

The Huntingdon Journal.

J. R. DURBORROW, - - - J. A. NASH.

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Original Poetry.

The Works of Barree.

Attention, ye sons of privation and toil,

Behold the old peasant's slow lengthening toil;

Will fill all your hearts with bright sunshine to

The cloud flows away from the Works of Barree.

The Blue Junia flows gaily along,

More brisk in her motion more sweet in her song;

It brings her waters and ripples her glees,

To turn the old wheel at the Works of Barree.

How happy the smile that lights up every eye,

A new light has broken athwart the old day;

The ring of the mill on the sycamore tree,

Sings carols of joy over the Works of Barree.

The ring of the mill again wakes the vale,

And tells to the lister the best-clearing tale;

That industry's powers again are not dead,

And hope design to smile on the Works of Barree.

The boom of the Forge will again soon be heard,

And each happy hearth by its music be stirred;

Let freedom's salute to the land of the free,

Be its sound to the people who dwell at Barree.

Success to the man who has money and nerve,

Who works and who owns property see;

And fortune continue to favor Barree.

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The Story-Teller.

LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

BY FRANCIS A. DURBORROW.

"Tell me, Charley, who is that fascinating creature in blue that waltzes so divinely?"

"That's Julia Heathcote, the girl who is playing wallflower for the moment at a military ball."

"Julia Heathcote," answered Charley with a half-sigh, "an old flame of mine."

"I proposed, but she refused me."

"Simply because I had a comfortable income. Her head is full of romantic notions, and she dreams of nothing but love in a cottage. She contends that poverty is essential to happiness—and money is a bane."

"Have you given up all hopes of her?"

"Entirely; in fact, I'm engaged."

"Then you have no objections to me addressing this dear romantic angel?"

"None whatever. But I see my fiancée—excuse me—I must walk through the next quadrille with her."

Frank Belmont was a stranger in Boston.

"New York—immensely rich and fashionable, but his reputation had not preceded him, and Charlie Hastings was the only man who knew him in New England. He procured an introduction to the beauty from one of the managers, and soon danced and talked himself into her good graces. In fact, it was a clear case of love at first sight on both sides.

The enamored pair were sitting apart, enjoying a most delightful *de-à-dé*. Suddenly he heard a deep sigh.

"Why do you sigh, Mr. Belmont?"

"I asked the fair Julia somewhat pleased with this proof of sensibility. 'Is not this a gay scene?'"

"Alas! yes," replied Belmont gloomily; "but fate does not permit me to mingle habitually in scenes like this. They only make my ordinary life doubly gloomy, and even here I seem to see the shadow of a fond wailing away. What right have I to be here?"

"What fiend do you allude to?" asked Miss Heathcote, with increasing interest.

"A fiend hardly presentable in good society," replied Belmont, bitterly. "One could tolerate a Mephistopheles—a dignified fiend, with his pockets full of money—but my tormentor if personified, would appear in seedy boots and a shocking bad hat."

"How absurd!"

"It is too true," sighed Belmont and the name of this fiend is Poverty!"

"Are you poor?"

"Yes, madame. I am poor, and when I would find render myself agreeable in the eyes of beauty—in the eyes of one I love—I must have half a million."

"Beware! you have nothing to offer her, but love in a cottage."

"Mr. Belmont," said Julia, with sparkling eyes, and a voice of unusual admiration, "although there are sordid souls in the world, who only judge of the merits of an individual by his pecuniary possessions, I am not one of that number. I respect money, but there is something highly poetical about it, and I imagine that happiness is often found in the humble cottage than beneath the palace roof."

Belmont appeared enchanted with this encouraging avowal. The next day, after cautioning his friend Charlie to say nothing of his actual circumstances, he called on the widow Heathcote and her fair daughter in the character of the "young gentleman." The widow had very different notions from her romantic offspring, and when Belmont candidly confessed his poverty on soliciting permission to address Julia, he was very politely requested to change the subject, and never mention it again.

The result of all this maneuvering was an eloquent, the belle of the ball jumped into a chamber window on a shed, and coming down a flight of steps to reach her lover, for the sake of being romantic, when she might just as well have walked out of the front door.

The happy couple passed a day in New York city, and then Frank took his bride to a fish hawkery in the environs of New York, where they delighted, and Frank escorted the bride into the apartment which served for parlor, kitchen and drawing room, which was neither papered or carpeted, introduced her to his mother, much in the way Claude Melanotte presents Pauline. The old woman, who was peeling potatoes, hastily wiped her hands and face with a greasy apron, and saluted her "darling," as she called her on both cheeks.

"Can it be possible," thought Julia, "that this vulgar creature is my Belmont's mother?"

"Frank!" screamed the old woman, "you'd better get right up stairs and take off the clothes—for the boy's been arrested for the clothes, and he's in the penitentiary."

"Now," said she, sitting quietly down by the cooking stove, "I begin to feel at home. Ah! this is delightful, isn't it, dearest?" and she warbled—

"Though ever so humble, there's no place like home."

Julia's heart swelled so that she could not utter a word.

"Dearest," said Frank, "I think you

to wish, however, that I could say that the effort was made in any good spirit. It was not. The law was originally the work of temperance republicans.

"O, a cigar!" replied Belmont, "that would never do for a poor man."

"And O, horror! he produced an old clay pipe, and filling it with a little newspaper parcel of tobacco, began to smoke with a keen relish.

"Dinner! dinner!" he exclaimed at length; "ah! thank you, mother; I'm as hungry as a bear. Goldfish and potatoes, Julia—no very tempting fare—but what of that? our aim is love."

"Yes, and by the way of treat, added the old woman, "I've been and gone and bought a whole pint of Albany and three cream cakes, from the candy shop in the next block."

Poor Julia pleaded indisposition and could not eat a mouthful. Before Belmont however, the coffee and potatoes and the ale, and cream cakes disappeared with a very romantic and unlover-like velocity. At the close of the meal, a thundering double knock was heard at the door.

"Come in!" cried Belmont.

"A low-browed man, in a green waistcoat entered.

"Now, Mister Belmont," he exclaimed in a strong Hibernian accent, "are you ready to go to work? By the powers! if I don't see you yailed to-morrow on the shop-board, I'll discharge you without a character—and ye shall starve on the top of that."

"To-morrow morning, Mr. Maloney," replied Belmont eagerly, "I'll be at my post."

"And it'll be mighty healthy for ye to do that same," replied the man as he retired.

"Julia Heathcote," answered Charley with a half-sigh, "an old flame of mine."

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