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Selected Poetry.

I am Dreaming Still of Thee.

I am dreaming of thee dearest,
I am dreaming still of thee,
For thy spirit haunts me ever
Like some fairy melody,
Wh nin loneliness I wander,
Or in haunts of mirth and glee,
Still to thee my heart is clinging—
I am dreaming still of thee'

When the morning scatters diamonds
O'er the earth in dewy showers,
When the early breezes burdened
With the fragrant breath of flowers,
When the twilight shades are bringing
Thoughts of tenderness to me,
To my heart the spirit whispers—
I am dreaming still of thee'

There are hours when dreary shadows
Cast their gloom upon my heart
When I think how well I love thee,
When I feel that we must part,
For I know the're is no other
E'er can be as dear to me,
And when o'er of love I am dreaming
I am dreaming still of thee'

Miscellaneous.

Sut Lovengood's Adventures in N York.

"What become of your brass gun man Sut, after you shot him with the lump of coal?"

"Durned ef I know, George, I hearn them say I tote him to the Horsespital.' I 'spect he's jined the church, or the perlice Shootin' ove strange varmints critters and his gift, he mitesly enuff, an' he'll git kingdom cum sum day soon of he dont quit that trade 'Sposhe we wer to undertake to shoot ole Beacher in open day, afore witnesses like he did me, why durned my melt if the passon's sister didn't have his basket outen him, an' a dryin' atop of that church steeple in a minit; ef that's enythime in looks, she'd be wun on her ef I wer But I kin tell you what becum ove me; I jist relyed on these yere laigs, (d'ye see 'em?) an tuck up the steps an started in a monstrous fuss wile-tucky pace down the road, an' run into some inun an 'oman's fool explite a-mas kin' new fangled inventshuns an' hit flew all tangled up, inter the middle ove the road while hit wer a sortin an' a stratdun' ove hits laigs an' arms, I taxed a little laflin boy with a heap of nooxepapers under his arm what he call'd the cussed grasshopper look in thing 'Bay" says he, 'don't you know? Why hit's nuthin' but a dandy out en Fifth avernue but can't bite an' is tu weak an wattles to run, so pitch in an' knock Jerusalm outen it I'll holler for you' Now, afore I tells what happened that I wants to talk sum ove my noticin' ove things

"No'th Calina am noted fur pole cats, Georgia fur groun' hogs, an' Tennessee fur coons, I knows this frum 'sperience; an' now I kin say that New York am noted in the same line fur dandys, (do you know the varmint?) an' I'd a darn site rather mix with the stunk ove the pole cat, the rascality ove the coon, an' the dirty ways of the groun hog than jest tu see one ove these cussed infuned spider lag'd wuthless fixin's They haint neither man nur 'oman, 'caze they can't talk good nor fight like wun, or kiss ur scratch feelin'ly like tu'ther They seems sorter like a strange wether what had seed a heap ove tribulashun among an eaked number ove rams an yows they's butted about permishusly by the one, an' is snuffed at by tu'ther, an' as they can't fill or felt the instunk ove a man, nur do the jury of a 'oman they jest settles on a cross fence atween the two an' turns inter the wust kind ove fool monkeys, despised by one an larft at by t'other, an' the most human view you ove 'em, is when they is above you a climbin' up They haint half as smart as their chatterin' kin folks fur they can't begin to do what the monkey-kin. I knows monkey nater pow'ful well. I seed one once, an' studded hits nater an' gift, when I weren't skeared; he were pow'ful peart tu be a ugly little beast; I seed him a killin' of oxen, an then I observed what he did with 'em Now, a dandy haint smart enough for that: he jist lets his insex run. Spose a expectashun towards him wer a cumnin' from a tarnin wild school gal what had seed snow say about sixteen times, an' flowers an' leaves as often, wou'dn't she meet a disappointment? an then she'd just kill him with contem't, an' feed the ca'kus tu her daddy's work steer what is yoked with his hull, in the view ove hit bein' suitable feed fur one in his condishun. They skims an' futters roun' fool wimmin, just like h'tmin' bugs am round a tuft of hollyhocks only the bugs am six tu thar two, an' hes the deal at that on the amount ove fire they kerries, an' whar they kerries hit. I never sees one but what I wants him 'atween these yere thumb nails the human way ove killin' all sich insex.

