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"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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## TERMS

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## POETRY.

### THE FORSAKEN TO THE FALSE ONE.

BY T. HAYNES BAILEY.

I dare thee to forget me!  
Go wander where thou wilt;  
Thy hand upon the vessel's helm,  
Or on the sabbie's bit,  
Away! thou'rt free! o'er land and sea  
Go thou to danger's brink!  
But oh! thou canst not fly from thought!  
Thy curse will be—to think!

Remember me! remember all.  
My long enduring love,  
That linked itself to perfidy;  
The culture and the dove!  
Remember in thy utmost need,  
I never once did shrink,  
But clinging to thee cordially;  
Thy curse shall be—to think!

Then go! that thought will render thee  
A dastard in the fight;  
That thought, when thou art tempest tost  
Will fight thee with affright!  
In some wild dungeon may'st thou lie,  
And counting each cold link  
That binds thee to captivity,  
Thy curse shall be—to think!

Go seek the merry banquet hall,  
Where younger maidens bloom,  
The thought of me shall make thee there  
Endure a deeper gloom;  
That thought shall turn the festive cup  
To poison while you drink,  
And while false smiles are on thy cheek,  
Thy curse will be—to think!

Forget me, false one, hope it not!  
When minstrels touch the string,  
The memory of other days  
Will galls thee while they sing;  
The ams I used to love, will make  
Thy coward conscience shrink,  
Aye, every note will have its sting,  
Thy curse will be—to think!

Forget me! No, that shall not be!  
I'll haunt thee in my sleep,  
In dreams thou'lt cling to slimy rocks  
That overhang the deep;  
Thou'lt shriek for aid! my feeble arm  
Shall hurl thee from the brink,  
And when thou wak'st in wild dismay,  
Thy curse will be—to think!

Some cross bachelor or married editor  
Has placed the following surly heading to  
his marriage list:

"Here the girls, and here the widow,  
Always cast their earliest glance,  
And with a smileless face consider  
If they too don't stand a chance  
To make some clever fellow double  
In bliss and often, too; in trouble."

## Short Patent Sermon.

I will preach, on this occasion, from the following text:

If ye are honest, honorable men,  
Go ye and—pay the Printer.

My hearers—There are many seeming trifles in this world which you are too apt to overlook on account of their apparent unimportance, the neglect of which has plunged thousands into the deepest mire of misery, and sunk their character into inextricable degradation. Among these ostensible trifles, that of neglecting to pay one's honest debts is the most common, and attended with the worst of consequences. It takes off all the silken furze from the fine thread of feeling—creates a sort of misanthropic coldness about the heart—skims off all the cream that may chance to rise upon the milk of generosity—and makes man look as savagely upon his brother man as does a dog upon one of his species while engaged in the gratifying employment of eating his master's dinner. One debt begets another. I have always observed that he who owes a man a dollar is sure to owe him also a grudge; and he is always more ready to pay compound interest on the latter, than on the former. Oh, my friends, to be over head and ears in love is as bad a predicament as a person ought ever to be in; but to be so deeply in debt that you can't sleep of nights without being haunted by the ghost of some insatiate creditor, is enough to give a man the hydrophobia—make him bite a wheelbarrow—cause it to run mad, and create a general consternation among the lamp posts.

