

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE,

AND THE WEST BRANCH FARMER.

An independent Family Paper---devoted to News, Literature, Politics, Agriculture, Science and Morality.

BY O. N. WORDEN.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 24, 1849.

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THE CHRONICLE,

SATURDAY, OCT. 26.

The following is the official result of the Election for Representatives in this District:

	Union	Junia	Total
Eli Sifer, Whig	2436	877	3313
John M. Laughlin, "	2295	810	3105
John Dumm, Demo	1869	1129	2998
John Cummings, "	1819	1108	2927

Sifer over M. Laughlin	178
" Dumm	315
" Cummings	386
M. Laughlin over Dumm	137
" Cummings	218
Dumm over Cummings	71

The following is the vote in Northumberland county for Canal Commissioner and on the County Poor-House:

	For	Against
Sanbury	115	101
Northumberland	108	70
Milton	96	137
Upper Augusta	46	83
Lower Augusta	19	41
Point	72	71
Turbot	79	57
Lebanon	174	67
Delaware	155	114
Chambersburg	119	67
Shenandoah	170	63
Coal	41	41
Rosh	121	38
Jackson	154	49
Little Mahanoy	41	8
Upper Mahanoy	122	13
Lower Mahanoy	60	103

	1874	1111	562	1841
Register, &c.—Parsell, Dem.	1468			
Miles, Vol. D. m.	272			
Kocheiler, Vol. Wh.	1267			
Treasurer—Youngman, Dem.	1551			
Young, Volunteer	1103			
Commissioner—Wm. Wilson, Dem.	1695			
D. C. Caul, Vol.	1055			
Assembly—John B. Paeker, no opponent				
Auditor—Wm. L. Cook, "				

We have not the vote by Districts on the Poor House question in Union, but are informed the Boroughs voted For and the Townships Against, as in Northumberland county. The Townships oppose the Boroughs have the most poor, and therefore oppose a more enlarged means of making a common burden a common charge.

In Philadelphia City and County, the vote for President in '48 and for Canal Commissioner in '49, were as follows:

	Whig	Dem	Scat'
In '48	31,035	21,307	200
In '49	19,100	19,282	2213

Increase in '49 11,938 2,205 (inc. In the City, ex-Judge Joel Jones, Independent, is elected Mayor, by 65 majority over Charles Gilpin, Whig. The Whigs elected their Councils and Assembly tickets by 5 to 2500 majority.

The Democrats elected their Legislative County Ticket by about 1300.

The City and County Offices are divided as follows:

WHIG.	
Treasurer—Solomon Wagner, 1,751 maj	
Commissioner—J. C. Dobleman, 1,779 "	
Clerk of O. C.—Jacob Broom, 874 "	
Auditor—Henry Tunison 1,470 "	

DEMOCRAT.

Register of Wills—T. C. Bunting D. 19,735	
Sam'l H. Rothermel, Whig 17,624	
J. C. Boushall, N. 2,832	
Bunting over Vinyard, 1,289	

Sheriff—Wm Deal, Democrat 18,604	
Sam'l H. Rothermel, Whig 17,624	
Wm Dickerson, Independent 2,609	
B. R. Farr, Native 2,193	
Deal over Rothermel, 984	

[In '46, the vote for Sheriff stood:	
Henry Lelar, Native, 15,302	
Wm Deal, Democrat 15,167	
Thos M. Grath, Whig 9,378	
Lelar over Deal, 135	

This is the first time since the present organization of parties that the Democrats have had either the Sheriff or the Mayor of Philadelphia. The alleged sufficiency

of these offices in the hands of Whigs to suppress the dreadful disorders that have blackened Philadelphia, has had an effect in producing these changes. For the sake of everything that is dear to life, to comfort, to property, and to public and private reputation, it is to be hoped these new Peace Officers may be pre-eminently successful in gaining and preserving Law and Order in Philadelphia!

Lycoming—County Officers.

Treasurer—Chs H. Beeber, Dem.	1978
Robert Pott, whig	1678
Commissioner—John B. Jones, Dem	1978
Henry Robb, whig	1678
Auditor—Sam'l M. Clintock, Dem	2012
Wm W. Antea, whig	1596

Clinton county has elected Th's M'Ghee for Prothonotary, David Karskaddon for Treasurer, Daniel Scadle and Wm Myers for Commissioners, and Geo Hartman for Auditor.