"Well, arter his laigs were entangled, hit sed I had insulted hit, an' wanted satisfacshun. Now, the idear ove me, a natral born durned fool; insultin' ove enything what c'u'd talk, sounds sorter like a hog insultin' ove a settin' hen, by tearin' up her nest an' eatin' the aigs; 'wer mons'ous like fool talk. But I tho t I'd gin hit satisfacshun enyhow, so I drapp'd ontu my all-fours, sorter behind hit, fotched a rale fightin' hoss squeal an' landed both my hind feet under the fork of his coteail.

"Now, George; whenever I strai'tens out both ove these yere laigs together, (d'ye see 'em t) kickin' fashion, whatever they hits am bound to go *gist then*, so he riz in the ar an' flew head fust inter a door in the lune and ove'a steamboat cabin on wheels, among a passel ov men readin' noospapers, an' wimmin with babys ur big baskits ove garden truck, dead chickins an' chunks ove meat. You con'din't a onmaxed all these things, takin' in a few par ove specks a bird eage or two, an' a orlock ove flowers, in a week arter he hit amoug 'em Oh! such a mess an' such a cussin an' squawkin' in Dutch, an' French, Cherokee, an' other outlandish tongue, you never hearn since the Devil in the Dutch an' Tom Day on fit, the driver a bald headed much maned wall eyed Irishman cum down offen the hary cane deck an' ketched mister dandy by the collar an the slack an' sent him up a flyin outen the door agin a loanin' him a hole some kick es he went While he wer in the ar, I moved so as to let him hit extra hi ove my neck, he turned heels up an' h'd down ahine me, I tuck a ball holt with my e-es on the inside ove his thigh, an' paw holt ontu his breeches laigs fotch a bray an' put towards the river, about es fast es a big dog kin go with a tin bucket a chasin ove him He opened in a voice weak sorter like a sick 'oman's fuss he call'd perlice' then he said sumthin' about dee dhut vulgar possons' th n some words about 'dom ove things he hoda'nt ortter done I 'spek that wer sorter prayin' in his durn d one horse way He strung out his words over a heap ove ground fur I wer a travlin' like a fox houn with a wolf arter him he kicked out in every course with them pipe stem laigs ove hisn ovem'n this skare an' the hurtin I were supplyin' him with for I hes a orful *bull holt when I wants to keep it Him an'* me looked just like a travlin' windmill in full blast with a cord of fence rail tied to the arms by the mid his a swingin' about every way, ur a big crawfish tootin' off a bunch ove grasshoppers an' long legged spiders up in thar will laigs arms heels coattails, an' watch chains were so mixed an' tangled that hit wer h wi'lerin' in the eyes tu folk tu us He thought of the gridiron game an scratched at everything we got I run outen every yere hoss-tail in the yards hung down like ar'din squirrel's paws when he a tottin' in corn for winter, an' he kerried his holts in a sling an' had a white Quoit ha'n an wer fat enuff to hilt he jist squat'd an I stradle d him in my saddle. Daisy I reckon in his hair I just wish I may be discomunicated from ch. didn't fur off his whole skulp didn't I a scalt cat has h ad skined like a tin ball a-top ove a church H flung the skin ove ole Andy's cedars he'd away an went to ornshun agin Th n it he fastened on tu wer a black mustanger in 'comanche'd round her shoulders; sh turned wrong end up; but he got most on the nut; his watch chain catch on the hook ove her little umbrella, an' hit went along too A wide coupled, duck legg'd Jew, what had a nose just the shape an size ove a goose wing broad axe, had a string of about ten lo'ed inner Boots tied one to low tuther an' hung outen a high winder in his loft ontu a pole. Well Mr Sput snatched the handle ove the bottom one, an' l'ch pole an' all The follower of Moses an' ole close cum out a tarin' an a chatterin' just in time for the hind and ove the pole *to bite on his slick hat face nose* black whiskers an' all disappeared inter the hat, an' then the hat struck the groun' an' roll'd with the Hebrew inn the gutter Now, you had orter seed that pole an' them open umbrellers clar the road, sum times the pole wur on one side of the road, a barkin' ove shins an' a smashin' hoops; the hat went on tuther, a bustin' out with lots an' a sweepin ove apples an' goober peas ove a sweepin ove babies an' go carts an' little dogs at wun place an' droppin' them at another just to scoop up more. Tuar war'nt a pusson on that road that knowed what we were, an' some tuck intu the houses, sum down the cross roads, an' some tried to outrun me the way I was agwine' but the last dumned one what played that game got run over. I was agwine like a crazy locomotive skeered at a yeathquake, in fac, I was skeered by this time, fur I'd got more nor I'd paid fur, I hed succeedid in ra'sin hell generally, an' all that road wer either mad or skeered at me, an' I know'd they'd want my pusson monsous bad, so I jist hilt holt on Misser Sput's thigh an' kept on. We met a feller in a slick roun' cap a sittin on a par ove wheels, (they all believes in wheels,) with his feet ontu the shafts each side ove a fast trottin' hosse's hips, just a leanin' back an' agwine it; the hoss jist tuck one look, turn'd tail, an' Jehosefat! how he mizzled tuther way; the next thing I saw, was slick cap, doubled at his hip joints, with his toes, hands, an' years within an' inch of each other, affying sturn fust, through a big glass winder, among a passel ove doll babys, bonnets, caps, fans, gloves, an' purty wimmen; he j'ined Orful Gardner's church the next day; his hoss left his wheels fast ontu a forked cart-tail an, betuck hissel'f to the coduntry, with nothin' on but the collar and the wust kind of a big skeerd fur a hoss. I run through atween the leaders an' the wheel hosses ove one ove them steamboat cabins on wheels, (they loves wheels,) what were a cumnin' outen a cross road, and thar we turned our string ove unerellers wrong side out, an' left 'em, pole an' all mixed up with hosses The perlice, what oughter been after me, gathered rellnd tu save the unerellers an' arrest the driver, an' ong ove em toted a little noospaper boy off to jail onder his arm for larfin,' while another stole his papers, an' a third went along to h lp guard that orful boy an' they didnt seem a bit more feared to do hit than I'd be tu take a horn ove tangle-laigs whiskey.

