hope [illegible]
Like the [illegible]
Press [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
We [illegible]
Freedom [illegible]

Choice Miscellany.

THE EXILE'S HEIR.

A STORY FROM THE FRENCH STAGE

BY R. C. HANSCOMB

[CONCLUDED.]

A. D. 1820—SIBERIA.

Stephen Morand [illegible] For eighteen long years [illegible] prisoner in the hands [illegible] spirit [illegible] ment of the [illegible] been laboring in the [illegible] [illegible] Siberia [illegible] Augustus Morand [illegible] from the description of [illegible] Marpha, which [illegible] mines, [illegible] [illegible] concerning the new [illegible] when met Borisloff [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Morand's right [illegible]

[illegible]

Free [illegible] Stephen [illegible]

"I have [illegible] savage [illegible] [illegible]

Rather is free [illegible]

"You are jesting, young [illegible]" Borisloff. "Why is he free [illegible]"

"Because," cried Augustus, [illegible] him [illegible] with the war [illegible] in the mines in contempt [illegible] a Frenchman, because [illegible]

"What of that?"

"What of that, sir? [illegible] left France to come in search [illegible] months! Oh! I suffered much upon [illegible] but I do not complain—my father [illegible] more than I. At St. Petersburg [illegible] they could give me no official information [illegible] from office to office—received at one [illegible] other repulse. I finally obtained an [illegible] the governor at Tobolsk, who, I was [illegible] prepared a list of the prisoners [illegible] was charged to convey to him myself [illegible] sir; read it quick."

Borisloff glanced carelessly at the paper [illegible] young man handed him.

"What means this paper?" said he.

"It means," said Augustus [illegible] restores my father to liberty."

"It is perfectly regular," replied Borisloff, handing back the paper. "[illegible] difficulty in the way."

"What is that?" asked Augustus anxiously.

"It is," replied Borisloff, "that by a ukase of the 15th of August, 1820, the mines of Siberia, and the prisoners who work them, have become the exclusive and personal property of my master, Prince Golowkin, who is now travelling in Italy, or pay me a ransom of two hundred and fifty roubles; on these conditions only is your father free, and I shall only be too glad to get rid of him."

"Poor young man!" murmured the peasant girl, Marpha, to her betrothed.

"What!" exclaimed Augustus. "Dare you in the teeth of this order—but there must be authorities here."

"None but myself," replied Borisloff. "Go and complain at Moscow, if you will; meanwhile you father remains in my power. But one word of friendly advice—do not prolong your stay in this part of the country, young gentleman. For you, sir," added the superintendent, turning to Michael, the peasant, "get ready to start for Archangel; you hear me."

And carelessly playing with his sword knot, Borisloff strolled away.

"Yes, I hear you!" cried Michael, when the potentate was out of ear-shot. "I hear you, great bashaw! grand kozack! mighty pandour! monstrous moujik!"

"What shall I do?" cried Augustus to himself, in a tone of anguish.

"Michael," said the young peasant girl to her lover, "you consulted the priest about your case; what did he tell you?"

"He suggested an excellent expedient!" said the peasant, shrugging his shoulders.

"What is it?" cried Marpha, eagerly.

"In the first place," answered Michael, "money; everything begins with money in this country."

"What next, Michael?"

"I must find a substitute, that's all. But that's everything. How can one find a man, even for money, in this cursed country?"

Augustus caught the words, and listened intently.

"What would I give to find a substitute," cried Marpha, wringing her hands. "Willingly would I sacrifice my dowry of three hundred roubles, could I buy your freedom!"

"Three hundred roubles!" cried Augustus, impatiently. "It concerns your interest and mine. The moments are precious; come!" and seizing her arm, he hurried her away.

Michael was not exactly pleased with this circumstance. The demon of jealousy often [illegible] such heads as that of the Siberian peasant, and his imagination even achieved the gigantic [illegible] of an elopement. He was diverted [illegible] however, by the appearance of a [illegible] number of miners, who had been ordered [illegible] the inspection of the new superintendent. Among them came Stephen Morand, [illegible] and soldiery, in spite of years and [illegible] an object of interest to his companions, [illegible] was believed that he was doomed to [illegible] recent insult to Borisloff. [illegible] made his appearance, followed by Marpha, the peasant girl, and surveyed the shivering wretches before him with a cruel eye.

