

Huntingdon Journal

BY JAS. CLARK.

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Can the absent be forgotten?

Mr. Henry C. Watson makes the following graceful stanzas, (written for music,) the leading article of the last number of his interesting weekly, "The American Musical Times." They almost sing themselves.

Can the absent be forgotten?
Can their memories ever die?
Were they loved, to be remembered
As a shadow on the sky?
Can the early ties that bound us,
Like to morning dreams depart?
Forbid it heaven, for then will cease
All truthfulness of heart.

Can the absent be forgotten,
Though their silence we regret?
No lute springs from this fair earth,
By which we can forget.
There is something in the memory
Of those we've loved and lost,
Upholds love's bark, o'er Time's vast sea,
However Tempest tost.

Can the absent be forgotten?
Can the lips that we have kissed—
The hands that we have pressed in ours,
Be lost, and not be missed?
Can the heart that throbb'd to our heart's,
The cheek that sought our breast, (throb,
As the swallow, wearied from afar,
Seeks its own chosen nest.

Can all those be forgotten—
As a foot-print on the sand,
The dew upon the hawthorn leaf,
We brush off with our hand?
Oh! no, there is a faith in love,
Whose impulses are pure,
That like the eternal mountains, God
Created to endure!

THE IDEAL OF A TRUE LIFE.

BY HORACE GREELY.

There is even on this side of the grave, a haven where the storms of life break not, or are felt but in gentle undulations of the unrippled and mirroring waters—an oasis, not in the desert but beyond it—a rest, profound and blissful as that of a soldier returned forever from the dangers, the hardships, the turmoil of war, to the bosom of that dear domestic circle, whose blessings he never prized at half their worth till he lost them.

This haven, this oasis, this rest, is a serene and hale old age. The tired traveler has abandoned the dusty, crowded and justling highways of life, for one of its shadiest and noted by-lanes. The din of traffic and worldly strife has no longer magic for his ear—the myriad footfall of the city's stony walks—is but noise or nothing to him now. He has run his race of toil and traffic, or ambition. His day's work is accomplished, and he has come to enjoy tranquil and unembarrassed, the splendor of the sunset, the milder glories of late evening. Ask not whether he has or has not been successful, according to the vulgar standard of success. What matters it now whether the multitude has dragged his chariot, rending the air with idolizing acclamation, or howled like wolves on his track, as he fled by night from the fury of those he has wasted his vigor to serve. What avails it that broad lands have rewarded his toil, or that all has, at the last moment, been stricken from his grasp? Ask not whether he brings into retirement the wealth of the Indies, or the poverty of a bankrupt—whether his couch be of down or rushes—his dwelling a hut or a mansion. He has lived to little purposes, indeed, if he has not long since realized that wealth and renown are not the true ends of creation, nor their absence conclusive proofs of ill-fortune. Whoever seeks to know if his career has been prosperous and brightening from its outset to its close—if the evening of his days are genial and blissful—should not ask for broad acres or towering edifices, or laden coffers. Perverted old age may grasp these with the unyielding clutch of insanity, they add to his cares and anxieties, not to his enjoyment. Ask rather—has he mastered and harmonized his erring passions?—Has he lived a True Life.

A true life! of how many lives does each hour kneel the conclusion! The poor child of shame and sin and crime, who terminates her earthly being in the clouded morning of her scarce-budded, yet blighted existence—the desperate felon whose blood was shed by the community, as the dread penalty of its violated law—the miserable debauchee, who totters down to his loathsome grave in his springtime of his years, but in the fulness of festering iniquities—these, the world valiantly affirms, have not lived true lives! Fearless and righteous world! how profound, how discriminating are thy judgments! But the base idolator of self, who devotes all his energies, his moments, and his thoughts to schemes which begin and end in personal advantage—the grasping of gold and land and tenements—the devotee of pleasure—the man of ignoble and sinister ambition—the woman of frivolity, extravagance and fashion—the idler, the gambler, voluptuary—on all these and their myriad compeers, wife born on the crest of the advancing billow, how gentle is the reproof, how charitable the judgment of the world. Nay, is not even our dread Christianity, which picks its ways so daintily, cau-

tiously and inoffensively—which regards with gentle rebuke, and is regarded with amiable toleration, by some of the foremost vices of the times; is it not too often oblivious in its paramount duty to teach men how to live worthily and nobly? Are there not thousands to whom its inculcations, so far as duties to man are concerned, are substantially negative in their character? who are fortified by its teachings in the belief that to do good is a casualty, and frame of being who are taught by it to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, when they force themselves upon the charity of portly affluence, but as an irksome duty for which they should be rewarded, rather than a blessed privilege, for which they should be profoundly grateful? Of the millions now weekly listening to the ministrations of the Christian pulpit, how many are clearly and vividly impressed with the great truth, that each in his own sphere should live for mankind, as Christ died for the redemption, instruction, exaltation of the race—and, that the power to do this in his proper sphere abides equally with the humblest as the highest? How many centuries more will be required to teach, even the religious world, so called, the full meaning of the term Christian?

