

The Old Mill.

(From the Knickerbocker Magazine.)

Don't you remember, Lilly Dear,
The mill by the old hill side,
Where we used to go in the summer time,
And watch the foamy tide;
And to the leaves of the fragrant beech,
On its breast so smooth and bright,
Where they floated away like emeralds,
In a flood of golden light?

And the miller, love, with his slouchy cap,
And eyes of mildest gray,
Plodding about his dusty work,
Singing the live long day!
And the coat that hung on the rusty nail,
With many a motley patch,
And the rude old door, with its broken sill,
And the string, and the wooden latch!

And the water wheel with its giant arms,
Dashing the beaded spray,
And the weeds it pulled from the sand below,
And tossed in scorn away,
And the sleepers, Lilly, with moss o'ergrown
Like sentinels stood in pride,
Breaking the waves, where the chinks of time,
Were made in the old mill's side?

Lilly the mill is torn away,
And the factory dark and high,
Looms like a tower and puffs its smoke,
Over the clear blue sky;
And the stream is turned away above,
And the bed of the river bare,
And the beech is withered, bough and trunk,
And stands like a spectre there.

And the miller, Lilly, is dead and gone,
He sleeps in the vale below;
I saw his stone in winter time,
Under a drift of snow:
But now the willow is green again,
And the wind is soft and still:
I send you a sprig to remind you, love,
Of him and the dear old mill.

The Avaricious Man.

Avarice, the most hateful and wolfish of all the hard dispositions of selfishness, has its own peculiar caprices and crochets. Indeed, the ingenuities of its meanness defy all the calculations of reason, and fairly touch the miraculous in subtlety. Thus, Foote, in one of his farces, in attempting to express the microscopic nigardliness of a master of his acquaintance, said that he verily believed that the fellow would take the beam out of his own eye, if he thought he could sell it for timber! Doubtless, the source of the misanthropic miser's intense covetousness and parsimony is the fear that torments him that, however well things go now, he may, at some time or another, become a beggar;—"that was the horror of poverty," according to Charles Lamb, by which a man, not content with keeping want from the door at arm's length, places it, by piling wealth upon wealth, at a sublime distance. Well, after saving and scraping, scraping and stealing, freezing and starving, Curmudgeon, the skeleton, comes face to face with Death, and with fleshless form and an ironic grin, he huddles him away, and he is remembered only by those he has cheated. But, here is his peculiarity—this perverse sharpness does not desert him, even in his last hours. Scrouge, for instance, is reported to be dying. It is said that in his will he has left something to a charitable society, and the Secretary thereof, being a clergyman, happens to step in to console him, and to see how things are going on. "You

think," says Scrouge, divining his purpose, and a malicious sparkle twinkles in his closing eye, "You think," says Scrouge, "that I shan't stand it a great while? The doctor says so I know; but I shall; yet if you will take that bequest now, at a discount of ten per cent., I will pay it!" "Done," says the Secretary; "done," says Scrouge, and dies;—dies, consistent and triumphant, with a discount on his lips instead of a prayer!

Intemperance.

(From the National Temperance Organ.)

There is for me no joy on earth,
Intemperance reels my brain,
I curse the hour that gave me birth,
And quaff the cup again.

The bird proudly o'er my head,
It warbles in the tree,
I hear the struts, but joy has fled,
For lo! I am not free.

I watch the silent, murmuring stream,
The freedom in the wave,
The sun fits o'er its sportive beams,
I turn and sigh—a slave.

Then when the billow dashes by,
I wish I'd signed before,
For freedom, oh! that joyous cry
Re-echoes to the shore.

Oh! what has all my anguish made?
This cloak—why must I wear?
This sickning bloom—say will it fade,
Intemperance stamped there.

The poor man gave one bitter groan,
Then knelt before the shrine;
Intemperance caught the wretched moan,
And gave his sparkling wine.

But, oh! there's One that rules above,
That heart, methinks, he knows;
And he will gaze with pitying love
Upon the drunkard's woes.

Now, friends of Goshen, come and sign,
Enlarge this glorious band,
The tempter with his charms resign,
Oh! drive him from our land.

Ye joyful notes, swell on the breeze,
While temperance hovers o'er
And fill the air with strains like these,
Our loved ones, drink no more.

Intemperance go, and ne'er again
Thou'lt mar our peaceful home;
Extend thy dire, tyrannic reign
In realms to us unknown.

Intemperance go, while anthems sweet
Shall quell each rising sigh,
And lo! we'll sing, while loved ones meet,
Thy funeral dirge—good bye,

Goshen.

E HOLMES.

Hobby Mongers.

But the hobby monger is a particular bore. This eccentricity has nothing pleasant about it; try it, and you will find it to be a dismal joke. Self-convinced of the value of his idea, self-cheated of its practicability, he is determined to make you help him convert his great thought into a great fact. Why, it is a new mode of levying "black mail," because the easiest way to escape from the teasing persecution of his tongue is to give him your purse. His success, however, generates a whole brood of blockheads, who instantly instil hobbyism in institutions, and flood the