My dear friends—the debt that sits heaviest on the conscience of a mortal—provided he has one—is the debt due to the printer. It presses harder upon one's bosom than the night mare—galls the soul—frets and chafes every ennobling sentiment—squeezes all the juice of fraternal sympathy from the heart, and leaves it drier than the surface of a roasted potato. A man who wrongs the printer out of a single cent, can never expect to enjoy comfort in this world, and may well have doubts of finding happiness in any other. He will be sure to go down to the grave ere Time shall have bedecked his brow with the silvery blossom of age; and the green leaves of hope will fall before the first bud of enjoyment has expanded. It is true the mushrooms of peace may spring up during a short night of forgetfulness, but they will all wither beneath the scorching rays of remorse. How can you, my friends, ever have the wickedness and cruelty to cheat the printer, when you consider how much he has done, and is every day doing, for you. He has poured into the treasuries of your minds some of the most valuable gifts that any sort of a God can bestow—aye, riches with which you would not part for the possession of the whole world, and a mortgage on a small corner of heaven. With the keys of magic, as it were, he has opened the iron-cased doors of the human understanding—dispelled the darkness of ignorance, and lit up the lamps of knowledge and wisdom. That mighty engine—the Press—is surrounded by a halo of glory, and its effulgence extends all over the broad empire of the mind, illuminating the darkest avenues of the heart; and yet the printer—the man who toils at the lever of this soul-enlightening instrument—is often robbed of his hard-earned bread by those whom he has delivered from mental bondage, and placed in a paradise to lay off and grow fat upon the fruits of his labor!

Oh, you ungrateful sinners! if you have hearts moistened with the dews of mercy, instead of gizzards filled with gravel, take heed what I say unto you. If there be one among you in this congregation whose account is not settled with the printer, go and adjust it immediately, and be able to hold your heads up in society, like a giraffe; be respected by the wise and the good—free from the tortures of a guilty conscience—the mortification of repeated duns—and escape from falling into the clutches of those licensed thieves, the lawyers. If you are honest and honorable men, you will go forthwith and pay the printer. You will not wait for the morrow, because there is no to-morrow, it is but a visionary receptacle for unredeemed promises—an addled egg in the great nest of the future—the debtor's hope and the creditor's curse. If you are dishonest, low minded sons of Satan, I don't suppose you will ever pay the printer, as long as you have no reputation to lose—no character to sustain—and no morals to cultivate. But, let me tell you my friends, that if you don't do it, your paths to the tomb will be strewn with thorns—you will have to gather your daily food from brambles—your children will die of the dysentery, and you yourselves will never enjoy the blessings of health. I once called on a sick person whom the doctors had given up as a gone case. I asked him if he had made his peace with his Maker? He said he thought he had squared up. I inquired if he had forgiven all his enemies.

He replied, yes. I then asked him if he had made his peace with his printer. He hesitated for a moment, and then said he believed he owed him something like about two dollars and fifty cents, which he desired to have paid before he bid good bye to the world. His desire was immediately gratified; and from that moment he became convalescent. He is now living in the enjoyment of health and prosperity—at peace with his own conscience, his God, and the whole world. Let this be an example for you, my friends. Patronize the printer—take the papers—pay for them in advance—and your days will be long upon the earth and overflowing with the honey of happiness.

My hearers! pay all your debts, and keep an honorable reckoning with your fellow men; but above all, keep paying, by daily instalments, that everlasting debt of gratitude which you owe to Him from whom you obtained capital sufficient to begin the first transactions of life; so that when you come to balance accounts at the day of general settlement, all things may appear fair and above board. So mote it be!

Dow, Jr.

Huntingdon, July 5th, 1841.

MR. A. W. BENEDICT,

SIR—The undersigned were appointed a Committee, by the Mechanics of Huntingdon, at the Celebration of the 65th Anniversary of American Independence, to request the Speakers on that day to furnish copies of their addresses for publication. With an earnest hope that it will meet your consent, the Committee

Remain Respectfully,  
Yours, &c.  
M. BUOY,  
S. GRAFFIUS,  
J. SIMPSON.

Huntingdon, July 7th, 1841.

GENTLEMEN,—

Your note, directed by the Mechanics, at their celebration on the 5th inst., I have this moment received. For the flattering notice of my humble effort by them, I sincerely return thanks.

If the few remarks hastily thrown together for the occasion, seem to merit such distinction, they are entirely at the service of my friends, although I regret that I had not time to have made them more deserving your attention.

Yours,

With Respect and Esteem,  
A. W. BENEDICT.

