

THE NEW-YORK ALMANAC.

A Declaration by the Representatives of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, in General Congress assembled

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for ^{one} people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to ~~assume~~ ^{assume} among the powers of the earth the ^{separate and equal} station to which the laws of nature & of nature's god entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to ~~the~~ ^{the} separation.

We hold these truths to be ^{self-evident}, that all men are created equal, ~~and independent~~; that ^{they are endowed by their creator with} ~~from that equal creation they derive~~ ^{rights that} ~~are~~ ^{these} life, liberty, & the pursuit of happiness, that to secure these ^{rights} ~~rights~~, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from

A FAC-SIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL DRAFT BY THOMAS JEFFERSON.

REWARD OF MERIT.

This Certifies
That *W. Thomas Le Hathaway* for
diligence and attention to studies, and good conduct in
school, merits my approbation and esteem.

Symplicit INSTRUCT.

Sold by Geo. P. Daniels, 2 South Main Street, Prov.

JUST TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I wandered to the village, Tom, and sat beneath the tree,
Upon the school-house playing-ground, that sheltered you and me;
But none were there to greet me, Tom, and few were left to know,
Who played with me upon the green, just twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, dear Tom: barefooted boys at play,
Were sporting just as we were then, with spirits just as gay;
But the master sleeps upon the hill, which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding place, just twenty years ago.

The river's running just as still, the willows on its side
Are larger than they were, dear Tom, the stream appears less wide,
The grape-vine swing is ruined now, where once we played the beau,
And swung our sweethearts—pretty girls—just twenty years ago.

The old school-house is altered some, the benches are replaced
By others very lik, the ones, o'er penknives had defaced;
The same old bricks are in the walls, the bell swings to and fro,
Its music's just as sweet, dear Tom, as twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the spreading beach,
Is very high—'twas once so low—that I could scarcely reach,
And stooping down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started so!
To see how much that I was changed, since twenty years ago.

Close by this spring, upon an elm, you know I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom, and you did mine the same;
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark, 'tis dying sure, but slow,
Just as the one whose name you cut, died twenty years ago.

My heart was very sad, dear Tom, and tears came in my eyes;
I thought of her I loved so well, those early broken ties;
I visited the old church-yard, and took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved, just twenty years ago.

Some now are in that church-yard laid, some sleep beneath the sea,
But few are left of our old class, excepting you and me;
And when our time shall come, dear Tom, and we are called to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we played, just twenty years ago.

[For the Courier-Journal.] THE REASON WHY.

[BY T. F.]

Though her face is as fair as the angel's face
That is crown'd Queen of heaven;
Though there sits enthroned every witching grace
That a poet's dream could have given;
Though o'er the pearly white of her brow
The glories of morning hover,
And rosebuds peep through the cheeks of snow—
'Tis not for her face that I love her.

Though the changing gleams of her soulful eyes
Are the beacon lights that guide me,
When the sun is hid by the storm-gloomed skies,
To the harbor that waits to hide me;
Though in my soul it is only day
When their silver starbeams cover
With the glory of heaven my earthly way—
'Tis not for her eyes I love her.

Though the sound of her flute-like voice thrills
My heart, like a seraph singing,
And all my soul with its music fills
Till it sets every fiber ringing;
Though the mock-bird hushes his silver note
In the listening tree above her,
As the tin-lug waves from her red lips float—
'Tis not for her voice that I love her.

Put she fills all my soul as the ocean its bounds,
Till life runneth over with sweetness;
She gathers my fragments of dreams, and rounds
Them into a living completeness!
She is life of my life, she is soul of my soul!
Only round her my winged thoughts hover,
My hope and my heaven, my sweet all in all,
And I love her because—O, I love her!
GLASGOW, KY.