

A Hymn.

INVITATION HYMN

[BY REQUEST.]

We're travelling home to Heaven above, Will you go? will you go? To sing the Savior's dying love...

Interesting Sketch.

MY COURTSHIP AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

We make the following extracts from the recently published biography of Chevalier Wikoff, which will be found to embody the substance of his most unique, most erratic and singular book...

opened a battery of coquetry and scenic love upon his heart—that no heart could well withstand—especially when the battery power was an heiress. In short, Mr. Wikoff fell in love, too, or thought she did—which is about the same thing—but the love did not ripen into a declaration, or a promise of marriage...

formed of Miss Gamble's movement en route.—Without entering into further particulars, we will come at once to the grand finale of this love melodrama upon the stage of Genoa—but the public here are pretty well informed of all that.

Miscellaneous.

THE MAN IN THE CHIMNEY.

The Syracuse Journal relates the following as an incident, happening the other night, at the Empire House, (hotel,) in that city.—"Help! help! I'm suffocating! Get me out. Quick! quick! or I shall die."

"Hello!" was returned from the lower depths. "Why don't you take hold of the rope?" "I'm out! Who is sold?" came a back accompanied with a loud laugh.