

THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

VOLUME 28--NUMBER 2.

MONTORSE, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 13, 1853.

WHOLE NUMBER 1457.

"Poet's Corner."

For the Susquehanna Register.
LINES.
Respectfully inscribed to Miss Sarah Campbell.

BY MAR MYRTLE.
The things came, one winter morn,
To a friend in a far-off land,
By a silent message sadly borne,
Of thy stricken family band.
They said the good, the loved, the true,
That father, mother, were to you,
But titles for the blessed.
They said you were at the early morn,
When morning flushed the sky,
The other slept at quiet eve,
When burned the stars on high.
Oh! it were sweet to die at noon,
As sinks the night away—
To wake from mist, and cloud, and storm,
To cloudless, midnight day.
And it were sweet to die at even,
Just as the sun is set,
To step once on the shore of Heaven,
Whom here at morn we met.
And yet we weep to see them go,
Just in their strength and prime—
To lay them on their couches low
In life's mid-summer time.
We weep for you, the loved, the left—
Their cherished, orphaned ones—
For you who evermore are left
Of parents gentle tones.
But God, who guards their dreamless sleep,
Can give you angel friends,
And He who makes the orphans weep,
With sorrow, makes blends.
And in the still and quiet hour,
Of midnight dreamings wild,
Thou'lt know, as by a magic power,
They're watching over their child.

Selected Miscellany.

From the Southern and Southwestern Sketches.

SALLY MAGUS.

THE ROMAN NOT KNOWS HOW TO MANAGE THE MEN.

"Well, here I be—waked snakes, the day's a breaking; now I set my eyes on a good many strange things in my day, but this gettin' married business, best ever since I ever did see. It goes about of Sam Fling, when he wanted to buy one of my chesses to make a grindstone. When I had a husband—Devil's whiskers!—if he only said beans to me, I make him jump around like a stump-tail cow in fly-time.
"But there's Mrs. Fletcher, she's three parts natural born fool, and other part is soft as lily-leaf cabbage. A woman that don't stand up for her rights is a disgrace to my sect. How any man should ever want to marry such a molasses candy critter as she is one of the secrets of human nature. And so handsome—had some never stood in her shoes. For she looks as if she'd break in two if she tried to lift a pot of potatoes. I suppose her fingers were made to play the piano.
"Now, it's my notion, when a woman gives a man her hand, it ought to be big enough to hold her heart at the same time. Such a hand as mine is worth giving, for I can stop a banghole with my thumb, and I've done it.
"I went into Fletcher's this morning, and true as I am a virtuous woman, he was lusing on her like a dog for leeching his receipt book to Miss Brown, who's fond of reading. I hope he didn't keep for the receipts that was written in the book; but it was the receipts that wasn't there and ought to be, that stuck into his crop. And Miss Fletcher hung down her head, and looked for all the world like a duck in a thunder-storm. I just put my arms again my sides, and looked her man right in the eye, till he looked as white as a corpse. It's always a way every-body's got when I fixes my eye on 'em—And the way my looks white-washed his breast face, was better than slacked Jim Don't stand up for her rights in my time. I, your husband ought to had me for a wife—When my man was alive, he'd no more think of saying nothing impudent to me, than he'd take the black snow by the tail, when she'd be darning her pigs; and you must learn to stick up to your man just like a new hair brush.
"I never found any debility in managing these critters, for I always treated 'em with the same care for the goose, as I do for the gander. There's no two ways with me; I'm all of size, sub-twisted, and made of horse shoe nails. I'm chock full of grit, and a rough post for any one to rub their backs against. Any gal like me, who can take a long meal on her shoulder and tote it to mill, ought to be able to snare any man of her belt. Some think I ought to get married, and two or three has tried to snare it with me, but I never listened to none of their flattery. Though there was Dinky Dob came flatterin' me like a tub of new butter. For I've no notion of being tramped up in their lullers of hymens. I like my liberty, and wants no halter or bridle put upon me.
"Sam Moony was Jimmie up to me too; and when there was Jim Sweetbread, the butcher, or he didn't find me half enough for his market. It isn't everything that ticks his legs through broadcloth that's going to carry off a gal of my spirit. My charms ain't to be had for the love eating.
"Gettin' married is a serious thing, as I told my own man when I was wroloppin' him with a leg of mutton, because he took my shoe-brush to clean his teeth with. Wherever there is a nose, there is a mouth nor far off, and that proves that nature has given woman her rights as well as man."

