

# THE FUNNY BOY, - EXTRA.

STAUNTON, MAY 1, 1863.

## The Funny Boy,

PETER I KURTZ, Editor.

STAUNTON, MAY 1st, 1863.

The Editor of the "FUNNY BOY," who has sustained many misfortunes in life, who is a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief, attributes all his ill-success and unhappiness to a fatal passion formed in his boyhood. At the age of eighteen he became deeply enamored of Miss LAURIE, a first cousin, and a young lady of fascinating manners and extraordinary beauty. For the benefit of the young and susceptible, his melancholy experience is related in the following poetical correspondence :

STAUNTON 1832.

Dear cousin I love you, say can you return,  
The tender motions which in my breast burn.

Signed

PETER INDEPENDENCE KURTZ.

SLEEPY HOLLOW, April 1832.

To Peter I. Kurtz Esq.

Respected Sir :—I'm grateful to say,  
Your letter reached me after some delay ;  
I will inform you now while I have leisure,  
Its contents filled me with both grief and pleasure.

Pleasure to think that I am loved by you,  
And grief to think your chances are so blue.  
But truth demands that I should let you know,

I never can regard you as my beau,  
Tho' not inclined to go 'neath your dominion,

Still I am flattered by your good opinion,  
And deeply feel the honor you design,  
In wishing me forever to be thine.  
Yet than thyself, there's no man in the nation,

I prize more highly as a near relation.  
And I sincerely hope you'll feel for me,  
The same esteem I entertain for thee.  
Adieu, dear sir, and when you wish to marry,  
Pray think of some one else than cousin LAURA.

## SHE SMILES ON ME AGAIN.

BY PETER INDEPENDENCE KURTZ.

I courted once a lovely girl,  
Her name I cannot tell ;  
But this I know, no gem or pearls,  
Could please me half so well.

Her auburn hair, in graceful folds,  
On neck and bosom rest ;  
Her dark brown eyes have often told,  
The secrets of her breast.

Those sparkling orbs could not refrain,  
But told a tale most sweet ;  
She did within her heart retain,  
An ardent love for PETE.

But some base wretch with evil art,  
On eagle's wings did fly ;  
And told the darling of my heart,  
A base and wilful lie.

She cast me off as well she might,  
When those foul lies she heard ;  
And I was left in sorrows night,  
To mourn for my lost bird.

But to my love a friend I sent,  
Who cleared away the stain ;  
And now with sparkling eyes intent  
She smiles on me again

The scarcity of RAGS and the exorbitant price of paper, is our apology for our diminished sheet.