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## POETICAL

## AUTUMN. BY CHARLES CHALLEN.

The flowers have died, save here and there ar

seen A transient bloom, but without sweetness born iere lingers yet the pride of summer-green, Beside the streams, now of their lillies shorn

sweep,
Scatter the yellow leaves upon the ground;
And lichens slowly on the rocks still creep,
Though perished from the beechen-tree and
mound.

"Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt. Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown— Who blushed with delight when you gave her a

Who blushed with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old church-yard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner secluded and lone,
They have fitted a slab of granite so gray,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone.'
Thour and such a slab of the stone of the same of the sweet alice lies under the stone.
They have flow of the same of the sweet waters of the past over the plains and down the filled of the same of

winter wind sang and whisted without, and though some few childish hearts tried to find words for its mournful notes, they were too young and happy to know that it carried desos lation and heart-ache in lis wail; yet did they learn it in after days.

Then there came a few light, round snow balls, so tiny that it must have been the sport of the storm sprites in the eldrich revels,—changing by and by to feathery flakes, that danced about ever so gaily. How the childrens eyes grew bright as they looked at one another, and thought of the merry ride down the hill, and the snow balling that would make the play-ground ring again! The last lessons were said, books and slates put aside, and in the place of the silence, reigned gay, glad voices. Kate Ashley shook back her jetty ringlets, and laughed through her sparkling eyes, as she gave Jamie Marvin that bit of curl he had teased for so long, because she knew Jamie had the prettiest sled in the whole school. Ah, a bit of a coquate was that same gleeful, romping Kate; and there was Sophin Dale, looking as demure as a kitten walking from a pan of new milk, and as playful as a kitten too, was she, in spite of her quiet looks; and the stately extended to take them home, she was she, with her winsome, this man howable was she, with her winsome, she is spite of her quiet looks; and the stately extended to take them home, should be say the service of the stream of the state of the stream of the stre

# MISCELLANEOUS.

speaker.

"You wern't never in Cincinnatty, I guess?"
"No I never was," replied the old gent.
"Never was! "Well, I cal'clated not. Nover been in a pork house.

"No;" said the old gent, "Is this anything like a pork house?"
"Pork house?" says Yankee. "Well, reckon not—don't begin—taint nothin! like—not a speck in a puddle to a pork house—a Cincinnaty pork house!"

in Cincinnaty than would bust this buildinclean open,"
"You don't tell me so?"
"By gray, I due though. You haint neve
bin in Cincinnaty?"
"Never."
"Never,"
"Never in a pork house?"
"Never,"
"Wet,"
"Oh, yes! got a daughter living out there,
was the answer.

houses."

"Yea.a.s; I went aout West last fall, stopped at Cincinnaly—ten weeks. Dreadful nice place, by gravy, they do business there; beats salvation hand they go it on steamboats—bust ten a day, build six!"
"Is it possible?" says the old gent. "But the logs."

ago above mentioned opened in shahalang above mentioned of the arrives, we arrive, you arrive, they arrive!

The Englishman whose remark seemed to have suggested this mysterious speech, stepped up to the stranger and asked!

Did you speak to me, sir?!

I speak, 'replied the stranger, 'thou speak' est, he speaks, we speak you speak, they speak'.

'How is this?' said the Englishman. Do you mean to insult me?

See an if they would aim call her back in 16g.

See a rest with the filler, and her took to their servery. The control of the

dred fail.

But an industrious, thrifty farmer, seldom fails to secure fo himself and family the comforts of life. The skilful and practical mechanic, loo, is generally sure of a remuneration for his labor, and, with common prudence, he can provide a competence for the future.

be rewarded.—From the German.

Don't de in a Hurry.—It's of no use. We never knew a fellow who was always in a hurry, that wasn't always behindhand. They are proverbial all over the world for bringing nothing at all to pass. Hurry skurry, bluster, splatfor—what does it all amount to? Not a straw. If you want to accomplish anything as it should be done, you must go about it cooly, moderately, faithfully, heartily, Hurrying, fretting, fumbling, splattering, do no good—not in the least., Are great works of great men done in a hurry. Not at all. They are the produce of time and patience—the result of slow, solid developement. Nothing ought to be done in a hurry, it is contrary to nature, right, just a hurry, it is contrary to nature, right, just