THE TRUANT TEACHER.

"I have brought my boy, sir," said the father of a bright-eyed, roguish looking fellow, "and I hope you will punish him soundly for playing truant, so that he will never dare do it again; and I have given him fair warning that when he comes home after being whipped at school, I shall whip him again."
"I shall see to him, sir," said the teacher, "and I think we shall have no more trouble with him."
"As soon as the father was gone, the master ordered the boy to take off his waistcoat, and then began to beat him severely, as if staying from a school he disliked was a crime. The little fellow was small, though ten years old, had braced himself up to bear the punishment, and, severe as it was, not a cry or a tear escaped him for a long time.
"I will never play truant again, sir," said he at last very coolly, "if you will not strike me any more."
"You don't like it then," said the master, and he laid the boy on with his heavy hand. "Recollect that your father has promised to follow this whipping with a second part to the same tune. You are sorry you played truant, I guess, by this time."
"No, sir, I am not sorry," said the boy in a resolute tone, while he looked pale as death. "Had you took me at my word I would have kept it, but now I will make no promises and no confession, if you kill me."
There was something in the manner of the boy which alarmed the master, and he withheld his hand.
"I will give you no promise never to play truant again?"
"No, sir, never," said the boy.
The other pupils, both girls and boys, evidently sympathized with the truant, and begged the master to let him go. Glad of an excuse to desist, he yielded to their entreaties, and told the boy to put on his clothes and take his seat.
When school was out, the wary teacher selected two of the largest boys to see that the truant went directly home to receive what awaited him there.
"Bill," said the truant to the largest of his guards, "I am not going home, to be whipped again."
"What are you going to do?" said the boy whom Robert addressed.
"I don't know, but I am determined not to go home."
"I can't say I blame you," said Bill.
"I would not go if I get it, if we let you escape."
"There! there goes my hat!" said Robert, who, seeing the opportunity as they were crossing a bridge, knocked it into the stream.
The two guards, supposing that it was blown off by the wind, both ran to recover it, and Robert running to the opposite direction, was soon beyond their reach.
He made for the nearest railroad station and stately entering a cattle car that was conveying sheep, he was carried many miles, and when he released himself was not noticed by the conductor of the train.
He immediately went up to the village to try to get some money, having eaten a sandwich since the day before, and was very hungry to bed. On his way there he saw some apples in the window of a shop kept by a cripple, who made shoes, and retained fruits and confectionary to the children of the village, with whom he was a great favorite. The window was raised just enough to admit his hand, and under the impulse of extreme hunger, he gently thrust it in and seized one of the apples. At the same moment, a stronger hand seized his, there he stood caught in the very net.
The cripple, who had been sitting at work near the window, rose, and seeing a stranger there must be something unusual in the case, and in a mild voice he asked, "What are you going to do with my apples, little fellow?"
"This tone of voice revived Robert, who was exceedingly frightened at his situation, and he said, "I am dying with hunger, and I have no money. I was tempted to take one of your apples, but I am sorry I did so."
"You may have as many as you want," said the cripple, "but come round to the door, and let me know more about you."
There is something in the manner of true benevolence which removes all fear, and Robert did not hesitate to do as he was bidden.
"What are you, my little bare-headed?" asked the cripple, and what have you done with your hat?"
"I lost it from a bridge," said Robert.
"What is your name?"
"Robert, sir, but don't ask me my other name, for I do not wish to be sent home."
"You have run away, then?"
"Yes, sir; I played truant, and was cruelly beaten by the master, and as my father promised to pay me too when I returned home, I would not go home to be beaten again, for my back was aching raw."
"Let me look at that back would be a credit to the truth or falsehood of the story." Robert stripped himself, and all the boys were at once removed. "Why did you play truant?" inquired the cripple, who had become quite interested in the boy.
"I could not learn my lessons, sir, and I hated study. My master did not explain so that I could understand them, and not being able to commit to memory so many words that were all Greek to me, I was flogged every day until I got tired of it."
"Very natural," said the cripple, "very natural, and perhaps not very naughty." Do you remember what you call study, I do," said Robert, "but I guess I am as ready as any body to get my knowledge worth learning."
"Well," said the cripple, "you may eat your apple now, and as you are too lame to go