Now all this time Mister Sput kept up his prayin' in his way mix d in with hollerin', cussin an' cryin an' when we run outer that 'fair' ov hosses he sweat orful fur my shoulders were plum wet Well I went on tarin' agin a fence what's built bo'ween the road an' the river (they calls hit the Battery 'cause hit is bout through hit, do'wo') Sput, and swam for tuther side I cum agin he mon was hard as an ole ball c'u'd a done hit he wer thar an I like to a bruk my se f open All my rides for loose an Mister Sput's extrums I cum d'rectly in the middle of a big orful in the ar, an' he lit he'l, fus, ka bug sox'e fee outen in the river

Arter his bow heels wun outen sight he a gin sky skin on the water sorter green an' yeller an' purple a spreadin' over about half acre He didnt cum up: but lots of dat Irish did I know'd he wer pisen Wonder of thar's any law in this yere place for dow'ds such r'piles I wer feard thar mout be they're so durned curious, eny how So I tried to make myse'f mons'ous sense

You never will know, George, what a discomfort hit is to be a natral born durn'd fool hit makes ag in a feller so, an' allers keeps him under cow. Why, when I meets a 'mowin' lookin beast I'se feard ove hit, an' was chose to see that hit don's git me inter sum cussed skeary scrape. Arter that fellow fell in the river I jest biled, tuck down the lane, an' seem' ove a pair ove stairs gwine strait up inside a door, I tuck up 'em amin' fur the loft, to hide in the hay: I hoisted inter the room an' hit about the middle and thar war about forty gals a cypher ru and a mons'ous strong minded 'oman a walk n' about tearin' ove 'em She squar'd hersel an' tuck a look at me, an' then it wer I acted she wer strong minded tu kill her boo' wer the biggest, purest piece of man I ever seed inot to have — in hit, an' her ankils wer like un'n the eye ove a mattock sorter diamant shape, an she wer — Her cheeks a b'iled, her lags — they j'ines her cheeks like a — Barrets mashils jine hit, she stamped that air carpet bag foot ove hern, an' squwk'd Yeow-get out!" She tuck me fur a beast and talked talk to me I eged her eyes a turnin green an' she sot mity sharp 'mover her nails outn the bo k ove a bench, like she wer hungry fur har I knows the nater ove cats mons'ous well I'vé studied 'em Thar I stood a fixin' of my lags tu run She went tu the winder an' made a meshun, an' the fust thing I seed thar wer a pribge in the room atween me an' the stairs I jist swung roundove ove my fis es an' two ove my 'nucks went inter each ove his red eyes I seed the fire fly myself, an' he turn d a back summerset over a bench an' while he wer a tryin' tu git up ontu his all fours I seed run in every lug he hed—they were a makin' the mosbuns already so I just grabb d him outn the ba k of his bar neck with my teeth an' gun a good coon dog shake a sorter growlin, he made *the no nothin sign*, mixed in with a heap ove "O dont's" that made me wus nur ever: I shook him ag'in, an' made I my holt Sez he, Horrar for Buckannon, sorter en quirin like. I let him go when he see I shar, an' swung one ove these yere laigs (d'ye see 'em?) arter him but landed rite whar he looked and he lit 'ully fust an I head down atop ove the fence built down aside of the stairs, an' don't you think the durn'd fool warn't a snappin' his fingers an a chirpin' *with his mouf every chance he got the hole* time he tuck me fur a dog to turn his ugly perlice markus! Well he sli d in the *fust ove* the stairs like a lizzard a gwine down a fence stake and made fust rate time down the road a feelin' the nap ove his neck with wun hand, while he wer a pullin' his briches loose behind with t'uther. I turn'd roun', an thar *she* was a standin', with all her lags so clost together that a bucket hoop w'u'd a went roun' all ove 'em above them at feet o' hern, ove course, an' her back were like on ox bow, an' reached up amost in the roll ove the house, an' her tale were made inter the shape ove a goard neck, an' es big es a ha'g, an' es a fence rail—all the har