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# HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

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### TERMS.

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### POETRY.

"To charm the languid hours of solitude,  
He oft invites her to the Muse's lore."

### Machine Poetry.

SALLY ANN'S AWAY.

I mourn, I mourn, I know not why,  
I feel most thundering queer;  
I do not feel a pain all over,  
But I feel it most right here.  
My mourning suit for relatives  
Defunct and turned to clay—  
It's something worse—I mourn because  
My Sally Ann's away.

She's safe in old Connecticut  
Where virtue's bound to shine;  
Where beauty lasts full thirty years,  
Without the least decline.  
There young men never raking go  
Except its raking hay;  
I know it's all right, and yet I mourn  
Cause Sally Ann's away.

The sun don't shine as't used to did,  
The moon a mushroom seems;  
The Naxads all have gone to sleep  
Beside the sluggish streams,  
I sometimes counterfeit a laugh  
To make folks think I am gay—  
I've got the SCRUBBER-SRUBS bad,  
For Sally Ann's away.

Peaches don't taste like peaches now,  
I don't know pork from meat;  
Moonshine, or mush and milk for me,  
Would answer for a meal.  
There's Peggy, though—she'll cheer me up—  
I'll visit her to day,  
And make arrangements for the time  
That Sally Ann's away. SPOONS O. G.

### From the United States Journal. Woman's Smile.

BY SYDNEY L. SAWTLELL.

Say, have you seen when rosy morn  
First wakes from night's embrace,  
The golden tints of sunlight borne—  
That gladden nature's face?  
Those glowing beams that mount on high  
And light and warm impart,  
Do not so brighten up the sky  
As woman's smile, the heart

When clouds have loing the heavens o'ercast  
Howing earth and sky—  
How sweetly, when those clouds are past,  
The sunlight greets the eye;  
But not more cheering to the eye;  
Can be that precious light,  
Than woman's soft, endearing smile,  
That beams on sorrow's night.

When spring looks on the frozen earth,  
Long bound in winter's chain—  
The flowers, renewed to second birth,  
Spring up and bloom again;  
So woman's kind, approving smile  
Does in the heart revive  
The drooping virtues of the soul;  
And sweetly bid them live.

### HOPE ON.

BY MISS GEORGIANA BENNETT.

Hope on! hope ever!—In thy sadness  
Believe a brighter hour is thine;  
Radiant with beams of heart-felt gladness,  
The later years of life to cheer.

Hath the hand of Death bereft thee  
Of those who smiled in childhood's home?  
Have the friends who cherished left thee,  
Lately through the world to roam?

Still, hope on, the future bringeth  
Something dearer—brighter still—  
Some fair dream whose influence flingeth  
Joy around in good and ill.

In thy trials Hope can cheer thee;  
And when sorrow falls upon thee,  
Hope on—hope on! for God is near thee,  
To guide thy barque o'er Danger's Sea!

When thy onward path looks dreary—  
When the friends of youth have fled—  
When the heart feels lone and weary,  
Yearning for the loved—the dead—

Though the trusted could deceive thee,  
Deem not ALL are faithless too—  
Earth has yet kind hearts, believe me,  
Glowing with affection true.

Hope on! hope on! though all should fail thee—  
Though falsehood wound, or Death should  
triumph—  
Whatever earthly ills assail thee,  
Hope on! hope ever! God is nigh!

DEPENDENCY.—Who can imagine the combined feelings that course through the breast of the desponding! To feel that one has done all that lies in his power, and then see that the cold and heartless world requires him to do more. If the vain creatures that constitute the callous world, could only for one moment realize a single pang that rends the bosom of the honest unfortunate—truly penitent should they bow the knee, and seek to redress the wrongs they had unfeelingly—yet perhaps unconsciously inflicted.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Portland Tribune.]

### The Gold Ring.

BY D. C. COLESWORTHY.