home to dinner, I brought something for dinner, and here it is." "Robert ate heartily as hungry children know how to do, and when he had done, the children from the neighboring village school began to enter the little shop, and there was hardly room to turn around in it. "I want a cent's worth of chestnuts," said one.
"Robert," said the cripple, "can you count out twenty-five chestnuts for that little girl?"
"I guess I can," said Robert, delighted at the task, and still more so with the confidence it implied.
"I should like a stick of candy," said another.
"Hand it to him, Robert, and put the cent in the drawer," said the cripple.
Two or three others wanted something, and Robert was allowed to wait upon them.
"Who is that fellow?" said one of the little boys to the cripple.
"He is a poor little fellow that was dying with pain and hunger, and I have just been feeding him," replied he.
"Won't you have them any chestnuts?" said a little girl, holding out her little stock.
"You may have this apple," said a rosy faced boy, "I don't want any more of it." He had only taken one large bite from one side.
"You may have half of my candy," said a third, and the cripple let them give, and told Robert to take the offering, because he had known by hard experience that such lessons are sacrifices in benevolence, one of which is worth a thousand of those committed to memory.
The readiness with which Robert waited on the children satisfied the cripple that his natural powers were, to say the least, as good as those of common children, and not knowing what better to do, he took Robert home with him for the night. In the course of the evening he made some inquiries into the studies to which the boy had attended, and the manner in which he had studied them. The spelling lessons had been learned by looking at the words, reading them over to himself, and then spelling them as the master pronounced them. Geography had been learned by rote in the words of the book, without any explanation or illustration. But it was grammar that had driven him from school. He could not understand a word of it; and it was never explained or applied. He knew that Man-Virtue-London, was a substantivus, He knew, also, a could not make any of the stand instead of a Man-Virtue-London. He knew that a verb was a word that signified to be, to do, to suffer, and he supposed the whippings and sufferings he endured were parts of a verb, but the connection was not explained, though the application was often made to his back.
The cripple's mind was made up before morning, and believing that it would be a benevolent set to develop the power of the boy's mind by a little proper training, so that he might become reconciled to study, and needing also a lad to do many things that his lameness and ill health made painful to him, he proposed to Robert to live with him, teach his store, and learn whatever he might be able to teach him. The days flew like feathers and he knew not what he liked best, the cripple, the shop, or his studies. He wrote all the words of the spelling book on a slate, and when he could collect a class of the village children, he taught them how to write from his example. He never heard the word grammar mentioned, but he soon learned to write sentences, and in less than two years wrote letters for various domestics who came on errands to the shop, and even had begun to correspond with the village school teacher, who had taken a great liking to him. He was so serviceable to the cripple that he enlarged his shop and his stock of goods. Besides making shoes themselves, when they had leisure, they employed other workmen, and before Robert was of age he became the partner of his excellent master.
It was not long before Robert became chairman of the School Committee, and what was his astonishment one day to see his old teacher come into the shop to be examined for a vacant school in one of the districts.
"Of course you have taught before?" said Robert, assuming an air of indifference.
"I have," said the teacher, "and for nearly twenty years."
"What are your leading principles of instruction and discipline?"
"I have learned to place little dependence upon lessons committed to memory, and none at all upon the rod."
"Why so? many think these essential to thorough instruction and good government."
"I thought so once, but my opinion was entirely changed some years ago by an incident which drove an unfortunate boy from school and from home. That was the great error of my life, and dearly have I paid for it."
"How so?"
"The odium of the boy's disappearance attached to me, though the parents sustained me at the time. But when the boy was given up for lost, they blamed me for not resisting their wishes, and I have been induced to leave that region to avoid their reproaches, and the scene which reminded of that crime. Here I am unknown, and my experience will not be lost."
"You are playing the truant yourself then, and do not like the school?" asked the cripple, whose lessons are only words, and would not like to be beaten and then sent home to be rebuked, after you had solemnly promised not to play truant again."
The teacher's eyes were fixed upon the speaker as they had not been before, for the words told upon his heart as well as upon his memory. As he scanned the features of the committee man, and seemed to recognize them, he exclaimed, "there can be no mistake!"

