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WILLIAM LEWIS,

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Select Poetry.

LOOK UPWARDS.

O walk through this world with a cheerful step
And an unclouded brow;
Increase not the sorrow to-morrow may bring
By brooding over it now.

The sunshine of life is fleeting and short,
Its storms are frequent and long;
And its pleasures like notes that are lingering
Of an almost forgotten song.

But, the darker the path that's before us,
The clearer that light doth shine;
And to hope's fair star ever shining bright,
Our course we should strive to incline.

It is not when the world smiles upon us,
When happiness crowns our brow;
When secure of its presence among us,
We think it will never roam.

When adversity's tide has rolled o'er us—
When friends and when fortunes flee—
Then, then is the time we can steer our bark
Triumphant o'er life's rough sea.

With a manly step and a true heart's power,
Though the waves are raging high—
With a mind untrammell'd by sickly fear,
Look to Hope's star in the sky.

And when the wild tempest has spent its rage,
And the day is bright again,
The star will shine bright o'er the crystal tide—
'Tis never look'd for in vain.

Then walk through this world with a cheerful step,
And an all unclouded brow;
Increase not the sorrow to-morrow may bring
By brooding over it now!

'T'WILL ALL BE RIGHT.

There's happiness within this world,
If we have friends to love us—
If we have one whose golden smiles
Beam like the hopes above us.

Let sorrow mark us with its blight—
If we are loved, 'twill all be right.
There's much of comfort in this life,
And much of perfect pleasure,

If we have one whose proffered love
We prize as sacred treasure.
Let trouble exercise its might—
This blessed love will muck it right.

What though the heart is bending down
With keen and heavy sorrow;
Hope on—the grief we have today
Shall turn to joy to-morrow.

Have faith! though now life is not bright—
If we are loved, 'twill all be right.

A Select Story.

THE VILLAGE PRIZE.

In one of the loveliest villages in old Virginia there lived in the year 175—, an old man, whose daughter was declared, by universal consent, to be the loveliest maiden in all the country around.

place by previous exercises of a similar kind, and a hard surface of sand, more befitting for which it was to be used, supplied its place.

The father of the lovely, blushing, and withal happy prize, (for she well knew who would win), with three other patriarchal villagers were the judges appointed to decide upon the claims of the several competitors.

The last time Carroll tried his skill in this exercise, he "cleared," to use the leaper's phraseology, twenty-one feet and one inch.

The signal was given, and by lot the young men stepped into the arena.

"Edward Grayson, seventeen feet," cried one of the judges. The youth had done his utmost. He was a pale, intellectual student.

"Dick Boulden, nineteen feet!" Dick, with a laugh, turned away, and replaced his coat.

"Harry Preston, nineteen feet and three inches. Well, done, Harry Preston!"—shouted the spectators, "you have tried hard for the acres and homestead."

Harry also laughed, and swore he only jumped for the fun of the thing. Harry was a rattle-brain fellow, but never thought of matrimony.

"Now," cried the villagers, "let's see Henry Carroll. He ought to beat this," and every one appeared, as they called to mind the mutual love of the last competitor and the sweet Annette, as if they heartily wished his success.

Henry stepped to his post with a firm tread. His eye glanced with confidence around upon the villagers, and rested, before he bounded forward, upon the face of Annette, as if to catch therefrom that spirit and assurance which the occasion called for.

"Twenty-one feet and a half," shouted the multitude, repeating the announcement of one of the judges, "twenty-one feet and a half, Harry Carroll forever; Annette and Harry!"

When Henry Carroll moved to his station to strive for the prize, a tall, gentlemanly young man, in a military undress frock-coat, who had rode up to the inn, dismounted and joined the spectators, unperceived, while the contest was going on, stepped suddenly forward, and with a knowing eye measured liberately the space accomplished by the last leaper.

"Is it for mere amusement you are pursuing this pastime?" inquired the youthful stranger, "or is there a prize for the winner?"

"Annette the loveliest and wealthiest of our village maidens is to be the reward of the victor," cried one of the judges.

"All, young sir!" replied the father of Annette, with interest, his youthful ardor rising as he surveyed the proportions of the straight-limbed young stranger.

"The officer glanced upon the trembling maiden about to be offered upon the altar of her father's monomania with an admiring eye.

"Annette, my pretty prize," said the victor, taking her passive hand, "I have won you fairly."

clung closer to her father, while the drooping eye sought the form of her lover. His brow grew dark at the stranger's language.

"I have won you, my pretty flower, to make you a bride—tremble not so violently—I mean not myself, however proud I ought to be," he added, with gallantry, "to wear so fair a gem next to my heart."

"The youth sprang forward and grasped his hand with gratitude, and the next moment Annette was weeping for pure joy upon his shoulder.

