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Select Poetry.

"AS YE SOW, SO SHALL YE REAP."

BY MRS. F. GAGE.

Seatter we must, and scatter we will, Strewing at broadcast all the day long, Through the valley or through the hill, The seeds of right or seeds of wrong,

Every thought is in embryo; Every word is a planted seed : Look to it well that the seeds ve sow Are for the flower and not the weed.

Folly and vice gaily sown in spring, O! trust me, when harvest days have come. Will nathing to manhood's storehouse bring, To make glad shouts for the harvest home.

Too of en a prec'ous hour is spent In seeming pleasures in von hill time, That makes us a whole life long revent; For the fruit of sowing is sin and crime. Seatter we must, and scatter we will,

Strawing at broadcast where'er we go, In life's valley, or on its hill, Seeds for humanity's weat or woe. Beware! beware! lest the seeds ve sow

Be mixed with malice, and pride, and strife For the wheat and tares together must grow, Till the respers bind in the field of life.

Cull the good seed for the coming hour. That all thy days may be calm and free, Evermore plucking the planted flower, Binding golden sheaves for eternity.

From Arthur's Home Magazine. THE BAIN IN THE AFTERNOON.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

On the many joys of life he gazed still, with the eyes of childhood .- Hyperion.

"Rowena! Rowena!" "Well, uncle Harry !"

The voice, soft and clear, wandered through the long hall, and down the broad staircase, to the gentleman who stood at its foot.

very damp. You mustn't ride out this afternoon. Now mind what I say, child." And a moment after, the swinging back of the street door sent a sullen echo through the building.

"Now, if that isn't too had," ejaculated Rowena Strong, as she pettishly tossed down on the table the new fall hat, which for the last half hour had to the window.

Just look at her a moment, as she coming than otherwise.

with her widowed mother.

tion to the will of the family, and for fully repaid. many years there was but little intercourse between them. When her husband died, and left her in poor health, with scarcely any means for support, Two years went by, and Mrs. Strong break of music. lay on her dying bed; and, when she before, he had lain his young wife under the summer grass; and it was with a softened heart that he hastened to the death bed of his Bister. From

i : truth a father to her.

Rowena had became the idol of the a sad story to tell you of Mattie. rich merchant, and her life flowed up esque, peaceful river.

characteristics of her nature.

the large drops began to patter on the mystery to me.

wear out my beauty of a new hat so meadow dew, and her hair and eyes mured Mattie English, still looking off Strong at once, reader; but, though be his wife. badly! Not a soul will come here of brown-brouze and hazel brown. at the clouds. "And I must decide her face had not lost its bright, piquof it: "Et quil soit dit que jai rendu, their previous lives render necessary. or! When I think of her failing "Now, Reeny, darling, it is too bad," un homme heureux in ma vie."

up and down the room.

life. It makes me feel had to say it. | say, so-" delaines? They looked just as dirty walk. in two weeks though, as if I hadn't ! "How I wish I could help her-

on my part, and---"

engrossed her attention, and walked head inside. "Here's a letter as has dollars might do some good for a litjust come for ye, Miss Runy!"

stands there, with the crimson curtains; and, with a little scream of delight, it for other people"-and Rowena no home to offer me. But he meant throwing a tich artistic glow over the recognized the hand-writing. It was shook her head doubtfully. face she has drawn close to the window that of her old schoolmate, Julia Gil- "I haven't but fifty dollars by me; how happy we might have been!"

doctor's daughter beaming out of Rowena's chamber windows, and when

looked on Rowena, the woman's pride of its flowery device, and read eagerly, another moment." yielded to the mother's heart. She the letter; but the latter part especiwrote to her brother. A few weeks ally attracted her attention, and thus it

ran:--"You remember, darling Rowena, our old schoolmate, Mattie English. Can you not see her now, with her her dying hands he received Rowena, bronze brown curls, and her eyes

He had fulfilled his promise well. break out of the burs? Well, I have had been one of those November days

to its twentieth year, a bright, pictur- was found very much involved, and it the wind was beginning to take up the ners, and seen Mattie English, as faint is known that for several years past, fineral song of the year. With a low Rowena was by no means a novel Mrs. English and her daughter have shuddering cry, the mourner came writer's incurnation of all impossible lived mostly on mortgages of their down from the mountains, and wandsweetness and goodness. She had her home, which you are aware was the ered through the short, dry grass of the I thank thee!" faults; and her petted, luxurious life former's dowery. Last month she meadows, and up through the forests. was not calculated to evolve the noble was taken severely ill; indeed, her The gray clouds thickened overhead. recovery is quite problematical, papa No wonder the face that looked out at the late May, and one of those days you enight have been mistress of all But underneath all the accidental or says. The mortgages on the old place the window grew sad. indigenous faults of her nature, lay a are quite exhausted, and they have