#### CHAPTER I.

How gently wise, who never move  
When stern misfortune lowers;  
Who see the same kind hand of love  
In sunshine and in showers.  
When shadows veil the burning sky,  
Behind the clouds they know  
Bright fields of golden grandeur lie,  
And seas of splendor flow.  
They only bend, but never break  
When angry storms arise—  
Prepared the hand of grief to take,  
And wait for brighter skies.

Dulcify Acton was an excellent young lady of some eighteen years. Her parents although in humble circumstances, were industrious, and the daughter was early taught to employ herself about that which was useful. She took pride in rising early and getting breakfast ready by the time her mother arose; after which she would employ herself in the kitchen, or sew or knit. Unlike a great many of her sex, she was seldom seen at the window, to watch the young men who passed, dressed in the height of fashion. It was not because Emily was poor, but she had a different taste, and thought more of her character and the assistance she might render her mother. Her dress was always neat, but never gaudy; and it did not trouble her if she could not follow the foolish fashions of the day. Emily was also interesting in her conversation. You would not hear her talk about the fellows and the leaux, from one month to another; nor remark about this person and that one at Church. She attended meeting to hear, and not to see and be seen, and what she heard was treasured in her mind. Miss Acton was called a little odd by some of her thirty young friends, who were all for fashion and show; but they loved her nevertheless. Emily had an excellent disposition; she was kind and accommodating, and never indulged in angry words or manifested unpleasant feelings.

Mr. Acton was a worthy shoemaker; but as his business was not very good and he not an expert workman, it was with difficulty that he paid his debts and lived comfortably. To purchase the necessaries of life requires no little sum, especially when rents are high and wood and flour are dear. To help along the family, Emily was in the habit of taking in work, and often from twelve to fifteen shillings a week. This she gave to her mother to expend in any way she might think proper.

One morning as Emily was returning some work that she had made, she picked up a small gold ring. On examining it as she returned home, she discovered the initials "J. S." engraved on the inside.

"Mother," said she, "this may belong to some one who prizes it highly; otherwise I think the owner would not have had his initials engraved upon it."

"If so you may find the owner; for it will certainly be advertised."

"Do you think one would go to that expense for so trifling a thing?"

"Not unless it is valued more as a gift than for the gold it contains."

Emily carefully put away the ring in her box and thought but little of it for a few days. On Tuesday morning when the Gazette came—for Mr. Acton was a subscriber to this paper—on looking over the advertising columns, Emily exclaimed,

"Why, mother, the ring I found last week is really advertised."

"Are you sure of it?"

"Yes, it describes the very ring."

"Run and get it, and then read to me the advertisement."

Emily brought the ring and handed it to her mother, and read as follows:

LOST.—A small gold ring, with the initials "J. S." upon it. The ring is prized as the gift of a friend, and whoever has found the same shall be liberally rewarded by leaving it at the store of Mr. —, in Middle Street.

"It must be the same, Emily, and you had better carry the ring to the store this morning."

"I will, mother; but I shall charge nothing for finding it."

Putting on her things, Emily started for the shop in Middle Street. On entering she made known her errand, and the store keeper remarked that the gentleman who lost the ring had left two dollars for him to pay, should any one present it. But Emily refused to take the money, and left the ring. The shop keeper insisted on her taking the two dollars.

"The gentleman is rich and is able to pay it," said he.

cently found a gold ring and left it at the store of Mr. —."

"Yes sir."

"But as you refused to take the two dollars I left, I didn't know but you might think it two small a sum, and I have called to present you with five dollars."

"Oh, sir, I did not think I ought to be paid for doing my duty, and therefore I refused to take it; and I shall now certainly refuse your liberal offer."

"But insist upon your taking it. Here accept this bill."

"I cannot consent to take it. It would not be right for me to be paid for discharging my duty; do you think it would, sir?"

"The ring I value at ten times that sum. It was a ring wore by a very dear friend, who died about two years since, and on that account I prize it. But I merely ask you to take this bill as a present, not as pay received for a very honest act—and take it you must."

