

bell-like tones—"My fate will be that of Samson! I shall be crushed with the ruin that I pull down upon the heads of my enemies—I came to claim my daughter. Call her to me and I will go!"

"Lionne, you shall have the child to-morrow! Take the word of one who never spoke an untruth, and who now gives you her promise."

"But—why not to-day?"

"Because I cannot properly take so important a step without the knowledge and consent of my husband."

"Should he make difficulties?"

"He will not! He will be just. Re-assure yourself!"

"Lady Adelaide, I rely upon your word. Do not dare to disappoint me!"

"Madam, refrain from threats. Remember that, in carrying on this prosecution, you do your worst. There is nothing remaining in your power with which you can further wring my heart," said Lady Adelaide, with gentle dignity.

"Ah! is there not? You know nothing! I have yet a screw in reserve, which I should be unwilling to turn upon you, lady; for, believe me, the cry that it could force from your bosom would be your death-shriek!" said Lionne.

"Terrible woman! who shall deliver me from you!" shuddered Adelaide.

"Yourself, lady. Keep your promise with me, and for yourself you have nothing more to fear." And so saying, Lionne left the room.

For a few moments Lady Adelaide remained with her face buried in her hands, in silent thought or prayer. Then remembering Kate, whom she had sent with the young people into the next room, she went to the door and recalled them.

They entered: Kate looking anxious, Perdita and Donald amazed.

"Do not say a word upon what we have discovered to Perdita as yet; the change in her prospects must be made known to her by myself and her father in private," whispered Lady Adelaide to her visitor. Kate nodded intelligently. And Lady Adelaide, to avoid entering upon the subject of Mrs. Norri's visit, rang for refreshments, and changed the conversation.

After a slight luncheon, Kate took her leave and withdrew to her own apartments, fully determined to await the issue of Mr. Deville's trial.

That evening, in private, so much of Perdita's history as was inevitable for her to know was communicated to the young girl.

The next morning, she was given up to the guardianship of her mother. With floods of tears, Perdita took leave of her adopted parents, and the next hour threw herself, with impetuous abandonment, into the arms of her mother.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

[Back numbers of the Ledger containing this story, as far as published, can be obtained at any Periodical store in the country. Even if the News-Dealer is out of back numbers, he will order them for you, if you request him to do so.]

HELIOTROPES.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Their sweets are on the wind, and I grow pale and turn away— For poisons that we breathe and die have less of death than they!

Do I not love them? Oh, the sun Has kissed no other flowers Since first the young world's bloom began To bud in Eden's bowers—

No other flowers I love so well— Nay, those the angels wear Could scarcely have for me a spell Like these flung on the air.

Yet, when their perfumes meet me, I grow pale and turn away— For poisons that we breathe and die have less of death than they!

A GALLANT DEFENCE.

AN INCIDENT OF AMERICAN PRIVATEERING.

Among the most desperate naval fights on record, there was, probably, never one where a more gallant and determined defence was made than that in which the little privateer General Armstrong was engaged in the harbor of Fayal. The following account of that affair, in which the enemy did not appear to very great advantage, I will narrate as I received it from the lips of a brave old seaman, still surviving, who took part in the fight.

"It was in the early part of September, 1814," said he, "that our vessel—a snug, schooner-rigged privateer—sailed out of the harbor of New York, bound on a cruise. We carried nineteen guns, one of which was a Long Tom amidship, and which worked on a circle. With a full complement of men, our crew consisted of one hundred and fifty, though we rarely had that number on board. Our commander was the brave old Captain Sam Reid, and a better officer never trod the quarter-deck of any craft. He was just the sort of man to command so fine a ship and crew, for I make bold to say that a better never sailed the waters. The old man used to say that he was proud of his boys, and, in truth, we had good reason to be proud of him.

"We had not been twelve hours outside of Sandy Hook, before we fell in with a large British frigate and a ship of the line. They both bore down after us together, and we had to show them a specimen of our sailing qualities. They were good sailers for John Bulls, and having the advantage of a freshening breeze, came down before it in gallant style. They were within reach of our Long Tom before the breeze struck us; but we gave each of them a parting salute from the long gun, which hulled one and passed through the foretop-sail of the other, when we crowded sail, and soon had the pleasure of seeing their upper spars gradually disappearing below the western horizon.