That night Henry and Annette were married, and the health of the mysterious and noble-hearted stranger was drank in overflowing bumpers of rustic beverage.

One evening, having just returned home after a hard campaign, he was sitting with his family on the gallery of his handsome country-house, when an advance courier rode up and announced the approach of General Washington and suit, informing him that he should crave his hospitality for the night.

That evening, at the table, Annette, now become the dignified, matronly, and still handsome Mrs. Carroll, could not keep her eyes from the face of her illustrious visitor.

"I suspect, Colonel," said the General, who had been some time, with a quiet meaning smile, observing the lady's curious and puzzled survey of his features—"that Mrs. Carroll thinks she recognizes in me an old acquaintance."

The Colonel started, and a faint memory of the past seemed to be revived as he gazed, while the lady rose impulsively from her chair, and bending eagerly forward over the tea-urn, with clasped hands, and an eye of intense, eager inquiry, fixed full upon him, stood for a moment with her lips parted, as if she would speak.

"I cannot put an end to this scene. I have become, by dint of camp-fare and hard usage, too unwieldy to leap again twenty-two feet and one inch, even for so fair a bride as one I would not."

The recognition, with the surprise, delight and happiness that followed, are left to the imagination of the reader.

General Washington was indeed the handsome young "leaper," whose mysterious appearance and disappearance in the native village of the lovers, is still traditionary—whose claim to a substantial bonafide flesh and blood was stoutly contested by the village story-tellers, until the happy denouement which took place at the hospitable mansion of Colonel Carroll.

We would guard against the use of every word that is not perfectly proper. Use no profane expressions; allude to no sentence that will put to the blush the most sensitive.

When you grow up you will find at your tongue's end some expression which you would not use for any money. It was one you learned when you were young.

Let every young person bear in mind that the government of the passions is, of all things, the most conducive of happiness and prosperity. Remember that fools only allow their passions to rule—suffer much rather than fight.

Who ever heard of a widow committing suicide on account of love? A little experience is very wholesome.

No woman should paint expect she who has lost the power of blushing.

He that loses his conscience has nothing left worth keeping.

Scene in a Kansas Court.

I have once or twice given you sketches illustrative of the modus operandi of administering justice in our frontier courts; and another instance occurred not far from here the other day, of so amusing a character that I think it worth preserving in your columns.

An action on the case was brought to recover the value of a horse, about whose soundness there was a question between the seller and buyer, and it was agreed between the counsel that the court should adjudicate it upon the law and evidence without the interposition of a jury.

Mr. T.—(very indignant.) I withdraw my submission to the court, sir, and demand a jury.

Judge.—Mr. T., I do not wish to interrupt you, but the court desires to hear no more in this case. The mind of the court is made up.

Mr. T.—But I should like to have an opportunity to show the court—

Judge.—The court wants no showing, sir. If you are bent on making a speech, you may go on, sir, while I step out and take a drink.

Mr. T.—(very indignant.) I withdraw my submission to the court, sir, and demand a jury.

Judge.—Sheriff, call a jury. Mr. O'D.—I object to a jury, it is now too late. The submission has been made and the case tried.

Mr. T.—I insist, if the court please, upon the rights of my client. I can refer your Honor to cases—

Judge.—Gentlemen, to stop talk and save time, I grant a jury. Sheriff, call a jury. A jury was duly empanelled, and the case presented and argued de novo, and the jury closeted.

The day was cold—there was but little fire—the wind whistled keenly, the broad prairie landscape was intensely bleak, and the court and counsel tried to make themselves cozy over a pot of ale (or something stronger) in an adjacent grocery, while the jury tried to do likewise in their retirement.

After waiting a long time and draining several glasses, the judge directed the sheriff to inquire of the jury if they could not agree.

The judge, counsel and crowd went into the court room, the jury took their seats as they were called, and the foreman handed a piece of paper to the clerk, who opened it and read:

"We, the jury, find for the horse, \$120." Mr. O'D. suggested that the case was not in form, and asked to correct it.

Mr. T.—I object, sir. I most positively and emphatically object. I move the court to set aside the verdict, because it is apparent to the most obtuse perception that the jurors are all drunk. Yes, sir, drunk to a man, and utterly incapable of rendering a verdict.

Mr. O'D.—(Looking rather dubious and considering awhile.)—It does appear to be a sort of verdict not in the statutes, and I therefore set it aside as illegal and unlawful.

Mr. O'D.—(Very much excited.)—What does this court mean? What kind of way is this? I believe the court is drunk.

The Wife's Commandments.

