

# The Democrat and Watchman

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**The Democrat and Watchman,**  
THE ONLY ENGLISH DEMOCRATIC NEWS PAPER IN CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

**JOHN T. HOOVER,**  
Proprietor.

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161-17

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**A PSALM OF LIFE.**  
BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,  
"Life is but an empty dream!"  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal,  
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"  
Was not spoken to the soul!

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act, that each to-morrow,  
Finds us farther than to-day!

Art is long, and time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no future, how'er pleasant!  
Let the dead past bury its dead!  
Act—act in the living present!  
Heart within, and God o'er head.

Lives of great men all remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And despairing, leave behind us,  
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.

**THE GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY DOES**  
BY HENRY A. DWIGHT.

Mary Atwill was a young lady of an amiable disposition, but of little stability of mind. In many respects she was worthy of imitation and praise—not in all. She was so apt to recede from her engagements, and therefore, too little reliable as a companion or friend. Now she was of this mind—now of that—to-day one thing, to-morrow another. At one time she would accede to this or that proposal, at another she would fly from it.

Such was the character of Mary Atwill, and yet she had many admirers. Sometimes they admired, indeed only to exasperate afterwards—for whilst she captured with her charms she neglected her victim—she condescended to kill, not to save the captive. Broken hearts were never a source of unhappiness to her, for she considered the loss of others rather their own fault than hers. They admired on their own responsibility, and were, of course, answerable for the consequences. She did indeed encourage the attentions of her suitors, still it was not with a fixed design; or if so, with one only for a transient period. She was willing to be engaged, with the tacit privilege however, of undersending the engagement. She didn't think that matrimonial promises were binding, though she was willing that others should regard them in this light, if they thought proper.

"But why," she said, "should one adhere to what he despises? why, if he has made a rash promise, break it? A lady, at least, should have the privilege of being free to act in these matters as inclination may prompt. A gentleman, too, should never marry if averse to the union." So Mary reasoned, whether rationally or not, her future shall decide.

But such were the principles of Mary's conduct in matrimonial anticipations, and these principles originated from her fickleness of mind. Had she duly reflected on her relation to others, the sensibilities of her admirers, the obligations which each individual of the same class in society sustains to the other, and the advantages arising from a proper observance of the mutual claims which all persons have upon each other, she would unquestionably have rendered justice to all, and secured her own ultimate good. But, no, Mary was too careless to be under any very rigid moral restraints, that is, to make reason and conscience the arbiters of her conduct. Of necessity, intention to another, one engagement to a succeeding one.

Still Mary Atwill had so many redeeming qualities that her want of stability was overlooked. She was lively and witty in conversation, polite and affable in her deportment, kind in her feelings. At least for the moment, and always ready to meet her friends and acquaintances with a smile. In her personal appearance, too, she was a claim—fascinating even to the most phlegmatic. Not to know her was to love her, for at first sight, rather than after a more intimate acquaintance, the eye was greatly pleased. The stranger even was taken with her beauty—such an image was she to fancy—such an idol to admire.

Accordingly, Mary never felt the want of admirers, she always had them at command. Still, on no one of them could she fix her eye, and retain it there. All pleased her more or less—none absolutely. To make a selection, therefore, was quite impossible for her; or, if for a time she made one, she could not adhere to it, even in her own mind. If she engaged her suit, she required delay; if that one, she did not like to commit herself, except for a time. Many a one be-

ried, all were disappointed; and yet Mary was not a coquette; she did not encourage her suitors wantonly; she had no desire to disappoint them; her objections seemed to her to be real, and for the time insurmountable; she longed to marry, if she married at all, to please herself; if her admirers did not suit her on inspection, she sat them aside. Perfection was her model, fancy her guide!

For a few years she thus continued to encourage and to disappoint the expectations of her suitors.