"Do not urge me to take it, sir."

"Take it—take it—and say not another word."

Reluctantly Emily held out her hand and took the five dollars—marking that she would endeavor to make good use of it.

"I have no doubt of that," said the stranger, seeming but little inclined to leave—"you have probably learned how to make good use of money."

"Yes sir—as my parents are poor, I am obliged to earn my own living by sewing and knitting; and I expend but very little for what I think is not really useful."

"You take in work then?"

"Yes sir—all that I can get to do."

"I have some shirting I should like to have made up. Can I get you to do it?"

"I should be glad to do it for you."

Bidding Emily good morning the stranger left the house, while the industrious girl returned to her wash-tub.

"Mother," said she, "who do you suppose this stranger is? He appears to be an excellent man, and insisted upon my taking five dollars for finding the ring."

"I cannot tell—he must be some rich man's son, or he could not afford to give you so much."

"Besides, mother he says he will give me some work."

"If he should, and you do it very well, it may open the way for more employment. I should as lief you would work for gentlemen as to take it from slop shops."

Cheerful and happy Emily continued at her work day by day. She never had a moment to spend to the streets, or gossip from house to house.—Her thoughts were how she could make herself most useful, and promote the welfare and happiness of her worthy parents.

#### CHAPTER II.

I seek a female in whose heart  
Domestic virtues share a part;  
Not fond of gaudy dress or show,  
To please some foppish pleasant beau,  
Who rather at her work be seen  
Than pace the town with haughty mien,  
Addressing every male she meets,  
In bustling marts or crowded streets.

Charles Simonton was the son of a rich man; but unlike the children of many wealthy parents, from his earliest years he was obliged to work.—His judicious father had been brought up at a mechanical trade, and had made his fortune by diligence and industry, and he was determined his son should not be ruined by idleness and improper associates. When he was old enough to learn a trade he put Charles to Messrs. Gold & Webster, to learn the mysteries of making hats. With these gentlemen he worked hard—but at this he did not murmur. Sometimes his fellow associates would joke him on account of his steady habits, and even laugh at him for not touching the ardent spirits which they daily used. But he had seen the evil of intemperance, and warned them to beware. They heeded him not.

One day two of the apprentices, young Woodman and Harris determined they would make Charles take a glass of bitters with them, but he stoutly refused. They held him and endeavored to pour the poison down his throat, but could not succeed.

"You will be sorry for this," said Charles; "for I am certain, unless you forsake your practice you will become intemperate and die drunkards."

"We'll risk that, young Morality," they replied. "Who won't enjoy themselves when they can, must be fools."

Charles made the best of the treatment he received, and was so kind hearted it was seldom he was treated roughly. His most excellent mother had taught him lessons of wisdom which he could not forget. When tempted to stray from duty; her image and her counsel were before him, and he turned from the wrong path and pursued a virtuous life.

When Charles had finished his trade his masters offered to give him employment, but his father had business for him which he thought would be more congenial to his feelings—he took him into partnership with himself. Their business was good, and prosperity crowned their efforts. About that time Charles met with a severe loss in the death of his mother. She had been sick for some months, and her death had been daily expected. She gave her son some excellent advice, and begged him never to deviate from a virtuous path.

"My son, I am dying," said she, "and when I am gone remember my words to you, and always practice according to the dictates of wisdom. Follow the Bible, and treasure in your heart its holy truths, which, if obeyed, will make you happy in life."

cheerful in death and blessed forever. Here, Charles, I give you a ring I have worn—keep it to remember my precepts.

Charles loved his mother affectionately. She had been a devoted parent to him, and when she was dead, his grief was poignant. He placed her gift upon his finger, resolving to part with it only in death.

Mrs. Simonton had slept beneath the clouds of the valley for nearly two years, and Charles had safely kept this relic of his mother; but one day on going to his supper he discovered that he had lost his ring. He looked for it in vain. Charles went to Isaac Adams, proprietor of the Portland Gazette, and paid him for an advertisement stating his loss, requesting the finder to leave it at a shop in Middle Street.