The Passionate Father.

"Greater is he who ruleth his spirit, than he who taketh a city."
"Come here, sir!" said a strong, athletic man, as he seized a delicate-looking lad by the shoulder.
"You've been in the water again, sir? Haven't I forbid it?"
"Yes, father, but—"
"No buts; haven't I forbid it—hey?"
"Yes, sir, I was—"
"No reply, sir!" and the blows fell like a hail-storm about the child's head and shoulders.
Not a tear started from Harry's eye, but his face was deadly pale, and his lips firmly compressed, as he rose and looked at his father with an unflinching eye.
"Go to your room, sir, and stay there till you are sent for! I'll master that spirit of yours, before you are many days older."
Ten minutes after, Harry's door opened, and his mother glided gently in. She was a fragile, gentle woman, with mournful blue eyes, and temples slightly transparent. Laying her hand soothingly upon Harry's head, she stooped and kissed his forehead.
The rock was touched and the waters gushed forth.
"Dear mother," said the weeping boy, "Why didn't you tell your father that you plunged into the water to save the life of your playmate?"
"Did he give me a chance?" said Harry, springing to his feet with a flashing eye. "Didn't he twice bid me be silent, when I tried to explain? Mother, he's a tyrant to you and me!"
"Harry, he's my husband and your father."
"Yes, and I am sorry for it. What have I done at your pale cheeks and sunken eyes mother."
"It's too bad, I say; he's a tyrant, mother," said the boy, with clenched fist and set teeth. "If it were not for you, I would have been leagues off, long ago."
"And there's Nellie, too, poor sick child! What good will all her medicine do her! She trembles like a leaf when she hears his footsteps. I say it's brutal, mother!"
"Harry, (and a soft hand was laid on the impetuous boy's lips), "for my sake—"
"Well, it's only for your sake—yours and poor Nellie's or I should be on the sea somewhere—anywhere but here."
Late that night Mary Lee stole to her bed-side, before retiring to rest. "God bless the child," she thought, "she married as she should, her lamp from his face. Then kneeling at his bedside, she prayed for wisdom and patience to bear uncomplainingly the heavy cross under which her steps were faltering; and then she prayed for him.
"No, no, no!" said Harry, springing from his pillow and throwing his arm about her neck. "I can forgive him what he has done to me, but I never will let what he has made me suffer; don't pray for him; at least don't let me hear it."
Mary Lee was too wise to resist. She knew her boy was too sensitive under the sense of wrong; justice, so to speak, lay down beside him, and resting her fearful cheek against his, repeated in a low, sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.
"I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel, and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there!"
There was hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those heavy blows on that young head.
The passionate father's repentance came too late—came with a word that his boy must die.
"Be kind to her," said Harry, as his head dropped upon his mother's shoulder.
It was a dearly bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed the sense of wrong; justice, so to speak, lay down beside him, and resting her fearful cheek against his, repeated in a low, sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.
"I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel, and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there!"
There was hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those heavy blows on that young head.
The passionate father's repentance came too late—came with a word that his boy must die.
"Be kind to her," said Harry, as his head dropped upon his mother's shoulder.
It was a dearly bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed the sense of wrong; justice, so to speak, lay down beside him, and resting her fearful cheek against his, repeated in a low, sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.
"I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel, and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there!"
There was hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those heavy blows on that young head.
The passionate father's repentance came too late—came with a word that his boy must die.
"Be kind to her," said Harry, as his head dropped upon his mother's shoulder.
It was a dearly bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed the sense of wrong; justice, so to speak, lay down beside him, and resting her fearful cheek against his, repeated in a low, sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.
"I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel, and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there!"
There was hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those heavy blows on that young head.
The passionate father's repentance came too late—came with a word that his boy must die.
"Be kind to her," said Harry, as his head dropped upon his mother's shoulder.
It was a dearly bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed the sense of wrong; justice, so to speak, lay down beside him, and resting her fearful cheek against his, repeated in a low, sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.
"I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel, and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there!"
There was hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those heavy blows on that young head.
The passionate father's repentance came too late—came with a word that his boy must die.
"Be kind to her," said Harry, as his head dropped upon his mother's shoulder.
It was a dearly bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed the sense of wrong; justice, so to speak, lay down beside him, and resting her fearful cheek against his, repeated in a low, sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.
"I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel, and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there!"
There was hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those heavy blows on that young head.
The passionate father's repentance came too late—came with a word that his boy must die.
"Be kind to her," said Harry, as his head dropped upon his mother's shoulder.
