ODE,
on Wwrra,
By Lucas George.
 His vice on wings of windst is borne,
Ho brinss ten thousaid forms
carte.
A growing temper veilo the sky,


Hark! the wind roars among the trices
Thte suvage hides within lisis cave Noono spiag rages on the seas;
Asto my chambor retire;
A thousand
\& loomy thoughts pre
Idraw thil chir and dir the fire,
And liten to the passing gale:

Remember, man, thy time is near,
The time that conlls the hence away
From the fair fields of fire and prides
Thy wan in ting soul is doom'd to

This. , $v$ 'ry gale that rudely Glows,
Brings a moment to the mivel,
And ter wor more gisyntic grows,
And aims a dart wilh ov'ty wind.

And what itis to be bo no more.
(a)






## Farmer's Repository.




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REMOVAL







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\begin{aligned}
& \text { Clover Seed }
\end{aligned}
$$

## Five Dollars Reward.

 $\mathrm{S}^{\text {Ting in Bed from the aubseriber ive }}$


BAR-IRON.
$\qquad$
$\qquad$