Col. ASA DIMOCK, of Susquehanna Co., would seem to occupy the most advantageous position in the canvass for State Treasurer now approaching. His long and successful experience in public life in various stations, and particularly as Head Clerk in the Treasury Department, is a sufficient proof of his ability, while his "claims" are many.

There has been a three-cornered fight going on for some time between—or rather amongst—the three "Democratic" papers in Columbia county. The Star is out upon both Democrat and Intelligencer; the Democrat castigates the Intelligencer and the Star; and the Intelligencer coolly extinguishes the Star and turns the Democrat out of the party. Each paper is the true-blue Democratic organ—all others are counterfeit. As all belonged to the same party for so many years, their exposures of "family quarrels" is decidedly refreshing to the "outside barbarians," who in their simplicity suppose that as editors never falsify, and these gentlemen are well acquainted with each other, their charges against one another must be all true—consequently, that Mr. Cook and Mr. Kitchen are the only good Democratic editors in the county!

It is always gratifying to the true heart to record bequests to benevolent purposes by persons of ability, and especially if the givers exercised their stewardship in life as well as at death. It is a mistaken kindness, as reason teaches and abundant facts prove, to leave large estates to relatives and friends. Better far to leave the means the Creator has put in their hands to charitable, educational, religious means of good to their fellows of the human race. So thought Miss ELIZABETH DEMITT, who died recently in New York, and by whose Will as proved at the Surrogate's office the following liberal, discriminating, and comprehensive gifts are made:

Gen'l Socy of Mechanics & Tradesmen	\$5,000
For the Demitt Library	5,000
Institution for the Blind	5,000
do do Deaf & Dumb	5,000
Colored Orphans' Association	5,000
do Home	3,000
Ass'n of Aged & Respectable Females	5,000
New York Dispensary	5,000
Eastern Dispensary	4,000
Northern Dispensary	3,000
Orphan Asylum	5,000
New York Hospital	5,000
Bloomingdale Asylum	4,000
Mariners' Family Industrial Society	2,000
N. Y. Ass'n. Improvement Condition of Poor	3,000
House of the Friendless	3,000
Soc. for Poor Widows with Small Children	2,000
Historical Society	5,000
New Society Library	5,000
Mercantile Library Association	3,000
	\$82,000

The "Pacific News" has a sketch of Capt. JOHN A. SETTER, of Sutter's Fort in California. It appears that he is a Swiss by birth, was a Lieutenant in the Infantry of France during the reign of Charles X., and after battling like a hero at Grenoble with a fidelity for which the Swiss are truly remarkable, his corps only capitulated when the revolution was consummated and Charles an exile. He then embarked for the United States, of whose institutions he has ever been a warm admirer, and after engaging in many pursuits and encountering many vicissitudes of fortune, he went to Oregon, and from thence to California, where he was the first white settler in the valley of the Sacramento. After erecting his Fort, the Mexican Government wisely made him its commandant. He acquired a great influence over the Indians, which he exerted for their improvement, and his hospitality has increased with his wealth. He rejoiced in the addition of California to the great Central Union of States, and is a Delegate to the Convention to form the Constitution of the State of California.

I would if I could.

"I would if I could,"
"Though much it's in us,
Is but a fillicious
And sluggish excuse;
And many a person,
Who could if he would,
Is often heard saying
"I would if I could."
"Come, John," said a school-oy,
"I wish you would try
To solve this hard problem:
Now don't you deny."
But John at the moment
Was not in the mood,
And yawningly answered—
"I would if I could."
At the door of a mansion,
In interred rags clad,
Stood a poor woman begging
A morsel of bread;
The rich man scarce heeded,
While trembling she stood,
But answered her, coldly,
"I would if I could."
The scholar, receiving
His teacher's advice;
The sweaver, admonished
To shun such a vice;
The child, when requested
To try and be good;
Of give the same answer,
"I would if I could."
But if we may credit
What good people say,
That where a right will is
There's always a way,
And whatever occurs to be,
Can be, and sooties—
We never need utter,
"I would if I could."

A POETIC GEM—FROM THE PERSIAN.