"And now I have a secret to con-"Well, there's no use fretting about fide to you, machere! Mattie's but very respectable wooden building, it," she said, drawing the curtains to; beauty has more than fulfilled the rare stood in some distance from the road, gether with a sigh. "It's going to promise of her childhood, and her face but the whole had a bare, deserted to the people opposite, or carried pour; that's plain enough to be seen, is a picture; a sweet, but rather sad kind of a look, which the season alone down to the passer-by, some sweet, and I must make the best of it. How one, with its clear, Grecian contour, should not have given it. provoking, though, when I wanted to its lips like June rose buds filled with "He will be here to night," mur-

this afternoon, either, and it'll be as . "Well, Squire Allen-you remem my fate." God help me ! I would rath- ant character, it had toned down into dull as State-prison all the afternoon, ber him-has taken a fancy to her !- er go down into some kitchen, and an expression of womanly feeling and I must get hold of something to read, Did you ever hear anything so ab toil there the veriest drudge, all the earnestness, which greatly heightened or I shall certainly die of emual before surd! There are only fifty years dif- days of my life, than marry that rich, its attractions. uncle Harry gets back." And she ference in their ages! Two weeks old miser. But my poor mother; she Julia Gilman's small figure and went to the table and whirled over ago, the gray-haired gentleman pro- will starve, or be dependent on chari- sweet face are opposite her. The the uncut leaves of several magazines posed to Mattie, as he did forty-five ty, if I do not do this. I know the delicate Saxon features, the small that lay thereon. As she listlessly years ago to her grand mother. You neighbors (Dr. Gilman, especially,) mouth, the slightly tinted cheeks, with glanced among the pages, her eyes know he is immensely wealthy, and have secretly helped us for months, the blue eys, and rich, yellow hair, lighted on a French sentence, and she would surround Mrs. English and her and we haven't money in the house to altogether, seem like an incarnation of paused to translate the latter portion daughter with all the luxuries which buy another meal. Dear, dear, moth-young, beautiful girl-bood.

"I wonder if that can be said of me." sake Mattie English will marry old ury, I know I ought to secrifice my- versation which had set between them, murmured the young lady, as she laid 'Squire Allen; but I do know she had self for her. It would kill me to see an uninterrupted current for the last down the book; and, folding her hands rather die than do this. Poor girl! behind her, she walked thoughtfully My heart aches whenever I look into her pale, sad face.

"Let's see; here I am twenty years But, dear me, Rowena, I've gotten old, and yet I can't think I've ever to the bottom of my fourth page, and How it makes me shudder. made one being really happy in all my not commenced telling you all I have to

for I don't believe I'm any more self- But, reader, we charitably infer ish than other people. I've given a you are familiar with the conclusions good deal to beggars, now and then; of school-girl letters. Suffice it, this and there's that poor family that lived one did not lack the usual saccharine round the alley. Didn't I clothe up clements. Rowens read over the last all the children in nice, warm, shilling page twice. Then she resumed her the next moment is softened, for an-

touched them. And that threw cold dear little Mattie English. How water on all my benevolent projects, clearly her sweet child-face seems It wasn't right to de discouraged so looking down on me now; and I can casily, I s'pose; but now I should almost feel my fingers winding through window, and the tears are struggling really like to feel as if I'd performed her rich cutls! To think of her mar- up to the long ashed eyes. "He nevone really good act-something that rying that gray-haired, bent-over, er told me he loved me, with his lips, would require self-denial and exertion wrinkled-face. Squire Allen-giving but his eyes have a thousand times .her sweet youth to his age. It makes, I know, too, it was because his uncle Just then there was a knock at the me shudder. If I could only prevent wanted him to marry that Boston heichamber door, and a domestic put here it in some way-even a few hundred ress, that he went on this long journey. tle while. Uncle Harry would give fend his rich old uncle by refusing The young ludy caught it eagerly, me this for myself, but come to asking him; and then Paul is poor, and had

