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VOLUME I.

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## THE LANCASTER LEDGER

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## ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH AT THIS OFFICE.

## Selected Tales.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

## HAVN'T TIME: AND DON'T-BE-IN-A-HURRY.

### CHAPTER I.

MR. DON'T-BE-IN-A-HURRY IN NEW YORK.

On the morning following, Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry was slightly indisposed.—For a man of his temperament and habits of mind, the anxiety and excitement of the two previous days were too severe.—He found himself feverish, and with a disturbed nervous system. He suffered, also, from a low, dull stupifying headache.

After taking a cup of coffee, and eating a light breakfast, he felt a little better. The headache had subsided; but he was still feverish, and nervous.

"What shall I do with myself to-day?" This was a very natural question. Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry's visit to New York was one of pleasure and recreation, not business. He had been in the city a day and a half without seeing anything that he particularly cared to see; and now it behooved him to make good use of the time that remained. He had meant to spend four or five days in New York—that is in leaving home on Wednesday, as at first proposed, his intention was to stay the remainder of the week in the city, and leave for Niagara on Monday morning.

As the reader has seen, our traveller failed to get away from home on Wednesday in consequence of his want of proper forethought. Thursday and Friday were lost from the same cause. He was not ready to leave when the carriage came for him, and he got so late to the boat that his baggage failed to be passed on board. A prompt telegraphic despatch, on his arrival in New York, would have brought on the trunk by the evening train. Yielding to his defect of character, he failed to do this; and so had to wait all of Friday before receiving it.

Only Saturday remained for sight-seeing in New York, and unfortunately for our friend, his state both of body and mind were such, that he felt little interest in anything around him. Still the question "What shall I do with myself to-day?" came up naturally. A certain amount of curiosity, whether active or passive, was to be gratified, of course. For what else had Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry come to New York?

He decided, after turning the matter over in his mind, briefly, to call at once upon his friend, whose name was Jenkins. A cordial greeting took place when they met, and then they sat down to have a cosy chat together about old times, new times, and matters and things in general.

"How much I regret not having seen you yesterday morning," said Mr. Jenkins, breaking in upon a pause in their conversation. "We had a dinner on board one of the new Liverpool steamers, and a sail on the harbor. I had two invitations. What a treat it would have been for you. Oh, we had a delightful time."

"Of all things in the world I should have enjoyed such a trip," returned Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry, a change in his countenance showing how he felt the loss of a now clearly imagined pleasure.

"Have you ever been on board of one of our large ocean steamers?" asked Mr. Jenkins.

"Never," was replied.—"Though I always had a desire that way. During my present visit here, purpose gratifying that desire."

"Unfortunately," remarked Mr. Jenkins drawing out his watch, and looking at the time, "the steamer of which I spoke sails at twelve o'clock to-day, and it is now nearly eleven. Of course, even if you could get on board, there would be no time for examination."

"When do you expect the next one to arrive?"

"Not for several days," replied Mr. Jenkins.

"I'm rather unlucky in this. But, on my return from Niagara, there will probably be a steamer in port; then I can gratify my curiosity."

The subject of conversation was then changed, and the two got into a discussion on some question of politics, which so absorbed Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry's thoughts that he forgot everything else, and talked with his friend for more than two hours.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Jenkins, at length drawing out and looking at his watch, "it is after one o'clock, and I've considerable bank business yet to attend to. Pray excuse me now. I shall be most happy to see you this afternoon.—You will dine with me to-morrow, of course."

"So late as one o'clock! I didn't think it was twelve. How rapidly the hours glide away!" said Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry, starting to his feet. He promised to call on Mr. Jenkins again, during the afternoon. "Come in before five o'clock," said the latter. "I have a business engagement at that hour, which cannot be postponed."

"You will see me at some time between four and five," replied Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry, as he bowed and took his departure. The interest felt in the conversation had caused him to forget his bodily sensations. But, excitement of mind, and the consequent more rapid circulation of blood through his veins, added to, instead of detracting from the feverish state of his system. He was, in reality not so well as when, some two hours before, he called upon his friend Jenkins; and of this he became too fully aware soon after leaving him. Excitement of mind, when a slight indisposition exists, is quite as injurious as over exertion of body. Moderate exercise in the open air, and the visiting of one or two points of interest, would not have been detrimental; but the excitement of a long political discussion, in which the two men took opposite sides, greatly disturbed the train of his mind, and this sent the disturbance along the nervous fibres to every part of the body.