"We had a run of about three weeks from New York to the Island of Fayal, one of the Azores, in the open roadstead of which we dropped anchor, to procure water and refreshments, previous to a cruise in the Southern Atlantic.

"It was our intention to put to sea again on the following morning, and our captain hastened on shore to hurry off the supplies. But before daylight he came on board, and reported that a number of British frigates had been discovered from the heights, approaching the town, and immediately directed Lieutenant Worth to get the vessel under way.

"But before our anchors had been hoisted home, the Carnation suddenly went in sight round the northeast head of the harbor, within hailing distance; and to get past her to sea was out of the question, as she had every advantage in wind and position, while we were becalmed under the lee of the headland. Besides, we did not expect an attack in the waters of a neutral port, and our commander had been so assured by our consul. But the Carnation had no sooner rounded the point, than she was followed by the frigates Rota and Plantagenet, and a series of signals were immediately exchanged between them, of which we seemed to be the subject, for they had learned who we were from the pilot boat.

"These vessels entered the roadstead just as the sun was sinking behind the low bank of clouds that rested upon the bosom of the At-

lantic, and during the brief twilight we were enabled to observe all their motions. It was evident they intended to violate the neutrality of the port, and make an attack upon us; and, notwithstanding the great disparity between them and us, we determined not to give up the ship, but fight them as long as possible, and then, if necessary, blow up our craft.

"By the time the moon lighted up the waters, we could perceive that the Carnation had lowered all her boats, and was preparing to board us. Seeing this, our captain gave orders for getting our vessel nearer the shore; and after sweeping in towards the castle, we let go our anchors, and prepared for action. By this time the harbor was covered with the boats of the enemy, who came down upon us full of men, heavily armed with muskets and cutlasses, besides a small gun in the bow of each boat. As they bore down upon us in a line, Captain Reid hailed them and ordered them to approach nearer at their peril. But regardless of the warning, they came boldly on, doubtless confident of an easy victory. They never dreamed that we would make more than a mere show of resistance, in the face of the overwhelming force they were bringing down upon us. But waiting till the boats were in convenient range, our larboard ports were opened, and we poured a broadside into them, with terrible effect. The boats were badly cut up, and many men were killed and wounded; but with characteristic persistency, they returned the fire, and still pressed upon us. We now received them with our small arms, as well as with our heavy guns; and so close were they under our quarter, that we had to depress our guns so low that every discharge of the round shots opened a passage for themselves through the bulwarks, and planking of the vessel, and down through the bottoms of their boats.

"This was a kind of game they could not play at long, and shouting for quarter, they were glad to haul off, with the loss of more than thirty of the brave fellows.

"While they, with the remnants of their boats, were returning to their ships to repair damages, and prepare for a more desperate attack, we hoisted home our anchors, and warped in within half pistol-shot of the shore, directly under the guns of the Fort, and hastily got everything in order, for the attack.

"In the meantime, we could perceive, by the clear moonlight, that crowds of the inhabitants were gathering on the headlands, and along the rocks lining the shores, to witness the fierce struggle soon to take place. They knew the determined courage of the Yankee Captain and his crew, and that a surrender was out of the question. Had the combined force of the British navy been arrayed against our little schooner, they were satisfied that we would yield to death, but never to a temer.

"It was a singular and novel spectacle which was to be presented to them; their harbor was to become the arena of one of the most desperate encounters, where disregarding the custom of all honorable nations in a neutral port, the haughty British lion was about to spring upon a comparatively insignificant victim. But one they were aware would give him some trouble to swallow.

"It was said, that the governor of the Island, and all the principal persons of the place, were occupying conspicuous positions, where they could overlook the fight. The knowledge on our part that we were watched with great interest by the population, no doubt aided to inspire us with a determination never to yield, but to show them a specimen of genuine Yankee spirit. We knew that their sympathies were with us, for there never was a fight where the disparity was so great, that the spectators did not side with, and cheer on the weaker party.

"Between 9 and 10 o'clock one of the enemy's vessels was observed to run down towards us, towing a large fleet of boats filled with men, sailors, and marines. They came within musket shot of us, and leaving the vessel took up their stations under cover of a small reef of rocks. The boats were in three divisions; their object at first seemed to be to prevent our escape, should we be inclined to attempt it; while the vessel that had towed them in, still kept under way, to act in concert with the boats.

