

The Huntingdon Globe.

BY W. LEWIS.

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HOME.

BY W. WEBSTER CLAPLIN.

Earth may boast her ruined scenes
Of beauty, rich and rare,
Her boards of wealth and glittering gems
That sparkle everywhere;
But steered by fortune's hand along,
Whichever way I roam,
I find no spots dear to me
As my old cottage home.
It is not hard to gather friends
Our journeyings to cheer—
Friends for a day, but friends in name
Unlike the near and dear,
The cherished few who cluster round
The old ancestral seat,
Where, tired of all the cares of life,
We rest our weary feet.
The heart will own no intercourse
With flattering smile and word,
But turns to a more genial place
Where Love's soft tones are heard.
A mother's smiles are not forgot—
A father's lessons kind—
Such love and kindness we may search
The world in vain to find.
Dear home! though I may wander far,
And traverse land and sea,
Thou'lt ever be the dearest spot
In this wide world to me,
Fill not forget those cherished friends,
The constant and the true,
Who shared by early cares and joys,
Though often finding new.

MALCOLM WARREN:

OR, THE OLD MAN'S LESSON.

"Malcolm, I wouldn't go out to-night.—Come, stay with me this evening."
"Not this evening, Alice. I have promised to meet some friends this evening, and I must keep my word: I will be at home in good season."
"I had hoped that I should have your company. Come, why can't you try and see if I cannot make you as happy as those companions whom you are to meet? Just this once, Malcolm. O, this once!"
"No, no, Alice, I'm going out. What's crying! Now, what's the use of that?—Can't a fellow go out once and a while without leaving a crying wife?"
"I can't help it, Malcolm. But here, kiss me before you go."
Thus spoke Malcolm Warren and his young wife. Malcolm was a young man, twenty-seven years of age, and a carpenter by trade. His wife was one of the best-dispositioned girls in town, and she made one of the best of wives. She loved her husband with the whole energy of her pure soul, and she knew that she was beloved in heart.—Her two children, a boy and a girl, often saw her shed tears when they were alone with her in the snug little sitting-room, and the boy was old enough to ask what made his mother cry, but she dare not tell him.
Malcolm Warren owned the little cottage in which he lived, and he had paid for it all, out of his own hard earnings, while Alice had borne her share of the burden by purchasing all the furniture. Malcolm was stout and an excellent workman, and he had never yet seen the hour when he needed to be idle for the want of work. A better-hearted youth lived not in the town, and when he took the gentle Alice for his wife there was many a fair maiden, whose bosom gave place to a kindly, wistful envy. They would not have robbed Alice of her prize, but they only hoped their own lot might be as fortunate. Why, then, should a cloud come upon that house? Why should Alice weep? Ah, for the same reason that thousands of their appeals for mercy—tears that run until they make a flood that fairly shrieks as it rolls over the land.
Malcolm Warren had a high social nature—his society was prized by all who could secure it—and he had been indulging in the false smiles of the wine cup. For the last year he had been allowing his appetite to eat upon the wine cup. You pointed to me as one who had always quaffed at the intoxicating bowl. Perhaps you spoke truly, but you did not speak the whole truth, for the whole truth you did not know, and I have brought you here to whisper that truth in your ear.
Malcolm Warren gazed up in the old man's face and saw how solemn was the expression that rested there, he forgot the bad company he had left behind at the tavern, and his thoughts became serious.
"Malcolm," resumed the sexton, "I can look back now into the past and see a score of young men who commenced the race life