At length, having become more mature in judgment, she concluded to listen with a willing ear to the solicitations of a young gentleman living in an adjoining village. This young man was highly esteemed by all that knew him. As to property, too, he was in comfortable circumstances, and could easily maintain a family and live in general style. No reasonable objection could be made against him as a proper candidate for matrimony. Mary a young lady indeed would have thought herself highly honored to have received his attentions.

In point of education, too, he was superior to many of his associates, having prosecuted his studies, in his youthful days, beyond his contemporaries. Already had he taken a commanding position in the community in which he lived, and he bid fair to become a man of superior influence. In person he was likewise dignified and prepossessing.

With William Randall, a young man possessed of 50,000, it was to be expected that he would have been a great success. He was a mechanic, but this circumstance she resolved to overlook. No one had ever pleased her so much and to every one there had always been something objectionable.

More accidental it was, had caused him to become acquainted with Mary. Still these two persons seemed to have been designed for each other, so easily and so naturally did they take a fancy the one to the other.

Some few months passed away, each congratulating the other on their happy anticipations, and each becoming more and more interested in the other's future welfare.

The world around it, is true, always incredulous, and frequently a little too much so, had no great confidence in these young lovers who had known Mary Atwill before, at least so they said. Of course they did not expect anything else than a rupture between these two devoted ones. Mary had not, consistency of purpose enough to adhere to any engagement. She looks, too, they added, a little higher than a mechanic.

But William Randall had good cause to be assured of the result. Mary had, it was true, disappointed others, him she would not. She could not.

Thus hope spread her brightest bow before him, and he believed her promises. Among the special on this point, Mary had a particular friend who, to confirm her resolution to adhere to William, thus addressed her.

"Mary do you think that you do really love William Randall?"

"Most certainly I do," Mary replied.

"Your friends imagine otherwise."

"They do well, they are greatly mistaken."

"But he is a mechanic, Mary."

"I know that, but he has many redeeming qualities to make up for that evil."

"Do you think it an evil?"

"Why, I think it is a misfortune at least."

"Now, Mary, what is mechanism? Is it not the result of genius?"

"Certainly it is, and I regard it so."

"Well why should any one object to a mechanic?"

"Why, the world, you know, apt to look down upon mechanics, and to say of this or that one, 'he is a mechanic.'"

"But some of our greatest men were mechanics, Mary."

"That is true; but I do imagine that it would be my good fortune to marry a great man."

"Do you not think that William Randall may one day become a great man?"

"No, indeed!"

"And why not, Mary?"

"Oh! I couldn't expect any such good luck as that!"

"Others have had such good luck, Mary, and why should you not have it?"

"Others have had the good luck, too, to draw a prize in a lottery, but I never had."

"You have never tried the matrimonial lottery?"

"No; but we judge of the future from the past, and I never had any good luck in any one thing, so I expect none in any other."

"Mary, let me tell you that, William Randall will one day be a great man!"

"Ah my dear friend you flatter me too much! He may be, but it will be only as a miracle."

"Why do you say so?"

"Because a mechanic has no one to elevate him in the world. An eagle needs wings to soar, and a man needs friends to rise."

"That is true; but there is another way of rising."

"What is that?"

"By one's own genius; talent will carry one anywhere."

"And do you think William Randall so talented?"

"Indeed I do and his future life will show it."

The friends parted, but Mary was still sor-

ry that William was a mechanic. She would much have preferred that he were a merchant or a lawyer, or even a gentleman at large. William she saw as a poor man, and as all the world said she wouldn't adhere to her engagement, she only recurred the more determinedly to do so.

Time passed away and the wedding day approached. William Randall was delighted that the world was this time to be disappointed in Mary, and that she was heretofore to be regarded as possessed of a less flexible mind. She was now to re-establish her character for stability. He too was to enter upon a new scene of enjoyment.

Matrimony had been in his eye for years. All his plans had been rendered subservient to this one great end. He had accumulated property—he had toiled diligently—he had been economical in his mode of living—he had concentrated all his thoughts and wishes on this one most desirable and most delightful result. The day had come which he was to realize his utmost expectations. The knot was not indeed yet tied; but what could interfere now at this late hour to prevent this last act in the scenery? Mary was still of the same mind—her wedding dress was made—the cards of invitation were sent out—the preacher had been notified, and all things were ready, only the appointed hour had not yet come—it was just at hand.