on aind like a bottil brush; in fac' she wer all eyes an' claws an' tail. Oh she were dre'dful tu behold! an' all the t'uther shes in that are rume wer in the same persishun an' fix, only not over half es big, an' their tails warn't bigger nor a stove pipe. All heads turn'd towards me, an' thar wer groanin' and spittin' enuff tu skear a team ove bull dogs. I never seed so many green oyes afore, or since, an' thar wer little devils a dancin' in all ove 'em, like yaller jackets in a em'ty green whisky bottil I tuck a skeer—just made myself inter a ball, an' rolled down stars, across the pavement, an' inter the road—a rollin' in among a winein' blades lookin' feller's laigs, what wer a blunderin along in a ole white hat, with a mud dauber's nest built in the crown, a throat latch made outen a piece ove ole sweaty saddil girth, an a old dirty white coat, with a small soap factory in full blast in one pocket, and a patent nigger trap in t'uther, he uses his shut to clean stove pipes with, an' he guts his boots by t-akin' a par ove leather fire buckets hes 'em footed, an' then pulls 'em on by the bales, over a par ove britches what he has fixed patented es a flea hatchin mersheau.

"I tuck fust a look fur runnin room, an' then a look at him an' I seed he didn't understand my natter, an' wer feard ove me: he kep' a tryin' tu look ahine me, like he thought I toted a string. Sez I, "Mister, ar you agent for a paper mill? or duz you — ornary soap fur a livin?" He comm nced a backin' I picked up a full rock an whit tod my teeth an' finger nails with hit, an' sez I, Hev you eny word to send to your marm ver gall or the Mire? ef you hes anything a weighin' on your mind, just unbuzz on yerse'f tu that bla'lher lip'ed nigger, an' gun hun all yer loos change tu carry the work fur *durn me if yer time hant come!* He just never said a word, but rounded too and put in a lumberin sort of a w gallop I never seed so many different mo shuns gone through an' so many tracks made in a minit, to get me farder off than he did, he distributed 'em all over the road, a pi'nin' every way, from the work an' the number ove tricks I'd a dun been often the city while he wer still in reach ove a pound rock 'Tis a pity runnin' aint one of his gifts, fur he's a mons'rous skeery man tu be as dirty as he is. He printed sumthin', nex' day, in his paper about "Free Love an' Human Progress;" sed he believed that crosses yet would be made atween animals an' varmints, an' sutin mersheans, what would perduce s'thin tu answer in place of humans; Dad tried that explite once durn his pothcaled soul! an Ise a kerrion the consekenses—that he hed seed the day afore, the projice ove a cross atween a broken laiged kangaroo and a fust class mowin' mersheau, that it tuck mostly arter the mersheau, that hit hed a sting the size and shape ove'a reap hook, (what a — ove a he!) but in the legs hit wer all kangaroo. he hed never observed just sich laigs: (what did I alers tell you, George? thar haint sich another par on yearth d'ye see 'em?) that I tu be wuf a great deal, tu tote expresses an' steal niggers, ef I only wer tamed. ('spect I would, but who's in New York to *tame me?*) sed he *wer unable to get a satisfying inspeshun ove me*, owin' to my vicious nature: that he'd in with haw caviously, for the wild beast predominated tu much in my cross, but tak'e me all together, I wer a livin' simple ove' humin progress an free love atween a kangaroo an' a mowin mersheau, an' he thought much must be done in that way, calls on Misses Branch tu try a few small speriments with a steam rock drill, while he practizes a while on a thirty ton locomotive, an' 'speeks the consekences will stonish the world I speck hit will, he'll keep on 'till thunder stirks him yet, see if hit don't He's the only man in New York what can hold a candil for me tu act durn'd fool by, an' he work under a disadvantage fur I'm told he won't tetch a dram ove spernts Oh! he's a mons'ous promisin' old durn't fool, ef he don't get sot back, ur thunderstruck!"