A true life must be simple in all its elements. Animated by one grand and ennobling impulse, all lesser aspirations find their proper places in harmonious subservience. Simplicity in taste, in appetite, in habits of life, with a corresponding indifference to worldly honors and aggrandizements, is the natural result of a predominance of a divine and unselfish idea. Under the guidance of such a sentiment, Virtue is not an effort, but a law of nature, like gravitation.—It is Vice alone that seems unaccountable, monstrous, well nigh miraculous. Purity is felt to be as necessary to the mind, as health to the body, and its absence alike the inevitable source of pain. A true life must be calm. A life imperfectly directed, is made wretched through distraction. We give up our youth to excitement, and wonder that decrept old age steals on us so soon.—We wear out our energies for gold or fame, and then wonder alike at the cost and worthlessness of the deed. "Is not the life more than meat?"—Aye, truly! but how few practically, consistently, so regard it! And little as it is regarded by the imperfectly virtuous, how much less by the vicious and the worldling! What a chaos of struggling emotions is exhibited by the lives of the multitude! How like to the wars of the infuriated animalcula in a magnificent drop of water, is the strife constantly waged in each little mind! How sloth is jostled by gluttony, and pride wrestled by avarice, and ostentation bearded by meanness! The soul that is not large enough for the indwelling of virtue, affords lodgement and scope for a hundred vices. But their warfare cannot be indulged in with impunity.—Agitation and wretchedness are the inevitable consequences, in the midst of which the flame of life burns flaringly, and swiftly to its close.

A true life must be genial and joyous. Tell me not, pale anchorite, of your ceaseless vigils, your fastings, your scourgings. These are fit offerings to Moloch, not to our Father. The man who is not happy in the path he has chosen may be very sure he has chosen amiss, or he is self-deceived. "I love God and little children," says a German poet. The good are ever attracted and made happier by the presence of the innocent and lovely. And he who finds his religion adverse to, or a restraint upon, the truly innocent pleasures and gaieties of life so that the latter do not interfere with and jar upon its more sublime objects, may well doubt whether he has indeed "learned Jesus."

The Preacher and Gambler.

A SCENE ON BOARD A SOUTH-WESTERN STEAMER.

BY J. H. GREEN, E. C.

Persons of those two antagonistic portions of society are frequently thrown into intimate fellowship and association with each other, especially while travelling on the steamers of the Southern and Western waters.

Some years since, a number of gamblers, with two or three clergymen, happened to be among the passengers on board of a steambot bound from Cincinnati to New Orleans. The company on board was numerous; but as something uncommon and extraordinary, there was little or no gambling practiced by the passengers on the trip downward.

Several days had passed in this way, when a gambler, a wild, reckless, daredevil sort of a character, began to grow impatient of the tedium of the voyage, and anxious for a chance of making his passage money by victimizing some of

the "green ones" in the crowd. Going up to one of the clergymen alluded to, (whom he was not aware was of that profession,) a smooth faced, good looking, affable, youngish man; he slapped him on the back, and somewhat familiarly accosted him:

"Say, stranger! dull music 'board, I reckon! Come, take a drink, and let's have a little life 'mongst us!"

"Thank you my friend, I'm a teetotaler, and never drink."

"O-h-h!—you are, eh! Let's have a hand at cards then."

"There I'm at fault again. I do not know one card from another, and can't play."

"Scissors!—I never see the like!—Here, young man, let me show you how."

"I'd rather not, sir, if you please!"

"Brimstone!—I can't get up some little bit of devilry or 'nother?—I'm sick on't pokin' round in this 'ere way. Wonder if we can't get some 'old hoss' to give us a preach? That coon over there, with a white neckerchief, looks like one o' them gospel shop men. 'Spose we ax him to give us a sermon? I'd like to hear one, by jingo!"

"That gentleman, sir, I presume to be a preacher, and it's quite likely he'll accommodate you."

"You knows him don't you? Just git him to give us a snorting sermon!—I'll hold his hat!"

"I will ask him," replied the clergyman. He crossed over to his friend of the white cravat, and stated the wish of the gambler. Returning, however, he remarked that the preacher declined lecturing till a more convenient season.