It was a dearly bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed the sense of wrong; justice, so to speak, lay down beside him, and resting her fearful cheek against his, repeated in a low, sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.
"I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel, and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there!"
There was hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those heavy blows on that young head.
The passionate father's repentance came too late—came with a word that his boy must die.
"Be kind to her," said Harry, as his head dropped upon his mother's shoulder.
It was a dearly bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed the sense of wrong; justice, so to speak, lay down beside him, and resting her fearful cheek against his, repeated in a low, sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.
"I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel, and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there!"
There was hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those heavy blows on that young head.
The passionate father's repentance came too late—came with a word that his boy must die.
"Be kind to her," said Harry, as his head dropped upon his mother's shoulder.
It was a dearly bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed the sense of wrong; justice, so to speak, lay down beside him, and resting her fearful cheek against his, repeated in a low, sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.
"I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel, and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there!"
There was hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those heavy blows on that young head.
The passionate father's repentance came too late—came with a word that his boy must die.
"Be kind to her," said Harry, as his head dropped upon his mother's shoulder.
It was a dearly bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed the sense of wrong; justice, so to speak, lay down beside him, and resting her fearful cheek against his, repeated in a low, sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.
"I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel, and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there!"
There was hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those heavy blows on that young head.
The passionate father's repentance came too late—came with a word that his boy must die.
"Be kind to her," said Harry, as his head dropped upon his mother's shoulder.
It was a dearly bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed the sense of wrong; justice, so to speak, lay down beside him, and resting her fearful cheek against his, repeated in a low, sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.
"I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel, and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there!"
There was hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those heavy blows on that young head.
The passionate father's repentance came too late—came with a word that his boy must die.
"Be kind to her," said Harry, as his head dropped upon his mother's shoulder.
It was a dearly bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed the sense of wrong; justice, so to speak, lay down beside him, and resting her fearful cheek against his, repeated in a low, sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.
"I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel, and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there!"
There was hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those heavy blows on that young head.
The passionate father's repentance came too late—came with a word that his boy must die.
"Be kind to her," said Harry, as his head dropped upon his mother's shoulder.
It was a dearly bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed the sense of wrong; justice, so to speak, lay down beside him, and resting her fearful cheek against his, repeated in a low, sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.
"I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel, and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there!"
There was hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those heavy blows on that young head.
The passionate father's repentance came too late—came with a word that his boy must die.
"Be kind to her," said Harry, as his head dropped upon his mother's shoulder.
It was a dearly bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed the sense of wrong; justice, so to speak, lay down beside him, and resting her fearful cheek against his, repeated in a low, sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.
"I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel, and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there!"
There was hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those heavy blows on that young head.
The passionate father's repentance came too late—came with a word that his boy must die.
"Be kind to her," said Harry, as his head dropped upon his mother's shoulder.
It was a dearly bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed the sense of wrong; justice, so to speak, lay down beside him, and resting her fearful cheek against his, repeated in a low, sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.
"I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel, and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there!"
There was hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those heavy blows on that young head.
The passionate father's repentance came too late—came with a word that his boy must die.
"Be kind to her," said Harry, as his head dropped upon his mother's shoulder.
It was a dearly bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed the sense of wrong; justice, so to speak, lay down beside him, and resting her fearful cheek against his, repeated in a low, sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.
"I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel, and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there!"
There was hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those heavy blows on that young head.
The passionate father's repentance came too late—came with a word that his boy must die.
"Be kind to her," said Harry, as his head dropped upon his mother's shoulder.