Thus, two hours and more of time set apart for another purpose, was wasted in profitless talk—and not only this, Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry was unfitted, thereby, to enjoy the period that intervened before the dinner hour.

On his way back to the hotel, whither a now stunning headache compelled him to repair, he passed the room in which Leutze's celebrated picture of Washington crossing the Delaware was exhibited. Of this work of art he had heard and read much, and particularly desired to see it.

"Won't you tell me something about this picture of Washington," asks a young reader. "Yes, I will do so with pleasure. First, however, let me refresh your memories, if that need be, touching the event; it commemorates. You will remember, if you are familiar with the history of the American Revolution, and this you undoubtedly are, the series of reverses suffered by the American army during 1776. The battle of Long Island—the retreat from Brooklyn—the possession of New York by the British—the Battle of Chatterton's Hill—the crossing of the Hudson by Washington, and his retreat through New Jersey beyond the Delaware.

During the winter that followed, the army of Washington, which suffered great privations, was reduced three thousand men. Depressed and exhausted by defeat and fatigue, they remained posted on the west side of the Delaware.

The British under General Howe, were stationed in New Jersey, about four thousand of them being distributed along the east side of the river at Trenton, Bordentown, The White Horse, Monmouth, and Burlington, and the residue between the Delaware and the Hackensack. In the month of December, the continental army was reinforced, and Washington determined to recommence active operations. He had noticed the unprotected situation of the winter quarters of the British troops, and he contemplated the preservation of Philadelphia and the recovery of New Jersey, by sweeping at one stroke, all the enemy's cantonments on the Delaware.—Gen. Greene's division, with whom was the Commander-in-chief, were ordered to cross the river at McKonkey's ferry, nine miles above Trenton, to attack that post. General Irvine was directed to cross with his division at Trenton ferry, to secure the bridge below the town, and prevent the retreat of the enemy that way. General Cadwalader was to pass the river at Bristol ferry, and assault the post at Burlington. The night of Christmas was selected for the execution of this daring scheme. It proved to be so intensely cold, and so much ice was made in the river, that Generals Irvine and Cadwalader, with the latter of whom was the artillery, were unable to cross with their divisions. The Commander-in-chief was more fortunate. He succeeded in crossing with General Greene's command, although he was delayed in point of time. The movement was commenced at dark, but the last of the troops did not get over before four o'clock in the morning. The result was the battle of Trenton, at which one thousand of the enemy were taken prisoners, and a thousand stand of arms and six pieces of artillery captured. Of the American troops two privates were killed and two frozen to death, and one officer and three or four privates were wounded.

These are briefly, the interesting facts in history, and the particular incident represented by the artist in the crossing of the Delaware by Washington. This took place during the night, when all was shrouded in darkness that concealed the

movement. Of course Mr. Leutze could not represent the darkness without drawing his figures indistinct; so, departing a little from the true time, he makes the passage take place in the cold light of the opening morning. The principal object in the picture, is the boat of Washington which fills nearly the entire foreground. In the distance, dimly perceived through the hazy air, are other boats of the expedition. The low hills of New Jersey, covered with snow, are seen in the distance; while the eye seems to travel for miles and miles along the frozen surface of the Delaware. And here, I will avail myself of a minute and graphic description of this painting, taken from a periodical issued by the New York Art-Union, and specially devoted to the arts. It cannot fail to be read with deep interest.

