

CHOICE POETRY.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine.
THE OLD MILL.

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

Lily, dear!
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?

Lily, dear!
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, Lily, with moss o'ergrown,
Like sentinels stood in pride,
Braving the waves, where the chinks of time
Were made in the old mill's side.

Lily, dear!
Lily, the mill is torn away,
And a 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 beach is withered, bough and trunk,
And stands like a spectre there—

Lily, dear!
And the miller, Lily, 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 see you a sprig to remind you, love,
Of him and the dear old mill,

Lily, dear!

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Almond Blossom.

"Dear mamma," said a little girl to her mother, as they were walking together in the garden, "why do you have so few of these double almonds in the garden? You have hardly a bed where there is not a tuft of violets, and they are so much plainer. What can be the reason?"

"My dear child," said the mother, "gather me a bunch of each. Then I will tell you why I prefer the humble violet."

The little girl ran off, and soon returned with a fine bunch of the beautiful almond, and a few violets.

"Smell them, my love," said her mother, "and try which is the sweetest."

The child smelled again and again, and could scarcely believe herself that the lovely almond had no scent, while the plain violet had a delightful odor.

"Well, my child," asked the mother, "which is the sweetest?"

"O dear mother, it is the modest little violet."

"Well, you know now, my child, why I prefer the plain violet to the beautiful almond. Beauty, without fragrance, is, in my opinion, something like beauty without gentleness and good temper in little girls. When any of those who speak without reflection, may say to you, 'What charming blue eyes! what beautiful curls! what a fine complexion!' without knowing whether you have any good qualities, and without thinking of your defects and failings, which every body is born with, remember then, my little girl, the almond blossom; and remember also, when your affectionate mother may not be there to tell you, that beauty without gentleness and good temper is worthless."

How to be Rich.

Getting rich is usually thought to be a hard, up-hill task—especially in these times. A modern philosopher, however, has shown that nothing is easier, provided one will only take the right steps. It is only to trust nobody—to befriend none—to get everything, and save all we get—to stint ourselves and everybody belonging to us—to be the friend of no man, and have no man for our friend—to heap interest upon interest, cent upon cent—to be mean, miserable, and despised, for twenty or thirty years, and riches will come, as sure as disease and disappointment. And when pretty nearly enough wealth is collected by a disregard of all the charities of the human heart, and at the expense of every enjoyment save that of wallowing in filthy meanness, death comes to finish the work; the body is buried in a hole, the heirs dance over it, and the spirit goes—where? Echo answers—where!

EDUCATION—the twilight that ushers in the rising sun of liberty.

MYSTERIES OF MESMERISM.

A Scene at a Social Party.

A merry party was assembled in the parlor of a good friend of ours, not long since, and a merry time had the guests, if we may judge from the continual excitement which was kept up by the principal spirits of the occasion. Many a good joke was perpetrated, and many a bad one was enjoyed at the expense of some one present.

Among the fairer portion of the guests was one Miss Sarah H., who is beloved and admired by all for her accomplishments and natural kindness of heart, while she is dreaded for her keen satire, and her aptness at the execution of cruel and practical jokes.

Miss H.—had reigned supreme during the evening, and nearly every guest present had suffered from her wit. Among those whom she had treated in the most cruel manner, was Charley E., who was not bad at such innocent amusements himself, and who resolved to pay Miss Sarah in her own coin.

The conversation turned upon mesmerism. Charley said he had put to sleep any quantity of pretty young ladies and strong-minded gentlemen, in his day, and facetiously remarked, that he flattered himself on being as good at it as Parson F.

"With a pair of plates," said Charley, "I can accomplish as much in the putting-to-sleep line, as the Parson can with one of his duldest sermons."

"Nonsense!" cried Miss H.—

"Nonsense!" echoed Charley, assuming a sudden earnestness; "perhaps you think I can't put you to sleep?"

"Perhaps I do!" laughed Miss H.

"I think I could convince you in a few minutes."

"That you could put me to sleep?"

"Yes," exclaimed Charley with admirable enthusiasm. "And if you will let me try, I pledge myself to accomplish the task, or to furnish the oysters for the company."

"The oysters?" cried Miss H.—

"And you will give me a fair trial?"

"Yes."

"Agreed, then."