In a few days Charles called at the store and ascertained that his ring had been found.

"But," said the shop-keeper, "the young lady who found it would not take the two dollars reward you ordered me to pay."

"Wouldn't take it—and why not?"

"It is more than I can tell. She seemed to think it was not one's duty to receive pay for what was found. And faith, Charles, she was a very pretty girl."

"But she shall be paid. Just inform me where she lives and I will see that she is rewarded for her honesty."

The shop-keeper informed Charles of her residence, and on Monday he called at her house. The result of that visit the reader learned in our first chapter.

When Simonton left the house of Mr. Acton he resolved on one thing—to marry the interesting and domestic daughter, as he found her to be, providing he could obtain her consent. Her beauty and her modesty, her industry and her humility, struck him at once, and he could not forget her. At night he thought of the beautiful girl, and in day time she was before him. "She is just such a woman as I need," said he to himself, "and she suits me better than any of the dozens I am acquainted with who fill the circle of pride and fashion."

In a short time Charles called at Mr. Acton's with the shirting he wished to have made up. It was in the evening. He was politely invited in, and gladly embraced the opportunity. While sitting with the good lady, Emily busied herself with ironing the clothes, now and then stopping to converse with Charles. Every thing was neat about the house and spoke of industry and not of poverty.

In taking leave he was invited to call again by Emily and her mother. The former stating that this work would be finished in the course of a week.

"What a fine young gentleman Mr. Simonton is," said Mr. Acton after Charles had gone; "for on that evening for the first time they had learned his name."

"He is very pleasant and very kind," remarked Emily. "How different he is from many of our rich men. I really begin to love that young man."

"I certainly do," said the mother. "You seldom see a man of his wealth so pleasant and agreeable to poor folks."

"If ever I should be so lucky as to get a husband, mother, I know no one who comes up to my ideas of what a husband should be as this Mr. Simonton."

"I fear, my child you will not get such a husband as he."

"I do not expect it, I never dreamed of such a thing. It was only some of my foolish talk."

One week passed away and Mr. Simonton called for his work. It was done, and well done; for which he paid Emily liberally—she, however, refused to take more than it was worth, until being over-persuaded.

When Charles took his leave that night he remarked to Emily—"On Sunday evening next Dr. Dean delivers a lecture before the Benevolent Society. I should be happy to have your company there."

"I should be pleased to go," said Emily, and they bid each other good night.

Charles and Emily went to the lecture. A door was now open for his frequent visits at Mr. Acton's, and every week he spent two or three evenings there.

A year passed away—just one year from the day that Emily picked up the gold ring in the street.—There was a wedding at the house of Mr. Acton, and Emily was the happy bride. She never looked handsome, and Simonton's joy was complete.

Mr. Kellog united the happy pair and then invoked the blessing of the Almighty upon them.

As Mr. Simonton was a wealthy man, he purchased a fine house in Back street—thither he took his excellent companion where they lived in peace, prosperity and happiness for more than half a century. It was but a few years since that they were deposited in the narrow house, followed to the tomb by numerous friends and relations. They died in Christian faith, the precepts of the Bible cheering them in their sickness, and giving them an antepast of those joys which are in reservation for the righteous.

A GOOD ONE.—A lad relating to one of his companions the exploits of his father in hunting, on the previous day, asserted that he had killed nine hundred and ninety-nine pigeons at one shot. His companion observed that it would have been well to have added one to the number and made it an even thousand—at which the lad in high dudgeon retorted—"What, do you think my father would tell a lie for one pigeon?"

Is our religious inquiries, we should claim no liberties, which we are not willing to allow to others. Vanity is blind to the contempt it excites.

### From our Exchanges.

The other day two reverend gentlemen conversing together, one complained to the other that he found it a great hardship to preach twice a week. "Well said the other, 'I preach three times on Sunday and make nothing of it.'"

