

# The Huntingdon Journal.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

WILLIAM BREWSTER,  
SAM. G. WHITTAKER, EDITORS.

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## Select Poetry.

[By Request.]

A Heart's Thanksgiving.

BY MRS. F. B. M. BROTHIERSON.

For the rosy light of morn,  
From a garden of shadows born;  
For the gladdening, sunny ray,  
Shining through the perfect day;  
For the moonlit's fervid hour,  
For the twilight's holy power,  
For the midnight, with its tone  
Veiled in mystery alone.

I thank thee Father.

Each little, humble flower,  
Peeping forth in spring's first hour;  
For the fragrance, rich and rare,  
Floating on the summer air;  
For the golden, gorgeous dia,  
Gleaming 'neath autumnal skies;  
For the genial winter hour,  
Girded with an icy power.

I thank thee Father.

For the wealth of fruit and flower,  
Adding joy to every hour;  
For the streamlet's silvery flower,  
With its voice of long ago;  
For the ocean's power and might,  
Flowing on through Time's quick flight.  
Speaking with a thunder tone,  
Or breaking low and mournful moan.

I thank thee Father.

Our path are blessings shed,  
Holiest mercies crown my head;  
The murmured vows of early youth  
Still echo o'er their changeless truth;  
The music tone of Love's first hour  
Still deeper with a deathless power;  
For happiness so rare and pure,  
For that doth through time endure.

I thank thee Father.

That the prayer of infancy,  
Had been unanswered at my knee;  
Household flowers whose deathless bloom  
Fill my heart with rich perfume,  
Closely round my happy path,  
So such joy the wide world hath;  
For the hope to live above,  
With these redeemed by matchless love,

I thank thee Father.

That the eyes, whose loving ray  
Falls so kindly, day by day;  
That the lips, whose gentle tone  
Through life's lapses has been known;  
That the arms that circled me  
Through unconscious infancy,  
Are near me still, my life to bless  
With changeless love and tenderness;

I thank thee Father.

For salvation's wondrous plan,  
Given to rescue fallen man;  
Turned darkness into day,  
Lighting up Death's lonely vale,  
Quelling foes who oft assailed,  
And pointing to a better world,  
Where Love's broad banner is unfurled.

I thank thee Father.

For the Heaven, where robes of light  
Await the victor through love's night;  
Where in raptures saints bow down,  
To receive a glittering crown;  
Where a glorious minstrelsy  
Blending all harmoniously,  
Throughout eternity's long hour,  
Proclaim Jehovah's love and power,  
I thank thee, Father.

Pecoria, Illinois.

## A Select Tale.

From the Waverley Magazine.

TITLE

GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY LOST.

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 too 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 execrate afterwards—for whilst she captured with her charms, she neglected her victim—she conquered 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 responsibilities, and were, of course, answerable for the consequences. She did indeed encourage the attention 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 sundering 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 reckless to be under any very rigid moral restraints, that is, to make reason and conscience the arbiters of her conduct. Of necessity, therefore, she was easily changed from one 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 charm—fascination 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, not even in her own mind. If this one urged his suit she required delay; if that one she did not like to commit herself for a time. Many a one hoped 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 set them aside. Perfection was her model—fancy her guide!

For a few months she thus蹉跎了她的时光。  
encouraged her suitors to compete with one another.  
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 genteel style. No reasonable objection could be made against him as a proper candidate for matrimony. Many 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 peers. 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 so much to commend him to her favor, Mary, a short acquaintance, was decidedly pleased. True, indeed, she had one objection to him, he was a mechanic—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 in which he was to realize his utmost expectations. The knot was not indeed tied, but what could intervene now at this late hour to prevent this last act in the scene? 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 approaching 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 jeers of many a one who had before prophesied this result, nor, worst of all, the pity of the kindhearted and sympathetic.

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

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 so I regard it."

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

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

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

"That is true, but I do not 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?"

"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 as 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!"

"Ha! my dear friend, you flatter me too much. It may be, but it will be only as by 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."

"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 sorry that William was a mechanic. She should much have preferred that he were a merchant or a lawyer or even a gentleman at large. Still, as she was now engaged, and as all the world said, that she couldn't adhere to her engagement, she resolvedly resolved 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 hereafter to be regarded as possessed of a less fickle 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 in which he was to realize his utmost expectations. The knot was not indeed tied, but what could intervene now at this late hour to prevent this last act in the scene? 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 approaching hour had not yet come—it was just at hand!

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The few days passed away, and with it

William Atwill was not forgotten. He did, so far as he was able, eject her from his mind and his memory; but the world kept an eye upon her. They tho' 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 unpunished.

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.

In the mean time William Randall had become quite a distinguished man. His sphere in life consequently was enlarged, and included men of influence and of talent. As a politician he was very popular, and rose from one office to another till 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, devoted his affections to the more recent object of his choice, and is now passing his life happily in her society; being favored with a lovely and interesting train of sons and daughters worthy of their paternal name.

As to the unfortunate Mary, we have only to add that she afterwards married—if indeed that is marriage where the hand is given without the heart—and that she confesses with bitter tears of regret she lost her 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 this life, to a great extent at least, but also his happiness in the life to come.

But Mary Atwill was not forgotten. opportunity of marrying to her own 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 ceased and he had no motive to return.

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To a young lady in the country so great a change was of course enough to confirm a fickle mind. Mary now began to think too, that her time had come to settle this 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 his. The village was again alive at the new scene now enacting. Another grand event was about to transpire and there was to be no farce about it. Some, too, thought that Mary had been amazingly wise to reject all her former suitors, and take up with this one, so 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 beguile!"

Things, however, moved forward—the wedding day was hastened—the young gentleman was urgent to get back to the city, for his affairs required it (of course) he was a young man of business, and his business allowed no delay, even through 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 her property to its prospective owner would cause some little delay, young 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!

The increase in the quantity of flour carried over the road is also worthy of attention. In 1853 the amount was 41,031,614 pounds, in 1854, owing to a short crop, it fell to 30,205,779 pounds, but during 1855 it increased to 95,051,641 pounds which is a gain of 61,848,862 pounds upon the quantity sent over the road in 1855 over 1854.

During the present year this tonnage must also increase by reason of connections effected with other roads which will empty their stores of trade upon the main trunk. The Steubenville and Pittsburgh, Steubenville and Indiana, and a portion of the North Western Railroad will be auxiliaries to our central road before next mid-summer. They will drain a large extent of fertile soil, and after receiving the