And Charley, to the delight of the whole company, who were fond of fun and oysters, commenced making preparations for the apparently hard task of putting the bright eyes of the wide awake Miss H.—in a mesmeric sleep.

Charley said that he operated with plates. He also remarked that some plates were better than others, and that he must go with Mrs. S.—the lady of the house, to her pantry, to choose such specimens of crockery as would best suit his purpose.

Charley was occupied some time in making his selection of plates, and the company, whose appetite for fun and oysters was becoming more acute, began to grow impatient.

At length, however, Charley re-appeared, with a very sober face, and said in a serious tone—

"I couldn't find any plates to suit me exactly, but I mean to have a trial at any rate. The best I could find were some dirty ones, piled away in a corner, which Mrs. S.—is washing for the purpose. While she is producing them, we may as well make choice of a good position, Miss H.—"

"Sir!" said Miss H.—, pertly.

"You can hold your countenance, I believe?"

"I rather think I can."

"Well you must, or I cannot put you to sleep. If you laugh, the charm is broken. The company may laugh at the oddity of my motions, and I presume they will, but you must not, for if you do, I shall be under no obligations to produce the oysters."

Miss H.—, thinking the whole trick consisted in this, and supposing Charley felt sure of making her laugh by the ludicrousness of the scene, readily entered into the arrangement.

Charley then placed two chairs facing each other, directly in the centre of the room, took his seat in one of them, and requested Miss H.—to occupy the other.

"According to my improved method of mesmerising," said Charley, with imperturbable gravity, "you will be required to look me intently in the eye, and to imitate my motions invariably."

"Yes, sir," said Miss H.—

Charley then took hold of her wrists, and looked her in the eye, while the ladies and gentlemen gathered about them eager for the fun.

"The plates!" exclaimed Charley, and Mrs. S.—came forward with a pair of the required articles. Charley took one and held it on his hands in his lap. Miss H.—made a similar use of the other, still looking Charley in the eye.

After a pause, Charley withdrew his right hand from beneath the plate, and with a slow mystical motion, passed his fingers across his face.

Miss H.—gravely imitated the motion. As she drew her delicate fingers from her brow to her chin, a yell of laughter burst from the spectators.—Without smiling, Charley replaced his right hand under the plate, and rubbed the left over his face. Miss H.—, as gravely followed his example, and another burst of laughter followed. Charley then turned the plate around in his hands, and with his fingers made passes across his brow, crosses on his chin, a long line down the middle of his nose, circles about his eyes, and all sorts of grotesque figures on his cheeks, changing his hands occasionally, as if to invest the ceremony with additional mystery. Miss H.—imitated him with scrupulous exactitude and imperturbable gravity, while the mirth of the spectators became more and more excited, and it seemed that some of them would die with laughter. Some rolled upon the sofas, some hung powerless over the chairs, almost dead with mirth, and others fell upon the floor and held their sides.

Charley continued to make the mysterious passes across his face, and Miss H.—to imitate his movements, until the mirth rose to such a pitch that the poor girl began to suspect that it was occasioned by something besides the mere oddity of Charley's motions. She grew uneasy. She feared some trick played upon herself. The mirth increased. She could endure it no longer.—She resolved to forfeit the oysters. Amid roars of laughter from the spectators, she cried out—

"There! I've withstood this long enough. Now I'm going to know what there is to laugh at!"

"Look in the glass! Look in the glass!" cried the mirth-suffocated spectators.

Miss H.—was before the mirror in a moment. A cry of despair and shame burst from her lips. Her face! her pretty, bewitching face! it was covered with black streaks of every imaginative character. Over her nose, around her eyes, across her forehead, up and down, diagonally and crosswise, on every portion of her face, were the marks of her own fingers, just as she had touched them on her delicate skin. The bottom of her plate had been smoked.

While Miss H.—, covering her face with her handkerchief, retreated to another room, and while the company was near giving up the ghost in a perfect ecstasy of laughter, Charley said without a smile—

"I won this time, but I think I can afford the oysters at any rate."

The oysters were brought in at Charley's expense. Charley said he could not think of tasting his until Miss H.—re-appeared, and sent a committee of the girls to bring her in. These reported that the fair victim had not yet succeeded in getting the paint off her face, upon which Charley bade them return, and bring her in at any rate.