A distinguished English physician used to say he considered a fee so necessary to give weight to an opinion, that when he looked at his own tongue in the glass, he slipped a guinea from one pocket into another.

It is stated that an old lady in Iowa, while recently in the woods was bitten on the end of her nose by a rattlesnake. The old lady recovered, but the snake died!—Coroner's verdict—*Poisoned by snuff.*

The world never chooses to attack a man in prosperous circumstances. It is a fortress which mankind dare not assail.

It is said there is a man in Connecticut who walks so fast that it puts his shadow out of breath to keep up with him.

Whenever you buy or sell, let or hire, make a clear bargain, and never trust to "We shan't disagree about trifles."

If you wish to make your bitterest enemy miserable make his child a present of a drum and whistle-pipe.

"Is your master up?" asked an early visitor of the Marquis of Blanford's valet. "Yes, sir," rejoined the fellow with great innocence: "the butler and I carried him up about three o'clock."

A quaint writer says: "I have seen women so delicate that they are afraid to ride, for fear of the horse running away; afraid to sail, for fear the boat might upset; afraid to walk, for fear the dew might fall; but I never saw one afraid to be married!"

A good look and a good woman are excellent things to those who know how to value them, but there are many who judge of both only by their covering.

To weep for fear is childish; to weep for anger is womanish; to weep for grief is human; to weep for compassion is divine; but to weep for sin is Christian.

"Do you understand me now?" thundered out a hasty pedagogue to an archer at whose head he threw an ink-stand. "I have got an ink-ling of what you mean," replied the boy.

FORGETTING HER.—"John, I fear you are forgetting me," said a bright-eyed girl to her sweet-heart, the other day.

"Yes, Susie, I have been getting you these two years!"

"Suppose you were lost in a fog," said Lord C. to his noble relative, the Marchioness, "what are you most likely to be?" "Mist, of course," replied her ladyship.

"Get out of the way, or I'll knock you into the middle of next week."

"Sir, you will much oblige me by so doing, as I have a note to pay in the bank on Saturday next."

"Gumbo, what you lib now?" I doesn't lib no whar—I gib up resid'n' two weeks ago, and moved off on account ob de wedder."

"I shall re-serve shortly," as the man said on the morning of his second wedding day.

"Now is the winter of our discontent," as the old maid said, when, turned forty, she found herself without a suitor.

"It is said that however well young ladies may be versed in grammar, but very few of them can 'decline matrimony.'"

"I don't say as how missus drinks, but I do know that the bottle in the dark closet don't keep full all the time."

Avoid a person that's all jaw. Remember the more a person talks the less he knows. It's your lean geese that's always cackling—not the fat ones. Recollect this, and avoid men that's got the gift of "gab," as you would those that had the gift of misceles.

LINKS.—Honest industry has brought that man to the scaffold," said a wag as he observed a carpenter upon the staging.

Speaking of wags—what is more waggon than a dog's tail when he is pleased?

Speaking of tales we always like those that end well. Hog's for instance.

Speaking of hogs—we saw one of those animals lying in the gutter the other day and in the opposite one a well dressed man (!) The first had a ring in his nose—the latter had a ring on his finger. The man was drunk—the hog was sober. "A hog is known by the company he keeps," thought we—so thought Mr. Porker—and off he went.

Speaking of going off puts us in mind of a gun we once owned. It went off one night and we have not seen it since.

A good wife exhibits her love for her husband by trying to promote his welfare, and by administering to his comfort.

A poor wife 'dears' and 'my loves' her husband, and wouldn't sew a button on his coat to keep him from freezing.

In the tract recently published by the Maryland Tract Society, the following passage occurs.—It contains truth that will be responded to at once by every one.

