
i Liberty.
vinte biem his ficteces llast,
tintill of slender form,
Ecrea shater from the, storm,
nuid ocean's sulthayy

on Lis bead, bie eienperst beat;
tough condemed with bonda to cope,
dice from subleraneane cure,
Luxing of fote distant rill,

vab, pryielding, to the stom;'

Sindene clothel tho bills in green,
cal her thousand gems betreea,
Mybt be sungy sbower to fill
Fivt the leging, singiag nill,
his spinithung a spell
to satiling manicle.


yidit pumed bird upon the limb.



fey, hol canan to ocrb my coura,



uns froid clods sulphurequs light;

HUN wibio, the ginitit cry
Nhe soutful Herculus;





Tothill bid dallesthererr
hida's Spitit to her Sleppiag Lores.


th garad dhy conct wubs mines
Silep on - Cor thy youp heart'd Torbi Def a cumper rity.
mben an on smilla and song
ont men I am nigh:
hrei bore thee, depen and pure,
Alict ogain, but in suany biee
tants's snering durt íe er fiese,
Wat it its birth!


Why pinituro ber vigith heef
Theidrain on-for tha ghlueded check
manpmor of ficting preakt




The Yong Man's Leisar
Young $\operatorname{man}$ a after the duties of ithe
day are over, how do you spend your eaves at your disisosal many is dull, and hours, what disposition do you make of them? 1 hive known, and you know,
many young men, who, if they devoted to any young menen, who, in they devoted
ional pursuits, the literath, or profes- they spend in games of chance and lounging in bed, and in idle cumpany, might rise to any nextonce. son, who have alif read of the mer by spending a short time every evening in geazing at the starss after ringing
the bell for nine o'clock. Sir William the bell for nine o'clock. Sir William
Phipps, who at the age of forty-five lad
altained the order of ofice of high sheriff of New England, read and write after his eighteenth year, as a ship carpenter in Boston.--
William Gifford, the great editoraf the Quarterly, was an apprentice to a shoetudy. And because he had neither pen is problems on smooth leather with a blunt avl. David Rittenhouse, the American Astronomer, when a plough boy,
was observed to have covered his plough
and ames Ferguson omer, learned to read by himself, and whistered the elements of astronomy o say, that if hours wasted in idle company, in vain conversation, at the tavern,
were only spent in pursuit of useful were only spent in pursuit of useful
knowledge, the dullest apprentice in any ne of our shops might becone an intelligent member of society, and a fil person
for most of our civil offices. By; such a ourse, the rough covering of many
outh might be laid aside; and the
 might range throughout the wide fields of creation ; and other stars from the yo the list of worthies ihat if gilding bur country with bright yet mellow light:-
Rev. Dr. Murry. :: $\frac{\text { The Working Man. }}{\text { Rev. }}$
The working men of this land -he warks. They are the very sals of , the oring matu-the man with a hiard hand and an honest heart, whose toil lays he foundation of our prosperity $/$ and 1 greatness? Our fields which teem with verdure, or are crowned with golden, grain-our temples of worship pointips that plow 1 vass to every brecze, and flaunting the -shond penion of fiberty ip every blime show the result of indusiry and the
triumphs of still. Without these where wruld be our boasted name-where would be our distunction in the scale of
nations? Echo answers where! How wuch then, do we owe to thorse whose mblems of our greatness? Wedo nol appreciate to its fulf extent the frever-
ence due to them. Aye, there are evei ence due to them. Aye, there are even
ihose among us- Sour up-start pretenman, the wait of it the fellow" things niade up of ruffles and broadcloth, who shun the working man, with
his sleeves rolled up, as if thare were up their noses with ineffable contempt ith the fop in Hamlot, " comen not be haye seen such effigies of humanity,
and have wondered that Heaven had outhsafed to them a spot on earth large nough for the exhibition of their conOnioinal Anecdore-Not many years ago a man appeared in couri,
wheitier as plaintif, defendant, or wit hess iradition does not uform us... He Court Court-What is your name, sir:
Answer.-My naine is Knoul Mart C. Well, what is it?
A. It is Knot Martin.
\& you what your, again! We donn a. No contempt of Court. ist
A. If your honor will give me leave C. Well my name
A. K n o doublet. Knotic in a ry mar i.n, in Martin-Knoul Marrid,
C. O, very well. Mr Man CiO; very well, Mr. Marin, wo
ee throngh it now; but it is one of mosi hnoty cases, we have had before