In a few minutes the committee once more returned, accompanied by Miss H.—The smoke still showed itself upon her face in spots, and her eyes glistened with tears; but she advanced with admirable frankness and a cheerful smile, and taking Charley by the hand, acknowledged the fairness of the joke, and complimented his ingenuity and skill.

The merry company then sat down to the oysters, which none enjoyed with a keener relish than she who had contributed so much to the amusement of the guests that night.

How Italian Ladies Dress.

The ladies of Milan dress themselves with much propriety. Their chief aim appears to be to emulate each other in simplicity. The gay colors so common to Southern Italy are seldom worn by them. They are accustomed to brush their hair completely from the forehead and temples. This practice causes them to appear as neat as Quakeresses. Capes of lace are worn fitted neatly to the bust, with a narrow neck-collar, hid by a plain pink or azure colored ribbon. During the revolution, it was the tricolor. The hats are of the cottage form, rather small, and cut in a very modest style.—The favorite flowers among the ladies are the camelia and the dahlia. Their hats have generally upon the left side a large full blown camelia or dahlia, without any other accessory. The bouquets for ladies are principally formed of these flowers, and the garlands and floral offerings cast upon the stage to popular actresses, are of the same composition.—Speaking about hair, it may not be amiss to say that the ladies of Sorrento, the birth-place of Tasso, braid their tresses, and then arrange them in the form of a wreath, such as artists are wont to place upon the brow of their favorite bard.

The western papers state that the Mississippi river has raised one foot.—When it raises the "other foot," it will probably "run."

The Head and the Heart.

Here is a beautiful thing from the pen of Mrs. Cornwall Barry Wilson:—

"Please, my lady, buy a nosegay, or bestow a trifle," was the address of a pale, emaciated woman, holding a few withered flowers in her hand, to a lady who sat on the bench at Brighton watching the blue waves of the receding tide. "I have no pence, my good woman," said the lady, looking up from the novel she was perusing with a listless gaze; "if I had, I would give them to you."

"I am a poor widow, with three helpless children depending upon me; would you bestow a small trifle to help us on our way?"

"I have no half-pence, reiterated the lady somewhat pettishly. 'Really,' she added as the poor applicant turned meekly away, 'this is worse than the streets of London: they should have a policy on the shoe to prevent annoyance.'

They were the thoughtless dictates of the head.

"Mamma," said a blue-eyed boy, who was playing on the beach at the lady's feet, flinging pebbles into the sea, "I wish you had a penny, for the poor woman does look hungry, and you know that we are going to have a nice dinner and you have promised me a glass of wine."

The heart of the lady answered the appeal of the child; and with a blush of shame crimsoning her cheek at the tacit reproach of her artless words conveyed, she opened her reticule, placed half a crown in his tiny hand—and in another moment the boy was bounding along the sands on his errand of mercy.

In a few seconds he returned, his eyes sparkling with delight, and his features glowing with health and beauty. "Oh! mamma, the poor woman was so thankful, she wanted to turn back, but I would not let her; and she said, 'God help the noble lady, and you too my pretty lamb; my children will now have bread for these two days, and we shall go on our way rejoicing.'

The eyes of the lady glistened as she heard the recital of her child, and her heart told her that its dictates bestowed a pleasure the cold reasoning of the head could never bestow.

Only One Brick on Another.

Edwin was looking at a large building which they were putting up, just opposite his father's house. He watched the workmen from day to day, as they carried up the bricks and mortar, and then placed them in their proper order. His father said to him, "my son, you seem to be very much taken up with the brick-layer; pray what might you be thinking about? Have you any notion of learning the trade?"

"No, sir," said Edwin, smiling; "but I was just thinking what a little thing a brick is, and yet that great house is built by only laying one brick on another."

"Very true, my son. Never forget it. Just so it is in all great works. All your learning is only one little lesson added to another. If a man could walk all around the globe, it would be by only putting one foot before the other. Your whole life will be made up of one little moment after another. Drop added to drop makes the ocean.

"Learn from this not to despise little things. Learn also not to be discouraged by great labor; the greatest labor becomes easy if divided into parts. You could not jump over a mountain, but step after step, takes you to the other side. Do not fear, therefore, to attempt great things. Always remember that the whole of yonder lofty edifice is only one brick on another."

