DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF DEMOGRACY, AND 'THE DISSEMINATION OF MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND NEWS. OLLONG STREET, PA. voli. VIII COUDERSPORT POTTER COUNTY, PA., NOVEMBER 6, 1855. SZE S OLA AORIZES ALE ALE 3. 7.4 THE PROPLE'S I) JRNAL their weeks, of gradual development were faithfully cleaned, and now be-Seaving us to seek shelter alsowhow es in the garden, should deliver to her the din about me, E murmured as--of mature fullness, of slow decay; huid! Terms-in Advance nr journey on through the pourlog chicks an opinion of him. other inaudible "good-by," and turn-oss copy par annum, Villaga subscribers, rain, just as we chose . . What is the \$1.00 1.25 the morning glory is new every morn-Yet one word about these weeds. Standing on one leg, with her eye ed my thoughts homewards. Just ing. It has only a few fresh hours, be done now A" esked D. I tenlist. A friend said to us the other day, does cocked upward, she watches his gyrabefore the town clock struck five I TERMS OF ADVERTISING. 1 Ausre, of 12 lines or less, I insertion, \$0.50 3 insertions, 1.50 and then closes forever, and instead of it not seem a piece of impertinence "turn about and stop at the first inuse. was seated in the wagon, heside our tions, as he dips first at the coral tubes a half-withered, slowly-decaying flowto seize on a piece of ground, and veand beg a shelter in inimanaty s name of the honeysuckle, and then dances friend, Mrs. J., (who) was to return er, lo! to-morrow we have all new through beds of petunias and verbenas. for two lorn women drenched with hemently uproot and destroy everywith me and spend some days at Meadones, sprung as by one magic touch rain, and nearly frozens The first thing that nature inclines to place "See! my children," she says, " what 25.00 ow Cottage.) but just as we were start. I soluma, one year, from the womb of night. Ages ago, there, and insist on the growth of house upon our return was but a few tentenn, six monihs, 15.00 absurd, irrational conduct. Did you ing we perceived a threatening sky in-Ada nist ators' or Executors' Notices, the Hebrew poet said of the fairest something which she cares but very ever see me do so ! What if I should steps; and D. went in to relate his said Adu inst and or truch, 2.00 Shat : Fa ja sa, per truch, 1.50 Profession 11 Carda no exceeding eight lines the west, and Mrs. J. said "Go home and only One, the source and essence little about? Who does not see that tale. We had grown quite impatient with me and stay till morning, for it is go flying about, pecking honovauckle iner ed for \$5. 19 per annum. of all beauty, His mercizs are new waiting, when he came back, saying Is to ters on bisiness, to scoure at a lon, should be addressed (post paid) to mignonucite, lark-spurs, and cypress blossoms ? Don't tell me that a bird going to rain." I appealed to D., vines, are not nature's poet-she ex-" It's of no use they say they can't every morning. cau live on such fare as that. Don't who gave it as his opinion that it pressed herself with a far more hearty he Publisher. keep-us." . "Can't keep us !" I replied These morning-glories in their unit take corn meal, potatoes and worms would only be a shower. I replied to energy in burdock, pigweed, and indignantly " Help me out, and I to keep us alive, and can a living be valued commonuess, and yet their Mr .J. "I would rather go home unless Select Poetry. will see what people look like Twhe strange ethereal beauty, are a living smartweed 1 got by figuring tound among roses you are afraid to venture." "O. no !" These are her thrifty children ; our refuse shelter to women upon such a emblem of that daily love which God and jessamines ? What utter neglect she auswered, "I dou't mind getting THE POPULAR CREED. so-called flowers are her step-sons night as this." I gave up very gentle shows us, daily, when we wake from of all solid tastes and pursuits! If wet, but I shouldn't like to spoil my BY CHARLES P. SHIRAP. penuriously and gradgingly brought rap, and was admitted to a room conhe sooming death of sloop to a new had the bringing up of that creature, new bonnet." There was a moment's taining a large cook-stove all sglow Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes! ease of life, a present of all its adornup. What makes one thing a weed, she should learn to scratch and eat hesitation, as I shought of my own An empty pocket's the worst of crimes! with warmth, and some half dozen men ments and comforts. corn meal as a rational bird should ! and another a flower ? We have seen "straw," just remodeled, and trimmed If a man is down, give him a thrust--or perhaps they were only the semgrowing in trodden paths by the sand Our garden is a perfect jungle of Don't tell me about her fine colors ! after the latest fashion. Then I said Trimp's the beggar into the dust! blances of a nobler creation. At aE Petunias. That flower, so encouragand dut of the wayside, weeds fairer all trumpery ! and graceful motions ! "well. if it does rain there is a large Prestinptuons povorty's quite