# THE PEOPLES J0t RNAL. 

## voL VIII.



THE JOURNAL.
Ono opp pros runuri, Advanice







\section*{Selett | goctry |
| :--- |}

"As YE Sow, 50 sfaid yE reap."

## 

Srough he walloy or thrue the hill
The seeds of right or seods of wronig.
Every though is in enbryn;
Every word is a plaved seed

Folly and rice guily snon in siping.

Io ofen a prece oxt hoar is saent


Straving at brondent whergeter we go


Berwara! bervare ! lett the sends ye sow
Bo no nicel wivi h milice, For tho whout and taros toge her mund grow,
Till the raspers bind in the fied of life. Cull the good weed for the coning hnur,
Thut all thy dars my be cute and free, Crermino plucki ig the plan:ed finwer.
Binding golden cheaves for eternity

ay virgina f. tonnseno.
"Rowena! Ruwena!"
Well. uncle Harry ?"
the the long hall, aud dowere broad staircase, to the genteman who Monl at its font.
"It's going to rinn, and the air vory dimp. You mutait ride ont thi nternimo. Now mind what 1 say child:" And a moment after. the a sullan echn throuzth the hailling.
 ted Rnwena Strong, as she pettishly tossed down on the tahle the uew fall bat, which for the last half hour had onprossed her
Just look at her a moment, as sh stands there. with the crimson curtain throwing a ich artistic ghw over the
face she has drawn close to the window pane. It is nos a handsome faceheightening colors-mo harmong of
nurroundings can make it lisi nurroundings cat make it this; hat is half inclined ti think, the pout tha ourves the full red lips is rather te coming than ortherwise.
R Rowena Strnug is an orphan, an her rich uncke's pet aud heiress. He of years, to the time when stie lived a littie brown house in the
with hei uidowed muther.
Miss. Strong had mirried in opporifion to the will of the family, aud for many fears there was hut lime inter chirse betreenthem. When her hus and died, and left her in pnor hicant the widan was any means for suppin her relatives for the nid she uerded Twa'years went bye and Mrs Sterd lay on her dyiug bed; and, when she ronked on Rowena, the woman's pride yieided to the mother's heart. She before, he fiad lain his A fewn week der the summer grass; anll it wa with a soffened heart that he hastened hes dying hands he receised Rurom and plodged himselfto be in Rowena

COUDERSPORT POTLER COUNTY, PA., JANUARX 17,1850
i) truth a father- to her.
:He thad fulfiled bis: Rowe thad fulfilled. Rowena had became the id of we ich merchart, aud lier life flowed u esque, , peaceful iver
Ruscia was by no means a nov writer's iucaruation of all imposibib faults; and her jeeted, luxurious lif was pot calculated to erolve the
l.anacterstics of her nuture. But underneathalil the accide ndigenvas faults if her nature, lay
varm, true heart, ad a sum warm, true heart, and a substratum of
gond commons seuse. Rowena stoud few moments, dubliuusly searching he chouds with her blue eyes, aidd the the large diops began to patter on the
ciofs.
"Well, there's bio use fretting aliout " ste said, drawiug the curlaius to gether with a bigh : "Lh's going pour ; that's phain chought to be seen
and $I$ must make the beat of it. Hows parvokiug, though, when I wanted
wear out iny beauty Wear uut my beauty, of a new hat so
bady! Not. a soul will come het this atieruogin,: either, and it'll be a dull as siate-prison all the atiernown must get hold of something $w$ read,
or 1 stall certainly tie of enuui bution uacle Harry gets back.". And she uncle Harry gets back.". And she
went tu the tainle and whinted uver the utacut leaves of yeveral magazine
that lay thereoni. As she listesil glanced amung the pages, her eyse lighted ou a Freuc̣ sentence, and she Paused to translate the hater porio,
of it : "Et pail soit dit que jui
rindu un homme heurcuxr in ma cie."
"I wouder if that cain be aid of me." murmured the young lady, as she laid duwn the book; and, folding her hainds
behimd ber, sha wa foed upamd down the ruen
"Let's see; here I am twenty year odd, a id yet I cant think I've eve
made one being teally happy in alt mi marle oue being really happy in aly my
life. It makes me feel laid to say it for $I$ dun't belieres I'm any more self ish than other peuple. I'vo given
good deal to heguars, now aud then aud there's that porre famity that liven round the alley: Dida't I chathe up
all the childrea in uice, warm, shilling all the children in aice, warn, shilling
delaines? They lowed just as dirty
it in two weeks though, as if I hadn' wuched them. And that threw c.ll water on all my benevolent projects
It wasnt right to de discuaraged so caily, I s'piose; but now I stould cally like to feel as if 1 'd performe rould require selfatential and exertion
Just then there iwas a knock at the chamber donr, and a domestic put her
head iasiuc. "Here's a fetter as has head inside. "Here's a letter as has Hat cume for ye, Miss Runy! The young lady caught it eogerly and, with a little seream of delight reciguized the hand-writing: It was
that of ter what schoolmate, Julia Gil nan, between whom and Ruwe ha had They had known cich other. he furmer lived with her widowed motier, ia the htule brown cottage in the country, and the ciild affection had was the daughter of the village duetur of course ber suevil p sitinu was then supenge" to R Wena's ; wat this had in
un wise iufuenced her chuice of het fibaid, and when the browa cotage was exchayget for the luxuriuss city
hume, Julia's disinterested neess wo fully repaid.
Evely year, the people who five opposite, saw the sweet face of the dnctor's daughter beaming out of Riowena's chamber windows, and when
the wiud carried their toices across the wind carried their voices across Lreak of music.
 the letter; but the hater part especi: ally atu
ran:-

