

Select Poetry

Think of Me.
When the morning dews do fall
With joy, and all thy spirit leap
A jubilee of praise;

Miscellaneous

OUT OF THE WRONG POCKET.

Mr. Taggard frowned as he observed the pile of bills by his plate, placed there by his prudent, economical wife, not without an anxious flutter at the heart, in anticipation of the scene that invariably followed.

"That cannot be all Mrs. Taggard. Are you sure that there isn't something else?"
"I don't think of anything just now Mr. Taggard; though if there should be a few dollars over and above what these will cost, they won't come amiss. I should like to have a little change in my pocket, if only for the novelty of the thing. You need not fear its being wasted."

He was expected on the five o'clock train, and Mrs. Taggard set the children, attired in their pretty new dresses, at the window to "watch for papa," while she went below to assist Jane in preparing something extra for supper. She had but just returned when Mr. Taggard was seen approaching the house.

ROBBERY.
Escape of the Burglars—Losses of the Bank and Depositors.
One of the most daring robberies that has ever taken place in this city was committed at the Ocean bank, corner of Fulton and Greenwich streets, some time yesterday or last night.

Mr. William O'Neil, who occupies the basement on Greenwich street, about \$200. His papers were packed and the above amount was in a bag of coin, which was lying on a table in the room.

With a revolver, and fired. He sank the second time, and was more. Immediately after the first shot, the man fell on the ground, and was not seen again. The night was dark, and Kelly the child's soldier and Kelly the child's soldier of the transactions on the boat, whether Howard was drowned, or whether he was killed by the pistol, is not positively known as yet, nor is the count of the body found.