"About midnight signal lights were hoisted from one of the frigates, directing the boats to move on to the assault, and in obedience to the order twelve of them could be distinctly seen approaching us in one line, keeping in close order. We were laying at quarters, and waited patiently till they had come within a short distance, when we opened our ports and gave them our fire. But still they pulled steadily toward us, returning the fire as they came, from their carronades and small arms. I had charge of Long Tom, and filling the gun with grape and canister shot, I now poured its contents into the advancing boats. This discharge must have cut them up terribly, for they were for a few minutes thrown into confusion. We could hear the cries of the wounded, and the orders of the officers, given in rapid and angry tones; and after a brief consultation, and giving three hearty cheers, they once more threw themselves upon their oars and bore down upon us. I must give the fellows credit of doing the thing in most gallant style, for amid the thick and deadly shower of shots we rained down upon them, they continued to advance till they had gained our bow and starboard quarter, and attempted to board us.

"It now became a most desperate struggle, for our great guns were entirely useless, and we made use of muskets, pistols, pikes, and whatever else came to hand, to beat the enemy off. A number of our brave fellows sprang into the rigging, and out upon the bowsprit, with round shots, which they crashed down upon the boats, killing and maiming scores, and sinking the boats alongside. As fast as our fellows were shot down from the rigging, their places were supplied by others, to whom the shot were tossed from the deck. Thus we repulsed the enemy at all points, for they had completely surrounded us. But with a dogged bravery they renewed the fight not less than three times, and maintained the fight until two-thirds of the attacking party had been killed and wounded; when, finding themselves in too crippled a condition to escape, they asked for quarters. On taking possession of the boats, we found them literally loaded down to their gunwales with the dead and dying. In two of them, belonging to the frigate Rota, every man had been shot down that remained on board of them. It was said that about a dozen of their crews had jumped overboard in the commencement of the action, and swam ashore. In one of the Plantagenet's boats, commanded by her first lieutenant, every man but four was killed; the officer saved his life by leaping into the sea, and hiding himself safely under our rudder chains till the fight was over. We lost our second lieutenant, Mr. Williams, and one seaman. Our first officer, Mr. Worth, was wounded, as were also the third lieutenant, the quarter-master, and four seamen.

"After this struggle, which continued about three quarters of an hour, we had time to look about us, and found our decks the scene of the utmost confusion. Many of our guns had been dismounted, my own Long Tom among the rest, and the fragments of broken gun carriages, splinters, and round shot were scattered on all hands. But notwithstanding the confusion, we were not long in getting Long Tom to his berth, and everything once more in snug order for another attack.

"During this fight, and until towards daylight, a correspondence was carried on between the shore authorities and the commanders of the British fleet; in which the former requested that the neutrality of their port might not be further violated, and protesting against the dishonorable conduct of the British. The latter demanded the unconditional surrender of the Armstrong and crew, and threatened that if the Governor should presume to interfere, or harbor the privateersmen, they would batter the town down about them. Or, should the authorities permit the Americans to injure their vessel, they would consider the town an enemy's port, and proceed against it accordingly.

"These conditions were reported to our brave commander, who immediately sent the dead and wounded on shore, and advised us to save such of our effects as were most valuable, and transport them to the shore.

"While we were engaged in this work, daylight broke over the waters, and as the sun rose, one of the frigates stood closer in shore, and commenced a heavy firing upon us, pouring broadsides at a time into us. We returned her fire, and I hulled her repeatedly with my Long Tom, which I had learned to handle so skillfully, that my aim was as correct as that of a backwoodsman's rifle. Shot after shot was sent crashing through her timbers, till at length she was glad to haul off to repair damages. As she was getting out of range of my gun I sent a parting shot after her, which so wounded her fore-topmast that it soon after went by the board.

"The Carnation now took up the position of the disabled ship, and opened fire upon us. It was very certain we could not stand this kind of work much longer, and our gallant old commander, ordering every man into the boats, knocked open several barrels of tar, which had been hoisted on to the deck for that purpose, and with his own hands set our brave craft on fire.