pane. It is not a handsome face-no man, between whom and Rowena had -stop-yes 1 have! There's that Great sobs were shaking the poor heightening colors—no harmony of always existed a warm intimacy. five hundred, uncle Harry give me to girl's frame, now, for a few years up surroundings can make it this; but it They had known cach other when buy a diamond set. If I should tell the future, she saw a little white cotis piquant and interesting, and, lam the former lived with her widowed him I'd concluded to wear the old tage, with green vines over-rapping half inclined to think, the pout that mother, in the little brown cottage in pearls, and keep the money for another it, and the great stone house of the curves the full red lips is rather be- the country, and the child-affection had er purpose, he'd only pinch my ear, millionaire, with its Gothic front, and strengthened with their years. Julia and say "I was a changeable little Grecian statues, seemed like a prison Rowens Strong is an orphan, and was the daughter of the village doctor, minx," and I could easily inclose the as it loomed up before her. her rich uncle's pet and heiress. Her of course her social position was then bills and send them to Mattie, and memory can look over some half score, superior to Rewena's; but this had in neither she nor any body else would of years, to the time when she lived in no wise influenced her choice of her be the wiser. But I want the dias Mattie, and with an exclamation. 'It A little brown house in the country, friend, and when the brown cottage mond set terribly, to wear to Mrs. will waken mamma," she hurried to as papa predicted. They rented the was exchanged for the luxurious city Chapman's bridal party next week .-Mrs. Strong had married in opposi- home, Julia's disinterestedness was How charming it would look with the blue brocade uncle Harry promised Every year, the people who lived me! But then there's poor Mattle opposite, saw the sweet face of the English. How could I be so selfish as to think of diamond's, when her life's happiness is at stake ? And the widow was too proud to appeal to the wind carried their voices across here, too, is the opportunity I was her relatives for the aid she needed, the street, it seemed like a sudden out- longing for, of doing good, before Julia's letter came. God has sent it her letter by the light of the window. came a daily visiter at Mrs. English's. drink in the rain drops I So do Rowens broke the seal, unmindful me, I know He has, and I'll not wait Several bills fell at her feet. There His uncle was terribly angry when it

Rowena Strong turned hastily to her writing desk; and there was a light in her blue eyes, and a brightness rising over her whole face which no diamond's could have given it.

and the second of the second o She stood at the window, looking slowly rose the conviction of the bles-

when, in frosty autumn nights they so early behind the bare hill tops. It lish. that hang their gray, gloomy bordering have looked into that eld room, with "After her father died, the property on the white skirts of winter, and now the night shadows choking up the cor-

warm, true heart, and a substratum of now no means of subsistence. I be clearly cut profile, its large, long the far off fields, and circulated through good common sense. Roweng stood lieve it would kill poor Mrs. English lashed, mellow eyes, its full, drooping the great heart of the city, and the a few moments, dubiously searching out-right to leave her old home, though lips, and the rich carls that hung all the clouds with her blue eyes, and then how they can long stay there, is a about it. Ah. me! this a faint suggesstion of its beauty.

The house, a large, old fashioned,

that old man's being my husband !-

"Our home should be the proudest |silks and jewels should add new lustre | into the chair, and then seating horself to my beauty.

"And with these I shall be bought and sold." There was a scornful working of the pale, proud face, but other memory had come up to her heart.

"Oh! what will Paul say, when returns and hears of it!" And now she has lain her forehead against the Poor fellow! He did not like to ofto, before he returned, and then -- Oh!

At that moment, a quick, emphatic call of the old house-knocker roused the door, careless of her tear-stained old homestead, for it was theirs no face.

"Here's a letter for you, ma'am," said the postboy, as he held it up, eyeing the wet cheeks curiously. Do the

Mattie could not recognize the delicate, came home-you remember Paul, Robut disguised chirography of the ad- wena! He was the handsomest boy dress. She hurried back to the half- at the Academy, when you and I went darkened sitting room, and opened to the district school. He soon bewere only these words on a sheet of came to his ears, and threatened to ed by tears. note paper:

"Use these, and do not marry 'Squire Allen."

Half believing it was all a dream, she gathered up the bills. There were five hundred dollars. Slowly, and pledged himself to be in deed and wearing just the color of chestnuts, out sadly on the sun, that was going sed truth; into the soul of Mattie Eng-

Oh! if Rowena Strong could amy with that overwhelming joy, she sauk

down on her knees, murmuring "Saved!

saved! Father in Heaven, how shall

TYPEANA TO THEELST A

Two years had passed. It was in that are the Spring's inspirations. that magnificence ! I wish I could describe it. with its The fresh, fragrant wind came un from

sunshine lay in golden folds all over it.

By the open chamber window of a handsome brick dwelling, in one of the pleasantest streets, two young ladies were sitting, and the wind often drew aside the curtains, and showed them sudden outbreak of girlish laughter.