William now called for his Mary to enter the consecrated room. Alas! as he stepped into the adjoining room he overheard the words:

"Oh! I cannot marry a mechanic, indeed I cannot."

William cried out, "Mary!" Not another word was heard—silence reigned supreme. He repeated, "Mary!" all was silent, still. He took his hat and retired.

The next day he received a note from Mary, that she desired a few more days for consideration. William consented to it, yet not without the utmost chagrin and disappointment. Nor did he escape the taunts and jests of many a one who had before prophesied this result, nor worst of all, the pity of the kind-hearted and sympathetic.

The few days passed away, and with it William's entire anticipations of nuptial bliss. He was like a dismantled vessel cast ashore and left to the mercy of the winds and the waves!

But Mary Atwill was not forgotten. He did so, so far as he was able, to keep her from his mind and his memory; but the world kept an eye upon her. They thought she would at length be rewarded; in what way they did not dare to conjecture; still such abuse of confidence, such trifling with one's affections—such blighting of his dearest hopes and anticipations, they did not believe would escape a punishment.

After a time William Randall recovered to some extent from the shock, he entered again into the scenes of the world and became still more successful in his business, and in a short time quite a wealthy man. His early education, in connection with other favorable circumstances, rendered him the associate of the most elevated in society. He was at home anywhere. As a politician he became extremely popular and was soon sent to the State Legislature as a representative. This served only as an introduction to still higher offices. By regular gradations in political life, he was after a few years, raised to the dignity of the United States Senate. The mechanic was now a great man, and perhaps, if the circumstances would have admitted of it, Mary Atwill would have been extremely happy to have received the offer of his hand. But no, the sword was now entirely changed; she herself was no longer Mary Atwill. To her history, therefore, we must again revert.

Two or three years after her rejection of William Randall she was again solicited to enter into the Eden of matrimonial life. Her suitor was a young gentleman from the city of New York; he, of course was no mechanic, his father was a millionaire—the son of a young gentleman at large. He drove a fast horse—he spent money as if it dropped from the skies! In his personal appearance he was more than ordinary fascinating; at least, he was so in the eyes of Mary Randall. Now, to be courted by such a distinguished young gentleman was a great honor; what prospects must await one who should be his bride—how happy—how highly favored of fortune should she be!

To a young lady in the country, no great change was of course enough to concern a flexible mind. Mary now began to think, too, that her time had come to settle the matter; that dubiousness would incur an immense risk; to live a maiden lady was never her ambition, whatever else might have been. She therefore, concluded this time to be true to her engagement. Samuel Hoppin, too, intended to be to his. The village was again all agog at the new scene now engendered.

Another grand event was about to transpire, and there was to be a face about it. Some, too, thought that Mary had been amazingly wise in rejecting all her former suitors and taking up with this one, no grand, so rich, so handsome. Others were of a different opinion. "All is not gold that glitters," they said.

"There is some coin that is bogus!"

Things, however, moved forward—the wedding day was hastened—the young gentleman was urged to get back to the city, for his affairs required it (of course); he was a young man of business, and his business at home no delay, even though a short time since he was a young gentleman at large; his vacation had expired!

As Mary was reputed to be wealthy, and as the transferring of property to its prospective owner would cause some little delay, Hoppin suggested that this business should be transacted prior to their marriage, that event being now no longer a contingency. To this she readily consented.

On looking into the state of her affairs, however, the young gentleman was informed, to his great surprise, that there was a mortgage on the estate that would swallow up the whole!

"Where!" the foggy-looker cried—"a mortgage; a mortgage, faith! that gives a different hue to the scene!"

His countenance fell—his love died within him—his beautiful Mary lost all her charms—the flower faded away, no longer did it emit any fragrance.