"As the flames rose upward, along the tarry rigging, and leaped from sail to sail, and ran along the greasy spars, we pulled out to the shore, but a few rods distant, and with tears in our eyes, looked our last on our beloved vessel. We had not much time, however, to gaze upon the mournful spectacle; for the British sailors were in hot pursuit of us, and it behooved us to seek some position where we could defend ourselves against an attack on land.

"To the convent! shouted some one of our officers, and in a body we ran to the heights overlooking the town, upon which were built the substantial buildings occupied by the priests and monks of the order of Franciscans. Upon the flat roof of the highest building we mounted, and barricading its approaches with such materials as we found at hand, we were prepared for a desperate defence. One of our boys had brought along with him, from the privateer, an extra American color; and tying it to the cross, ornamenting the top of the front wall, we waived it defiantly to the breeze, determined to fall to a man, before it should be struck to the enemy. We numbered over one hundred men; and though the three frigates could have sent nearly ten times that number of sailors and marines against us, I doubt if they could have taken our castle, without the aid of their heavy guns.

"We had not been in our position long before the Governor begged us to surrender, adding that there was no possible chance for us to escape capture, and that the English proposed that if we would return to the beach, we should be treated as prisoners of war, and under parole should be furnished with a safe passage to the United States.

"Our reply to the proposition, was—that if the English wanted us they were welcome to come for us. We were prepared for their reception. The Governor then sent word that if we did not surrender, the English commanders had threatened to demolish the town, and he was fearful they would put their dastardly threat into execution. Our answer to this was, that if the authorities of the town had not the courage to defend their place against the attack of the British, we would volunteer to do it for them.

"But notwithstanding all their swagger and braggadocio, the enemy did not see fit to assault our position. In fact, they had their hands full, for that day, in burying their dead, which amounted to more than our entire crew, while their wounded were said to have been one hundred and eighty. The loss of the three ships, in the aggregate, amounted to upwards of three hundred. But mortified by their unexpected defeat, the enemy endeavored to conceal the extent of their loss. The captain of the Rota, however, informed the Governor that his own loss was seventy men killed, besides the wounded, while our own loss was two killed and seven wounded.

"During all the war, I doubt if John Bull found so hard a nut to crack as our brave old Armstrong proved to be, and erect fallen and chagrined, the three frigates withdrew from the port, leaving us still in undisturbed possession of our citadel, which we immediately after relinquished to its proper occupants."

A WORD TO WIFE-HUNTERS.

BY AUGUSTA HERBERT.

"We often hear men complaining bitterly of their wives. But are their complaints apt to be reasonable? It is, to be sure, really deplorable to see young men working the flesh off their bones and the hair off their heads, to earn the means by which to support a family, which is as a leech upon their strength, courage and life. To see a man pouring in, pouring in, to his family what ought to purchase every comfort, and even, perhaps, many of the luxuries of home, and yet seldom finding there ought but discomfort, barrenness and complaint.

"The heart sickens over the spectacle, and involuntarily we groan for the fate of the unfortunate man; but, after all, he has but himself to thank for his predicament. And this takes us back to our opening proposition; it is a pity that men will be so unreasonable, so very beetle-headed and simple. Why don't they look for *zoomers*, instead of pretty dolls, when they start on the search for wives? That's the question! a question which, from the heart of hundreds and thousands of worn-out and broken-spirited men, of from thirty to forty-five and seven years, is answered by a bitter "Because I was a fool!" aye, that's the trouble—you have discovered it; but, poor man! for you it is too late. Why will not others take timely warning by your folly, and avoid a mistake which is almost certain to work temporal ruin?"

Now, when a man is rich, and don't want "a help-meet," but only a help-out and a help-play, it may do very well for him to take unto himself as wife, to walk with him through life, a pretty, interesting creature who don't know any (practical) thing, and who never did anything, and who never means—or at least never wants—to do anything more like work than playing, dancing, shopping, and going from one place of amusement to another. If he can afford to indulge himself in this article of domestic extravagance—he will find it to be tremendous—well and good; let him do so. He will, no doubt, find it exceedingly pleasant as a plaything for his leisure hours. Such wives are very agreeable, and very amiable and happy, as long as the winds of

heaven are not allowed to visit them too roughly; and as long as they are not required to deny themselves any pleasure, or to exert themselves, save at their own desire. A man who is heartily devoted to one of these beautiful good-for-nothings, and who is of an easy, superficial nature, and who has always at command abundance of ready cash, may live very delightfully with her all the days of his vanity (viz.: life), and then go with her—we can't undertake to say positively where; but out, we opine, like a pair of snuffed candles.

