

Select Poetry and Miscellany.

THERE'S ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL.

What need of all this fuss and strife, Each warring with his brother's? Why should we, in the crowd of life, Be trampling down each other?

THE MARBLE MAN.

A Singular Fiction.

Some two or three years since, I was compelled to write a very erratic poem, at least so I should think, through the meandering of the muse.

south-west it was possible to leave the valley with no great difficulty. On the second day after my arrival, I saw, looking toward that quarter, a single horseman, struggling manfully along his clogged path, in the direction of my refuge.

ing and increasing this property, by fair, honorable and generous means—living yourself, in the meanwhile, as becomes the possessor of a like property.

we used to call long clams, my heavy, short-handled hoe struck something harder than usual, which I hastened to uncover to the light.

on chemistry, a box, containing five thousand dollars in gold, on the top of which lay a manuscript, the contents of which explained the whole mystery.

The Prisoner of San Antonio de Bexar.

From the New Orleans Delta.

Some of the severest afflictions with which an insufferable Providence at times visits humanity have the effect of calling into action the best traits of our nature—the most exalted virtues with which the mind of man is endowed.