Can't Come on Deck

As an omnibus chartered by a party of sailors for the purpose of visiting Jone's woods, was passing through Davison street on Monday last, it was stopped at the corner of Market street by an Irishman and his Biddy who insisted upon getting in. The sailors were opposed to this infringement of their rights, although the greater part of them had clamored up to the roof, upon which they sat in the broiling sun to enjoy the prospect The driver tried to explain to the Irishman that the omnibus was engaged; he would understand nothing, but would keep re eterating, "Isn't it an omnibus? This is a free country! if you don't, let us in sure I have the law on yez!" Tired of the fellow's pertinancy, the spokesman of the sailors, after turning his quid several times, exclaimed "let the lubbers into the hold; but I'm blowed if they shall come on deck!"

ROWDIES COWSKINNED TARRED AND FEATHERED.—Five rowdies and a woman of bad character, went from St Louis, Mo., last Wednesday, to Bloody Island, and while there behaved so badly, that the citizens caught them, and gave the male portion a severe cowskinning, after which they tarred and feathered them, and then tying them as together with a strong rope, compelled the woman to lead them on board the ferry boat, amid the laughter and shouts of the assembled crowd.

JAMES A. VAN VORST, aged ninety-two years, and Matthias Barbydt, aged eighty-two years, live in Glenville, Schenectady county, N. Y. About a week ago, Barbydt, had some hay to get in, and could get no one to assist him—Van Vorst hearing of this, volunteered his services, saying, "I am boy-enough," and the two together took in seven loads of hay in the afternoon.

A gentleman having written a letter, concluded it as follows:—"Give everybodys love to everybody, so that nobody may be aggrieved by anybody being forgotten by somebody."

Mrs. Partington, speaking of the rapid manner in which deeds are perpetrated said, that it only required two *seconds* to fight a duel.

Execution in Iowa.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial gives a horrid account of the execution of William Hinkle at Orleans Iowa for the murder of his wife, from which we extract the following:

After the religious exercises were finished, and the reading of a statement in which he asserted his innocence, he walked forward and stood upon the trap door, manifesting no trepidation or emotion—he appeared tranquil and resigned. The rope was fastened to the beam a white cloth was tied over his face all is now adjusted The sheriff bids him a final farewell There is not a sound in the vast assemblage Slowly the sheriff retired to the back end of the platform The prisoner stands without a motion. The sheriff strikes the fatal blow, cuts the rope the trap door falls—Oh! alas for the unfortunate man, the rope breaks and he is precipitated forward upon his face One terrible shriek of horror went up from the vast throng, many fainted, one of the guard fell in a fainting fit from his horse The unhappy man lay for a few moments motionless and speechless, the blood streaming out of his mouth and nostrils. He then groaned and struggled, and was soon restored to consciousness.

Again he was carried upon the platform and upon the trap door supported, staggering and bleeding, a terrible sight. Again the fatal rope was adjusted, when the sheriff asked him, "Do you still adhere to your statement of your innocence?" In a clear, audible voice, he answered, "I do!"—the only words he spoke after he fell. He was unable to stand this time upon the trap door and was supported When the rope was cut the door fell, and he was suspended between earth and heaven The fall did not break his neck, and after some thirty minutes he was choked to death

Destroying $80,000 to Spite his Son.

A correspondent of the London Times relates the following story if story it is to be called—the parties in Vienna Strange things happen frequently in the old countries

A few days ago a Baron S Bernstein died here and after his death no money was found in his house, though he had always passed *for a wealthy man. Inquiries were made* by his heir, an I on its being discovered that a banker had paid into his hands the sum of 170,000 florins but a few days before his death, his valet was arrested by a policeman on suspicion of having made way with his money

As the man said that his master left his bed a couple of days before he died in order to burn some papers in the stove, the bed room was searched Nothing but the remains of documents were found, and the servant was kept in custody until it occurred to some one that it might be as well to examine the other stoves. The examination was made, and the numerous remains of bank notes, of 1000 florins each proved the innocence of the valet and the nefariousness of his master.