"This then," said he, "is the brigade which [illegible] itself notorious by insubordination [illegible] I know that many [illegible] the administration of [illegible] property, and I give you all [illegible] warning that I mean to put a stop to them. [illegible] heir—tread up to the mark, or [illegible] Stephen Morand!"

[illegible] her raised his head haughtily at [illegible] name.

"This act of violence," continued Borisloff, "[illegible] were lately guilty, deserves exempla[ry] [illegible] but I wish to show you that I [illegible] and that I will carry indul[gence] [illegible] outrage. You will repair [illegible] the train just ready to start." He [illegible] and the flat of it upon the [illegible] In the name of Prince [illegible] You are free."

[illegible] astonishment burst from [illegible] Borisloff handed a key to [illegible] and the man instantly [illegible] Morand from the fetters that [illegible] Morand [illegible] with excess of emo[tion] [illegible] as if the scene [illegible]

"[illegible]" Borisloff, addressing the [illegible] the girl. "I have chan[ged] [illegible] make a poor soldier."

[illegible] astounded as Morand [illegible] Marpha whispered an explanation in [illegible] sought to convey, entered [illegible] with great difficulty [illegible] intensely agitated spec[tator] [illegible] succeeded in [illegible] convulsed him [illegible] of Stephen Morand. It was [illegible] Russian uniform.

[illegible] Morand [illegible] speak one word with [illegible]

"[illegible] uniform," cried the [illegible] mean?"

[illegible] replied the [illegible] answer. Circumstan[ces] [illegible] a family secret [illegible] the Russian [illegible] Besides, [illegible]

[illegible] France, where I [illegible] sweet girl, dearer than all [illegible] Siberia— [illegible]

[illegible] Alas! I cannot

[illegible] Archan[gel] [illegible] the com[illegible]

[illegible] young man— [illegible] fighting? [illegible] against the French, [illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible] Augustus [illegible] Morand [illegible] cried the young [illegible] why you agreed to this [illegible] you ruthless man, it was [illegible] vengeance. And [illegible] arms against my [illegible]

[illegible]" cried Borisloff [illegible]

[illegible] I have sworn—I have [illegible] banners of the Czar, [illegible] law punishes with death [illegible] refuses to be led against [illegible] his uniform under [illegible] the law. Strike! I [illegible]

[illegible] Morand, waving his cap [illegible]

[illegible] Borisloff, pointing to Augu[stus] [illegible] the mutineer."

[illegible] is a Frenchman," cried Morand; [illegible] a criminal in him."

[illegible] of yours at, Stephen," cried Au[gustus] [illegible] Go!"

"[illegible] you may be," exclaimed the old [soldier] [illegible] your father bless you as I bless [you] now."

"Farewell," cried Augustus, in a choking voice. "Farewell, forever!"

A. D. 1831.—THE RETURN.

Strange things are passing at "the Willows." M. Lafont has promised to bestow his daughter's hand on Gaspar Duval, and the contract is to be signed this day, while she is resolved to fly from her father's house, and take refuge in a convent. A ragged way worn wanderer has been detained at the frontier by a very vigilant custom-house officer, who has mistaken him for a notorious smuggler, and has brought him to "the Willows," to await the examination of M. Lafont, who is a magistrate. This wanderer, now sitting in a room at "the Willows," is Stephen Morand, the returning exile.

"A strange kind of welcome home to France they give me," thinks the old soldier. "They call me beggar, vagabond and smuggler. But, after all, I breathe my natal air, and hear my native tongue."

"Where is the man?" asked Lafont, as he entered, followed by Madame Duval, who still retained her place and influence at "the Willows."

"Here, your worship," said Lafont. "Who are you?" he asked, touching Stephen on the shoulder.