with me. We went to school together, and together we sat in church. We loved to learn the excitement of the intoxicating cup, and we thought not then of the dangers we were courting. Years passed on, and I saw those twenty men sink into the arms of death, and I buried them all here, Malcolm Warren, they all sleep in drunkards' graves! One after another I saw them fall, and at length I was left alone of the party who were wont to assemble around the barroom fire.
A deep groan escaped from the young man's lips, and a shudder ran through his frame.
"All gone?" he asked.
"Yes—all!" the old man uttered. "But this is not half, Malcolm. Their wives and children died, and they, too, lie here! O, how well can I remember the bright-eyed laughing, loving girls who used to play with us when we were boys! And how well I can remember when I saw them standing at the altar—and when they turned away from the place they were blessing brides. But a few short years, and I began to gather them into the folds of death. They sank down with broken hearts and crushed hopes! Some of them lived to be gray-headed, but their gray hairs came down in sorrow to the grave!—See that grave there—the one with the dark gray stone. He who sleeps beneath that mound was once the happiest youth in the village. He was a carpenter by trade, and he built the house in which you were born. He used to sing over the wine cup and he thought not then of harm. I once heard his young wife beg of him to remain at home with her, but he refused her the boon. She told him that she was cold and hungry, and that her children needed clothing, but he heeded her not. A few short years afterwards that wife's heart broke, and she died and her children died! The husband and father I found one cold night lying by the roadside, and he was dead! These are the graves for I buried them all together. You can see the wife's grave beyond the gray stone of the husband's and those two little graves are where lie the frozen boy and girl!"
The old man drew his sleeves across his eyes to wipe away the tears, and while he did so Malcolm bowed his head, groaned mournfully.
"Malcolm Warren," he said, "there was once a full regiment of stout soldiers followed Napoleon Bonaparte into Russia. There were many other regiments went also, but of this one in particular have I read. Of the whole company of men only one solitary individual lived to return to the home of his birth. All the rest died on the way. They were starved or frozen, and they dropped by the wayside. Now suppose some thoughtful youth should point to that single living soldier, and say that amid the eternal snows of Russia there was no danger, because that man had passed them all and still lived!—Like that single fragment of the regiment do I stand here a living man."
The youth gazed up in the face of the aged speaker, and new emotions were working upon his features.
"Come, Malcolm, I would show you one more spot before we go."
The old man leaned upon his staff, and moved slowly among the graves, and involuntarily did the youth follow. At length they stopped by a spot where two graves lay side by side. The slabs were of marble, and they glistened brightly in the moonlight.
"Malcolm," spoke the sexton in a deep whisper "I remember well when I made these two graves. There was no sorrow to fill the beds which here I made, for they who sleep here died amid the sweet breathings of peace and honor. They were good, virtuous people, and when they were gone our townsmen mourned, for our village had lost two of its most noble spirits. O, I love to come and stand over those graves, for I know that God smiles upon them! There is no faint nor dishonor here. Malcolm, do you know who rests in those two graves?"
The youth did not answer nor did he raise his head, but with one deep, wild cry, he sank down, and there he lay across both graves, weeping and sobbing like a child.—His father and mother sleep there!
For a while the old man gazed tearfully upon the scene, and then he took the youth, by the arm and aroused him up.
"Come, Malcolm," he whispered, "we will go away now: I can show you no more."
The youth followed his guide out from the church-yard, and after the gate was closed they passed on to the street. Here Adam Stafford stopped.
"Now, Malcolm," he said, "you can return to your companions at the tavern, but let me pray you never use my name again as you did this evening. When you again think of poor old Adam Stafford, think only on what he has told you in the church-yard, think of what he has seen, and of what he has suffered, and of that you may in welcome speak."
The old man turned partly away, when Malcolm sprang forward and caught him by the arm.
"Uncle Adam," he uttered, in choked and broken accents, "O, forgive me for what I have now said and what I have done. I cannot tell you all now. I cannot speak, but I shall go to the tavern no more. O, God bless you! God bless you!"
The clock struck nine, and Alice Warren folded the hands of her little boy together, and bade him say his prayers. Her youngest girl was asleep in the cradle. The first words of the prayer were uttered,—"Our father who art in heaven,"—when there came the sound of footsteps upon the plank walk in the little front garden.
"It's papa," said the boy, letting his hands drop upon his mother's knees, and bending his ear to listen. But the mother dared not speak.
At last the door opened, and the husband entered. Alice cast her eyes trembling up, and saw the big tears that were rolling down the cheeks of her beloved. Instinctively she sprang forward and clasped her arm about her husband's neck.
"Malcolm, Malcolm!" she cried, "What has happened? Tell me—O, tell me!"