"We have never seen in art a representation of nature so gloomy and austere as this immense barren vista, stretching northward as far as the eye can reach, and filled with innumerable cakes of floating ice. One may almost feel one biting wind sweeping over this frigid waste. The aerial perspective is so well managed here that the impression of vastness and desolation is wonderfully enhanced by it, and the difficulty of the passage told in unmistakable language. The boat is represented with its broadside to the spectator, and propelled by three or four oarsmen, while a sturdy fellow at the bows with a pole, is pushing away the huge lumps of ice which obstruct its path, and some of which are seen floating in the open, green water of the foreground. Standing near the bows of the boat, with his right foot raised upon a seat, is Washington, the central and most conspicuous object of the composition, and upon which the light is chiefly concentrated. His head, which is in profile, is moved against the brightest part of the scenery, morning sky. He wears a military cloak, which he restrains with his left hand against the action of the wind, while his right resting upon the knee that is raised, holds a small reconnoitring glass. He is dressed in full uniform, and wears the silver-mounted, green-hilted sword, which, we believe, is still preserved. He looks earnestly forward towards the shore he is approaching, and there in his features and attitude an expression of dauntless energy, and at the same time of calmness and resolution, and self-reliance, which befits the man and the occasion. It corresponds with our ideal of Washington, and what higher praise than this can we award. It is forcible without being extravagant, or melodramatic, or contradicting our belief in the dignified gravity of his character. Seated beside him in front, and grasping the gunwale of the boat with his right hand, the rest of his body being enveloped in a blue military cloak, is Greene, who is also looking intently forward towards the point of embarkation. Immediately behind Washington stands Col. Monroe (afterwards President), at that time a young man of nineteen and the aid of General Greene.—He is bearing the flag, the loose folds of which are blown out by the wind. In this duty he is assisted by a countryman in a light frock and fur cap, whose countenance seems to us one of the most successful portions of the picture. It was taken in part, we have been informed from the features of Webster and Jefferson, and it seems to embody the great traits that characterized the old Continentals, and assured the success of their arms. It is the grandest exhibition of the American type countenance we have ever seen. There is a certain cast of solemnity in it, as if it were reflecting the darkness of that gloomiest period of our history, to be illuminated so soon, however, by the successes of Trenton and Princeton. We can follow in imagination that sturdy veteran into those fights, and witness the cool intrepidity with which he shared in their dangers. In the stern of the boat are three other figures, two oarsmen and three officers one of the latter having his head bandaged. The steersman wears a hunting shirt, and is drawn with great vigor and truth to nature. The officers are wrapped in their cloaks, and the traces of a slight fall of snow are seen on the exposed portions of their dress. There are twelve persons in the boat, all represented of the size of life."

And now let me introduce an interesting incident connected with this painting, which shows the strong will and unconquerable energy of the artist. The painting was executed at Dusseldorf, Germany, where Mr. Leutze resided for some time. There is, in that city, a celebrated School of Art, pictures from which, of a very high order of excellence, are to be seen in New York. Here, as just said, Mr. Leutze painted his picture of "Washington Crossing the Delaware." The work was nearly completed, when the building in which he had his studio caught fire, and the picture was so badly injured that he had to commence a new one. We give his own account of this misfortune, taken from a letter which he wrote to a friend, a few days after the occurrence:

"I write to you with a heavy heart, and although not bowed down by the misfortune, still grieving for frustrated hopes. My picture of Washington is so much injured that I must give up all hope of being able to finish it without commencing it entirely anew. Five days ago, having just put down my palette to leave for dinner, I was startled by a crackling noise behind me, and on returning, saw flames bursting through the floor of my studio. The apartments below were all on fire. All hopes to extinguish it seemed vain. Nothing else was left but to cut the picture from the frame, as the fire spread so rapidly to all appearances, and the smoke became so dense as to make a stay in the room for any length of time impossible. It was the last thing we did

—the rooms were already cleared of every thing. We succeeded perfectly in getting the canvas down, cutting it from the frame and rolling it, but the good people outside in their zeal to assist, seized it so roughly that it was broken in more than five places, and no chance of restoring it left.

"I am particularly grieved to think how much longer I shall be detained from going to America. I have even thought of going at once and painting the picture there. Already I have ordered another canvas, and shall go to work upon it at once as soon as I receive it. Nothing shall deter me."

"The picture was insured in its unfinished state for 3000 thalers."

