

WILD WORDS—BUT TRUE.

BY SALLIE BRYAN.

No—no—the angels do not love their Heaven More than I do love thee, most lovely one; And never was so sweet a treasure given Since Eden's roses blushed to meet the sun.

A YANKEE BUCCANEER.

Early one summer morning, I think it was in the year 1833,—for it was in my childhood,—the residents of the little New England seaport, which was my home, were amazed by the report of cannon, booming up from the offing of our harbor.

of the officers; and thence we found our way to the crowded berth deck; and even into the lowest hold of the schooner. We conversed with, and asked a thousand boyish questions of such of the officers and men as chanced to speak English, and made ourselves at home generally.

peared to be no preparation on board of the schooner. The night proved to be a dark and stormy one; but after the citizens had been some hours in bed, those living near the shore were awakened by the sound of several shots fired in the direction of the harbor.

wealth in his habitation. You will probably see a heap of human skulls near the door, which he obtained with his own creese, or by the creeses of his ancestors; and such shocking things may have been the cause of his elevation to his office.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. S. PRENTICE.

THE love of beauty sustains very intimate relations to purity of thought and love of truth; a fine picture has a mission nobler than the gratification of the eye; and the appeal of poetry, if not heard beyond "the daughters of music," is but the jangling of sweet bells out of tune.