Malcolm Warren sank into a chair, and as he did so he drew his wife down in his lap. "Alice—O, Alice!" he uttered, sobbing and weeping as he spoke. Can you forgive me for all that is past?"
The gentle wife was bewildered at first, nay almost frightened, for the speech of her husband was so wild and incoherent she feared his brain was turned. But ere long he spoke again, and as he spoke he kissed her. He was more calm and his voice was more low. He told where he had been—and he spoke of the resolution he had made. He did not tell of any trial he was going to make, but he told of the iron will that had entered his soul. The night of his temptation had passed, and the day of salvation had dawned.
A few moments more, and the husband and wife were upon their knees. Their emotions were too deep for utterance—too wild and thrilling for speech. A moment they struggled there, and then wept in silence.
The little boy crept to the spot, and threw his tiny hands about the neck of his parents, for even his young soul had caught the spark of new life that had breathed into existence with his happy home.
On the next morning Malcolm Warren arose a better and happier man. He was calm now and he told Alice all that had transpired the night before, and when it was all told they prayed as redeemed souls alone can pray.
Days, weeks and months passed away, and Malcolm Warren became once more the handsome youth that had been loved and cherished by honest men in time gone by.—The flowers of affection bloomed again about his hearthstone, and the angel of peace and joy made a home beneath his roof.
People wondered when they noticed that Adam Stafford went no more to the tavern; but the story of that night's lesson in the village church-yard became generally known and other men took it to their hearts and profited by it. It was a good seed sown in a fertile spot, and the fruit was abundant. The good old sexton never gave his example again on the side of moral ruin, but to the last day of his life he was cheered by knowing that some of the happiest families in the village blessed him for the joys that dawned upon them.
Sawing off a Lovers Leg.
The following story, which is calculated to make "each particular hair to stand like quills upon the fretful porcupine," is said to have happened in St. Lawrence county, New York, and is given on the authority of a gentleman of undoubted veracity:
"A young man addicted to intemperate habits, during one of his periodical 'sprees' took a sudden notion to pay a visit to his 'sweet-heart.' On the evening alluded to, the young lady and a female associate were the only occupants of the house where she resided.—About ten o'clock in the evening the young man arrived at the house, considerably worse from the use of 'beverages.' His strange manner in approaching the door excited the suspicions of the young ladies, who supposed the house was attacked by robbers. He knocked at the door, and demanded admission; but his voice not being recognised, from the thickness of his tongue, the ladies refused to comply with the demand. Determined to force an entrance he commenced a series of assaults upon the door, and bolted door by kicking and pounding. After a number of desperate kicks, the panel of the door gave way, and the leg of the besieger went through the aperture, and was immediately seized by one of the ladies and firmly held, while the other, armed with a saw, commenced the work of amputation! The grasp was firmly maintained, and the saw vigorously plied, until the leg was completely severed from the body! With the loss of his leg, the intoxicated wretch fell back, and in that condition lay the remainder of the night. In the meantime the ladies were frightened almost to death. With the dawn of morning the revelation was made that one of the ladies had participated in the amputation of her lover's leg. The wretched man was still alive.—His friends were immediately sent for, and he was conveyed to his home where, with proper treatment he gradually and miraculously recovered, and is now alive and well. We hardly credited," says the editor of the journal from which we quote, "the latter part of the story, and contended that the man must have bled to death on the spot, insisting, indeed, that it could not be otherwise.—But we were mistaken. The leg was a wooden one."
"Can't!"
"Bah! 'tis perfectly absurd to say you can't for you know well that 'where there's a will there's a way.' The Irishman who was asked to play the fiddle didn't say 'I can't'; no, he had more spirit; he said, 'I don't know till I try.' Can't never helped one through life; it neither discovered Georgium Sidus, nor peeled an orange. Can't is first cousin to Despair. It has pushed many a man down the hill, but never helped him up one inch. It is a beggarly companion, who will stick to you till you haven't a single stiver of resolution left. Failure is no reason why you should say you can't; for didn't you read in your primer a nice moral story telling you to 'try again?' Don't think that what your primer said was nonsense; you just follow its many instructions and advices, and can't will never cross your mind. Take courage; it is a cheerless thing to say or think you can't do anything. Set yourself resolutely to work, and unless the thing be altogether superhuman, you will undoubtedly succeed. Many in the last stage of despair have plucked up spirit and frightened away the doubts and difficulties besetting them. You may do so, also, knowing that 'WHAT MAN HAS DONE, MAN MAY DO.'"
LICE ON FOWLS.—A teaspoon of turpentine to three or four of sweet oil—(the turpentine alone, would probably take the feathers off the poor birds),—grease them freely with this, and let the rural readers know, if the vermin do not "vamoose." I have no doubt the free use of turpentine in hen-houses, would rid them and their inmates of these pests.