Once from a cloud, a drop of rain
Fell trembling in the sea.
And when she saw the wide spread main,
Shame veiled her moly:—
"What place in this wide sea have I?
What room is left for me!
Sure it were better that I die
In this immensity!"
But while her self-abasing fear
In lowliness confessed,
A shell received and welcomed her,
And pressed her to its breast;
And, nourished there, the drop became
A pearl for royal eyes—
Eratied by its lowly shame,
And humbled but to rise.

From the National Era.

LOVE'S LABOR NOT LOST.

BY MARTHA RUSSELL.

"Face and figure of a child—
Though too calm, you think, and tender,
For the childhood you would lend her.

"And a stranger when he sees her
In the street even, smother stilly,
Just as you would at a lily."

PART I.

In the door-way of one of those old, dilapidated, densely populated houses that abound in the great city of New York, sat a pale, delicate-looking child. It was a narrow, dark street, leading down to the river, lined with forlorn, mouldy-looking old houses, leaning against each other for support, and from which divers boards and timbers hung creaking in the wind, ever giving warning that they were about to fall. The air in this street was a strange combination of odors, arising from the culinary preparations going on in the overcrowded dwellings, varied occasionally by a strong smell of tar, burned oakum, and bilge water, with which the breeze from the river was laden. In short, it was anything but the pure fresh air of heaven, which God gave as the element of life. Yet, on the evening of which we speak, the mellow beams of the setting sun, like the earnest soul, never seeking something beautiful in the most untoward appearances, came peering 'round corners and through between tumbling-down chimneys, bringing out in strong relief the grotesque mouldings on the old casements and cornices, peeping beneath the crushed-looking bonnets of toil-worn mothers returning from their labor, and bathing, as in a stream of golden water, the head of numberless little white-haired children, as they rushed forth to meet their parents or played upon the pavement. One strong sunbeam, like an angel of Mercy, had spied the pale child, in that gloomy door-way, and, creeping from roof to roof, at length fell upon the dwelling above her, then sliding down slowly and silently, like all sweet, holy influences, rested upon her head, and lit up her meek, pale face with a glow which was very beautiful to behold.

A glad light sprang to her eyes—a faint smile broke 'round her mouth, as she felt its warmth upon her forehead; for a moment, she watched the notes dancing in its golden light; then her gaze was directed, as before, earnestly up the street. As she sat thus, the pavements began to echo to the heavier footsteps of men returning from their work, and there was a confused murmur of tongues—Irish, English, French, and German. But the loudest toned among them instinctively lowered as he caught a glimpse of that child sitting in the sunlight, and not a few of those hard, care-worn faces greeted her with kindly smile. One fat,

motherly-looking Irish-woman paused beside her, and, taking a small bouquet of the commonest of garden flowers from among the mass of articles that crowded the basket on her arm, placed it in the child's hand, saying—

"May be ye would like that, me darlint."

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" exclaimed the child, raising her eyes, gushing with delighted surprise. "It is so long since I have seen a flower! You are so very kind!"

"An' who wouldn't be kind to you, aroos, wid the angel looking out of y' eyes, so like the one that once slept on my own breast, and is now wid the blessed Virgin in heaven!" said the Irish mother, crossing herself, and pressing her hand hard to her bosom with a mournful gesture, as she passed on.

To most of my readers, whose lives have been set 'round and girdled with these photographs of the Divinity—the blessed flowers—it will be difficult to describe the intense joy, the loving tenderness, with which that girl gazed on those humble flowers, and pressed them to her lips and eyes; or what a chain of associations they awoke in her young mind, which reached from earth to heaven. It seemed that these were not all of joy, for the glow of delight which had lit up her face faded slowly away, and in its place came a look of patient sorrow—a sorrow that gave to her features a thoughtfulness of mature years.

As she sat thus busy with Memory, a boy, of some eight years, came rapidly down the street, and, seeing that she did not observe him, crept stealthily along in the deep shadow of the old walls, until he stood behind her unperceived, and, clipping his little brown hands with delight as he stooped to kiss her, exclaimed—

"Caught! fairly caught asleep once, Susie!"

The little girl smiled, and, holding up her flowers, said—

"See, Willie, are they not beautiful?"