"The devil he does! Well, I'm bound to have fun somehow or 'nother. Can't you spout a bit, my young sapling?—'Spouse you try it on, any how?"

"My friend, if I should preach, I should try to give you some uneasiness."

"Then you are just the man for me. Git up here and gin us a sprinkle of brimstone; stir up these old 'ironsides on board, give 'em an extra lick, and come the camp meeting touch; will ye? Here's an old chap here, who's got a hymn book, and I can sing first rate when I get a going, if the lines are given out; and mind ye, neighbor, give us a jam-up prayer; blow and strike out as loud as ye can, and make 'em think that a pack of well grown prairie wolves are coming, with a smart handful of thunder and lightning, and a few shovels full of young airtquake. We'll have a trifle of sport then, won't we?"

The gambler then helped the preacher to arrange for the sermon; borrowed the hymn book, and sat down with an expression of mock seriousness in his countenance.

By this time a crowd had gathered round to witness the proceedings, wondering what would be the upshot of the business. The preacher smoothed his face, selected a hymn, and then lifted up his hands and eyes in the attitude of prayer. Waxing warmer and warmer as he proceeded, he appealed to God, in the most spirit stirring and solemn manner; he alluded to the gambler in a very pointed manner, and prayed for his salvation from the ruin to which he was so recklessly tending. Such was the force of his appeal, that a burning arrow seemed speedily sent to the gambler's soul. The prayer was followed by an excellent sermon by the young clergyman, who afterwards said that he never felt more impressed in his life with the awful responsibility of his mission, or felt a fuller inspiration from on High to proclaim the wrath to come to dying sinners.

The gambler "squirmed" under the gospel truth; yet uneasy as he was, he contrived to sit the sermon out; but he couldn't wait to participate in singing the closing hymn.

Shortly after all was over, and going up to the clergyman, he said—

"I say, friend, you are a preacher, ain't you?"

"Yes my friend, I have the honor to be an unworthy ambassador of Christ, and hope to be made the means of converting many souls to God."

"Well, I thought as much! I tell you, I never had the sand so knocked from under me before in my life! If you preach in that way, there won't be any of us gamblers left, I tell you. But I suppose it's all right; my good mother used to pray, and I couldn't help thinking of her when you cut me all up in little pieces, and put my singing pipes out of tune. I'd ha' giv' fifty dollars to have that ere saddle put on another horse."

I suppose it is needless to say that the gambler required no further preaching on that passage; his own conduct, and that of his confederates, was such as to be a matter of no animadversion on the part of the clergymen and passengers, while they pursued their voyage.—Knickerbocker.

DEATH OF HENRY CLAY.

A LEGEND OF BUENA VISTA.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

It was near the setting of the sun, when the man of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, and Monterey, saw the clouds come down on the last charge of Buena Vista, that a scene, worthy of the days of Washington, closed the day in glory.

Do you behold that dark ravine, deep sunken between these precipitous banks? Here no sunlight comes, for these walls of rock wrap the pass in eternal twilight.—Withered trees grow between the masses of granite, and scattered stones make the bed of the ravine uncertain and difficult for the tread.

Hark! That cry, that rush like a mountain torrent; bursting its barriers, and quick as the lightning flashes from darkness, the dismal ravine is bathed in red battle light. From its northern extremity, a confused band of Mexicans, an army in itself come yelling along the pass, treading one another down as they fly, their banners, spears, horses and men, tossed together in inextricable confusion.

By thousands they rush into the shadows of the pass, their dark faces redened by the sheeted blaze of musquetry. The caverns of the ravine send back the roar of the panic, and the grey rocks are washed by their blood.

But the little band who pursue this army! Who are they? You may see in their firm heroic ranks, the volunteer costume of Illinois and Kentucky. At their head, urging his men with shouts, rides the gallant McKee, by his side young Henry Clay, that broad forehead, which reminds you of his father, bathed in the glare as his sword quivers on high ere it falls to kill.—There too, a wild figure, red with his own blood and the blood of Mexican foes, his uniform rent in tatters, his arm bared to the shoulder, striking terrible blows with his good sword—Hardin of Illinois, come gallantly forward.

This small, but iron band, hurls the Mexicans from the heights into the ravine, and follow up the chase, far down into the eternal twilight of that mountain pass.

Look! As their musquetry streams its steady blaze, you would think that one ceaseless sheet of lightning bathed these rocks in flame!

Over the Mexicans, man and horse, hurled back in mad disorder, the Americans dash on their way, never heeding the overwhelming number of their foes never heeding the palpitating forms beneath their feet, with bayonet and rifle, and sword, they press steadily on, their well known banner streaming evermore overhead.