- 1. Thou shalt have no other wife but me.
2. Thou shalt not take into the house any beautiful brazen image to bow down to her and serve her.
3. Thou shalt not take the name of thy wife in vain.
4. Remember thy wife to keep her respectable.
5. Honor thy wife's father and mother.
6. Thou shalt not fret.
7. Thou shalt not find fault with thy dinner.
8. Thou shalt not chew tobacco.
9. Thou shalt not be behind thy neighbor.
10. Thou shalt not visit the rum tavern; thou shalt not covet the tavern keeper's rum, nor his brandy, nor his gin, nor his whiskey, nor his wine, nor any thing that is behind the bar.

- 11. Thou shalt not visit billiard halls, neither for worshipping in chance nor heaps of money that lie on the table.
12. Thou shalt not stay out after nine o'clock at night.
13. Thou shalt not grow peevish, and contort thy beautiful physiognomy because of being called to foot stove bills, which thy dear wife hath made without thy advice or consent; for verily she knows the want of the household.
14. Thou shalt not set at naught the commandments of thy wife.

Eternity. "Eternity has no gray hairs!" The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies, but time writes no wrinkles on the brow of Eternity.

Eternity! Stupendous thought! The ever present, undecaying and undying, the endless chain composing the life of God; the golden thread entwining the destinies of the universe.

Earth has its beauties, but time shrouds them for the grave; its honors, they are but the sunshine of an hour; its palaces, they are but as the gliding sepulchre; its possessions, they are but bursting bubbles. Not so in the untried bourne.

In the dwelling of the Almighty can come no footsteps of decay. Its day will know no darkness; eternal pleasure forbids the approach of it. Its fountains will never fail—they are fresh from the eternal throne; its glories will never wane, for there is the ever-present God. Its harmonies will never cease—exhaustless love supplies the theme.—Ecdcliar.

AN ALLEGORY.—A venerable old man toiled through the burden and heat of the day in cultivating his field with his own hand, and in strewing with his own hand the promising seeds into the fruitful lap of yielding earth.

Suddenly there stood before him, under the shade of a huge linden tree, a divine vision. The old man was struck with amazement.—"I am Solomon," spoke the phantom, in a friendly voice; "what are you doing here, old man?" "If you are Solomon," replied the venerable laborer, "how can you ask this? In my youth you sent me to the ant; I saw its occupation, and learned from that insect to be industrious and gather. What I then learned I am following in this hour."

"You have only learned half your lesson," responded the spirit; "go again to the ant, and learn from that insect to rest in the winter of your life, and to enjoy what you have gathered up."

CURIOSITIES OF GEOLOGY.—It is known as a fact in geology, that below the depth of thirty feet the earth becomes regularly warmer as we descend. On an average, the increase is at the rate of one degree of Fahrenheit for every fifth foot. At the bottom of the mines of Cornwall—a depth of one thousand two hundred feet—the thermometer stands at eighty-eight, equal to high summer heat. At this rate, rocks and metals would be melted twenty miles below the surface; and down in the bowels of the earth, several hundred miles, the heat would be ten thousand times hotter than melted iron. Who is there that can wonder at earthquakes, when all things rest on a molten sea of fire!

The learned Professor and Principal of the Academy of Saumur, used to spend five hours every morning in his study, but was very punctual at dinner. One day, on his not appearing precisely at the dinner hour, his wife entered his study, and found him still reading. "I wish," said the lady, "that I was a book."

"Why so?" replied the Professor. "Because you would then be constant to me." "I should have no objection," rejoined the Professor, "provided you were an almanac." "Why an almanac, my dear?" "Because I then should have a new one every year."

A wag was one day speaking of two of his acquaintances who had gone West, where the new-comers were usually attacked the first season with the ague, and said he—"Neither one of those two men will be afflicted." "Why not?" inquired a bystander. "Because," was the reply, "one of them is too lazy to shake, and the other won't shake unless he gets pay for it."

GOOD HUMOR.—Good humor is a bright color in the web of life; but self-denial only can make it a fast color. A person who is the slave of selfishness has so many wants of his own to be supplied, so many interests of his own to support and defend, that he has no leisure to study the wants and interests of others. It is impossible that he should be happy himself, or make others around him so.

EVERYBODY likes polite children.—Worthy persons will pay attention to such, speak well of their good manners, and entertain a high opinion of their parents. Children, make a note of this. Yes, and it would be as well if not a few parents would take a bit of it likewise. It couldn't do them a lot of harm. Fireside education is longest remembered.

Let every young person bear in mind that the government of the passions is, of all things, the most conducive of happiness and prosperity. Remember that fools only allow their passions to rule—suffer much rather than fight.

Who ever heard of a widow committing suicide on account of love? A little experience is very wholesome.

No woman should paint expect she who has lost the power of blushing. He that loses his conscience has nothing left worth keeping. Greatness supported by goodness, is hard to be overthrown. The heaviest kind of a brick is the brick in the hat.