"I am just interrupted in this letter by the arrival of the deputies of the Insurance Company who brought me the money. They will (as according to their statutes) dispose of it by way of lottery for the benefit of the wives and children of the militia of Prussia, who under the present war-like appearances, may soon be left without their male protectors. Ten thousand chances will be made at one thaler per chance. The copy-right will be secured to me, as also six month's possession of the injured picture to assist me in the repetition. . . . The size is 20 feet four inches by twelve feet in height."

And so he went resolutely to his task, and in a few months re-produced his work in the painting just described as on an exhibition in New York.

This is a long digression, but we do not think the reader, whether young or old has found it in the least tedious. As before said, our friend Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry had heard much of this picture, and greatly desired to see it. Now the opportunity was at hand. Alas! He was in no condition to avail of it. His head ached, and his whole frame was weary and oppressed. If, instead of forgetting the true purpose of his visit to New York in a bootless political discussion, he had spent the two hours lost in examining this painting, and some of those on exhibition in the Art-Union Gallery, how much real pleasure would he have derived. How much would his mind have been benefited and his taste improved.

A moment or two he hesitated whether to go in and see the picture or not. Then, a sudden increase of the pain in his head, decided the brief debate. He was no condition to enjoy a work of art, no matter how attractive, and so kept on his way towards the hotel. Arrived there, he went up to his room, and lying down, remained until dinner was announced. By this time, the pain in his head had again subsided. After dinner he—wisely partook but lightly of this meal. Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry felt a great deal better. But he concluded to remain quiet for the afternoon, with the exception of calling on Mr. Jenkins, as agreed upon. At four o'clock he was in the reading room engaged in the perusal of an interesting newspaper article. Casually raising his eyes, they rested upon the face of a clock—he noted the time, and thought within himself that he ought now to call upon Mr. Jenkins, who had particularly informed him that he would not be in his store after five. Then he let his eyes run along the article he was reading, to note its length. He had become interested in it—it was long. A moment or two he hesitated whether to finish reading the article now, or defer its perusal until after his call upon Mr. Jenkins.

"There's time enough," said he, and busied his thoughts again in the newspaper.

When next particularly conscious of surrounding objects, which was not until the long article was finished, it lacked only a few minutes of five o'clock.

"I declare!" he exclaimed, on observing this, starting up as he spoke, and hurrying off to the store of his friend. Mr. Jenkins, a very punctual man, had been gone just three minutes.

"Will he be back again?" enquired Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry.

"Not this afternoon," was the reply. Exceedingly disappointed our friend returned to the hotel. He had just forgotten to ask for the residence of Mr. Jenkins, with whom he was to dine on the morrow. This omission he remembered, on reaching the hotel, and was about returning to get the information, when it occurred to his mind that reference to a city directory, to be procured at the bar, or office, would save this trouble. As the directory could be consulted at any time, there was no necessity for doing it just then. So this put off to an imagined more convenient moment.

The hurried walk to the store of Mr. Jenkins, and the disturbance of mind produced by what followed, brought back the headache from which Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry had suffered during the morning, and thus completed the day's defects and disappointments.

Our friend was something of a philosopher, he belonged to the class of men, who, when reflection comes after a loss or unpleasant occurrence, console themselves by saying—"It is no use to cry over spilt milk." So Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry said to himself, on becoming a little composed. The departure from New York was momentarily delayed from Monday until Tuesday. On Sunday, so he thought within himself, he would dine with Mr. Jenkins, and assisted by that gentleman's knowledge of the points of interest in New York, so arrange his time for Monday, as to see a great deal, and thus make up for what had been lost. His headache continuing after supper, he did not go out during the evening. Half a dozen times he thought of consulting the directory, to ascertain where Mr. Jenkins lived, but as often deferred it to another time. Finally, on

retiring to bed, he still remained in ignorance on this point. But, said he to himself, as he remembered his neglect, it will be time enough in the morning.

But, in the morning a new disappointment awaited him. On consulting the directory, the name of Mr. Jenkins was not to be found therein. The truth was, Mr. Jenkins resided in Williamsburg, a fact which Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry would have learned, had he returned to his store on the afternoon previous, to make enquiry, as he had at first intended to do.

How Sunday was spent, we will not describe. Not very profitably, however it may be said.