Then, in reply to his words of admiration and inquiry, she went on to tell, out of gratitude of her heart, of the kindness of the world in general, and the fat Irish woman in particular, as she manifested toward her; then returning to the flowers, she said—

"Look here, Willie; those two and that blue one are just like the flower that grew in our garden at Woburne. Do you remember the violets and the blue periwinkle each side of the gate, and the clump lilacs at the end of the alley, and—but no, you were too small when we left to remember."

"Dear Woburne!" she added, sadly, as it touched by some mournful recollection.

"Not the flowers, Susie, though I love them well enough for their own sakes as well for yours; but I do remember Dr. Marlock's big dog, fainter, and how he used to let me ride on his back. But don't be sad, Susie," he continued, noticing the shade on her face with the quick eye of affection; "when I get to be a man, which will be before a thousand years," and he fairly rose two inches in his—shoes, we were about to say, but can not, seeing that his feet were sore, in his desire to convince her of the speedy fulfillment of his words; "we will have another cottage just like the one at Woburne, with a garden and lots of flowers; for, though I don't remember much about it, you can tell me, and you shall have a little room to yourself, with plants in it as big as trees if you like."

She drew him down beside her, and passing her hand over his mass of brown hair, said, with a smile—

"You are the best and kindest brother in the whole world, Willie."

"And who wouldn't be kind to you Susie?" he replied, unconsciously repeating the words of the Irish mother, "I could not be otherwise if I tried. But come, let us go into the house and see mother."

"Mother has gone to carry home the clothes she has been washing," said Susie, as she turned to reach behind for something within the door.

"Never mind, Susie," said her brother, laying his hand on her arm, let me be your crutch to-night. I will be very steady, indeed I will."

She smiled, and as he carefully assisted her to rise, it was easy to see why she, so small and childish-looking herself, should have spoken to that well-developed boy of her older memory.

Her face, with its thoughtful look of patient sorrow, might have been taken, as it was, in truth, for the face of a girl of twelve summers, but her lower limbs were small even to deformity, and one hip much drawn from its place.

As they turned from the door, she cast

another anxious glance up the street, then her eyes sought her brother's face with a look of sorrowful inquiry.

The boy understood the glance, for he replied, sadly—

"I fear he will not come to night Susie."

"Why not? Have you seen him?" she asked, eagerly.

"He came as far as the corner of—street with me; there he met some boys who persuaded him to go into a ten-penny alley," he replied, as he slowly guided his sister's steps along the gloomy old passage that led to their room.

However mean and poor the room which afforded shelter to widow Danvers and her children, however bare of even the common necessities of life, however harsh and discordant the sound which reached it from the crowded rooms around, there was that in the hearts and on the faces of those children, as they emerged from that dark passage, that gave to its atmosphere a light and a glory which wealth could not buy.

Willie began to bring forth their scanty supper, meanwhile telling his sister all about the great green parrot, whose gilded cage had for several days been hung from a window opposite his employer's store (for Willie was an errand boy,) of its climbing and whistling, and mocking the cries of the newspaper vendors, while occasionally the noise of Susie's crutches mingled with the chattering of their tongues as she assisted him in searching for something which they were at last forced to remember had been all eaten at the previous meal.

They had hardly finished placing and replacing the coarse dishes, with their scanty contents, upon the table, with the childish wish to make them show to the best advantage, and thus cheat themselves into a belief of sufficiency, when their mother entered from her weary walk.

By healthy, happy children, bred in the midst of plenty and comfort, she might have been taken for a specter, so wan and ghostlike did she look, with that strange, unearthly light in her large, dark eyes. But these children, familiar with misery, saw nothing in that face but the radiance of a mother's love, and in her shortened respiration and the quick throbbing of her heart, as she pressed their young hands to her bosom and sank upon a chair, nothing but evidences of her joy at seeing them again. True, little Susie, with her premature development, born of pain and sorrow, had once or twice of late felt a shudder pass over her, as if the shadow of the wing of the death-angel rested upon her, when she looked in her mother's face and noted her failing steps; but she had shrunk from it, and thrust it away from her, as if such a fearful thought questioned the goodness of God. Childhood is so slow to apprehend death.

