Around which cling fond and pleasing recollections.
But "away with melancholy," we had a
wedding in town the other night—Thursday night
the night of the ball. Did you ever hear of such
a thing. The parties were Mr. Benj. Hendrick and
Miss Ellen Thompson.
Can you tell me what a person must do, when
he has nothing to do. I'm just in such a "fix" exactly.
To be sure there are ladies here, and pretty ones too;
but you know a fellow gets tired of visiting, when
he is not "particularly interested" in any of those
whom he visits. One of the reasons why I am writing
this moment is because I'm tired of reading, eating
and looking at the rain, which is even now gently
falling and sprinkling every tree with glittering
gems.

I wish you would give publicity to the following
notice, as information is greatly wanted of this boy

Stolen, lost, or Mislaid.
A fine looking and quite handsome young man,
about twenty two years old, generally goes by
the name of Paul, although that is not his
real name; that being Joel.
Said boy is about five feet nine inches tall,
with bushy whiskers (at least he had them when
last seen by the subscriber) as black and fierce
as a Don Cossack's. He has black eyes and
an occasional twitching of the mouth.