You would have know Rowena

"I don't know but for her mother's heaith, her former life of ease and lux- said Julia, in the first pause of the conher suffer; and she cannot brave pov- two hours, "I must not stay here any erty with the strong heart and young longer, in this dusty traveling dress. health that I have. But to think of It isn't treating you with proper resmoment."

> "No you won't either," laughed in all Meadaw Brook," he said, " and Rowena, as she pushed back her friend on its arm, she continued, "Now, I. have told you all about Charlie, and it is settled you are to be bride's-maid. I want to hear about somebody else's matrimonial affairs. You remember, English and Paul Stebbins.

Julia's face brightened. "Oh, yes, I remember; but it's a great secret, You'll promise, solemnly, never to, divulge it ?"

"Solemnly, never." "Well, you know that some two

years ago, Mattie refused 'Squire Allen. All of a sudden she seemed to become very happy, and went about the house singing like a May bird, and cried Julia, and with a little shriek of making preparations for her brother the bare contemplation of so terrible to go down to Maryland, and pass the an occurrence, she bounded toward winter. Everybody wondered, but her trunks in the next room. nobody knew where they obtained the money to do this; but, at all events, Mrs. English went South, the old house was closed up, and Mattie obtained a situation as governess in Mrs. Miles's family for the winter. She studied, too, very hard, all her lessure; and in the spring there was an opening in the Academy for an assistant teacher. Mattie accepted the situation, and last June her mother returned from the South with greatly improved health,

longer, and Mattie's lips were always as full of smiles as her brown eyes were of light.

But the cream of my story is to It was mailed from New York, and come. Last winter Paul Stebbins cut Paul off with a shilling. But his spirited nephew informed him he had some mercantile business, which would best in the village." supply all his and Mattie's wants.

"So the crusty old bachelor had to swallow his chagrin as best he might, good, pulls down with one, hand with and as Paul in his favorite, will doubt. he builds up with the other,

less make him his heir. They will be married next month, and this was the reason Mattie could not accept your invitation to attend your wedding.

"You know old 'Squire Allen has mairied a Boston beauty. . People say it's the one Paul's uncle designed for him., Last week Mattie and I rode past their new, splendid stone dwell-

"I laughed, and whispered, 'Mattie,

"She answered with a shudder, Yes, and I should have been, but for one nameless, unknown friend.

"'What do you mean, Mattie 1'.

"She looked at me earnestly, and her eyes filled with tears. 'I have never breathed it to any, she said, but mamma and Paul; but I will trust you, Julia. It was just at sundown, (how well I remember it!) and I was expecting 'Squire Allen that evening. (for it was the one he had specified, to hear my decision whether I would.

"'My mother was dying slowly : starvation was staring us in the face, and I said, in my desporation, I wilk: save my mother; I will tell him I will. be his wife.

"Just then, a letter came for me-I opened it, and found five hundreL dollars with these words, " Use this... and do not marry Squire Allen." Thou letter bore no other date or name. That money was my earthly salvation. You know, Julia, all that enabled music to do. And to that unknown friend dos; I owe, it, that I am not this day thans wretched wife of that gray-haired; oldie man, the miserable mistress of youdors great mansion 1.

"On, how I have prayed for the giver of that gift; how I have longed pect. I shall go and change it this to see him or her, and say what I feel, a and know to whom I owe and all their bliss of the present, all the ecstacy of thinking I shall be Paul's wife?

> "'And don't you expect ever to know? this Mattie?"

" Hardly, Julia, till I learn it us there,' and her eyes -- thy, Reena. you are crying" "I can't help it, Julia," and Rowa-

you wrote me you'd a long story to na's head dropped on her friend's tell, when you came, about Mattie shoulder, while tears of exquisite juy " rolled down her cheeks

Julia had a sympathetic little hear, and the sobs came up to her throat so fast she could not finish her story. At last the door bell rang loudly. R :wena sprang up, with blushes rolling over her cheeks. "That is Charlie." she said; "I always know his ring."

"And here's my traveling dress! I can't be presented to him in this."

Constant occupation prevents tema-

How to do much. Locke says the way is, to do one thing at a time.

He shall become immortal who liveeth to be stoned by one without faut.,

Levity in manner, leads to laxity i a principle.

A great man will neither trampian on a worm, not cringe before a king

God hears the heart without the words, but he never hears the words without the heart.

Excess of ceremony, shows want up breeding; that civility is the best which excludes all superfluous formality. To the last of the file of the

Do not the flowers grow when they virtues flourish when they are water-

"If a Christian is a shoe-black," says obtained a situation at the South, in John Newton, "he ought to be the

He that does good without being