While the weary mother listened to the murmuring voices of her children, another form emerged from the darkness of the passage; but whether its gloom still clung to him from affinity, or whether it was owing to the atmosphere of evil which for many months had been gathering 'round his heart, we can not say; but a dark cloud rested upon his handsome, boyish features, and gave to them a bitter, disagreeable expression. And it seemed that neither the glad welcome of the children, nor the more gentle one of the mother, had power to chase it away; and he drew himself moodily upon a chair, and deigned no reply to their kind and loving words.

"I fear you are not well to-night, George," said the mother, approaching and laying her thin, bony fingers upon his wrist.

He drew his arm hastily away, saying—

"Well! I don't know what any one should wish to be well for; the sooner one dies and is out of the way the better."

"But, my dear child!"

"Ah, yes, I know all that you would say," he interrupted, with a gesture of impatience. "I know all that *cant* about God's wisdom and goodness and providence and discipline, and all that. It is a part of God's wisdom, I suppose, that allows one man to cheat another out of all that he has—a part of his providential discipline that he and thousands like us must drudge, drudge night and day, and starve at that—a part of his boasted goodness," he went on bitterly, casting a glance at little Susie, "that bring children into this world only to suffer—and to drag through life a burden to themselves and others. Better die at once; or, better still, never to have been born!"

Little Susie, who had managed to get close to his side, and lay her thin hand up-

on his shoulder, drew in her breath, as if a sharp pain passed through her, and, creeping away, seated herself in the shadow of the door, for she would not that they should see the tears that gathered in her eyes.

"A burden to herself and others!" God only knows how deeply those bitter words pierced her heart. They were not new to her. Careless, thoughtless people repeated them in whispers to each other, as they gazed on her wasted limbs, whippers which she did not fail to catch and translate into words; and lips which should have opened only to bless and pity her, had uttered them again and again in tones of querulous complaint; yet custom had not dulled their point, or taken from them aught of their bitterness. They brought a cloud before her eyes and heart so dark and thick that it cost the child many a weary struggle before she could again see and gather up the scattered sunbeams that came to brighten even her forlorn way.

PART II.

"Thank God, bless God, all ye who suffer not more grief than ye can weep for."

Susie Danvers had spoken of her early home at Woburne, and in the midst of a life of pain and poverty her heart guarded the memory of the hours passed there like a holy thing; and since error and sin had driven them from his shelter, and like the Angel of Wrath at the gates of Eden, barred the entrance, she had bathed it in the light of a pure and loving nature until,

"Of all the beautiful pictures
That hang in Memory's hall,
This seemed dearest, brightest, and best."

Her father had been the village physician, and though a man of hasty, impulsive disposition, was generally much respected and beloved. His wife's rich, genial nature was like sunshine and dew to all that came within her influence.

There was one object towards which she felt drawn with more than a woman's instinctive fondness. This was little George, her husband's child by a former marriage; but, unfortunately for both the mother and the child, the strong prejudices of his mother's family were brought to bear against her, and the child at length withdrew from her care for months together.

Still her heart followed him with loving thoughts, and when God filled up the measure of her cup of happiness, by sending her own little Susie, she did not selfishly forget the motherless boy, but her thoughts turned to him with even more tenderness than before; and the first word the little girl was taught to utter was the name of her brother. During the short visits which he made at his father's house, the boy could not, in spite of the power of prejudice, resist her gentle influence; and as he listened to her sweet tones, and looked into her soft, dark eyes, his thought grew troubled, and he wondered how it could be that one so kind and gentle should be so thoroughly selfish as he had been taught to believe her. The longest of these visits was made just at the time when little Susie was recovering from a terrible illness that had left her a cripple for life.

The little girl was delighted with his company; besides, she was so gentle and patient in her helplessness, that he could not help feeling drawn towards her, and he soon cast off his rough habits, and learned to speak softly and step lightly as his mother herself; and when she was at length permitted to go out in her little carriage, and he saw her wholly committed to his care, he was delighted with the responsibility. He felt that he was *trusted* for the first time in his life; for the cold, suspicious temper of his aunts, and their harsh judgments, were all calculated to fester in the mind of childhood either confidence or self respect; and not infrequently, in after years, when yielding to the evil influences around him, his heart recalled these brief weeks of his childhood with bitter regret. When Susie was about eight years old, Dr. Danvers became security for a distant relative of his wife, to the amount of several thousand dollars. This person soon became a bankrupt, and involved the Doctor in his ruin. This unfortunate affair filled up the measure of Mrs. Danvers' unpopularity with his first wife's relations; for though she had not failed to remonstrate gently and calmly with her husband, at the time, on the propriety of thus risking his all, the whole blame of the affair was thrown upon her, chiefly because she refused to join in the bitter reproaches with which they charged his impatient, irritable spirit. Though intelligent, genial, and generous, Dr. Danvers possessed but little independence of character. He lacked energy to meet his difficulties, and the moral

