

## SELECTED POETRY.



"There is a pleasure in poetic pain  
That none but poets know."

### HAPPINESS.

Tis not in beauty this will fade,  
And pass like morning days away;  
Tis not in all the charms of fame,  
Which like the Summer flowers decay.

Tis not in gold or glittering gems,  
Which dazzle like the sun's bright beams;  
Tis not in pleasure this will pass,  
Like joys of early happy dreams.

But 'tis in virtue, bright and fair,  
Which joys unfading can impart;  
It is in kindness' melting power,  
That fastens down the stubborn heart,

It is in hope, and like the sun,  
Makes earth with fairest flowers bloom,  
It is in friendship warm and true,  
Which lives the same beyond the tomb.

It is in Love—pure heavenly Love,  
The richest boon to mortals given;  
That love which time can never change,  
But buds on earth to bloom in Heaven.

### A CHILD'S THOUGHT.

She stood with open lips and earnest eye,  
The deepening darkness their shadows threw,  
While over and anon a quivering light,  
Burst from their souls and made them briefly  
bright—

Amongst its splendor quenched in deeper gloom  
But followed by the far-off thunder boom.

Delight half-tempered by religious awe,  
Kindled her face at all she heard and saw;  
And her clear eye grew brighter with the glow  
Of thoughts that stirred her bosom's depths  
below.

What rapturing melody was heard from heaven.  
For who beheld her there, all eye, all ear,  
Tranced in a bliss too perfect for our sphere,  
Might well believe she held communion high,  
With the pure spirits of the upper sky,

And heard the songs that ransomed spirits sing,  
And golden harps with music quivering!

"Daughter," her mother said with gentlest tone  
As long you linger while the rain comes on—  
Haste—for the clouds grow darker."

Then the child

Looked in her mother's serious face and smiled  
With more of meaning than could be allied,  
To human words. "Oh mother dear!" she cried  
(As burst again the thunder's sullen roar).  
"I hear God's war-horse thumping Heaven's  
high floor!"

## COMICALITIES.

### UNCLE JOE

### AND THE

### SHERIFF.

Joe kept a flourishing grocery in the town of N. Perhaps the most profitable branch of business was that of articles which not only cheer but exhilarate. Of course Uncle Joe was an uncompromising opponent of the Maine Law. He considered it a direct infringement of those glorious privileges for which our fathers fought and died.

However, Uncle Joe was a law abiding citizen, and he made up his mind to obey the law so long as it remained in force—a resolution worthy of all commendation. Nevertheless he had no objection to getting a little fun out of it, if it should prove convenient and accordingly laid his plans for playing a trick upon the Sheriff, who, he was aware, would keep a watchful eye upon him, in consequence of his having until this time been so actively engaged in the traffic.

In fact the sheriff used now and then to drop in Uncle Joe's ostensibly to read the papers, and talk politics with the neighbors, but Uncle Joe could see as far into a millstone as most people, and knew very well that it was all in the way of business.

Some ten miles off there lived in a solitary house in the woods a man who had been a frequent customer at Uncle Joe's.

Through his means he hoped to play his contemplated trick on the Sheriff. Uncle Joe knew that this man, who had a fast horse would call on a certain Saturday afternoon to get his supply of groceries for the week following, and that the Sheriff would keep his eyes open while he was in the store. Accordingly he contrived to see this Benton (the man's name) in private a few minutes, when they concluded an arrangement which promised good results.

Benton drove up to the door, and entering asked mysteriously to see Uncle Joe alone.

Meanwhile all his groceries were sent out and deposited in the wagon. The Sheriff stood carelessly leaning against a post, but noting with argus eye the various articles that were put in.

At length Benton came out, hurriedly carrying a large gallon kettle, about whose safety he seemed anxious, and looking furtively at the Sheriff, jumped in, seized the reins and was about to drive off, when the Sheriff called to him:

A moment, if you please. Have you any objection to inform me what are the contents of the kettle?

"Why," said Benton, in a confused manner, "what do you want to know for?"

His manner convinced the Sheriff that his suspicions were well founded.—Because, to tell the truth, Mr. Benton, I have a strong suspicion that it is something the

law has declared contraband. As an officer, it is my duty to ascertain by examination, unless you tell me what it is," said he.

"A good deal of fuss about a little lamp oil?"

"Lamp oil! Ah, we'll see if that's the case."

So saying, the Sheriff advanced towards the wagon, with the intention of investigating the matter, when Benton gave his horse a sharp cut, exclaiming—"Gee up, old mare, we'll fix 'em yet!"

