

Select Poetry.

DUST.
Dust we are, and dust we must be,
Dust upon our heads, and dust we are,
Dust upon our heads, and dust we are,

Choice Miscellany.

BEATRICE.

BY MURKIN F. HAMILTON.

It was late in the afternoon. A long row of...
She was a young and striking-looking girl. Her...
His eyes flashed angrily as he saw her smiling...

the evening's meal, and she had evidently been...
"You are late to-night, Beatrice," she said...
"but I suppose Louis came for you to go to walk...

yourself, and you'll be no more troubled with...
"The remedy is worse than the disease," said...
Meredith. "Why should I care to make money?

me from you. Your eyes sparkled at my coming...
Beatrice, your heart beat for me when your...
soul still stirred its voice. Oh! do not, my...

A Short Political Sharpen.
The wag of the Boston Post is responsible for...
the following. The hints are decidedly good...

A WINTER LANDSCAPE IN RUSSIA.—Nothing...
interesting, presenting itself, we travelled...
wards, through snow and villages, and over a...

From the St. Louis Republic.
The Future of the Keystone State.—West...
and Pennsylvania.
New York is and long has been the...

THE TALENTED INDIANA.
Allusions have already been made in our...
columns to the discovery by Commodore Rogers...