There is, however, one consideration calculated to cause some uneasiness even to a wealthy husband of that manner of wife—riches do sometimes take to themselves wings, and when they flee away where will *he* be? But for a young man who has yet his way to carve in life—who has not even the sure means of obtaining daily bread in his possession—to choose a companion for life for any other reason than her sterling worth of character and disposition, is indeed the madness of folly. A pretty face and a graceful form are fine and pleasant things when common sense, and an industrious, brave and generous heart accompany them; but they are only a reproach and a mischief, and will become a disgust, where their owner is indolent, weak and selfish. Therefore, young man, if you would ever be anybody, seek for a maiden to help you be, not for one who shall hang as a burden on your hands and heart. Don't let beauty of outside be any objection if beauty of the spirit—which is the only sort that long endures—be there; but don't be gammoned, humbugged, taken in, sold and done for by any pretty creature who is too great a coward to take bravely and cheerfully her share of your fight in the battle of life. If she wants to be dandied, and petted, and humored all the while, and sheltered from all hardships, and excused from all labor, just let her go; no matter how sweet and attractive she may seem—no matter how much your heart may yearn over her—she is not the "wife from the Lord" for you; if you will have her, it will be Satan who gives her away; and your heart will shortly yearn over yourself ten times worse than ever it did over her—the pretty, worthless clay! If you will have her, don't expect her to be of any use to you, or of any benefit to your children; and then you will save yourself all disappointment.

Don't expect her to be willing to endure pain or privation, or to deny her own wishes for the family advancement. Do expect her to fret at you because you cannot do more for her; because you cannot live in better style; because she has to endure a portion of the common troubles of humanity and of womanhood. Patience, courage, resolution, wisdom, magnanimity—these are not in her—how can you wonder that they do not come out; you are the person to wonder at. Haven't you got what you took—a pretty woman? Then make the best of her, and when you can't live any longer with all that your bargain heaped upon you—perhaps you will find rest and peace in the grave. "How is a fellow to know what he's getting?" Why thus: Open your heart to your lady-love, and tell her what it is necessary for you to have in a wife. Then question her closely, and you will almost surely discover what manner of soul is in the body of her you desire to possess. Of course, young, untried women are all more or less afraid of life; but they know well enough what they mean to try to do; and any girl of common sense would doubly esteem and honor a lover who should thus seek to place their union on a foundation on which comfort and happiness could and would stand secure.

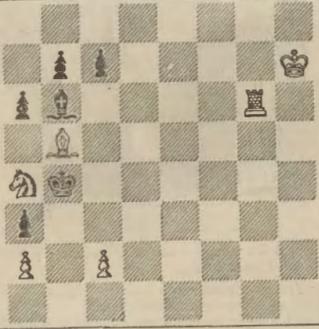
CHESS DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY PAUL MORPHY.

PROBLEM No. XV.

By Horatio.

BLACK.



White to play and mate in four moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XIV.

- WHITE. 1. B. to K. sixth 2. P. to K. fourth 3. R. mates
- BLACK. 1. K. takes B. (best) 2. K. moves

GAME SIXTEENTH.

Twelfth in the series between Labourdonnais and M'Donnell.

QUEEN'S GAMBIT.