On Monday morning, Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry, who, during his Sunday reflections, had come to the conclusion that Mr. Jenkins had not treated him well, determined not to call again on that gentleman. So, after breakfast, he started forth, determined to see as much for one day as possible. It being early when he left the hotel, and the morning air feeling fresh and bracing, he concluded to walk first down to the Battery, although he had spent some hours there on Friday, and take another look at the broad, beautiful bay, and the busy life upon its crowded surface.

"There will be plenty of time left to see all I want to see," was the self-deluding remark with which he started down Broadway.

It was an hour before Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry reached the Battery. What with looking at the pictures and other notable things in the shop windows; examining the interior of Trinity Church—not lost time, this, by the way—strolling through Wall Street, and used up at least sixty minutes, and arrived, finally, at the point for which he had set out, quite weary enough to enjoy a comfortable seat beneath the shade trees. The cool refreshing air, from the water; the moving panorama of ships and steamers, and the picturesqueness of the view all produced so pleasant an effect upon the mind of Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry, that he remained, unconscious of the passing time for nearly two hours.

"Twelve o'clock, as I live!" he exclaimed, at length, on drawing out his watch.

"How swiftly the time does pass!"

So he left the Battery with a hurried movement, and jumping into an omnibus started up Broadway. His purpose was to visit without further delay, the picture of Washington crossing the Delaware. In this picture he had felt much pride and interest. It was the work of an American artist, and commemorated an event of deep historical interest. In fact, of all matters of interest in New York, the mind of Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry had given to this the most prominence. And yet, strange as this may seem, while riding in the omnibus, he determined, as he felt so comfortably seated, and was on the way to continue on up town and take a look at Grace Church, Union Park, and the free stone palaces of the Fifth Avenue, erected by some of the merchant princes of New York. He could visit Leutze's picture on his return.

But the time passed far more rapidly than he had calculated. He did not return until the dinner hour. So the chief pleasure anticipated from a visit to New York, was postponed until the afternoon. I will not weary the reader by further detailing the efforts of Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry to see New York and its lions.—Enough, that neither Leutze's picture, the Art Union Gallery, nor indeed, scarcely anything except the external objects to be encountered on a journey through Broadway and a visit to the Battery, had been seen by our friend, who determined to leave for Niagara on the next morning. There would be time enough to see New York on his return—so he consoled himself.

The beautiful steamer New World—a floating palace as she was inappropriately called—left for Albany at seven o'clock on Tuesday morning. In this boat Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry resolved to take passage. So, he paid his bill and packed his trunk on Monday night, and also gave notice at the office that he wished an early breakfast.

CHAPTER XI.

LOSES HIS PASSAGE IN THE ALBANY BOAT —THE CONSEQUENCE.—CONCLUSION.

Rap-rap-rap.

"Who's there?" cries Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry, starting from a profound sleep. It was day-light.

"Going in the seven o'clock boat?" asked a servant.

"All right," responds Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry, who draws his watch from under his pillow.

"Only half-past five," he muttered to himself. "He means that I shall be early enough. Plenty of time this half hour. Boat doesn't leave until seven o'clock."

And so he sinks back upon his pillow meaning to lie just half an hour to a minute, and no more. Of course he fell into a sound sleep, from which the loud slamming of a door in vicinity awakens him. He looks at his watch.

"Bless me!"

No wonder he makes the exclamation. It is ten minutes past seven o'clock! His half hour's repose has been lengthened to an hour and a half. Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry felt bad. So far, there had been loss of time and loss of pleasure at every point, and he alone was to blame. Here was a new disappointment and again it was his own fault. He was exceedingly vexed with himself. All disposition for further indulgence was gone. So he arose and dressed himself. It was half past seven o'clock when he came down, and to one of the attendants at the office mentioned his disappointment.

"You can still leave at eight o'clock," was the answer.

"Doesn't the boat go at seven?" was the eager enquiry.

"O yes, the boat leave at seven. But a train of cars on the Hudson River Railroad leaves at eight. Passengers by this line arrive at Poughkeepsie before the boat, which stops for and conveys them to Albany."

"Are you certain?" was Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry's quick interrogation.

