er of Mayor er prominent civil service,

o, a young theological ck a violent blow behind a stick in the hands of a and Trunk offices, London,

the American eagle, in his mendacity finds, indeed, such sultiply with such rapidity of guilt, that he has torn of both in quills, and yet is in arrears ills regarding strangers, while ignores the vices which lie at

, had breakfasted, and was art up the guich to my home t miles above, when suddenly a f armed men appeared at the of the main street. I saw them

of the main street. I saw them perfect order up the street at and receive arads or so, halt and receive ars, and disperse in squads. I me, but was stopped outside the posse of a dozen men, and instit could not pass. Their orthat no one could go out, but sight come in. I knew some of a in fact was my own partner, were inexorable. They pointed I saw a cordon of just such sted all around the city, litary squads were scouring the lowed one squad, under the old, into a large saloon called the Exchange. It had been a sort

schange. It had been a sort ters of the gang. He demandarkeeper if any of the "men on around there." teeper said, No.

reeper said, No.
well, we propose to search these
"said the old man.
on the barkeeper admitted that
one of them in a back room, on
re, with a double-barreled shot-

e, with a double-barreled shot-d with buckshot on each side of a whole battery of revolvers and him. He volunteered also sent that he had passed through a just after the Committee ap-d said they were after him and leath, but that he would send en of them to hell before they

me of the young men with to the rear; but the old m em to come back and guard the em to come back and guard the le he fetched out the prisoner.

h him and cooked my ears for-ed cannonade, as I saw the old pear in the rear with his revol-

hand, song, for soon he reappeared, by the collar a livid wretch sees were knocking together. I ad lo! it was my quondam e, Jack Gallagher. He saw m of hope shot athwart his face ored me for God's sake to do for him. I told him I could do

gainst a whirlwind with a fence urned away. the old man Clark afterward arrest, and told him I actually be man would at least sell his I had seen and heard some of ng up and banging away brave-" said he, "they are all cow eart. Their courage is whisky nd they are only brave when far the best of it."

the simple philosophy of the man the correct one. Honor e have such an ascendency over t when they confront it square-ariably wilts.—From September

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MARLBOROUGE. LANTE CAPTURE IN '62. nter morning I was in Vir-

TWENTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

The stands of the control of the con

| Table | Colonis | Coloni