- WHITE Labourdonnais. 1. P. to Q. fourth 2. P. to Q. B. fourth 3. P. to K. third 4. K. B. takes P. (a) 5. P. takes P. 6. K. Kt. to B. third 7. Castles 8. Q. B. to K. Kt. fifth 9. Q. B. to K. R. fourth 10. Q. B. to K. Kt. third 11. Q. Kt. to B. third 12. Q. to Q. third 13. Kt. to K. fifth 14. P. takes B. 15. Kt. to Q. fifth 16. Q. takes Kt. 17. P. to K. B. fourth 18. P. to K. third 19. P. takes Kt. 20. Kt. to R. square 21. P. to K. B. fifth 22. Kt. to Q. square 23. P. to K. B. sixth 24. Kt. to Q. sixth 25. P. to K. sixth 26. Q. to Q. B. seventh 27. Q. takes Q. Kt. P. 28. Q. R. to Q. Kt. square 29. Q. R. takes Q. 30. Kt. takes K. B. P. 31. K. R. to Q. square 32. K. R. to Q. seventh 33. R. takes R. 34. K. to Kt. square 35. P. to K. seventh.
- BLACK M'Donnell. 1. P. to Q. fourth 2. P. takes P. 3. P. to K. fourth 4. P. takes P. 5. K. Kt. to B. third 6. K. B. to Q. third (b) 7. Castles 8. P. to K. R. third 9. P. to K. Kt. fourth (c) 10. Q. B. to K. Kt. fifth 11. Q. Kt. to B. third 12. K. to Kt. second (d) 13. B. takes Kt. 14. Kt. to K. R. fourth 15. Kt. takes B. (e) 16. B. to K. R. fourth 17. Kt. to Q. R. fourth 18. Kt. takes B. 19. P. to Q. B. third 20. Q. to Q. fifth (ch) 21. B. to K. Kt. third 22. Q. takes Q. B. P. 23. B. to K. R. second 24. K. R. to Q. square 25. P. to K. B. third 26. K. R. to Q. B. square 27. Q. to Q. Kt. fourth 28. Q. takes Q. 29. K. to R. square 30. B. to K. Kt. square 31. K. R. to Q. square 32. R. takes R. 33. P. to Q. K. fifth 34. P. to Q. R. fourth 35. P. to K. seventh.

And Labourdonnais wins.

NOTES.

- (a) See the first note on the tenth game between these players.
- (b) The correct move; in subsequent games, however, M'Donnell almost invariably committed the error of playing this bishop to king's second.
- (c) M'Donnell has been justly censured for his premature adoption of this move in these contests. There are, undoubtedly, many cases, in which the king's knight's pawn may be thrown forward with advantage; the move, however, should be made at the proper stage of the game.
- (d) This move enables White to obtain an advantage in position by 13. Kt. to K. fifth. 14. Q. B. to K. Kt. fifth would certainly have been preferable. If, in reply, White captures the bishop with queen, he does not appear to possess any very marked advantage; and if 13. Kt. to R. square 14. Kt. to R. second 15. P. takes B. 16. Kt. takes Q. P. (e) We do not like this, but it would be difficult to select a move of any greater promise. White has the better game in consequence of Black's erroneous twelfth move.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. W. FRENCH.

"The solitude which, in this world, appals or fascinates a child's heart, is but the echo of a far deeper solitude through which already he has passed, and of another solitude deeper still, through which, at his last hour, he has to pass: reflex of one solitude—prefiguration of another."

FLAME is one of the most beautiful things in the world. Not a sunset sky in summer, not a full-blown tropic flower, is more brilliant than flame; flame is the flower of fire. The ivy has no splendor like the mantling flame; it reddens like the thyrus of the god.

PLUTARCH says there is not so great a difference between beast and beast as between man and man. We might go further, and say that there is more difference between some men and other men than there is between some men and some beasts.

CONSTANT success shows us but one side of the world; for it surrounds us with flatterers who will tell us only our merits, and silence our enemies, from whom alone we might learn our defects.

A POLITICAL editor says that "the national treasury seems to be running away like a thing with legs." One would think that it must have a good many legs from the number of drawers upon it.

If you must find fault, do it in private if possible, and some time after the offence rather than at the time; the blamed are less inclined to resist when they are blamed without witnesses.

THE greatest part of what we know is the least of what we do not; that is to say, even what we think we know is but a piece, and a very little one, of our ignorance.

WHERE all around us is drear and dark, the hidden glories of heaven may be caught in a tear trembling upon the eyelid and pictured vividly and beautifully upon the soul.

An important reason for benevolence is, that though you may forget your own joy from being so accustomed to it, the joy of others seems ever something new.

A MAN is the healthiest and the happiest when he thinks the least either of health or happiness. To forget an ill is half the battle; it leaves easy work for the doctors.

MR. L. of Cincinnati claims to have the largest vineyard in the United States. We do not suppose that it is more than half as large as Martha's.

It is said that a Western debating society is discussing the question whether, if a man deserts his wife, he or she is the most abandoned.

FASHIONABLE riding habits are very pretty, but unfashionable walking habits are pretty, too, and a great deal better for the health.