M. BUOY,  
S. GRAFFIUS,  
J. SIMPSON.

FELLOW LABORERS & FELLOW CITIZENS.—Once more have we met to add ours to the general acclamations of joy, to celebrate that day when the natal star of our country first beamed amid the ocean. It cannot be imagined that so humble an individual can say anything new, on a subject which for sixty-five years has been the theme of our most eminent and eloquent men. Every city, village, and hamlet have annually listened to the rehearsal of the scenes of the revolution, and the causes that produced them from some one selected for the honor. Should the present humble speaker succeed in adding one smile of joy to the scene, or of awakening one feeling of patriotism among his hearers, his task is done.

It is the duty of us all to recur to the history of the gloomy days of the Revolution. We should keep ever alive in our minds the toil, the treasure, and the blood, which the blessings we now enjoy cost. Those who are ever mindful of their value, will guard them with watchful eyes. If the time shall ever come when the events of this day 65 years ago be forgotten—if not forgotten, but dimly remembered as things of other days,—I shall look upon it as the precursor of coming dissolution. Then, and not till then, shall I fear for the Liberties of my country.

Let us then, brother Mechanics, recall that hatred of tyranny which characterized our revolutionary fathers, and follow their foot prints, from the murders at Concord and Lexington, to the final scene in that grand drama. Let your minds rest for a moment on those days of oppression and terror. Think of the hopes and fears, which agitated the mind of every patriot. Do you see them, when forbearance ceased to be a virtue—when all seized such weapons as chance had furnished, and with but a handful of men, they brought the proud Lion of Britain at bay, at Lexington, and gave him no rest in his lair until our eagle soared beyond his reach? Do you see them when their fond wives and families, are to be left,—perchance never to be seen again—when the mother, wife, or sister, urges the father, husband, or brother not to be behind in the cause of Freedom. When the wife, like her of Switzerland exclaimed

"\* \* \* \* \* And are we thus oppressed,  
Then must we rise upon our mountain sod  
And man must arm, and woman call on God

I know what thou wouldst do, and be it done  
Trust me to Heaven my husband-thy thy son  
The bane that I have borne thee must be free  
And the sweet memory of our pleasant hearth  
May well give strength—if ought be strong  
on earth—

Go forth beside the waters and along  
The chamois paths; and thro' the forest go,  
And tell in burning words thy tale of woe  
To the brave hearts that mid the hamlet glo  
God shall be with thee, my beloved—away!  
Bless but the child and leave me—*Can pray*  
Could any power resist such a cause, so  
urged and so sustained. It could not! And  
as long as that bloody strife continued,  
the same ardor, the same devotion to the  
"sweet memory of the pleasant hearth,"  
sustained every soldier. Though suffering  
for food and clothing, and their torn  
and lacerated feet marked the snow with  
a freeman's blood, still the same patriot  
fire burnt clear and bright in every bosom.  
Through every toil—through every danger  
—Through their starry banner floated in  
the sky, flushed with victory or was dim  
with defeat, there they stood firm as their  
own hills, unflinching and undismayed.  
Like Washington himself, "though their  
eyes grew dim in the service of their country,  
they never doubted her justice," and  
Onward! Onward they pressed, trusting  
their cause to Him who said "the race is  
not always to the swift, nor the battle to  
the strong." All from this day 65 years  
ago, until the surrender of Cornwallis in  
'81 were animated by the same holy love  
of his country and its Liberties. Whether  
we recur to that sacred band who pledged  
their lives their fortunes, and their  
honors to survive or perish only with their  
country—or to the suffering soldier in the  
ranks—it is all the same. The former,  
have left an undying name, for their deeds  
of that day, and the latter though unknown,  
sleeps the sleep of death on the battle  
field, or beneath the folds of the silent  
valley, still the memory of his gallant  
bearing can never be effaced from the  
heart of the American citizen. The gra-  
titude of every heart, will ascend as an  
incense to his mansions beyond the tomb;  
and there, while he shall tune his harp  
with the angels around the Throne, will  
be gladdened by tears of gratitude, shed  
by those who worship at that altar, his  
hand reared, and his blood watered.

