The Dying Year.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Now doth the hurrying out
Tardier to rise, and earlier to the rest,
More gorgeous gold with gloaming gold the west,
Whence the [illegible]

The maples of red leaves
Are steeped in [illegible] and lingering [illegible]
And wayside vines and deserts hoary hues are found
Beneath the [illegible]

The frequent fire,
Gleaming the night through, and peoples in lashing sea,
Beside the [illegible] and [illegible] leafless trees,
Skeletons of the Past

To whom that moves,
The leaf that withers and the lights that fall
The sight of land, the deep and [illegible] roll,
With man in [illegible]

Thou, meanwhile, year
Mid fortune [illegible] the blast, and [illegible]
And friends, the [illegible] and the [illegible]
Whatever [illegible] adversity.

Daily News-papers.

There is no book so [illegible] knowledge so necessary [illegible] man [illegible] cleansed from [illegible] and acquainted with [illegible] afford the cheapest [illegible] [illegible] in a large town [illegible] every member of [illegible] live in their [illegible] to men [illegible] [illegible] in a single [illegible] [illegible] feet. To know what [illegible] in space [illegible] [illegible] ture to affirm that [illegible] in a country [illegible] a daily newspaper [illegible] [illegible] to read, and then [illegible] a certain sale and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]