Morand turned and sprang to his feet; the voice and the countenance of Lafont awakened vague recollections in his mind.

"You do not answer me," continued Lafont.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the old soldier, humbly. "I was thinking—but I am mad, I must be out of my head."

"Allow me to observe, your worship," said the inspector, "that he answers exactly to the description of Jacques Lescott, the notorious smuggler; thick eyebrows, large nose, dark complexion."

"I am not the person you think me, as I have already declared," said Morand. "I am an old soldier of the Imperial Guard, and I am going to Thionville, where I was born."

"To Thionville—where you were born!" repeated Lafont, thoughtfully.

"Yes, sir," replied Morand, "my native place. But perhaps, as here, I shall only find strangers, for I left it twenty-four years ago, and they doubtless think me dead."

"Why so?" asked Lafont.

"I was made prisoner in the retreat from Russia, and after a captivity, which lasted seventeen years, I am returning from Siberia."

"From Siberia," whispered Lafont to Madame Duval, "I dare not look at him; I am afraid I shall recognise him."

"All this is very fine, my old boy," said the inspector, but we must have papers to support your words. We don't know anything but the documents."

"Right," said Lafont, with a shaking voice, "we must see your papers."

"I have none, my friends," said the old soldier.

"Mark that," whispered Madame Duval.

"And for my recognition at Thionville," added Morand, "I have no hope but in the tenderness of a son and the loyalty of a brother. If God has spared them, I shall not invoke their memory in vain. Eighteen years of exile and suffering have cruelly changed my features, but they will recognise me when they place their hands on my heart."

"But," said Lafont, mastering his emotion, "if your family resides at Thionville, you are out of your road. What induced you to turn aside?"

"Stop!" said Morand. "You are right. I had promised—you asked for a paper, here is a letter."

"With which I was entrusted for a lady in the environs of Strasbourg, perhaps you know her—Mademoiselle Lafont."

"Louise!" exclaimed Madame Duval.

"Does the gentleman know her?" exclaimed the inspector. "Why, she is his own daughter."

"Your daughter!" cried Morand. "Heaven be praised! Here, sir, take the letter; it is proper you should see it first."

"Leave us," said Lafont to the inspector, who retired, "that Jacques Lescott [illegible] of hands."

"It is well to know that," said Lafont.

"And please observe, sir," said the inspector, with a final duck of the head, at the [illegible] "the personal description, dark [illegible] brows, large nose, dark complexion."

While Lafont and Madame Duval [illegible] the letter, Morand amused himself [illegible] in examining the pictures [illegible] The letter filled the conspirators with [illegible] It was from Augustus, [illegible] ran as follows:

"DEAR LOUISE: He who will [illegible] is my father. By a cruel fatality, I am [illegible] without the power of disclosing my [illegible] Tell him who I am, he will refuse [illegible] proof of my [illegible] my father [illegible] for France, and I [illegible] in Siberia, but I [illegible] return with [illegible] Be to him what I [illegible] and wait [illegible] turn."

At this moment, Morand turned [illegible] examination of the room, with [illegible] picture [illegible] He [illegible] Lafont interrupted him, saying:

"[illegible] you are at liberty [illegible] of the inspector [illegible]

"[illegible] thank you," said Morand. "But [illegible] where I am? I seem to recogn[ise] [illegible]"

"You!" exclaimed Lafont.

"Yes, I came here in my infancy; [illegible] whose property should have [illegible] I have just noticed a por[trait] [illegible] which must have [illegible] ther."

"[illegible]" Lafont. "[illegible] mistaken."

"Mistake!" cried Morand. "[illegible] years of exile have not destroyed [illegible] This portrait I am certain, was [illegible] my mother [illegible] day of my departure [illegible] Poor woman! I never saw her [illegible] my name, I wrote upon the frame [illegible] Stephen Morand."

"Stephen Morand!" cried Lafont [illegible] at time to catch the last word [illegible]

Gasper Duval came in [illegible] may of his mother, who [illegible] letter to Louise.