"And what was to be done? The wedding was hourly expected—the delay was occasioned only by the negligence of the preacher."

But! the telegraphic wires relieve our young hero. He receives a despatch that his mother is dying, and that he must hasten home instantly if he would see her alive.

Alas! for Mary; her beautiful fiancé—her must go—his fiancé! And who can pity her now? The neighbors? No! her friends? Not one save the mechanic. Indeed, her sympathy was that of only a friend that stretched closer than a brother. She pitied her much, but condemned her more—condemned her for losing the golden opportunity of marrying to her advantage—marrying the only one who could have rendered her happy through life, and, perhaps, prospectively so, beyond the grave.

Of course young Hoppin was never heard of again. He was disappointed in his expectation of a fortune. He had heard that Mary Atwill was very rich—when he found that she was not, his love cooled and he had no motive to return.

In the meantime, Wm. Randall had become quite a distinguished man. His sphere in life, consequently, was greatly enlarged, and included men of influence and talent. As a politician he was very popular, and rose from one office to another until he reached the United States Senate.

Nor did he remain unmarried—he sought a partner of intelligence and influence, and forgetting the history of his first love, and devoted his affections to the more recent object of his choice, and is now passing this life happily in her society; being favored with a lovely and intelligent train of sons and daughters worthy of their parental name.

As to the unfortunate Mary, we have only to add that she afterwards married—indeed that is marriage where the hand is given without the heart—and that she confesses, with bitter tears of regret, that she lost the golden opportunity in the rejection of the only one that truly loved her, the fortunate mechanic.

And, in conclusion, we hope the reader may not think it mal-apropos that we express the wish that he may not lose his golden opportunity, and especially, that more important one, which, if lost, involves not only his happiness in the life to come.

**THE CIVILIZATION OF AFRICA.**

That this cannot be accomplished by the white race, is clearly established in a long series of indications. Numerous and energetic efforts have been made within the last three hundred years, by both Protestants and Catholics, to introduce the Gospel into Africa, but the same old and brief history has characterized them all. They were but a series of disasters and deaths. During forty years from 1811 to 1850, the Wesleyan Missionary Society of England sent out one hundred and seventeen missionaries to various parts of the West coast. Of these, fifty-four died in the field, although some continued longer than four years at their post without returning to recruit their health. Of these fifty-four, thirty-nine died within one year after their arrival, twenty-three in less than six months, and thirteen in less than three months. Of those who survived, thirteen were obliged to return after a residence of from six to twenty-one months. During thirty years, from 1806 to 1835, the Church Missionary Society of London sent out one hundred and nine missionaries, more than fifty of whom died at their stations, three or four on the passage home, fourteen returned home with impaired constitutions, and in 1835, only three laborers remained. About thirty of these fifty died in one year after their arrival.

Such is the general record of white effort in Africa. Lately it has not been so terribly distressing, but even now the martyrs to the climate live but an average of four years, while comparatively nothing was effected till colonies of African origin were planted on the seaboard, and the colonial missionary work was continued. The most successful of these settlements is the infant Republic of Liberia, established under American auspices, and sustained by American benevolence.

In the results of the British Niger expedition of 1841, we have a striking proof of the adequateness of the two races to that continent. In that expedition there were one hundred and ninety whites, and one hundred and eighty blacks, the latter selected from Sierra Leone and Liberia. In four months forty of the whites died, while not one of the blacks perished, or even suffered severely, and yet they were perhaps, exposed more than the other. Thus, too, the man of color will have more easy access to the natives, and more powerful influences

with them, than white men can have. They are one in color, one in taste, one in temperament, one in origin; then one in residence and one in interest. The colored people of the United States alone are fitted to sustain the millions of their countrymen in Africa; among us they have lived under the best forms of civil government. They come here, to return again, to the plain interpretation of Divine wisdom. And these enlightened ones have a motive for emigration far more important than the question of country, or the improvement of their temporal condition.