TIME takes a step, and arbitrary systems are overturned; the statues of their authors alone remain standing over their ruins.

If the world applaud us, we must thankfully receive it as a boon; for, if even the most deserving appear to expect it as a debt, it will never be paid.

SLANDERS, issuing from red and beautiful lips, are like foul spiders crawling from the blushing heart of a rose.

To quell the pride even of the greatest, we should reflect how much more we owe to others than to ourselves.

A SWEET girl is a sort of divinity, to whom even the Scriptures do not forbid us to render "lip-service."

"WHAT makes you so tight this morning, neighbor?" "Oh, I was in a tight place last night."

THE sunshine that makes the grass green and beautiful, nurtures and invigorates the snake in it.

WITHOUT confidence, friendship is but a mockery, and social intercourse a sort of war in disguise.

An improvement has been suggested to an old proverb—a thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.

WHEN the man pushed his wife into the fire, he gallantly remarked, "let the toast be dear woman."

GOLD may be all the time in a man's mind, and yet none of his thoughts be golden.

PHYSICIANS are generally an egotistical class, almost every one of them is an I-doctor.

HAPPINESS without health is not impossible, but it is of very difficult attainment.

Many persons' minds lie piping in the cradle five years after their bodies have been out of it.

He that is not aware of his ignorance will only be misled by his knowledge.

The grandeur of man is to prefer what he believes to be truth to himself.

CURRENT ITEMS.

Certain parties in this city have recently received particular attention from the police, on account of complaints made to the authorities by persons residing in the country, of their having been swindled by said parties, who had obtained subscriptions from them for various pretended "gift publications," which publications seem never to have been forwarded to the deluded subscribers. At this season of the year, everybody should keep their eyes wide open, for such swindlers abound at this time.

A WOMAN named Jessie Wardlow attempted to leap into the Hudson river at the foot of Canal street, a few evenings since, but was prevented from doing so by a man who happened to discover her intention in time. She struggled violently to accomplish her purpose, but finding it futile she grew calm, and on being questioned, said she had tried in vain to earn an honest livelihood, and, having no resource but death or crime, she had preferred the former.

JOSEPH GRANTREE, a fiddler of some note among low dance-houses of this city, offended a negro one evening where he was playing, whereas she seized a decanter from the counter, and beat him over the head with it so severely, that his skull was cut open in several places, and the brandy from the broken decanter getting into the wounds, he was driven so frantic with pain that his yelling became utterly appalling. He had medical aid as soon as it could be obtained, but died in a few hours.

A DUEL was lately fought in Vera Cruz by a Texan and a Spaniard. The latter having the choice of weapons, selected small swords, in the use of which he was an expert, while the Texan knew nothing about them. When the fight began, the Texan avoided the Spaniard's lunge by leaping one side; and then catching his adversary's blade in his left hand, he closed upon him, and thrusting his sword to the hilt in his bosom, killed him on the spot.

A COMPANY of six gold-hunters, in California, were attacked by a monstrous grizzly bear a short time since; and though every man lodged a ball in the body of the savage beast, he came at them with such fury that they had to seek safety in climbing trees, from whence they fired upon him until he was disabled, when they came down and put an end to him. He measured six feet and three inches from tip to tip.

A COUPLE of ferocious dogs got to fighting the other day in the Central Park, and in the excitement occasioned thereby the owners of the brutes also came into collision, and had a short but vigorous combat, which was indignantly terminated by a couple of policemen, who marched the testy dog-owners off to a station-house, and left the dogs to take care of themselves.

A COUPLE of raftsmen on the Susquehanna river got into a quarrel recently while working a raft down; and, each seizing an axe, they began to fight in the most savage manner. Before their comrades could effectually interfere, one of the combatants split the other's head open and injured him fatally, the wounded man dying in less than half an hour.

A LITTLE boy, four years of age, named Conen-nearah, was run over by an omnibus in Broadway, near Grand street, a few days ago, and though both of his legs and one arm were broken, it is thought that he will recover, and, with proper care, become as good as new.

A COMPANY of newly-arrived sailors, numbering some half-a-dozen, who had been laid at sea, got into a row in a saloon in Broadway, a few evenings since, beat the bar-keeper most unmercifully,