Foot races between ladies are becoming fashionable at Hudson. The Star gives the particulars of a moonlight trot that came off on Saturday night last, between two pretty girls. How we should have been delighted to see the dear creatures under full speed! How their eyes must have sparkled, and the rose bloomed on their cheeks! We shouldn't mind playing "groom" for such trotting horses.

When the British soldiers were about to march out and lay down their arms at Yorktown, Washington said to the American Army—"My boys, let there be no insults over a conquered foe. When they lay down their arms, don't huzza—posterly will huzza for you!"

Mr Willis speaks of a handsome girl whom he met in an omnibus in New York, as one "the dimples at the corners of whose mouth were so deep, and so turned in like inverted commas, that her lips looked like a quotation."

FOUND—The man who stares at the ladies. He wears a pair of bright yellow pants, a "painfully shiny hat," and carries a small yellow cane which has a delicate Ivory head in the shape of a lady's foot.

Adventure with a Texas Belle.

BY PINK THE ROVER.

During a portion of the three years I spent on the Texan frontier, I served as one of Jack Hays' Rangers. On one occasion I was employed to carry an express from San Antonio to a company stationed on the Rio Borne, which is one of the tributaries of the Brazos, above the falls. My route lay from Austin, some two hundred miles, through a country almost entirely without inhabitants with no roads or guides; and, pursuing a small Indian path, which was frequently crossed by buffalo trails, more clearly defined than those of the Indians, it was not to be wondered at that I got lost, and wandered about for some time, without knowing where I was, or whither I was going. Whilst in this agreeable predicament, meditating upon the pleasant prospect of sleeping out all night, in a country infested with hungry wolves, who would no doubt like to make a supper of my lean carcass, and with savage Indians, who would consider my yellow scalp a beautiful ornament to wear at their wances. I happened to come upon a trail which looked, as Sam Slick would say, as if it would lead somewhere, if not somewhere else." So I followed the path, which led through a rugged pass in the Colorado hills, and soon emerged into a delightful prairie valley, some four or five miles in extent through which meandered a beautiful stream. The banks of this stream were studded here and there with a luxuriant growth of hackberry, live oak, and pecan. To my delight, I soon discovered a little cabin, far down the valley, and I lost no time in steering my course for it. As I approached the cabin, I observed a great quantity of skulls, of various animals, and the scalps and hides of buffaloes, bears, panthers, catamounts, wolves, deer, &c., which convinced me that I was in the neighborhood of one of the frontier hunters. I rode up to the little fence which surrounded the cabin, and hallooed. No person answered. I hallooed again, when out came a bonnie lass, dressed up in a medley of fabrics, from striped calico to dressed buffalo skins, with her hair matted and flowing down her back, as free as the mane of a mustang. I do not believe that a comb had ever invaded its precincts. Oh! for the pen of Hogarth to describe her figure. She was a perfect Venus in form, and did not

"Have recourse to artificial bustles, To compensate the loss of nature's muscles."

But to my story. Our heroine threw wide open the door of the cabin, and with the air of an empress exclaimed—

"Hello, yourself!—how do you like to be called hello! Went you get down?"

Here were two questions asked at once, and I concluded to answer the easiest one, and let the other pass; so I replied, "No, I thank you, Miss—where is the gentleman of the house?"

At the word gentleman, she turned up her nose in decision, and answered rather pettishly, "We don't have no gentlemen here, but dad is around here somewhere though; but I guess I can tell you anything you want to know."

"Well," says I, "I wish to get directions how to go to Georgetown."

"Oh, I can tell you that, sure. You must go down by the Cuppin and just under the hill, you'll see a big waggin' road turn off, but don't notice that; and directly you'll see a double file horse track turn off, take that—it's the Georgetown road."

"Well, how far is it to Georgetown?" inquired I, confused and bewildered by her directions.

"Oh," said she "it is but a little way, seven or ten miles, I reckon, but it ain't far, for I have been there with daddy a huntin', many a mornin' before breakfast. Are you going to live at Georgetown?"

"No, Miss, said I, "I am carrying an express back to Ross's company, on the Brazos."

"Wall, are you? Why I have got a brother in that ar company."

"Have you indeed?" said I, "and do you want to send word to your brother?"