Lead back your memories we say again,  
and see the unwavering attachment of of-  
ficers and soldiers, to the cause of their  
country; and whether your mind rests  
upon the Old Lion of the East, when he  
turned on his oppressors at Bunker hill,  
and with an unblanching cheek, said to his  
followers, not to fire until they saw, the  
whites of their enemies eyes—or see the  
tear trickling down the cheek of the veter-  
an Cochran, who wept that he had not  
the means to remove his suffering wife  
and daughters, from the scene of destitu-  
tion, on the Banks of the Hudson—or  
whether you see the generous Stuben giv-  
ing his only remaining dollar, to a wound-  
ed negro, who wept on the wharf, that he  
had no way to get to his friends. Your  
feelings are the same; and you ask your-  
selves how else could that war terminate,  
than victoriously, when such gallant and  
good men battled, and prayed for their  
country's cause.

Is it not right, is it not our duty, to re-  
call to our memories, the names and the  
deeds of these men. Every heart should  
Every American heart will answer yes.  
Learn their history by heart—emulate  
their virtues, and the day is not far dis-  
tant, when evil discord, nor foreign power,  
can shake the foundations of our Temple.  
Those gallant heroes are fast leaving us!  
One by one the grave is fast receiving them,  
and we blush, when we utter the  
naked truth, that some who with their  
own hands, have helped to rear our altar,  
dedicated to civil and religious liberty,  
are suffering under the oppressive grasp  
of poverty. The liberties they won, they  
cannot enjoy, and drag out a miserable  
existence, too often oppressed by those  
who sit beneath that tree, their hands had  
planted, and their blood had nurtured.  
Many, we might say nearly all, spend the  
evening of their days, around the fire  
side circle of their kindred and friends  
confident that they will live in the memory  
of those who survive them, rich in the lega-  
cy they bequeath posterity, unwilling to  
barter it for the privilege of living, and  
basking in the sunshine and splendor of  
courts of Kings. Show me a veteran who  
would exchange the rights and immunities  
of a Freeman, for all the luxuries and ease  
of a palace, where he must die unheeded,  
and uncared for—forgotten and forgot.  
Thank heaven! they fought for other re-  
wards than pecuniary ones. It was the  
reward most loved by the brave. The  
certain assurance that their labors have  
added to human happiness, and amelior-  
ated the amount of human suffering and  
woe. Thank Heaven! We say again,  
that they are not neglected and forgotten  
by all. Tell me my friends, who it is  
whose grey hairs are ever respected, by  
every age and every sex, and the sight of  
whose wounds brings a tear to every eye,  
—whose name excites the ardor of youth-  
ful enthusiasm, and secures him their ex-

ertions, to lead him to a seat of honor in  
the assemblies of his countrymen? We  
ask again, who is it? Is it not the soldier  
of the Revolution? We hear every heart  
exclaim it is! What voice of sorrow  
is heard throughout the nation? Is it not  
that which tells that another of those heroes  
has gone to the land of silence—gone  
to join his comrades at that bourne whence  
no traveller returns. What will be your  
feelings, friends and neighbors when the  
mournful tidings shall be proclaimed, that  
the last of that Band has been gathered to  
his father's. Let me imagine one general  
sound of lamentation and woe, one  
deep heavy, unsubdued sigh of grief. The  
old, the young, the brother and sister—the  
father and mother, all, of either sex will  
with one aspiration, send forth the wail  
for the departed. Every tongue will ex-  
claim. "The last link is broken"—a general  
burst of sorrow, though silent, will  
declare a nation's gratitude to them who  
secured their country its freedom.