"One of the grossest neglects of youth, producing incalculable mischief and ruin is in the improper spending of evenings. Darkness was created for quiet: home is the place of quiet. Darkness is temptation to misconduct: suffering the young to be out when the light of the day does not restrain them from misconduct, is training them to it. We have already an abundant harvest of this seedling. Riots, mobs, crimes giving fearful forebodings, are the result of youth becoming fit agents of outrage by running uncare for on evenings.—What we see in these respects, is deplorable enough; but what is this, compared with what we do not see—multitudes making themselves miserable and noxious in this world—and what in that to come?"

Parents should look at the truth, that evening pleasures and recreations are often deeply purchased—the price, their own impaired comfort, and the bright prospects of their offspring. It must be obvious, that in this matter there can be no prescribed rule. There can be no interdict of all evening recreations and employments, yet here is an evil not only destructive to youth, but planting thorns in many paths, and covering many lives with desolation. The reformation demanded must proceed from judgment and conscience, and for this purpose judgment and conscience must be enlightened. Heads of families must learn that the place on earth best adapted to be a blessing is home; and by example and wholesome restraint they must teach this truth to all under them. Especially should home during Sabbath hours be consecrated. Sabbath mornings and evenings are blessed indeed, when they gather the family into the circle of converse and instruction; and parents and children, masters and apprentices and servants, in the presence and by the grace of God who has made them and placed them in their respective stations, raise themselves to the exalted level of the truth, that they are invested with capacity and obligation in their respective stations, assigned them by an all-wise Providence, to help each other onward to honor, glory and immortality; eternal life. Souls perish in everlasting death; they perish through neglect: who would stand at the judgment of the Great Day under the imputation of that neglect?—Do you say, 'not I?'—then think of these things!"

As love generally speaks in poetry, though some people are rather awkward in the construction of verses, we recommend the subjoined as a model. It is the voice of nature, free from the trammels of orthography, and unembarrassed by the rules of pedantic scholarship

TO BETSY S.—  
u lovely girl I Dus lay u  
Why can't you luv pore i  
to git Wom kiss wot would i du  
i think ide ner bout di

u Bets I axed to luv me  
but u told me u kuddent  
ide luv u like burk duns a tre  
but then u said i shuddent

i laze my hand ride on my hart  
and sez betsi i luv u  
and till u takes a worsor part  
tu u i will prove true

o wunst i luvd a nuther girl  
Hur name it was murrier  
but betsy dear i luv for u  
is 45 times more hire

SHOEMAKING.—Professor Ingraham thus graphically describes the town of Lynn, Massachusetts, and the vast cordwainery of the whole Union.

"The very pleasant and thriving town of Lynn, is the Paradise of shoemakers."

Its young men, early transferred from the cradle to the last, cut teeth and leather in the same time, and its pretty maidens learn to bind shoes with the induction of their a, b, abs. Lovers exchange hearts over a kid slipper, and swear eternal fidelity over a lap stone. If they would get married, they ask old Dr. Waxend, the parson, if he will stick them together, and they will pay him in hides and skin-dressing. Whipping their children is called *laning*, and the rod they use is a *cow hide*. The little boys swear by 'hides and leather,' and play at games which they call 'high and low water and toe.' A child newly born is a *lap stone* and the ages of their children are known by the number of shoes they wear. Boys are called *rights* and girls *lefts*—an old maid is an *old slipper*, and a bachelor an *old boot*. The street doors to their dwellings are 'insteps,' and a man in an overcoat is 'foxed.' The fields about the towns are *patches* and a fellow half seas over is *half sold*. They never see an oak tree but they directly calculate the number of pegs it will make, and when they behold bees at work they reflect that the only end of wax is waxed end. They look on cattle and sheep as only leather growing, and believe hogs were only made to produce bristles. Its lap stones would pave Broadway, and lasts, if piled together, would make a monument higher than that on Bunker's Hill.

Fashion makes people visit when they had rather stay at home, eat when they are not hungry and drink when they are not dry. She ruins health, and makes fools of all her followers.

An hours industry will do more to beget cheerfulness, suppress evil humors, and retrieve your affairs, than a month's mourning.