"O yes," answered the attendant. "Several gentlemen are about leaving to go in that train. They are bringing down their baggage now. Shall I order yours?"

"By all means."

The baggage was brought down and placed upon the coach, into which Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry crept and was soon dashing away for the Hudson River Railroad Depot—without his breakfast of course.

In due time the cars started, and were soon sweeping ahead at the fearful speed of from forty to fifty miles an hour, which made our friend feel rather nervous. A very long time did not pass before, in a reach of the river seen in advance from the window of the car at which he sat, his eyes rested on the splendid boat that left the city at seven o'clock. Rapidly they gained upon her and, not long after passing Sixty-Sixth, the cars and boat were moving side by side. But soon the boat was left behind, and the rattling train went dashing on with undiminished speed.

A shock—a fearful crash—wild screams of terror—momentary blindness and confusion. Then Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry found himself wedged in between a broken seat and a portion of the shattered roof of the car in which he had been riding, and was soon conscious of a severe pain in his arm.

There had been a fearful accident. A switchman had neglected his duty, and whole train of cars, had, in consequence run off the track, or been broke by the terrific concussion that followed the sudden check of speed. Providentially, but one or two lives were lost; though a number of the passengers were badly injured.

Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry escaped with a broken arm.

The boat that left New York at seven o'clock, landed her passengers safely in Albany. Another train of cars took the railroad passengers back to New York, among them Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry, who returned, by the evening line to Philadelphia, suffering most dreadful pain from his broken arm. He arrived in advance of his friend Mr. Hav'n't-time, whose sprained ankle kept him several days in New York.

And so my two neighbors, both very clever and intelligent men in their way, lost all the pleasure and profit they had hoped to receive from a summer's trip of a few weeks; and this, because one of them permitted himself always to feel in a hurry, while the other gave so little regard to the passage of time that he was generally too late. And yet, strange as it may seem to the reader, neither of them was willing to admit that he alone was to blame for the disappointment and injury he had sustained.

"It's just my luck," said Mr. Hav'n't-time.

And—

"I'm a sort of a Jonah, I believe,"—said Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry.

Notwithstanding this, however, the truth would force itself upon them, and they could not help seeing, at times, that they alone were to blame. I hope they have tried to mend their ways.

Are there any Hav'n't-times, and Don't-be-in-a-hurry's, among my readers? I shall not be far wrong, if I say yes—some quite as forgetful and others quite as over thoughtful about the passage of time as the personages introduced in my story. Well, I have held before you a mirror, do not, after looking at yourselves, straightway depart and forget what manner of men (or boys) you are. If my story has not been very exciting it has taught you, I trust, a useful lesson, and this, if it does you good, will prove far better than if I had merely pleased your fancy.

## The Family Circle.

### Curious Mode of Getting A Wife.

One little act of politeness will sometimes pave the way to fortune and preferment. The following sketch illustrates the fact.

A sailor roughly garbed, was sauntering through the streets of New Orleans, then in a rather damp condition, from recent rains and the rise of the tide. Turning the corner of a much frequented and narrow alley he observed a young lady standing in perplexity, apparently measuring the depth of the muddy water between her and the opposite side walk, with no very satisfied countenance.

The sailor paused for he was a great admirer of beauty, and certainly the fair face that peeped out from under the chip hat, and the auburn curls hanging glossy and unconfined over her muslin dress, might tempt a curious glance. Perplexed, the lady put forth one little foot, when the gallant sailor, with characteristic impulsiveness exclaimed, "that pretty foot, lady, should not be soiled with the filth of this hue; wait for a moment only, and I will make you a path."

So springing past her into a carpenter's shop opposite, he bargained for a plank board that stood in the door way, and coming back to the smiling girl who was just coquetish enough to accept the services of the handsome young sailor, he bridged the narrow black stream, and she tripped across with a merry "thank you," and a roguish smile, making her eyes as dazzling as they could be.

Alas! our young sailor was perfectly charmed. What else would make him catch up and shoulder the plank, and following the little witch through the streets to her home, she twice performing the ceremony of "walking the plank," and each time thanking him with one of her eloquent smiles. Presently our hero saw the young lady trio up the marble steps of a palace of a house, and disappear within its rose-wind entrance; for a full minute he stood looking at the door, and then with a wonderful high sigh turned away, disposed of his drawbridge, and wended his path back to the ship.