Such fellow Mechanics, Fellow Labor-  
ers, and fellow Freeman, is a brief and  
feeble history of the men and their charac-  
ters, who met, and vowed to do or die.  
Who lived to fulfill that vow, or slept in  
the grave of honor with the stars and  
stripes, floating triumphantly above the  
bloody field. Such was their glorious be-  
quest, such their bright example. They  
were men like ourselves, the same hopes  
and fears. They sought not power, they  
praised to the world that "all men  
were created free and equal." They  
scouted that old dogma, that "Kings can  
do no wrong"—They secured to the poor-  
est laborer in our soil, the highest round  
on the ladder of preferment and Fame,  
and to receive a distinction more honor-  
able than a star or a garb,—the tears, the  
gratitude, the confidence—and the suffra-  
ges of a free people.

Allow me to ask, who were they? Let  
me answer; they were the sons of toil,—  
the mechanic, the laborer, and the farmer.  
The blacksmith left his anvil,—the shoe-  
maker his last—the carpenter his plane—  
the farmer his plough, and the laborer his  
spade. The farm was left untilled, and  
the loom was silent. The note of prepara-  
tion, told that every man had resolved to  
break the chains of oppression, and erect  
a temple to freedom, and to nurture it  
with his blood and the tears of bereaved  
kindred—should he perish in the at-  
tempt.

Brethren, theirs is a bright example.  
We, as mechanics, may emulate their vir-  
tues—may attain their honors and dis-  
tinction, in every thing except the crea-  
tion of a new government, and the over-  
throw of the oppressors of the poor. We,  
who have to "beg of our fellow men the  
privilege to toil"—who earn to day, that  
which is required for subsistence to-mor-  
row—we have a destiny, not less impor-  
tant than theirs, to our posterity. Ours  
is the task to keep alive that spirit which  
actuated them—to cultivate among our-  
selves a spirit of charity and forbearance;  
to live for, with, and by, each other—to  
cast aside every party, sectional, or per-  
sonal prejudice,—to mingle in the crowd  
who seek to rule and govern us; and by  
our determination, and unflinching honesty  
in the cause of patriotism, make our-  
selves heard above the violence and hur-  
rah of party strife. Learn, fellow free-  
men, to study the economy of our govern-  
ment. Learn to let your voices be heard  
above the tumult of partisans, and be their  
strife for spoils. Learn to be first in the  
defense of right—the establishment of  
truth, and the triumph of both. Learn  
of each other what is best calculated to  
secure to your children those benefits  
which were bought by the blood and toil  
of our fathers. Strive to be foremost  
in knowing what are the rights of a freeman,  
and let not the wily and deceptive argu-  
ments of the demagogue, delude you from  
the path of patriotism and virtue. To  
you belongs the task of preserving those  
liberties, so dearly purchased. You are  
all aware of this important fact. Men of  
every trade were among the bravest sol-  
diers, and wisest statesmen, in that day  
which tried men's souls. They had no  
sinister motive. They sought no emi-  
nence but such as was attained by the  
success of their cause, and the permanent  
blessing of their country; and, shall we,  
their descendants, pollute the fountains  
of patriotism with the foul miasma which  
rises above the fustid plain of party strife?  
*Vener!* Forbid it, shades of Sherman  
and Franklin. Let us not so far forget  
their examples and admonitions, and the  
glory of our Republic as to prove recre-  
ant to ourselves.

It is of us, who know the value of our  
institutions, that much, very much, is re-  
quired. I care not what may be the opin-  
ions of others, I unhesitatingly declare,  
that among the working classes nine tenths  
of all true patriotism exists. Do not let  
me be understood as casting a stigma upon  
any one who have been thus fortunate as  
to be beyond the necessities of toil. Far  
be it from me. The sons of toil have

nothing but their liberty and their homes  
to defend—the labor of their hands is  
their only wealth. Their whole is the  
sacrifice, should that dread time ever  
come, when the spoiler shall trample on  
this fair fabric. Their interest is above  
all others. The pampered son of afflu-  
ence, can purchase peace, and protection  
at the throne of the most cruel and cor-  
rupt tyrant, while the more honest laborer  
is forced to receive the yoke of bond-  
age, or die with the brand in his hand,  
defending that home, and that liberty. There  
is none within the sounding of my voice,  
who does not know, who cannot estimate  
the certainty of his fate, should that day  
ever arrive (which God forbid) when the  
manacles of the despot shall clank upon  
the limbs of an American Freeman.