It was a dearly bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed the sense of wrong; justice, so to speak, lay down beside him, and resting her fearful cheek against his, repeated in a low, sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.
"I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel, and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there!"
There was hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those heavy blows on that young head.
The passionate father's repentance came too late—came with a word that his boy must die.
"Be kind to her," said Harry, as his head dropped upon his mother's shoulder.
It was a dearly bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed the sense of wrong; justice, so to speak, lay down beside him, and resting her fearful cheek against his, repeated in a low, sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.
"I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel, and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there!"
There was hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those heavy blows on that young head.
The passionate father's repentance came too late—came with a word that his boy must die.
"Be kind to her," said Harry, as his head dropped upon his mother's shoulder.
It was a dearly bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed the sense of wrong; justice, so to speak, lay down beside him, and resting her fearful cheek against his, repeated in a low, sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.
"I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel, and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there!"
There was hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those heavy blows on that young head.
The passionate father's repentance came too late—came with a word that his boy must die.
"Be kind to her," said Harry, as his head dropped upon his mother's shoulder.
It was a dearly bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed the sense of wrong; justice, so to speak, lay down beside him, and resting her fearful cheek against his, repeated in a low, sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.
"I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel, and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there!"
There was hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those heavy blows on that young head.
The passionate father's repentance came too late—came with a word that his boy must die.
"Be kind to her," said Harry, as his head dropped upon his mother's shoulder.
It was a dearly bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed the sense of wrong; justice, so to speak, lay down beside him, and resting her fearful cheek against his, repeated in a low, sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.
"I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel, and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there!"
There was hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those heavy blows on that young head.
The passionate father's repentance came too late—came with a word that his boy must die.
"Be kind to her," said Harry, as his head dropped upon his mother's shoulder.
It was a dearly bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed the sense of wrong; justice, so to speak, lay down beside him, and resting her fearful cheek against his, repeated in a low, sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.
"I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel, and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there!"
There was hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those heavy blows on that young head.
The passionate father's repentance came too late—came with a word that his boy must die.
"Be kind to her," said Harry, as his head dropped upon his mother's shoulder.
It was a dearly bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed the sense of wrong; justice, so to speak, lay down beside him, and resting her fearful cheek against his, repeated in a low, sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.
"I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel, and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there!"
There was hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those heavy blows on that young head.
The passionate father's repentance came too late—came with a word that his boy must die.
"Be kind to her," said Harry, as his head dropped upon his mother's shoulder.
It was a dearly bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed the sense of wrong; justice, so to speak, lay down beside him, and resting her fearful cheek against his, repeated in a low, sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.
"I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel, and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there!"
There was hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those heavy blows on that young head.
The passionate father's repentance came too late—came with a word that his boy must die.
"Be kind to her," said Harry, as his head dropped upon his mother's shoulder.
It was a dearly bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed the sense of wrong; justice, so to speak, lay down beside him, and resting her fearful cheek against his, repeated in a low, sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.
"I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel, and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there!"
There was hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those heavy blows on that young head.
The passionate father's repentance came too late—came with a word that his boy must die.
"Be kind to her," said Harry, as his head dropped upon his mother's shoulder.
It was a dearly bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed the sense of wrong; justice, so to speak, lay down beside him, and resting her fearful cheek against his, repeated in a low, sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.
"I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel, and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there!"
There was hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those heavy blows on that young head.
The passionate father's repentance came too late—came with a word that his boy must die.
"Be kind to her," said Harry, as his head dropped upon his mother's shoulder.
It was a dearly bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed the sense of wrong; justice, so to speak, lay down beside him, and resting her fearful cheek against his, repeated in a low, sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.