The next day he was astonished with an order of promotion from the captain, "Poor Jack was speechless with amazement; he had not dreamed of being exalted to that dignity of a second mate's office on board one of the most splendid ships that sailed out of the port of New Orleans. He knew he was competent, for instead of spending his money for amusements, visiting theatres and bowling-alleys, on his return from sea, he had purchased books and had become quite a student; but he expected years to intervene before his ambitious hopes could be realized.

His superior officers seemed to look upon him with considerable leniency, and gave him many a fair opportunity to gather maritime knowledge; and in a year, the handsome gentlemanly young mate had acquired unusual favor in the eyes of the portly commander, Captain Hume, who had first taken the little smart black-eyed fellow with his neat tarpaulin, and tidy bundle, as his cabin boy.

One night the young man with all the other officers, was invited to an entertainment at the captain's house. He went, and to his astonishment, mounted the identical steps that two years before, the brightest vision he had never forgotten. Thump, thump, went his brave heart, as he was ushered into the great parlor, and like a sledge hammer beat again, when Captain Hume brought forward his blue eyed daughter, and with a pleasant smile said "the young lady once indebted to your politeness for a safe and dry walk home. His eyes were all a blaze and his own cheek flushed hotly, as the noble captain sauntered away leaving fair Grace Hume at his side. And in all the assembly was not so handsome a couple as the gallant sailor and the "pretty lady."

It was only a year from that time that the second mate trod the quarter deck, second only in command, and part owner with the captain not only in his vessel, but in the affections of his daughter gentle Grace Hume, who had always cherished respect to say nothing of love, for the bright eyed sailor.

His homely but earnest act of politeness towards his child had pleased the captain, and though the youth knew it not, was the cause of his first promotion. So that now the old man has retired from business, Henry Wells is Captain Wells, and Grace Hume in polite, "Mrs. Captain Wells," in fact, our honest sailor is one of the richest men in the Crescent City, and he owes perhaps the greater part of his prosperity to his tact and politeness in crossing the street.—*Olive Branch.*

### Love in the Family.

We have not half confidence enough in the power of love to disarm the violent and to reclaim the vicious. The fault begins in our families. We do not seek enough to bear with each other's faults.—We mistake our selfish impatience of each other's foibles, or faults for a righteous indignation at wrong; and our obstinacy and pride, which would conform all others to our own ideas of things, for firmness of principles, and fidelity to duty. We do not seek enough in our own homes to call forth the better qualities in each other's hearts. The faults of our friends are often the reflection of our own weakness or errors. Our carelessness causes their politeness, our jealousy their suspicions, our selfishness their grief, our injustice their anger.

So likewise it is with our children. We do not love them enough to make them love us better than themselves. We do, but we do not love. We do not make sacrifices for them in little things. We do not teach them disinterestedness by our willingness to give up our taste for them. We punish them because they annoy us oftener than they do wrong. We indulge our sloth, and the quickest way of correcting a misconduct which shocks our nerves, or disturbs or interrupts our occupations, is resorted to.

Oh, how quickly parents lose the confidence of their children, never to be regained, by injustice, selfishness, and the absence of love. If the child only has faith in the love of its parents; if the son and daughter only love and love tenderly, truly enough at home, how much less probable is it that they should wander far, or erring, should not be speedily reclaimed! This is the grand rule in domestic education, love! Give your children a genial loving atmosphere in which to grow. Bear with their faults, which are often the beginning of their best excellence—in patience wait upon the growth of their characters. Do not quench the spirit of truth, of beauty, of love, in them by your harsh violence.

Live as near God as you can, and trust your children rather to the genial influences of the atmosphere you create than to your wearisome precepts and corrections, and to the pruning-knife of your standard of right and propriety. Throw them on their own conscience, and do not substitute in their minds artificial sins for real ones; and, verily, if at all, on the side of indulgence. It is not so much well directed love that spoils children. Obedience, not to God, but to the arbitrary will of a parent, is often procured at the expense