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MANUACTURED BY SAVE MONEY THESE HAED TIMES! DRAINAGE AND WATER PIPE. 

GENERAL ADVERTISER. SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 1, 1858. Poetry. CONE AWAY. I see the farm bouse, red and old, Above the roof its maples sway; The hills behind are bleak and cold. The wind comes up and dies away. I gaze into each empty room,
And as I gaze a gnawing pair.
Is at my bears, at thought of those
Who near will pass the doors again. And strolling down the orchard alope.
(So wide a likeness grief will crave.)
Each dead leaf seems a wither'd hope,
Each mossy hillock looks a grave. They will not hear me if I call; They will not see these tears that start; Tis autumn—autumn with it all— And werse than autumn in my heart. O leaves, so dry, and dead, and sere!
I can recall some happler hours,
When summer's glory linger'd here
And summer's beauty touch'd the flowers. Adown the slope a slender shape Danced lightly, with her flying curls, And manhoods deeper tones were blent With the gay laugh of happy girls. O, stolen meetings at the gate!
O, lingerings in the open door!
O, mounlight rambles long and late!
My heart can scarce believe them o'er. And yet the silence strange and still,
The air of saduess and decay,
The mose that grows upon the sill—
Yes, love and hope here gone away! So like, so like a worn-out heart,
Which the last tenant finds too cold,
And leaves for evermore, as they
Have left this homestead, red and old. Poor empty housel poor lonely heart!
Twers well it bravely, side by side,
You walted, till the hand of time
Each ruln's mossy wreath supplied. I lean upon the gate, and sigh; Some bitter team will force their way, And then I bid the place good-bye For many a long and weary day. I cross the little ice bound brook;
(In summer 'tis a noisy stream)
Turn round, to take a last fond look,
And all has faded like a dream!

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