appallingevents, they cowered close to the wall than some green-house nurslings. The ing to the souls of immature gardenpah ! what are they good for-flo they Knock him over-kick him for falling ! band-box under the seat, and we can as Mrs. J. and myself, with bered weed of une country is the cherished dig a single worm, or batch a single Ifa man is up, oh. lif. him higher! ers-so hopeful, so hardy, so full of put up our bonnets when we get out heads (our shawls having fation back) Your son"s for sale and he's a buver. vanity, so persistent in bloom that no exotic of another. Our mullein flour- | chicken ?" of town." This decided the question, Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes! and dripping locks, marched boldly ishes in English gardens, under the Many of the judgments which huand we started, but had driven scarcely exuberance can possibly exhaust it. An empty pocket's the worst of crimes! cognomen of the American velvet up to the stove. Stationed there: I We have taken from the ground a a mile, ere it beganto pour. Our bonman heings pass on each other are Iknow a poor, but a worthy youth, began looking about for a woman ta plant, and the wild heath of her moors | about as sensible as this. petunia that has been flaunting its nets were consigned to the shelter of Whose hopes are fixed on a milden's truth whom I might address myself, and f. is our green-house nursling. blossoms all summer, cut it down for the band-box and our shawls' elevated But the muiden will break her vow with ease. nally espied two female faces peeping our winter window garden, and seen STRAY LETTERS. We have thought sometimes that to a little higher position than they For a wooer cometh, whose chims are these in from an adjoining room. One was flowers, could they speak, would comit bloom then with new vigor all winhad formerly occupied. Mother-A hollow heart and an empty head-MEADOW COTTAGE, October 20. a sweet face. From the carnen, Af ce well tinged with the bra dy r dplain of this capricious standard of ter, and when spring came go back ever thoughtful-had stowed away two DEAR SARAH :--- It was in Autumn's A soul well trained in Villainv's school. into the ground and flower on all valuation. But the same thirg runs thoughtful eyes looked a gentle, kindextra shawls, in case of need. They first days-bright, golden-haired Sep-And CASH !-- sweet Cash-he knoweth the ly spirit, though somewhat sad auf through the living world. There is summer, without one pause suggestember-that I'last wrote thees upon were now brought forth and th ir Juleweary. The sight of this face gave Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes! tive of weariness. Ah! how few one Mrs. A who is broad and fat, a ample folds wrapped about Mrs. J. the eve of a visit with Flo'-dear. me 'renewed' courage, and & sails An empty pocket's the worst of crimes. among our living friends are there coarse talker, a loud laugher, a heavy and myself, as additional protection gentle sister Flo'. We had a pleasant feeder, and there is another Mrs. A. "Since you retuse as shelter, we are that correspond to petunias. Now I know a bo'd an l an honest man, from the damoness. Thus comfortably time upon the lake shore : so pleasant under the necessity of taking it; for Who strives to live on the CHRISTIAN and then one we have seen whose exwho is just the same-but the world I could not find leisure for gossip, even ared for, we said, " What matter if it it is onite impossible for us to pra-PLAN: uberant youthfulness, whose joyous calls one of them a flower, and the with thee, dear Sarah. When we dnes rain, we shall not get much wit But poor he is, and poor will be, ceed." Hereupon spoke our her other a weed. Que i the rich Mrs. A. hopefulness no blossoming could exand by the time we arrive at Meadow came back to our mountain home, all A scorned and a hv ed wretch is hegruffly-," We have no accommodaand the other, is the poor Mrs. A. and haust-people, as was said of one, who Cottage, we'll be better prepared to were so glad to welcome us, though At home he meeteth a starving wife, every day came down to breakfast as that makes all the difference. One is tions, our beds are all full." " W. we had been but a week away. Then, appreciate the comforts of home, than Abroad he leideth a leper's lifedon't ask for beds!" I replied with if some sudden good fortune had be-They struggle against a fearful odds designated as em ban point-the othwhile the sunny days lasted, we stroll under other oircumstances. And we provoking coolness; " shelter and the Who bow no: low to the peop'e's gods! fallen them-but in our work-a-day er as broad and fat. Que is insu Terlaughed, jested, and occasionally ed along the brook-sides, gathering Dimes and dollars, doilars and dimes ! Au empty pocket's the worst of crimes. warmth of your fire, is all we elairo," would these are few. For such a moralized, as we came on-still the ably vulgar-the other is " so peculiar bright pebbles-sat beside the "big Then spoke our kind host again, and original;" in short, one is the garcharacter is required, first, an unper-