The howl of the dying war-horse—hark! Does it not chill your blood to hear it? The bubbling cry of the wounded man, with his horse's hoof upon his mouth, trampling his face into a hideous wreck—does it not sicken your soul to hear it?

A hundred yards or more, into the pass the Americans have penetrated, when suddenly a young Mexican, rushing back upon their ranks, seizes the fallen flag of Anahuac, and dashes to his death!

To see him, young and beardless, a very boy, rush with his country's flag, with his bare breast, upon that line of sharp steel—it was a sight to stir courage into manhood, and it shot into the Mexican hearts like an electric flame.

Even in their panic stricken disorder, they turned; by hundreds they grasped their arms, and rolled in one long wave of lance and bayonet, upon the foe. Woe to the brave men of Illinois and Kentucky now! Locked in that deadly pass, a wall of infuriated Mexicans between them and that wall of rocks—above their heads, through every aperture among the cliffs, the blaze of muskets pouring a shower of bullets in their faces—wherever they turned, the long and deadly lance poised at their throats—it was a moment to think one of home and die!

Those who survived that fearful moment, tell with shuddering triumph of the deeds of the three heroes—McKee, Hardin and Clay.

McKee, you see him yonder, with his shattered sword dripping blood, he endeavors to ward off the aim of those deadly lances, and fights on his knees when he can stand no longer, and the combatants close over him and you see him no more.

Hardin, rose from a heap of slaughtered foes, his face streaming from its hideous lance wounds, and waved a Mexican flag, in triumph, as his life blood gushed in a torrent over his muscular form. That instant, the full light of battle was upon his mangled face. Then flinging the captured flag to a brother

soldier, he shouted—"Give it to her as a memorial of Buena Vista! My wife!" It was his last word. Upon his bearded breast, the fury of ten lances rushed, and the horses' hoofs trampled him into the heap of dead.

But most sad and yet glorious of all was, to see the death of the second HENRY CLAY! You should have seen him with his back against yonder rock, his sword grasped firmly, as the consciousness that he bore a name that must not die ingloriously, seemed to fill his every vein, and dart a deadly fire from his eyes!

At that moment he looked like the old man.

For his brow, high and retreating, with the blood clotted hair waving back from its old line, was swollen in every vein, as though his soul shone from it, ere she fled for ever. Lips set, brows knit, hand firm—a circle of his men fighting round him—he dashed into the Mexicans until his sword was wet, his arm weary with blood.

At last, with his thigh splintered by a ball, he gathered his broad form to its full height, and fell. His face ashy with intense agony, he bade his comrades to leave him there to die. That ravine should be the bed of his glory.

But gathering round him, a guard of breasts and steel—while two of their number bore him tenderly along—these men of Kentucky fought round their fallen hero, and as retreating step by step, they launched their swords and bayonets into the faces of the foe, they said with every blow—"HENRY CLAY!"

It was wonderful to see how that name nerved their arms, and called a smile to the face of the dying hero. How it would have made the heart of the old man of Ashland throb, to have heard his name, yelling as a battle cry, down the shadows of that lonely pass!

Along the ravine, and up this narrow path! The Hero bleeds as they bear him on, and tracks the way with his blood. Faster and thicker the Mexicans swarm—they see the circle around the fallen man, even see his pale face, uplifted as a smile crosses its fading lineaments, and like a pack of wolves scenting the frozen traveller at the dead of night, they come howling up the rocks, and charge the devoted band with one dense mass of bayonets.

Up and on! The light shines yonder, on the topmost rocks of the ravine. It is the light of the setting sun. Old Taylor's eye is upon that rock, and there we will fight our way, and die in the old man's sight!

It was a murderous way, that path up the steep bank of the ravine! Littered with dead, slippery with blood, it grew blacker every moment with swarming Mexicans, and the defenders of the wounded hero fell one by one, into the chasm yawning all around.

At last they reach the light, the swords and bayonets glitter in sight of the contending armies, and the bloody contest roars towards the topmost rock.

Then it was, that gathering up his dying frame—armed with supernatural vigor—young Clay started from the arms of his supporters, and stood with out stretched hands, in the light of the setting sun. It was a glorious sight which he saw there, amid the rolling battle clouds; Santa Anna's formidable array hurled back into ravine and gorge by Taylor's little band. But a more glorious thing it was to see that dying man, standing for the last time, in the light of that sun, which never shall rise for him again!