Education of the Youth.
A great error pervades the community in reference to the kind of an education the young should receive. Too much attention is bestowed upon showy accomplishments. Education is valuable just in proportion to its usefulness. The principles of truth and virtue impressed, with an abiding sense of christian duty, upon the youthful mind, will necessarily produce uprightness of conduct and correct principles of action. Nothing is more noble in the conduct of men, than is not the result of choice, produced by a correct system of enlightenment. The plodding automaton may, by a force of circumstances and fixed habit, move in the path of rectitude; but this is the result of accident, not of choice. The divine spark that should animate the breast is wanting. There is none of that soul elevating sentiment which pervades the heart of every freeman, causing him to perceive the truth and to adhere with unwavering firmness to its dictates. An educated man feels a stinging remorse whenever his actions do not correspond to the dictates of conscience. The prison statistics of the United States show that about three fourths of the convicts cannot read or write. Observation everywhere proves that it is the uneducated that idle away their time and plunge into all manner of excesses and brutal habits. Money and time expended in acquiring an education is so much capital invested towards the future and enduring glory of our country. Every minute spent in cultivating the mind adds to the pecuniary resources of the individual. The following eloquent remarks from an eminent scholar (Dr. Channing), will meet with a hearty response from every friend of popular education:
"I am not discouraged by the objection, that the laborer, if encouraged to give time and strength to the elevation of his mind, will starve himself and impoverish the country, when I consider the energy and efficiency of the mind. The highest force in the universe is mind. This has changed the wilderness into fruitfulness, and linked distant countries in a beneficent ministry to one another's wants. It is not to brute force, to physical strength, so much as to art, to skill, to intellectual and moral energy, that men owe their mastery over the world. It is mind which has conquered matter. To fear then that, by calling forth a people's mind, we shall impoverish and starve them, is to be frightened at a shadow. I believe, that with the growth of intellectual and moral power to the community, its productive power will increase, that industry will become more efficient, that a wiser economy will accumulate wealth, that unimagined resources of art and nature will be discovered. I believe, that the means of living will grow easier, in proportion as a people shall become enlightened, self-respecting, resolute and just. Bodily or material forces can be measured, but not the forces of the soul, nor can the results of increased mental energy be foretold. Such a community will tread down obstacles, now deemed invincible, and turn them into helps. The inward moulds the outward. The power of a people lies in its mind; and its mind, if fortified and enlarged, will bring external things into harmony with itself. If, however, I err in this belief, if, by securing time and means for improvement of the multitude, industry and capital should become less productive, I will say, sacrifice the wealth, and not the mind of a people."
"Nor do I believe that the physical good of a community would in this way be impaired. The diminution of a country's wealth, occasioned by general attention to intellectual and moral culture, would be followed by very many different efforts from those which would attend an equal diminution brought about by sloth, intemperance and ignorance. There would, indeed, be less production in such a country, but the character and spirit of the people would effect a much more equal distribution of what would be produced; and the happiness of a community depends vastly more on the distribution than on the amount of its wealth. In thus speaking of the future, I do not claim any special prophetic gift. As a general rule, no man is able to foretell, distinctly, the ultimate permanent results of any great change. But as to the case before us we ought not to doubt. It is a part of our duty to believe, that by nothing can a country so effectually gain happiness and lasting prosperity, as by the elevation of all classes of its citizens. To question this seems an approach to the end of time."
"If this fall,"
The pillared firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble."
Let no one bring forward the plea that poverty prevents him from storing his mind with useful knowledge. He might just with as much propriety say that he was too poor to follow his daily vocation. An educated laborer becomes a more successful producer.—A farmer that adapts his grain to its proper soil, and applies the right kind of nourishing stimulants to that soil, will earn far more, than he who prepares and sows his fields without intelligence.—Elevator.
CREDIT.—Credit is one of the best things man has devised, and about the worst thing abused. Thousands live on credit who have no right to any such a thing. None but an honest man ought to be able to pass his word instead of a coin—a rogue's word is not worth its face, no matter how rich he may be. No one should have facility to run in debt for the means of ostentatious display of sensual gratification or of hazardous adventure. "Earn before you spend" should be the general rule, credit should be extended mainly to those who use it to fill themselves with the means and implements of useful productive labor.—H. Greeley.
Consumers of "fine cut" will please "chaw" the following from the Worcester Transcript.—We noticed a man about our streets, collecting into a bag, old stumps of segars. In our large cities, the collecting of old segars is made a lucrative business, as they are readily purchased by tobacconists and manufactured into fine cut chewing tobacco!