Soget ye wealth, no matter how ! No questions asked" of the rich, I trow ! Steal by night and steal by diy, (Doing it all in a legil way,) Join the church and never forsake her, Learn to cant and insult your Maker; Be hypocri e, liar, knave or fool, Bat don't be POOR !-- Remember the rule: Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes! An empty pocke.'s the worst of crimes !

From the Agita or. INDIAN SUMMER.

It has been said, (and I for one think, truly,) That "e'en a cat may glower upon a king !

-vet the finest, best attuned soul in] his conscience to give pigweed and the world acts but crizily through an pusley no chance ? Pigweed has his imperfect, wrecked body ! One might aesthetic merits; his leaf is elegan, gone back to their Western home, and wouldn't it be nice ?" responded Mrs. is well expect to hear Mozart's melo- in good soil he becometh soon a shaped es come out uninjured through a ly shrub. Whose will exemine the cracked flute. Too many of us, morpink leaves of a very young pigweed ber days. It was not yet sunrise, when through a microscope, will find them father-in a voice not quite as calm as ally and physically, are half hot-house plants. With exact care and disposifrosted with a glittering incrustation, of the most brilliant beauty. A few tion, and with exactly well adapted situation, culture, exposure, rain and sparkles of dew lying cradled in these sunshine, we get blossoms ; but otherpink leaves, have often stayed our wise we are dry sticks enough. We hand in full process of weeding, and have no virtues that can take care of raised the query why should this be themselves and bloom in spite of cironly a weed? About smartweed, now the question is easier answered. He cumstances. Verbenas also, are an encouraging has no grace, nofine points-his leaves growth, requiring only sunshine of a dingy hue, with dull spots-his enough for nativing bloom. People flower of dirty pink, his odor coarse with shaded borders should eschew and rank-all declare him to be a hem, for they will not blossom withweed by nature as well as position. Oue of our own ideas of a garden is out a plenary fullness of sunlight. Too much sup and heat, they scarce a certain wild abandon or freedom of growth-similar to what one sees in can have, and they lift their heads to woods and hedges. Trim gardens, it with an exultant glow ; they are like rich, poetic, artistic natures, which where every plantis gropped and tied and divided with exactest care, have revel in congenial warmth and culture but become wilted, bloomless, and their own beauty, but there is (so it stinted, in cold, shaded, ungenial sit least we hope) beauty also in dense masses of flowers which grow, and uations. Many persons can no more he judged of in such situations, than twine, and mingle together as if nature can the verbenas which some of our had planted them. Perforce, such has neighbors are fond of planting in shady been the shape of our own gardening borders under the drip of overarching affairs : our bed, are so full that the trees. "I see no beauty about the ground is scarcely to be seen ; flowers thing," they say; "it's a miserable, ean over each other-vines intertwine yellow, lank-growing vine-without they mat, and run, and blossom in form or comeliness." Yet, friend, each other's embrace, as if they grew give it sunshine, and you will see in a meadow. Here and there, a harwhat it can do. Some of the most dy weed, if he have any prepossessing gorgeous and splendid natures may points; is allowed a niche, unless some have all their lives in this world passed amateur young gardener, z alcus for for miserable failures-simply because etiquette, pulls him up in our absence the sunshine of congeniality and op-Humming birds and sparrows come portunity never awakened what was and go among our flowers, and, every in them to bloom; and there may in day as we explore the jungle we find the future life be glotious blossoms on some new development. plants which seemed poor and stunted

weed.