"Your name! [illegible]" soldier. "Yes," he added, rushing [illegible] "I see it all now. Brother! you [illegible] ther! my first suspicions were correct [illegible] something of the olden time [illegible] these features. Brother, I have [illegible] by a miracle I have come back [illegible] die in my native land, near [illegible] will you not give me your hand?"

"Be firm!" whispered Madame Duval.

"Don't answer him," interposed Gasper, [illegible] is an imposter."

"Sir," said the old soldier, [illegible] hold in your hand proves who I am, and whence I come."

"It is false!" cried Gasper, tearing [illegible] to pieces, "and he lies your proof. If Stephen Morand existed he would not come [illegible] his son would return with him."

"His son!" cried Morand. "You [illegible] then—where is he?"

"Gone in search of his father," said [illegible]

"He has been to Siberia the [illegible]" said Gasper.

"In Siberia!" cried the old soldier, "and I in France! Did I hear aright? My son in Siberia! Then that unknown young man whom I blessed as I departed, was my son. And I left him in the hands of butchers. What has become of him? They have doubtless slain him."

"Alas! poor Augustus!" faltered Louise, sobbing, "he went not only to seek a father, but a name."

"A name!" cried Morand, glaring on his guilty brother. "Ah! that word enlightens me—My son was denied like myself—he was treated as a disgrace to the family, instead of its glory and honor. And all to deprive him of his property. Brother! brother! what did you do with those papers I confided to your honor?"

"Be firm!" whispered Madame Duval, Lafont's evil genius.

"I do not know what you mean," stammered Lafont.

"How!" cried Morand. "Dare you deny that sacred deposit? In default of that divine justice you seem to fear not, know you there is a human justice which I can invoke. Once again—those papers! I must have them!"

"Mercy! mercy! brother," cried Lafont, covering his face with his hands, and sinking into a seat.

Gasper opened the door and called out:

"Here, inspector! Drag away this man; he is the fellow you were in search of."

"I was sure of it," said the inspector, as he entered with an air of triumph, and laid his hand on the soldier's collar; "thick eyebrows, large nose, dark complexion."

"You have no right to touch me!" cried Stephen.

"Take him away!" vociferated Gaspar, "he is Jacques Loscott."

"You lie!" cried a deep voice, "it is my father!"

And Augustus Morand, safe and sound, was folded to his father's heart.

"My son! my son!" sobbed the old man, "by what miracle are you restored to us?"

"By no miracle, dear father," answered the young man. "Carried to Archangel, I was about to be tried and sentenced, but our ambassador, one of your old comrades, informed of my situation, demanded me as a French citizen, and paid my ransom. Recalled to Paris, he brought me with him. But I see my dear uncle and my own Louise here."

"Stay, my boy!" cried his father, as Augustus made a motion to leave him, "learn first how I have been received, denied and repulsed. But for you, I should have been carried off as a vile impostor. Come away, let us leave this house."

"Remain!" said Lafont, rising from [illegible] "it is for me to leave, for me, who [illegible] only by stratagem and falsehood, [illegible]

[illegible]

Stephen [illegible]

M. Lafont [illegible] self into his brother's arms [illegible] from his agitation [illegible]

"[illegible]" his master [illegible]

[illegible]

A Distressing Occurrence.

[illegible]

Arrest of Arrison.

[illegible]

[illegible] to observe, Arrison reading a newspaper.

Going up to him, Mayor Snelbaker [illegible] upon [illegible] Mr. Arrison [illegible] he became rigid [illegible] twitching [illegible] He, however, denied that his name was Arrison. His trunk was searched, [illegible] the title page of [illegible] One, however, had escaped [illegible] a fly-leaf the name of "William Arrison" was traced with a pencil. He was placed on a boat, which happened to be lying at the wharf, and in custody of Mayor Snelbaker, Captain [illegible] and Deputy [illegible] at Rock Island [illegible] last night Arrison was safely lodged in the Ninth Street Station-house.