"I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel, and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there!"
There was hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those heavy blows on that young head.
The passionate father's repentance came too late—came with a word that his boy must die.
"Be kind to her," said Harry, as his head dropped upon his mother's shoulder.
It was a dearly bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed the sense of wrong; justice, so to speak, lay down beside him, and resting her fearful cheek against his, repeated in a low, sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.
"I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel, and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there!"
There was hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those heavy blows on that young head.
The passionate father's repentance came too late—came with a word that his boy must die.
"Be kind to her," said Harry, as his head dropped upon his mother's shoulder.
It was a dearly bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed the sense of wrong; justice, so to speak, lay down beside him, and resting her fearful cheek against his, repeated in a low, sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.
"I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel, and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there!"
There was hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those heavy blows on that young head.
The passionate father's repentance came too late—came with a word that his boy must die.
"Be kind to her," said Harry, as his head dropped upon his mother's shoulder.
It was a dearly bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed the sense of wrong; justice, so to speak, lay down beside him, and resting her fearful cheek against his, repeated in a low, sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.
"I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel, and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there!"
There was hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those heavy blows on that young head.
The passionate father's repentance came too late—came with a word that his boy must die.
"Be kind to her," said Harry, as his head dropped upon his mother's shoulder.
It was a dearly bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed the sense of wrong; justice, so to speak, lay down beside him, and resting her fearful cheek against his, repeated in a low, sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.
"I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel, and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there!"
There was hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those heavy blows on that young head.
The passionate father's repentance came too late—came with a word that his boy must die.
"Be kind to her," said Harry, as his head dropped upon his mother's shoulder.
It was a dearly bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed the sense of wrong; justice, so to speak, lay down beside him, and resting her fearful cheek against his, repeated in a low, sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.
"I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel, and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there!"
There was hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those heavy blows on that young head.
The passionate father's repentance came too late—came with a word that his boy must die.
"Be kind to her," said Harry, as his head dropped upon his mother's shoulder.
It was a dearly bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed the sense of wrong; justice, so to speak, lay down beside him, and resting her fearful cheek against his, repeated in a low, sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.
"I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel, and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there!"
There was hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those heavy blows on that young head.
The passionate father's repentance came too late—came with a word that his boy must die.
"Be kind to her," said Harry, as his head dropped upon his mother's shoulder.
It was a dearly bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed the sense of wrong; justice, so to speak, lay down beside him, and resting her fearful cheek against his, repeated in a low, sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.
"I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel, and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there!"
There was hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those heavy blows on that young head.
The passionate father's repentance came too late—came with a word that his boy must die.
"Be kind to her," said Harry, as his head dropped upon his mother's shoulder.
It was a dearly bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed the sense of wrong; justice, so to speak, lay down beside him, and resting her fearful cheek against his, repeated in a low, sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.
"I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel, and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there!"
There was hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those heavy blows on that young head.
The passionate father's repentance came too late—came with a word that his boy must die.
"Be kind to her," said Harry, as his head dropped upon his mother's shoulder.
It was a dearly bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed the sense of wrong; justice, so to speak, lay down beside him, and resting her fearful cheek against his, repeated in a low, sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.
"I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel, and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there!"
There was hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those heavy blows on that young head.
The passionate father's repentance came too late—came with a word that his boy must die.
"Be kind to her," said Harry, as his head dropped upon his mother's shoulder.
It was a dearly bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed the sense of wrong; justice, so to speak, lay down beside him, and resting her fearful cheek against his, repeated in a low