What shall the colored man do then? Shall he remain here, occupying a dependent, inferior position in society, without social or political privileges? Or shall he go where he becomes an independent citizen, both in social status, and equal political rights, and with all the avenues open to private enterprise or public honor? Liberia, free, sovereign and independent, offers the colored man such a home. This colonization society furnish him the means and facilities to get there, and leave it to him, when once settled, to develop his own energies, by working out the resources of the country. *Boston Times.*

**HAVE MERCY ON THE CHILDREN.**—The Independent, in an article on the physical degeneracy of the American people, speaks as follows:

"The child's will governs too much. If they do not choose to go to bed they sit up, if they choose certain articles of food they must have them, parents forgetting that instinct is no safe guide to a child, what is true may be in an animal. So we see them in their delicate organization, keeping late hours when they should go to bed with the birds; sleeping in warm and lighted rooms, when the sleeping room should be cool and dark; and eating hot bread, pudding and cake, and drinking tea and coffee to the infinite detriment of nerves and stomach. The injury thus early done can never be repaired; as a machine imperfectly constructed at first can never be made to run faultlessly."

"This is the secret. Parents should know that instinct is no safe guide to a child, particularly when the child is surrounded on all sides with poisonous delicacies. To ask a child at a modern table what it will have, and give it what it asks for, merely because it asks for it, is a very common practice. But it is as cruel as it is common. Have mercy on the children."

**REV. DANIEL WALDO.**—The Washington correspondent of the Boston Traveler says: "The Rev. Daniel Waldo, Chaplain of the House of Representatives, is now in his ninety fifth year, erect, hearty, hale and vigorous as a man of sixty. He was a graduate of Yale, and a class mate and room-mate of the Hon. Jeremiah Mason; was a chaplain of the revolutionary army, suffered imprisonment in the horrible sugar house prison in New York, from which he escaped with life barely, and on account of which he now draws a pension from the government. He is now the eldest graduate of Yale. Before his election as chaplain he was pastor of the Congressional Church at Manlius, New York, over which he has presided for the last twenty years. He now studies many hours a day without more than usual inconvenience, and while at home frequently walks to Syracuse and back nearly five miles. While we were conversing an aged, white haired, but vigorous old man, of about sixty-five at seventy years, took a vacant seat next to us, when Mr. Waldo, introduced the new comer as his son."

**THE MOON'S ROTATION.**—The question of the moon's rotation has been much discussed for the past six months in the London Times, and London Mechanics' Magazine, growing out of a letter published some time since by the well known astronomer Mr. Symonds. Mr. S. took the position that as the moon always presents the same face to the earth it cannot have a rotation on its axis, and that the prevailing opinion taught in astronomical works, that it rotates, on its axis once in 28 days exactly, is a second error. He has been supported in his controversy by even Hopkins and others, and Mr. John Sumpich has published a pamphlet supporting the same views, in which he asserts that Newton's proposition relative to the moon's rotation has been entirely misunderstood by his followers. Dr. Lardner has just come out in defense of the moon's rotation, and Dr. Whewell read a paper before the late meeting of the British Scientific Association.

**FEMALE TACT.**—Fanny Morton, a celebrated English actress, being hissed at in her youth, had the boldness to come before the audience and ask—"Which do you dislike, my playing or my person?" "The playing!" was the cry from all sides. "Well that convales me," was the answer, "my playing can be bettered, but my person I cannot alter." She soon became the favorite of the public.

**SAMUEL TOWNSEND** at Madison county Ala. who died on the 20th ult., liberated forty slaves and left them a large portion of his estate.

**THERE WAS** once a man in town so intensely puffed that as he passed a hen on her nest, he said, "Don't rise, my'am."

**THE ALBANY HERALD** has the following advertisement: "Wanted, an able bodied man to hold my wife's tongue—she and I being unable to keep it quiet." Constant employment given.

"RICH, RARE AND RACT."