- Fou remember, darling Rowena, onr old schoolmate, Mattie English. Can you not see her now, whe her
bronze brawn curls, and her eyes bronze brown curls, and her eyes
wearing just the color of chotnuts,

so eily behind the bare hill tops. T
had been one of thos had been one of those November day that lang ther gray, glonmy borderin oit the white skirts of winter, and nov fineial sonig of the yeat. With ap flumeral song of the yeat. With a Io shuddering cry, the mourner came
down from the monntains, and wandcred through the short, dry grass of the meadouss and up thrigh the forests
The rave couds thickened orerbead Vo wonder the face that lookend out a the window grew sad.
I wish I conia doscribe it. with it crearly cut profie, its large, long Taslued, melhow eyes, its fill. dronpiug lips, and the rich earrs that hung ail
ahout it. Ah, me! this a faint sugahout it. Ah. me! the
gessition of its beanty.
The boue, a large, old fishioned, hut very respectahle wooden building hit the whole hat a biare, deserted kind of a look, whith the season alone
" IF will he here to nighte," mur mured Mattie English, stif Ionking of at he clould.: "And I must deciae
my fate." God heip me $!$ I would rath er gn down' into some kitchen, and thil there the veriest drudge, all the ald miser. But my marry mother rich will mitarye. or he dependent on charity, if I do ne: do this: I kunw the ty. if f do ne: do this: 1 kunw the
neighbres (Dr. Gilmant, especially, havo secretly helped :u4 for mumhs, and we haven't mnney in the hivise in huy amether meal. 'Dear, dear. minth-
or! When I think of her failing beaith, her former life of ease and lux ury, I know I nught to s:crifice myself hor her. It woild kill me to see her suffer; and she cannot brave povheallh that I hare. But to thank heathh that I. hare. But to think of How it makes me shudder.
"Our hame should be the in all Meadaw Browk," he said, " and silks and jewels should add new lustre to my beauty.
"And with these I shall be bought and Enld." There was a scornful
working of the pale, proud face, but the next mument is, softened, for an uhber memory had come up to her heart.
"Oh! what will Paut say, when ho returns and hears of it!" And now
she lia: lain her forehead agaiust the window, and the tears are struggling up to the longlaythed ejes. "He nerer told me he hoved me, with his hips, but his eyes have a thoosand times.1 kunw, tno, it was because his uncio
wanted him to marry that Bristm beiresse, that he went on this long jourue Ponir fellow! He did not tike to of fend his rich old uncle by refusing
him : and thpu Paul is panr, and tad him and thry Panl is pune, and had
n) home to offer me. But he meait to, hefire he returned; and then--Oh! huw happy we might hare been!" Gris frame, now for a foiv yequs the future, che saw a litte .white conttage, with green vines over-rapping it, and the grat stme 5nuse of the Grecian - 0 , witis its Gothic front, and as it lonan tathes, seem id hi hefore her.
At that muments, a quick, emphatic
cifluf the otill house-kneker cininf the otid house-knocker roused Mattie, and with an exclamation. ' will wowhe: mamma," she hurried to
the door, careless of her tear-stained
face. a Here's a letter for you," aid the posthoy, as he heldit up, ey ing the wet cheeks curinusly.
It was inaled from Xew $\dot{\text { Oork, }}$ and
and Matie could-nutregugrize tile delica but disguised chiragraphy of the at dress. She hurried back tut the hal darkened silting ramm, and apeued her letter by the light of tive, windo were unly these words on a sheet noto paper
$\therefore$ Use these, and do not marry'Sgui Alhen."
Halt beliering it was all a dream
were five hundred dollars. Slow
sed truth into the boui of Matio En
ish.
Oblif Rowena Strong could any have looked iuta that eld room, heniggt shadows choking up the cor wits, and seen Mattie, Euglish, as fain down that overvhel halming joy, she stiuk downonher, hnees, murmuriug "saved
saved! Father ; H Heapen, how shal thank thee!
Two years had passed. It was in the late May, and one of those day that are the Spring" inspirations. The freih, fragrant wiud came up from hie far of fields, and circulated through he great heart of the city, a:ld the By the open cinden fulds all wer By the penchamber wind ow, of hand ieme brick dwelling, iu one of the were siting, and the wind otien lanie aside the curtains, and showod them to the peoplo opposite or carried tothe peoplo. oppnite, or carried
down to the pa sererby, some sweet, sudden outbreak of girlish la