The first day of his arrest he appeared quite cheerful, and chatted and joked with his custodians, but yesterday he appeared rather cast down, and when he arrived in this city his spirits were entirely gone. He still denies that his name is Arrison, but the facts are too damning for him to hold out, although he has, by shaving off his whiskers, attempted to alter his appearance.

Too much praise cannot be awarded our worthy Mayor and his associates for the prompt and skillful manner in which the arrest was made. It reflected a disgrace upon our authorities so long as the villain was at large. The Mayor felt this, and has left no stone unturned to trace his whereabouts. The discovery was made in consequence of a letter sent here, whereby a letter meant for an O resembled a C, and it was taken out by a person whose name it was made spell in consequence. Upon so slight a mistake hung the life of the murderer.—*Cincinnati Enquirer, Nov. 10.*

"Do you drink *hale* in America?" asked an English cockney.

"No, we drink thunder and lightning," said the Yankee.

Daniel Chandler, of Concord, N. H., has been *sentenced to State's Prison for life!* on conviction of having altered a switch, which caused a train of cars to be thrown from the track of the Concord railroad.

Doesticks Sees the Spirit-Rappers

From the Detroit Advertiser

[illegible] NASSAU STREET, N. Y. CITY

Being satisfied with the ordinary common-place things of every-day life, and having heard a great deal about the mysterious communications telegraphed to this our ignorant sphere, by wise and benignant spirits of bliss, through the dignified medium of old chairs, wash-stands and card tables, we turned [illegible] to [illegible] ourselves in communication with the next world, [illegible]

[illegible] made Bob Diggs [illegible] at the spirit world [illegible] any body's defunct relations or friends [illegible] spirits for conversational purposes, all for the moderate charge of twenty-five cents. (Damphool, [illegible]

[illegible] spirits of departed news [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] The medium [illegible]

[illegible] Bob Diggs [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] with Iago [illegible] Mr. Dow, [illegible]

[illegible] from all kinds of spirits [illegible] Result as follows: [illegible] Sampson and Hercules have gone into partnership in the [illegible] business. Julius Cæsar is peddling apples and molasses candy. Tom Paine [illegible] Jack Sheppard keeps a billiard table. Noah is running a canal boat—Xerxes and Othello are driving opposition stages. George III has set up a caravan, and is waiting impatiently for Kossuth and Barnum to come and go halves. Dow, Jr., is boss of a Methodist camp meeting. Napoleon spends most of his time playing "penny ante" with the Three Graces. Benedict Arnold has opened a lager-bier saloon, and left a vacancy for S. A. Douglas, (white man.) John Bunyan is clown in a circus. John Calvin, Dr. Johnson, Sykesy, Plutarch, Rob Roy, Davy Jones, Gen. Jackson and Damphool's grandfather are about establishing a travelling theatre, having borrowed the capital, (two per cent. a month)—they open with "How to Pay the Rent," Dr. Johnson in a Fancy Dance; to conclude with "The Widow's Victim," the principal part by Mr. Pickwick. Jo Smith has bo't out the Devil, and is going to convert Tophet to a Mormon Paradise. Shakspeare has progressed in his new play as far as the fourth act, where he has got the hero seven miles and a half up in a balloon, while the disconsolate heroine is hanging by her hair to a limb over a precipice; question is how the heroic lover shall get down and rescue his lady-love before her hair breaks or her head pulls off.

Spirits now began to come without invitation, like Paddies to a wake. Soul of an Alderman called for clam-soup and bread and butter. Ghost of a news-boy sung out for the Evening Post.—All that was left of a Bowery fireman wanted to know if Forty had got her butt fixed and a new inch and a half nozzle. Ghost of Marmion wanted a dish of soft-crabs, and called out after the old fashion, to charge it to Stanley.