verted, well-trained physical system,

where every natural law has been sa-

credly regarded, and second, a soul

balanced and attuned to divine cheer-

fulness springing from faith in God

and love to man-and how rarely are

these two found together! Many of

our friends have fine souls-how few

are whole and sound in soul and bedy

apple-tree," and ate the red cheeked den plant, the other the road-side fruit ; or, with baskets upon our arms, trayersed the woods in search of moss. We confess to certain remorseful And when the sup-shine fled, and the yeargings in favor of weeds, when we clouds were gray and heavy-when observe the persistent assiduity with the rain-drops pattered upon the roof. which nature endeavors to give them like a troop of fairies in a merry dance a foothold in the world. How is a be--then it was just as pleasant indoors liever in universal toleration and freeto ply our needles, and listen to Uncle dom of development to reconcile it to Horace while he read aloud some favorite author. Ah! all this is but a memory now, for Elsie and Flo' have an unwonted silence reigns through Meadow Cottage, in these bright, Octousual-said, "The wagon is ready girls." How very quiet we were as we wrapped our shawls about us, and drew un our gloves. No one spoke except now and then in a scarcely audible voice, to ask if everything was put up, the satchel locked, &c. Firm hands trembled and young eyes were strangely blind and dim, Each heart was asking-shall we ever all meet in the dear old home again ? Is this our last good-by upon its threshold? As I stood by the window a moment I thought "what a little time-it see as only a day since, looking out of this some window I beheld Elsie and Flo' alight at the yard gate. Then a joyful cry rang through the house, " They ave come! Elsie and Flo' have come!" How we rushed to meet them-actually screaming in the wild. down our elongated faces. I have ness of our joy-that after four years of separation we had met once more. What a short summer it had been. They were going away now, and my ungrateful heart murmured, "It were better had they not come home," But

rain continued, and we were convinced it was something more than a "shower," as the prospects before us looked rather dark and gloomy. Night gathered about us-our merriment somewhat subsided at the contemplation of the thirteen miles which

must be traveled through rain and darkness, ere we reached home. "Had we not better stop at some farm house and stay over night ?" I suggested: "If we only knew somebody in this vicinity, J. Then all at once I remembered

There would have been a public house here in ----- Hollow, but for your precious Maine Law. Of cour. you are in favor of that-all wom-> are !" Involuntarily I stood an inc's higher in my boots, when he said thr. "Well," he continued, " you use hay good it is ! Oh! don't I wish all the Temperance, Maine Law advocates were out to night in this storm? do ! Guess they'd be glad of a little hot water then-he ! he ! he ! "