The Baron, who was divorced from his wife, often expressed doubt about the legitimacy of his only son; and in order that he should profit as little as possible by his death, he burned bank notes to the value of 170 000 florins [£16 000] When the door of the store was opened the worl withous and was discovered unable on many of the consumed notes which of course fell to pieces when touched

The Wizard

Anderson, the wizard And a very poor wizard he was, met with a Yankee who stole a march on him after the following pattern

Enter Yankee

'I say! you Professor Anderson?

'Yes sir, at your service.'

'Wa'al your's a tarnation smart man, and *I'm sumthin' at a trick too*, kinder cute, ten you know

'Ah, indeed, and what tricks are you up to, sir?' asked the Professor, amused at the simple fellow.

'Wa'al I can take a red cent and change it into a ten dollar gold piece.'

'Oh, that's a mere sleight of hand trick' I can do that to.'

'No you can't. I'd like to see you try.'

Yankee stretched out his paw with a red lying on it.

'That is your cent, is it, sure?'

'It's nothin' else.'

'Hold on to it tight—Presto! change, now open your hand.'

Yankee opened his fist; and there was a gold eagle shining on his palm.

'Wa'al, you did it I declare; much o blessed tew you,' and Jonathan turned to go out.

'Stay' said the Professor, 'you may leave me my ten dollars.'

'Yourn! want it my cent; and didn't you change it into this ere yaller thing, eh? Good bye,' and as he left the room he was heard to say 'I guess there ain't anything green about this child.'

A modest young gentleman at a dinner party, put the following conundrum: "why are most people who eat turkey like babies?" No reply. The modest man blushed, and would have backed out, but finally gave the reason: "Because they are fond of the breast." The middle-aged ladies fainted and the remains of the young men were carried out by the coroner.

The Needle's Eye and Camel.

"It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the king dom of Heaven!"

There are those who view this passage [illegible] Various explanations have been given, some of which seem to us to convey the true meaning, obscuring the beauty and force of the figure. All that is impossible, is for a camel to go through a needle's eye, yet we cannot deal [illegible] who are shallow readers, with an explanation that we regard as the true one, which is this

When a room has a window in it, and the shutters are closed, [illegible] In times of peace, the [illegible] days, but closed at night. By the side of these large entrance gates, there were much smaller, and the former, [illegible] and those who had occasion to enter after dark, they were called the needle's eye. A camel with its load could not go through these, yet with much difficulty. Now it is not impossible for such a man to enter heaven; for we trust that there are many already in the Paradise of God who consecrated their wealth to the cause of Christ, and looked to him for their reward. But just as the camel must be relieved of its load before he can pass through the needle's eye, so the rich man must, by all his means and influence, help the world to [illegible] before it can enter into the rest of God; it is impossible to serve him and mammon. It is much easier for a camel to go through the needle's eye." What, then will become of those poor professors whose hearts are set on the world? World-minded professors, we exhort you to ponder this solemn question. If you are not [illegible] to get

We are sorry to say it—we do not wish to say it—but must as faithful chroniclers, say it, namely Victoria's daughter, Mrs. Princess of Prussia quarrels with her husband; or Mr Prince of Prussia quarrels with Mrs. Princess—that is, they do not think exactly alike, and Mrs. Victoria is with the "happy pair," trying to tie the "true lover's knot" a little tighter. The story that the young princess actually ejected the prince from the nuptial couch by placing her royal little foot against his royal highness's ribs, and then suddenly extending her royal curved organs of locomotion into a positive bee line, is doubted by Prussian engineers.—*Boston Post.*

The most desperate peice of coolness we have heard of recently, was that of a young man named Maynard, in Bad Ax county, Wisconsin, whose leg was recently amputated. While the leg was being taken off he *coolly asked for a chew of tobacco, and inquired the price of a cork leg*, saying that he intended to have one as soon as he got well and could earn one.

THE Troy Whig says that there is residing that city a young mechanic, who claims [illegible] have constructed a Telegraph apparatus [illegible] will transmit words with twice the [illegible] and the remains of the young men were carried out by the coroner. [illegible] that the Hughes instrument is surpassed