"Leave me!" he shrieked as he fell back on the sod—"I must die and I will die here! Peril your lives no longer for me! Go! There is work for you yonder!"

The Mexicans crowding on hungry for slaughter. Even as he spoke, their bayonets, glistened by hundreds, were levelled at the throats of the devoted band. By mere force of their overwhelming numbers, they crushed them back from the side of the dying Clay.

One only lingered; a brave man, who had known the chivalric Soldier, and loved him long; he stood there, and covered as he was with blood, heard these last words:

"Tell my father how I died, and give him these pistols!"

Lifting his ashy face into light, he turned his eyes, upon his comrades face—placed the pistols in his hand—and fell back to his death.

That comrade, with the pistols in his grasp, fought his way to the topmost rock of the path, and only once looked back. He saw a quivering form, canopied by bayonets—he saw those outstretched hands grappling with points of steel—he saw a pale face lifted once in the light, and then darkness rushed upon the life of the young HENRY CLAY.

CONTRITION.—The tear of repentance brings its own relief.

Butter.

SUGAR CURING OF BUTTER.—Persons who put up keg butter for their own use or for a distant market, usually salt their butter very high.—This high salting necessarily detracts from its quality, injures its ready sale, and reduces its price. If we can modify this excess of salt by using more palatable substances, of equal efficacy, as preservatives, it will be an improvement. Chemists tell us that sugar is one of those substances; and experience gives us the same information. Who is not familiar with sugar cured hams? If pork can be cured with sugar, why may not butter be so preserved also? is a common-sense inquiry. Experience has shown that it may. Dr. James Anderson, the celebrated agriculturist, (whose treatise on the management of the dairy, particularly with respect to the making and curing of butter, is still the highest and best authority on the subject,) found, for some years trial of it, that the following named composition—the properties of which we believe were discovered by his amiable lady—were far preferable to salt alone, as it not only preserves the butter more effectually from all taint and rancidity, but makes it look better and sweeter, richer, and more marrowy, than portions of the same butter cured with common salt.

Composition:—Take of sugar one part, of nitre one part, and of the best spanish great salt (or rock salt) two parts. Beat the whole into a fine powder, mix them well together, and put them up for use.

The Doctor continues:—"Of this composition one ounce should be put to every sixteen ounces of butter; mix this salt thoroughly with the butter as soon as it has been freed from the milk, and put it without loss of time, down into the vessel prepared to receive it, pressing it so close as to leave no air holes or any kind of cavities within it. Smooth the surface, and if you expect it will be a day or two before you can add more, cover it up close with a piece of clean linen, and above that a piece of wetted parchment, or for want of that, fine linen that has been dipped in melted butter, exactly fitted to the edge of the vessel all around, so as to exclude the air as much as possible, without the assistance of any watery brine; when more butter is to be added, these coverings are to be taken off, and the butter applied close above the former, pressing it down and smoothing it as before, and so on till the vessel be full. When it is quite full let the two covers be spread over it with the greatest care, and let a little melted butter be poured all round the edges, so as to fill every cavity, and effectually exclude the air. A little salt may then be strewn over the whole, and the cover be fixed down to remain close shut till it is opened for use. If all this be carefully done, the butter may be kept perfectly sound in this climate for many years. How many years I cannot tell; but I have seen it five years old and in every respect as sweet and as sound as it was when only a month old.

"It deserves to be remarked, that butter cured in this manner does not taste well till it has stood at least a fortnight after being salted; but after that period has elapsed, it eats with a rich marrowy taste that no other butter ever acquires, and it tastes so little of salt, that a person who has been accustomed to eat butter cured with common salt only, would not imagine it had got one-fourth part of the salt necessary to preserve it."

It is to be hoped that some of our farmers, on reading the above will follow his directions.—The composition mentioned is, we have understood, much used in Goshen, Orange county New York, a place famous for its good butter. Great care should be taken to get the purest salt and sugar. That known through the country as the "ground alum" is the best salt. The sugar should be of the purest white—either the loaf or the "fallen loaf."—Farmer and Mechanic.

It is stated that if a horse be shut up in a pasture where there is no water he will at certain times of the day, make it a practice to stand in those situations where water is nearest the surface, and thus indicate the best places for digging for it.—Those who allege this to be the fact, say that horses have the faculty of smelling the water, like the camel of the African desert, or the camel of the South American "pampas."

A DELICATE COMPLIMENT.—Washington was sometimes given to pleasantries.—Journeying east on one occasion, attended by two of his aids, he asked some young ladies, at a hotel where he breakfasted, how they liked the appearance of his young men. One of them promptly replied, we cannot judge of the stars in the presence of the sun.