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Select Poetry.

TO A DRUNKEN HUSBAND.

My husband, 'twas for thee I left,
My own, my happy home;
For thee I left my cottage bowers,
With thee in joy to roam;
And where are all the holy vows,
The truth, the love, the trust,
That won my heart—altered now,
And trampled in the dust.

LOOK ALOFT.

In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,
If thine eye should grow dim and thy caution depart,
'Look aloft'—to be firm, and be fearless of heart.

Select Story.

THE REWARD OF MERIT.

A FIRST-RATE LOVE STORY.

Annie had arrived at the mature age of (do not start, reader,) twenty-seven, and yet in a state of single blessedness. Somehow or other she had not even fallen in love as yet. "Had she no offers?" What a simple question! Did you ever know half a million of dollars to go begging? Offers? Yes, scores of them! It may be accounted as one of her oddities, perhaps, but whenever the subject happened to be touched upon by her father, Annie would say that she wanted some one who could love her for herself, and she must have assurance of this, and how should she in her present position? Thus matters stood, when Annie was led to form and execute what will appear a very strange resolution—but she was a resolute girl. We must now go back six years.

WILLIAM LEWIS,

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Editor and Proprietor.

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and in short, before an hour had passed away, you would have thought that the old man and young man had known each other for years. In reference to our new friend, it will be sufficient to remark, that he had been liberally educated, as the phrase goes, and though he had entered early into business, he had not neglected the cultivation of his mind and heart. He had found time to cherish a general acquaintance with the most noteworthy authors of the day, both literary and religious, and with many of past times. After a few years of success in the pursuits to which he had devoted himself, misfortunes came thick and fast upon him. He found himself left with scarcely any property, and alone in the world, save his two only daughters. As year after year passed away, he grew steadily in the confidence of his employer, who felt, though he said it not, that in him he possessed a treasure.

ing. Our friend bowed, and inquired for Mrs. Richards. She is not in, but is expected presently; will you be seated? There was an ease and quietness, and an air of self-command about this person which seemed peculiar to Copeland. He felt at ease at once, (you always do with such people,) made some commonplace remark, which was immediately responded to; then another; and soon the conversation grew so interesting that Mrs. Richards was nearly forgotten. Her absence was strangely protracted, but at length she made her appearance. The document was presented; a glance at the outside. "Mr. Copeland?" Charles bowed. "Miss Peyton?" The young lady bowed, and thus they were introduced. There was no particular reason for remaining any longer, and our friend took his departure.

"Cruel, cruel fate! When is he to die?—There may be some hope of his rescue. He was a favorite with Washington, and he is at White Plains. I will go to him!" "Alas! my dear child, nerve yourself for the news. It is already too late!" "Dead, dead!" shrieked the poor girl.—"Oh! father, say that it is not so!" "Alas, my child—I cannot! He was hung at sunrise, and was even refused a Bible to look at ere he was summoned to the presence of his Maker!" For a moment the poor girl stood silent; not a tear came from her eyes; but a wild light illuminated them; a flash as bright as fire itself gathered over both face and brow—she clenched her fair hands together until the nails seemed to enter the flesh, and with a cold, bitter tone she cried—"LIFE FOR LIFE! I shall be revenged—yes, deeply revenged!" "Child, dear child be calm," said the fond parent.

off to speak to one of his officers, the patriot pilot calmly went to the main gangway, and looked over the side as if watching for the change of tide. But what was passing in her heart then? There were between three and four hundred souls in that fated vessel. She had lost the only loved thing, beside her father, on earth, when Nathan Hale was hung as a spy on that morning. She was not thinking how many hearts would be broken by her intended act; she was not thinking of the mothers and sisters, and wives in England, who would soon mourn for her deed—she was only thinking that soon, she would join him in the spirit land, and that dearly would his loss be avenged. For her own dear life she cared not, thought not—not even did she think of that worshipping father, who sadly paced his room, believing that she was praying for patience to bear her loss.

clothing to hide his poverty; attends public worship to cover private hypocrisy; prays at street corners in order to rob more securely each passer by. The present is an extravagant age. There is extravagance everywhere, save always in those things emanating from the hand of Divine; and poverty clothed in broad-cloth thrusters aside modest wealth and exalts itself higher and higher unto its ultimate fall. Be modest in all things, and at all times. No matter how much another may glisten or glare before the world in his brazen armor, remember the strongest steel cannot confine a restless conscience. Let the young look about them and learn from the experience of others to live within their means. Reduce your ideas. Comfort is in reality very simple, and easily satisfied. Moonshine will not bake bread, nor feed a hungry stomach.