courage to face his changed circumstances; he was one of those natures "too proud to dig, and ashamed to beg;" therefore, notwithstanding the words of cheer and encouragement he received from his wife, he soon yielded to despair. Well would it have been if this had been all. But, like many another proud, disappointed man, he sought forgetfulness in the wine-cup, and in a short time all traces of the generous spirit of his youth were effaced by the rapid encroachment of the demon Intemperance.

Supported by the strength which cometh not from earthly aid, his gentle wife saw the sure but gradual ruin of her dearest earthly hopes; saw the quiet home in which her nature had passed by such pleasant steps from timid, bashful girlhood into the full life of ripened womanhood, pass into the hands of strangers, and with her husband, whose temper grew more and more irritable and exacting as his health yielded to his evil habits, and her children, found refuge in the crowded parlors of the city. We have said "children," for, soon after the failure, the marriage of one aunt and death of another had consigned George again to his father's care, and, some four years previously, little Willie had been added to their joys and cares.

George's character was much more marked and decided, even at that early age, than his father's. His passions and prejudices were very strong, and the course of training, to which he had been subjected in his grandfather's house had not tended to restrain them, while it had succeeded in tinging all that was genial and generous in his nature with distrust and suspicion. He had been taught to recognize the law of Fear, but not of Love. His own property, inherited from his mother, had been lost in the general wreck; and so deeply had it been instilled into him that his loss was in some way the result of his father's second marriage, that the spirit fit which he returned to share their poverty was little calculated to add to the peace or comfort of the ruined household. The selfishness of the father, who, in his degradation, did not hesitate to indulge his own appetites at the expense of his family, and his fretful, unreasonable temper, chafed and embittered the quick, impetuous spirit of the boy, to such a degree, that anger and contention were soon added to the many miseries of their miserable home. Notwithstanding their miserable home, the boy had not been with them many weeks, before he felt compelled to admire the unwearied patience and goodness of his mother; yet, instead of being drawn to follow her example, his feeling of admiration often changed into one of angry contempt, that she could so tamely submit to the imperious, unreasonable exactions of his father.

At such times, with a reckless strange to himself, he would join his father in ridiculing her unshaken faith in the goodness of God; and the infirmities of little Susie formed a never-failing illustration on this point—for so rapidly had the demon gained upon the man, that the father had already learned to look upon his suffering child as a burden and a trouble—a cure that deprived him of the undivided attention of his wife, and an expense that curtailed him in many of the indulgences of his former life, which in his utter selfishness he did not hesitate to exact from the labor of his wife and children. In his inmost heart, the boy often bitterly regretted yielding to this dark spirit, and, though he was to proud to manifest it in words, he would often take up the little girl on his knee, and, while bending his head to meet her caresses, talk to her of their early days at Woburne, until her pale face grew radiant with delight. But beyond the walls of that humble room he found little to strengthen these faint struggles of the better spirit within him, but much—Oh, how much—to tempt him on to sin and crime! Soon after their arrival in the city, his father had apprenticed him to a shoemaker, in spite of his strong repugnance to the occupation, and earnest entreaties to be permitted to seek some other mode of living. At the time of his father's death, which happened some two years after, he left his employer, and, joined a gang of reckless boys like himself, substantial—his mother knew not how, for his visits home grew more and more rare, and his mood more and more impatient and irritable. Even the kind greetings and loving words which ever awaited him in that humble home, seemed to reproach him in the unhappy boy, and sometimes he would cease to visit them for months.

It would seem strange to one unacquainted

with the history of the Danvers family, to see a young man of such a character, and

to see him, in the midst of his poverty and

misery, and to see him, in the midst of his

misery, and to see him, in the midst of his