Medium had by this time lost all control over the ghostly company. Sprits of waiters, soldiers, tailors (Damphool trembled.) babies, saloon-keepers, fencers, actors, widows, circus-riders, began to play the devil with things generally; the dining table jumped up, turned two somersets and came down with one leg in the widow's lap, one in Damphool's mouth, and the other two on [illegible] looking individual opposite [illegible] exhibited strong symptoms of a desire to dance the Jenny Lind polka on Bob Diggs's head, the bookcase beat time with extraordinary vigor, and made faces at the company generally, our walking-canes and umbrellas promenaded round the room in couples with [illegible] regard to corns, or other [illegible] while the bedstead in the corner [illegible] song, with a vig[illegible] the washpitcher [illegible] other bedroom crockery.

Bob Diggs now made a rash for the door, and [illegible] down Broadway, pursued, as he [illegible] by the spirit of an Irishman, with a pickaxe, a handsaw and a ghostly wheel-barrow. Concluding I had seen enough, I took Damphool and Bob Diggs's bottle, (empty, or he would never have left it,) and went some satisfied that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of, except by lying "mediums" [illegible] work, and [illegible] by stealing, [illegible] their bread and butter [illegible] mysterious [illegible] weak enough [illegible]

[illegible] but still [illegible]

Q. K. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, B. P.

Horrors of Modern Warfare

War [illegible] between civilized, [illegible]—between States [illegible] war establishments, national [illegible] war turns out to [illegible] uncouth, dis[illegible] that it ever [illegible] It is still [illegible] absolutely envi[illegible] produces the [illegible] adventures, [illegible] most horrid ca[illegible] misery that [illegible] hideous for [illegible]

[illegible] expedition to [illegible] The sol[illegible] under the [illegible] army lands, [illegible] bivou[illegible] days [illegible] becomes [illegible] bag [illegible] behind— [illegible] who had [illegible] of the [illegible] carnage, confu[sion] [illegible] thousands [illegible] victors and [illegible] battles— [illegible] suffer[illegible] writh[illegible] over the [illegible] with [illegible] of the [illegible] wounded, [illegible] or the [illegible] shore— [illegible] journey, [illegible] floating [illegible] battle, and [illegible] not escape [illegible] The [illegible] solemn [illegible] from the [illegible] other side, [illegible] mass, half [illegible] wound [illegible] what [illegible] his only [illegible] being [illegible] understood [illegible] soon [illegible] have they [illegible] rapid [illegible] been be[illegible] waste them [illegible] to find [illegible] elegance [illegible] had heard [illegible] into gar[illegible] till [illegible] which En[gland] [illegible] we should [illegible] themselves in [illegible] In this mirror [illegible] But to [illegible] army we have [illegible] night march [illegible] Even [illegible] itself al[illegible] the com[illegible] suddenly [illegible] fancying [illegible] slaughter [illegible] changes to [illegible] mountain tarn" [illegible] got there, [illegible] cannon [illegible] the pursuing, [illegible] regiments, [illegible] death in the [illegible] campaign.

[illegible] character? There is not [illegible] narratives that is not [illegible] and, unfortunately, all that [illegible] when wars had ceased [illegible] appears with sad fideli[ty]. [illegible] to restrain the license of soldiery, [illegible] sets the example [illegible] Yet this last is unavoidable, for self preservation compels a retreating army to leave a desert behind it. A desert it does leave. Germany has not recovered from the effects of the thirty years war, and the armies that have passed over the land. War is not a game, nor yet is it like the cheap and easy vengeance of the wealthy against the poor, or the many against the few. It is a work of risk.—One thing alone is certain about it, and that is a community of danger and hardship. The officer and the private are alike exposed to the bullet and the pest; and unhappily for us, if war is in all respects unchanged, so also is that courage and endurance, both of officer and soldier, which have won for us so many triumphs, and on which, and on our good cause, we may still trustfully rely.

SMART BOY.—A little boy was placed in the witness stand before the Mayor this morning, to testify against a man charged with selling him liquor. The lad appeared to be about ten years of age.

"My son," said the Mayor "do you know the nature of an oath?"

"Yes sir," replied the witness promptly.

"If you take a false oath what will become of you?" rejoined his Honor.

"Why, sir," the boy replied "I'll go to the House of Refuge."

A sportsman in Nantucket, who used decoy birds in duck shooting, has been arrested for sea-duc-tion.