

## DEPARTING OLD YEAR—1873.

Farewell, old year, thou'rt gliding away ;  
There are some now lying beneath the clay,  
Will cause us to mind thee while our life lasts ;  
Thou hast swept them away with thy chilly blasts.

Throughout thee hours of sorrow we've traced,  
Thy beauties have somewhat been defaced ;  
But, we are thankful as you are drifting away,  
We are left to welcome the New Year's Day.

Then farewell, old year, your die is cast,  
You are counted now among the past ;  
Farewell again, we say to thee,  
We'll remember 1873 !

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## ANONYMOUS PIECES.

Could I a privileged person be,  
Could go where mind directed,  
Without being asked for pedigree,  
Or ever being suspected,—  
I'd go where honor reigns supreme,  
Suspicious people never seen,  
Where neighbors mingle and agree,  
And judge not harsh of what they see.