"Nothin' perticuler—but you can tell him we are all well, and his old hound slut has got nine of the purtiest pups in the world, and is doin' as well as could be expected."

I could stand no more, so wheeling my horse, I rode away in double quick time, whistling the popular air of "Buffalo Gals."

PAINTING.—"Ah!" said a mischievous wag to a lady acquaintance of an aristocratic caste, "I perceive you have been learning a trade." "Learning a trade!" replied the lady, indignantly, "you are very much mistaken." "Oh! I thought by the looks of your cheeks that you had turned painter."

Ladies of fashion starve their happiness to feed their vanity.

MUSHROOM ARISTOCRACY.

False Pride a Hanc to Society.

A young lady of high accomplishments (and no pride) in the absence of the servant, stepped to the door on the ringing bell, announced a visit from one of her admirers. On entering, the beau, glancing at the harp and piano which stood in the apartment, exclaimed, "I thought I heard music! on which instrument was you performing, Miss?" "On the gridiron, sir," with an accompaniment of the frying-pan!" replied she; "my mother is without help, and she says that I must learn to finger these instruments sooner or later, and I have this day commenced taking a course of lessons."

The present system of domestic education has less of common sense in it than any other arrangement in social life. The false idea that it is ungentle to labor—especially for a lady—more especially for a wealthy, young, town lady—prevents thousands from taking that kind and amount of bodily exercise on which sound health and firm constitution so much depends. Those who are brought up to work, and make fortunes, indulge the false pride of training their children to despise labor, which was the birth-right of their parents, and make it a point to deery honest toil, in which they were themselves reared, and to which all their relatives are still devoted. This is mushroom aristocracy, and the most contemptible of all. Young men will willingly become clerks, and roll and lift boxes, and so long as they are clerks, and in a mercantile house, and can wear a standing dickey, they despise an apprentice to a business perhaps less laborious and far less humiliating and subservient—all because they are merchants, or intend to be.

The successful merchant is a laborious man, but so long as his efforts are not regarded as labor, it does not wound his pride. He toils for thirty years as vigorously as a mechanic, but not exactly understanding that his work is really labor, he feels that he has just as good a right to despise it as does the man who is born to a fortune; and he teaches his wife and daughter to despise every useful occupation, and goes to his store daily to sweat and toil for gold, not doubting the respectability of his efforts, however enormous, so long as the world does not brand it with the disgraceful name of labor. For such men—for any man to despise the ennobling and God-ordained institution of honest toil and honest sweat for an honest subsistence, is making war on the natural institutions and best interests of society, and treading sacrilegiously and contemptuously on the ashes of his father or his grandfather who tilled the soil. Young men! you are fostering a false pride which will ultimately rankle at the core of your happiness and make you slaves indeed. Off with your coats, and in the name of reason and liberty rush with manly strength into architecture, agriculture, to the manufacture of works of utility, and leave the measuring of tape to those whose souls are as "short as the yardstick and as narrow as the tape." Be men! cease to crowd into clerkships and starve your way through life in the vain hope of being the fortunate one who shall become rich out of the five thousand who will remain poor. Ladies, if you would be worthy of your age, of the genius of a noble country, and of an exalted civilization, set us an example of wisdom by employing your time on something useful to the world. Are you rich? I thank God, then, that you may have your time at your command to bless and benefit your less fortunate sisters of want, and there helpless offspring. You can thus become angels of mercy, almoners of good, and merit the benedictions of God's poor while you live, and their tears when you die. It is a disgrace to citizens of a republic to foster ideas of caste, upper circles, lower classes etc., as constituted merely by wealth.—It is a distinction dictated by perverted Acquisitiveness and Approbation.—Intellectual and moral aristocracy is less intolerable than that based on wealth and its adjuncts, and is the only admissible feature of the very questionable feeling in a land of freedom.

We might as well caress a jeweled swine, as to honor and embrace a base minded and vicious millionaire, yet wealth, vice and ignorance is respected by those whose gold is gold. This is an age of Acquisitiveness, an age in which the golden idea is paramount; God grant that its reign may be short, and that another, and a higher, and holier faculty may take its office."

Another Mathematical Wonder has sprung up in Pittsburg, in a boy ten years of age, named Theodore Hartman who will respond to the most difficult arithmetical questions with a few moments mental operation.