"How could you rest within your graves,  
And leave your homes, the homes of slaves;  
Would you not hear your children tread  
With clanking-chains above your head?"

Do you not all feel with me, that ours  
is an important destiny? I feel confi-  
dent that you do; and if I have ever lived  
one moment of pride and pleasure, it is  
this. The scene here presented. One  
great brotherhood of Nature's Noblemen  
met together, around the shrine of their  
country. Burying under the ark of their  
political covenant, all party prejudices—  
all party strifes—all sectional and per-  
sonal feelings; and like a band of brothers  
joined—united in offering their sacrifices  
on the altar of their common country.—  
These are noble thoughts. We look upon  
this day as the dawn of brighter pros-  
pects. It tells that discord cannot longer  
divide us. That we now find that  
we have common interest—common hopes  
—common fears—and a common country.  
That the day is not far distant, when the  
man who earns his bread by the sweat of  
his brow, will meet on the forum the wil-  
dest demagogue, and with plain truth as  
his weapon, scatter to the four winds the  
sophistry and falsehood of the practiced  
politician. No matter under what name  
he hides deceit. They owe it to them-  
selves—to their country, and to posterity,  
to watch with careful eyes, every move-  
ment that may tend to weaken the insti-  
tutions of their country; and what more  
proper day to commence the good work  
than the present. The day when the yoke  
of bondage was broken, and the broad  
stripes and bright stars, proclaimed,  
on every sea, the thirteen united colonies  
free and independent States.

Let us, then, here, with our own hands  
and hearts, unite around the altar of our  
country, with that proud banner of our  
country fluttering to the breeze, pledge  
eternal fidelity to our own and our coun-  
try's cause. We have no hope but in the  
preservation of our liberties. When our  
Institutions shall crumble to the earth,  
When legal authority is not as quickly  
extended to save the poor and friendless  
from abuse, as the property of the rich  
from the hand of the spoiler,—when all  
this shall come, that will be a day of sor-  
row and suffering to the children of toil.

The question is now answered, whether  
a government resting on the affections  
of the people can stand the test of time.  
Time has but strengthened and beautified  
it. The envenomed shafts of faction  
have been broken against its pillars of ad-  
amant, and the bolts of war have fallen  
harmless on its pinnacles; and in every  
valley—on every hill, the fire of patriotism  
glows brightly in the humblest cot.

It has been said, that a Republic to sub-  
sist, must be a nation of soldiers. That  
in peace, arts and agriculture would be  
alike disregarded. That people who for-  
mally laws would feel above their control!  
Let the forests that have fallen by the  
axe—the villages reared where but a few  
years since the wild beast had its lair,—  
The canals and rail-roads on the spot  
where the footpath of the Indian were the  
only sign of human beings. Let the hum  
of business which is heard on every  
breeze. Let the inventions of American  
Genius—the success of our manufactures.  
Let the peace and quiet of our large as-  
semblies, when compared with the wan-  
ton riotings of other countries, furnish the  
answers. Go ask the citizen of the world  
to mention the land where the path of in-  
dustry and rectitude is the highway to  
plenty and preferment—where every man  
no matter what be his country, his opin-  
ions or his occupation, may come and go  
unquestioned. Where Education sheds  
her light around the humblest hearth  
stone. Where, in truth, all are at liberty  
to do what is right, and finds the greatest  
restraint for doing wrong; and rest assur-  
ed that he will name that land, which,  
thanks be to God, we call our own.

With a few more words I shall conclude.  
Long may the principles and precepts of  
our venerated Washington remain our  
chart on the ocean of human affairs. The  
events of sixty-five years have gone be-  
fore our view. Let us stretch our an-  
xious eyes to discern through the veil be-  
fore us, some slight glimpse of the future.  
Shall we go on ascending the path of pros-  
perity, or will that day come, when we  
shall live only in the records of history,