Just after the benediction had been pronounced by Bishop Upfold, at St. Peter's Church, on the occasion of the marriage of a young man, a wedding was to take place in the church. In a moment the report had spread to the door, and instead of continuing on their way out, the people faced about and paraded into the church again. It was curious and laughable to see the interest depicted on every countenance. And it was universal—"old men and maidens, young men and children," flocked to the aisle; the old married folks, however, did not go up to the front pews, but wisely took a back seat in the synagogue; but the young belles and their beaux, with characteristic ardor, pressed forward, and ranked themselves in the front, as near the chancel as it was possible to get, each laughing contentment and sparkling eye plainly betokening the utmost interest and excitement.

About one-half of the congregation had seated themselves, and were anxiously awaiting the arrival of the couple who were to thrust their heads into the matrimonial noose, every now and then glancing uneasily towards the entrance of the church, expecting to see them come up the aisle. We (for luckily the Reporter was there, "table notes") had been waiting thus about ten minutes, in great suspense, and many were beginning to suppose that probably the affair was a hoax, and were conversing freely though in an undertone, in regard to it, when the pastor came out of the vestry (now there was a flutter of hearts, as well as of silks, for every body thought that the grand elixir was approaching)—walked to the chancel railing, picked up a look, and without speaking, returned again into the vestry! Bad luck! Here was a sad disappointment. But no way disheartened, the people continued their watch for five minutes longer, although it was hard work for the occupants of the front pews to keep down their rebellious—thinking, no doubt, that the long expected ceremony would soon come off, and it was worth waiting for. A gentleman now came out of the vestry, (we knew as soon as he made his appearance, by the quick glance of his eye, that we should have a denouement,) and in an off-hand manner remarked:

"The wedding is all over now!" This announcement fell like a thunderbolt on their astonished ears! Here was a real sell, and no mistake! But the congregation, without becoming ravenous for the place, restrained their feelings until they got outside the church, and then there was a "din of many voices," mingled with laughter, and the joke was fully discussed and commented on by everybody, as each party wended their way to their respective homes.

It appears that the happy couple who were to be married, being rather bashful, declined coming into the church, while as many were there, so the obliging pastor consented to marry them in the vestry. And while those in the body of the church were on the tip-toe of expectation, the ceremony of tying the Gordian knot, was, without any show or ostentation, quietly performed in the vestry.—*Pittsburg Reporter.*

**A NOBLE FALLAW.**—On the morning of Dec. 1st, four little boys broke through the ice on the lake near their school house, in Waterville, Wis. The villagers hastened to the spot, but the ice was so thin that none dared venture to their aid. At this moment, just as the boys were sinking, a young man eighteen years of age, named John Adams, sprang forward, seized a fishing spear, and leaving most of his clothes on the bank, plunged into the lake and saved two of the boys. He then made another dash, and saved the third. Adams was now almost exhausted, but the mother of the fourth boy was standing near in horrible agony, and Adams said to her, "I will save your boy or die!" Trying a rope around his waist, he held those on shore to pull him up, he sank, and cried out, "Stand by the rope, I am going to him." His line plunged in, swam out some ten rods, breaking the ice with his hands, seized the boy, who was sinking for the third time, carried him ashore, and restored him to his mother's arms.

**MATRIMONY FOR FANNY.**—A bill has been introduced into the North Carolina legislature entitled "An act to encourage and promote matrimony." This bill authorizes the judges of the supreme and superior courts, and all licensed practicing attorneys-at-law, to solemnize the rites of matrimony, under the same rules as justices of the peace and ministers of the Gospel.

**A FAVORITE AVENUE.**—A young lady entered a book-store and enquired of the clerk if they had Dick's works for sale. The young gentleman gave his blindest glance, and answered "yes." "Then," continued the young customer, "I'll take a dozen of his No. 30 spool cotton."

"Ma," said a little girl to her mother, "do the men want to get married as much as the women do?" "Fanny, what are you talking about?" "Why, ma, the women who come here say they're talking about getting married—the men say 'no'."

**ONE BOY** will reside in Washington as the invitation of the latter gentleman.

"We shall have plenty of new boys offered to the wind, if we have had any before," says the wind.

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