## an have kiluw Rowe

her face had not loster is; but, though
her face had not lost its bright, piquan expression of womaily fceling and arneestness, which greatly leightened Julia Giliman
体 foll figure an weet face are opposite hir. The muthe Saxon- fextures, the sman the blue eys, and rich. yellows hair altogether, seem like un incariaition young, beautiful girl-trocd.
"Muw, Reeny, darling, itis ton bad," said Julia, in the first pause of the cunversation which had set between them, unintercupted current for the last er, in this dusty traveling dony Iistit treating you with proper res. pect:. I slaall go and qhange it this mumeut.
"ino.
No
" No you won't either," laughed into the chair, aud then eck on its arm, she contised. on its arm, she cominued,
have told you all about $C$. have told you all about C tarlie, and
it setled you are ti be bride's-maid I want to hear a ibout sonebudy eloe's you wrote me you'd a loag st:mer tell, when you came, about Matli Euglish and Paul Stebbins.
Julia's fuce briglitened." "Oa, yes,
remeniluer ; but it's a great secre I rememher; but it's a great secre.
You'll promise, solemnly, never to, iruige it ",
Solemnly, never
Well, you kuow that some tio years. Ago, Matie refused 'Syuire A become very happr, and weut abou the house singing like a May bind, and making preparations for her brother to go down to Marylaid, and pass the nubudy kuew where they ubtained the mopey to d, this; i, but, at all evenes. house was closed up, and Mintia obained a situation as governess if Mr Miles's family fur the winter. Sh studied, too, very hard, all her leisurea;
and in the priug tore and in the spriug there was an speuing
in the Academy for an assistant teict-er.- Matie accepted the situation, and ast June her' misther retuin ined from as papa predicted. They rented the old hopestead, for it was theirs longer, and Mattie's fips were alwayt
as fait of smiles si vere of light.
But the cream of my stry is come. Last winter Raul Stebhin atne Yome-you remember Paul, $\mathbf{R}_{\mathbf{n}}$ vena? He was the haudsomest bo tt the Academy, when you and I weii to the district school. He soon be Hame a daily visiter at Mrs. English's His uncle was terribly aigry when it
came to his cars, alid threateued then cut Paul of with a sthilling. But hi jugrited acphew informed, him he ha obtained a situation at the Sonth, in upply all his and Mattie's wants.
"So the crusty old bachelor had
abdi ec: Paul in his fuyporite; will doubt less make him his heir. Theio will bo reason Mattie could nut accepit your a You know ond 'Squire Allen. maried a Biston beau: $5 . \therefore$ Penplo hey him: Last week Maule pud I rode pat their new, splequaid atune dodat "I laugtied, and wiaitpered, Mattios you anght have becu mistross of all "She answered with a shudder. Ye3, and $t$ should have been, bus
"iWhat do you menown friend
"What do you mean, Matue 1"
"She looked at mo earnesily, and cever breathed it to any, sho said but mamma and Paul; but 1 will trust you, Julia. It was just at sundown expecting Squire Allen that evening (fir it was the nue be had spocifed, whear my docisiou whecher I would "My muther was dying slowly: starvatiou wds ataring, ut in the facer,
and I said, in my dasporation, I will ave my muther ; I will tell him I wilt be his wife.
Wuit then, a lelter carne for me:1 opeued it, and found five hundret.
dollars :with these words,
Use this and do not marry Squire Allen." The That money was my eartely or namurYou know, Julia, all that enabled mad to do. 'And to that unknuwn triond des I owe, it, that I am not this day thos: ono man, hie miser
great mansion
"iOn, how I have prayed for thy giver of tiant gift; howr $L$ have toaged: to gee him or her, and say what I feolic bliss of the present; all the eculacy of hisking I shall be Paul's wife?

## 'And din't Matié?"

- Hardy, Julia, till T leara it ue were,' and her eyes-+.vhy, Reona. "I can't trelp it, Julia," and Ruma. na's head drupped on her friend' $:$ shoulder, wiile teara of exquisite joy rolled down her clieéks.
Julia had a sympatheric litule hoarr, and the sobs came up to her thrua: At lant the door bell rang loudl story: wena sprang up, with bluahes. rolling ohe said; "I always kuow his ring:"