Ah, thought I, the mystery is u -raveled. I marveled that in our gldear; kind old lady-a friend of my tious Empire State, and so near the mother's-who lived three miles furfair town of B., should live a man ther on, and I said quite decidedly, we unmanly as to refuse us shelter from will stay with Mrs. E. to-night. The the pitiless storm ; ; but I did not marsight of her kind, genial face will warm vel now. A disappointed rumselle. our hearts, and our bodies will be well raving over the loss of his contern. cared for beneath her hospitable roof plated victims, and murderous gains. -but it is already dark-can we drive Should one look for humanity in such ! three miles further ? "O, yes! that What a Temperance Lecture they is but a little distance," responded D. poor, mean-souled man preached. I and Mrs. J. simultaneously; and with never heard one which impressed my renewed spirits we came ou. But an more. But I love not to contempli. unlooked-for disaster was just before such characters. Let's turn to gue us. A sudden gust of wind turned sweet hostess, who, meanwhile, pr--our umbrella inside out, rendering it pared us tea in the next room, gare altogether useless. "What a nity!" us a nice, comfortable bed, and w-s we sighed, unvoluntarily. " Thou art very kind and solicitous for our comlike a summer friend, deserting us in fort. May good angels attend he. the time of our sorest need," said Mrs. through life's journey, which, Hear, a J. as she threw the wrecked umbrella down. The large drops rained thick grant be not too wearisome. I must not forget to tell you that and fast upon our now defenseless our bonnets were preserved through heads, and ran in miniature rivers all, but the band-box, with the eld umbrella, " rests from its labors. I'r I always thought that of all sweet sound have almost recovered from the dread. that of the pattering rain-drops was ful cold contracted upon the occasion, most musical: but hereafter I fear and in my next will tell you more of there will be a discordant note in the others than myself. Till then good music, for the soft patter-patter will ELLEN GRET by. recall that dismal night when the drops came cold and heavy quous poor heads, TRUTHS WELL EXPRESSED .- In his sending a shiver all through our veins. address at the New York State Fair. "I don't mind getting wet myself, Gov. Wright of Indiana, in the course but I'm afraid for you, Nell," kindly of his excellent remarks, said : " Wa said Mrs. J., adding, " do you feel very must cultivate the roots, not the tops. chilly ?" "N-n-no !" I replied be-We must make the family government. tween my chattering teeth. the school, the farm, the church, the At length we neared Mrs, E.'s-a shop, the agricultural fairs, the labora. tories of our future greatness, o: Wo bright light shone from the windowsmust educate our sons to be farmais, but in answer to D.'s inquiry, no Mrs. artisans, architects, engineers, geolas E.'s kind face appeared. She had gists, hotanists, chemists, in a word moved away, the man said, who anpractical men. Their eyes must be turned from Washington tos thrir swered D.'s call; and then, as if in States, counties, townships, district. apology for not asking us to alight, homes. This is true patriotisman t I could no longer distinguish it, from | pany," and thereupon shut the door, ally preserve the nation." the only patriotism that will perpet.

And so, nerchance, who chooses to, is duly Licensed, of hickneyed themes to rhyme or a.ng; And so I sing of that which out of view lay, But just before the fail-wind came to fling The crisp, dead leaves about-a welcome comer. June's hie born peer and sister-INDIAN SUN-MER.

'T'is but a narrow rift in Autumn's clouds, Through which thy sofier skies just now appeir: A burst of sunlight through the gloom that shrauda

Thy charms, O, Second Childhood of the Year! For thou dost type that second birth which

crewds The young child's crade on the old man's

bier; Ye, there is h aling in thy ba'my breath, That robs he garner of he Reaper-DEATH

We seem in gent'e dillinnee with June-With June the blue-eved, June the Summe Queen:

With by blue skies o'er conony at noon Bo h lie dand forest in heir Autumn sheen And hough he birds come no as then, to une

Nature grea h rp, and sanc ify he scene-We ove thee not the less,-e ch has its time, June wich its birds and Antumn with its rame.

The latest joy we mortals love the best: Summer's last hour is lovelier than its first,-The mother clasps her last born to her breast, The sweetest heart-flower that she ever hursi / The miser drops his last gin in the chest

As best of ali-and yet't is most accursed;-So in thy arms we see he year deciy, Loving thee better as thou fad'st away. November 9, 1855. M. H. COBB. THOUGHTS ERON MY GARDEN SEAT.

BY H.B. STOWE.

Morning-glories !- one, two, three, four, five varieties! pale blue, w ite, pink, dark purple, glowing crimson, and waite flecked with blue and crimson-airy as the clouds, with a living, here. transparent brightness in their cups, as if they were woven of light and air. Other flowers have their days, some

This humming-bird ! child of air and light, winged jewel ! ethereal vision ! But, oh ! these weeds ! what, only a | what shall we say of him ? Suppose week since garden beds and alleys some good clucking hen as she scratch-

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why linger o'er the parting? "I never speak the word-farewall-But with an utterance faint and broken A heart-sick yearning for the time When it shall never more be spoken." I accompanied the travelers as far as B----- It was one of October's must delicious days. The bright sunshine-the gorgeous landscapes-and walking up the long hills, 'raised our

town we were quite a merry party. The express train was behind time, causing a weary waiting for the cars. But at last they were gone-the puff

of the engine grew fainter, and when added, "we have a house full of comand the second second

When the many production of the state of the

A standard brigger . Their a case or time

spirits, so that by the time we reached