Thought.
The power of thought has accomplished wonders. It has enabled the student to learn the languages, and solve the most obtuse mathematical problems. It has taught the farmer the art of agriculture, that he may adapt his seed to the soil, that it may produce a bountiful harvest. It has taught the mechanic the rules which govern physical substances, that he may apply it to the best advantage. It has taught the merchant rates of exchange, that he may make a profit himself and benefit the community at large. It has taught the lawyer principles of equity, by which mankind must be governed. It has called the lightning from the skies.—Such are some of the accomplishments of thought.
Thought, wrapt in the mystic mantle of high order, passes and repasses the fiery ordeal, yet cannot unfold to man itself surpassing-loveliness in the language of earth. It is the life of the mind, the ever gushing fountains of all sciences, and the perfection of all art. It has been shattered by the winds of Heaven, and its embers shall glow when all others are extinguished. It has picked from fame's ethereal bower the fairest flowers and twined them in a wreath to crown the brow of Milton. It was his delight under the influence of that sacred blessing, thought, to write that admirable poem, "Paradise Lost;" it was his greatest conquest to write "Paradise Regained."
Thought teaches us that the grave is a dark and gloomy world, with no light to illumine the night; but a better philosophy whispers to us that the grave is not the end; that a cloud of darkness may gather round the closing scene, and the paleness of death be our winding sheet. But a brighter dawn than ever was seen raising on the spirit, and thought links its immortality to the blessings of heaven. Thought, looking down through the lapse of ages, working with untiring efforts beneath the decaying wreck of the past, shades of dark oblivion, beholds thought bounding into futurity. Thus the power of thought has done much, and has much yet to do. What it has done are real triumphs. What it may do will be done; for, with the immortal soul, whatever is possible is certain. Without thought, the world of mind would be as day without the sun, or as a dark night without the moon or stars.—Iris.
The Price of Success.
Effort is the price of success in every department of human action. From the attainment of rudimentary knowledge to the salvation of the soul, every step in our progress, is made by undaunted toil. The boy drones over his book, a slave to listless laziness, thereby securing for himself a place at the feet of society. The Christian who, like Bunyan's Timorous and Mistrust, flees at the voice of lions, is undone. The man who shrinks from difficulty in his business or profession, who refuses to climb because the rock is sharp, and the way steep, must make up his mind to slide back and to lie in the shadows below, while others use him as a stepping stone to their own rising.—For this, such is the constitution of society, there is no help. The poet wrote truly who said—
"Thou must either soar or stoop;
Fall or triumph, stand or droop;
Thou must either serve or govern;
Must be slave or must be sovereign;
Must, in fine, be block or wedge,
Must be anvil or be sledge."
To shake off an indolent spirit, or stir one's self to exertion, to reach constantly upward, to struggle for a firm foothold on the most slippery places, to wrestle manfully, even when principalities and powers are our foes, to refuse submission to any evils, however frowning, are conditions we must either fulfil, or sink to littleness, to uselessness—perilance to ruin. Therefore, with a brave heart and an unconquerable spirit, every man should address himself to the work of the day; striving with pure views and religious trust for an increase of his talent, and for a victory, which will enable him to stand unabashed in the last day. He who thus strives need fear no failure. His triumph, though decayed for a time, shall come at last.
Nothing Done without Labor.
There is an important principle stated in a remark which we find, occurring in a sketch of the history of Whitney's Cotton Gin.—The writer, referring to the labor and toil which the invention cost, says:
"There is a theory much in favor with inventors and the public, and often enforced with many plausible instances, that brilliant discoveries are made by accident; and, indeed it is easy to collect examples where chance has given birth to every wonder realities. But if we could institute more careful inquiries, we should learn that the fortunate accident only set in motion a train to receive it. Such accidents never happen to fools. A majority of cases show us the new discovery elaborated by repeated trials, and each improvement won at the cost of unremitting experiment and thought."
George Washington, in one of his messages to Congress, uses the following language:
"To every description of citizens, indeed, let praise be given. But let them persevere in their affectionate vigilance over that precious depository of American happiness, the constitution of the United States. Let them cherish it, too, for the sake of those who flourish every climate are daily seeking a dwelling in our land."
There are people with a very good reputation, whose only merit are the vices which help to carry on the business of life.—Rochefoucault.
"Is it very sickly here?" said a son of the Emerald Isle the other day, to another.—"Yes," replied his companion, "a great many have died this year who never died before."
"Jim, how does the thermometer stand to-day?" "Ours stands on the mantel-piece, right agin the plastering!"

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