The horse sprang forward leaving the baffled Sheriff behind. "A horse! a horse! I want a horse!" he exclaimed 'whom lend me one!"

"You take mine for five dollars," said a man whose wagon stood in front of the store.

"That's exorbitant."

"I don't care, I can't let him go for a cent less."

The Sheriff hesitated for a moment.—Five dollars was an extravagant price, but he turned to distinguish himself in the office to which he had just been appointed, so waiving this he exclaimed—I'll give you the money, and lashed into the waggon.

I have been afflicted for forty years with eruptions on my legs and feet; in 1848 they got so bad that I had to go on crutches, and in 1849 I had one leg amputated above the knee. In about nine months after, my other leg broke out in large eating and running sores, from my knee to my foot, and discharged a great deal of offensive matter. This again broke out in large holes which dislodged my offensive matter, and at the same time my left hand broke out in large running sores nearly to the elbow. The misery that I have suffered for the last two years I cannot describe to you. I was in such agony that I never rested day nor night.

In October last, my son brought me one of your Extract of Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla; it has performed one of the most wonderful cures on me that has ever been effected on man.

I have been afflicted for forty years with eruptions on my legs and feet; in 1848 they got so bad that I had to go on crutches, and in 1849 I had one leg amputated above the knee. In about nine months after, my other leg broke out in large eating and running sores, from my knee to my foot, and discharged a great deal of offensive matter. This again broke out in large holes which dislodged my offensive matter, and at the same time my left hand broke out in large running sores nearly to the elbow. The misery that I have suffered for the last two years I cannot describe to you. I was in such agony that I never rested day nor night.

Country produce taken in exchange for work at market prices. D. M. WAGNER & Co. Concord, Feb. 28, 1854—1

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### ROCKAWAY AND BUGGY MAKING

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### Best Material.

That the country year afford. They are determined to please, and determined to sell, and those wishing to purchase will do well to give us a call.

Country produce taken in exchange for work at market prices. D. M. WAGNER & Co. Concord, Feb. 28, 1854—1

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A few more enterprising and active young men can find immediate employment, by which they can easily make \$600 or \$1000 to act as agents for several new and popular works just published exclusively for agents and not for sale in bookstores.

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## ROGERS LIVERWORT & TAN

For the complete cure of coughs, colds,  
asthma, asthma, bronchitis, spitting  
of blood, and all other lung complaints tend-  
ing to consumption.

This preparation is getting into use all over

our country. The numerous letters we re-

ceive from our various agents, informing us of

cures effected in their immediate neighborhood,

warrant us in saying it is one of the best, if not the very best, Cough Medicine now before the public.

It almost invariably relieves and

frequently cures the very worst cases—

When all other Cough preparations have failed, this has relieved the patient, as Druggists dealers in Medicines, and Physicians can testify. Ask the Agent in your nearest town, what the price is and the effects of this medicine. If it has been selling it for any length of time will tell you IT IS THE BEST MEDICINE EXISTANT.

Below we give a few extracts from letters we have received lately regarding the virtues of this medicine.

Dr. S. Olin, of Knoxville, Ga., says—

"I have been using your Liverwort and Tan very extensively in my practice for three years past and it is with pleasure I state my belief in its supreme value as a cure for consumption, with which it is especially adapted."

Messrs. Fitzgerald & Barnes, writing from Wayneville, N. C., say—

"The Liverwort and Tan is becoming daily more popular in this country, and we think justly so."

All who have tried it speak in commendable terms of it and say it is very beneficial in alleviating the complaints for which it is recommended."

Our Agent in Pickens District, S. C. M. S. McFall, assures us "that he uses it with great benefit in his own family, and recommends it to his neighbors." He gives an instance of a Negro woman in his vicinity, who had been suffering with disease of the lungs for years, attended with severe coughs, relieved by the Liverwort and Tan. Such are the good reports we hear of this medicine from all parts of the South. For a report of the surprising cure it has performed in the Western and Northern and Eastern States, we would invite the suffering patient to read the pamphlet which accompanies each bottle. To all we say, have hope, have hope! TRY THE MEDICINE!! BE WARNED IN SEASIDE!!

And neglect not that cough which is daily weakening your constitution, irritating your throat and lungs, fatiguing, and doing all dis-

ease. Consumption, when so soon detected, requires a remedy which can be obtained by the Rogers Syrup of Liverwort and Tan. HAWARD, ROBERTS & ASSOCIATES! The genuine article is signed Andrew Rogers, on the squared wrapper around each bottle. Price, \$1 per bottle, or six bottles for \$5. Sold wholesale and retail by SCOVIL & MEAD, 111 Charlies St. St. Louis and St. Louis, N. O.

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