Poetry.

The Hours.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

The hours are viewless angels,
And still go gliding by,
And bear each moment's record up
To Him who sits on High.

The poison or the nectar
Our heart's deep flower cups yield,
A sample still they gather swift,
And leave us in the field.

And some fly on by pinions
Of gorgeous gold and blue,
And some fly on with drooping wings,
Of sorrow's darker hue.

And as we speed each minute
That God to us hath given,
The deeds are known before His throne—
The deeds are known in Heaven.

And we may talk among them,
As one by one departs;
Think not they are hovering
Forever round our hearts.

Like summer bees that hover
Around the idle flowers,
They gather every sat and thought,
These sinless angel hours.

And still they steal the record,
And bear it far away;
This mission flight by day or night,
No magic power can stay.

So teach me, Heavenly Father,
To spend each flying hour,
That as they may now show
My heart a poison flower.

Souls—Not Stations.

Who shall judge a man from manners?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be at for princes;
Princes fit for something less.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May be clothe the golden ore
Of the deepest thoughts and feelings—
Satin vests could do no more.
There are springs of crystal nectar
Ever welling out of stones;
There are purple buds and golden;
Hidden, crushed and overgrown.
God, who counts by souls not dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me,
While he values thrones the highest,
But as pebbles in the sea.

Select Miscellany.

THE CUP OF COLD WATER.

One beautiful evening, in the year 1815, the parish priest of San Pietro, a village a few miles distant from Seville, returned much fatigued to his little cottage where he found his aged housekeeper, the Senora Margarita, watching for him. Notwithstanding that one is well accustomed to the sight of poverty in Spain, it was impossible to help being struck by the utter destitution which appeared in the house of the good priest, the more so, as every imaginable contrivance had been resorted to, to hide the nakedness of the walls, and the shabbiness of the furniture. Margarita had prepared for her master's supper a rather small dish of *olla-podriga*, which consisted, to say the truth, of the remains of the dinner, seasoned and disguised with great skill, and with the addition of some sauce, and a *name*. As she placed the savoury dish upon the table, the priest said: "We should thank God for this good supper, Margarita; this olla-podriga makes one's mouth water. My friend, you ought to be grateful for finding so good a supper at the house of your host!" At the word host, Margarita raised her eyes, and saw a stranger, who had followed her master. Her countenance changed, and she looked annoyed. She glanced indignantly first at the unknown, and then at the priest, who, looking down, said in a low voice, and with the timidity of a child: "What is enough for two, is always enough for three; and surely you would not wish that I should allow a Christian to die of hunger! He has not tasted food for two days."

"A Christian! He is more like a brigand!" and Margarita left the room murmuring loud enough to be heard.

Meanwhile the unwelcome guest had remained standing at the door. He was a man of great height, half-dressed in rags, and covered with mud; while his black hair, piercing eyes, and carbine, gave him an appearance which, though hardly prepossessing, was certainly interesting.—"Must I go?" said he.

The priest replied with an emphatic gesture: "Those whom I bring under my roof are never driven forth, and are never unwelcome. Put down your carbine.—Let us say grace, and go to the table."

"I never leave my carbine, for as the Castilian proverb says, "Two friends are one." My carbine is my best friend; and I always keep it beside me. Although you allow me to come into your house, and do not oblige me to leave it until I wish to do so, there are others who would think nothing of hauling me out, and, perhaps with my feet foremost. Come—to your good health, mine host, and let us to supper.

The priest possessed an extremely good appetite, but the voracity of the stranger soon obliged him to give up, for, not contented with eating, or rather devouring, nearly the whole of the olla-podriga, the guest finished a large loaf of bread, without leaving a crumb. While he ate, he kept continually looking round with an expression of inquietude; he started at the slightest sound; and once, when a violent gust of wind made the door bang, he sprang to his feet, and seized his carbine, with an air which showed that, if necessary, he would sell his life dearly. Discovering the cause of the alarm, he re-seated himself at the table, and finished his repast.

"Now," said he, "I have one more thing to ask. I have been wounded, and for eight days my wound has not been dressed. Give me a few old rags, and you shall be no longer burdened with my presence."

"I am in no haste for you to go," replied the priest, whose guest, notwithstanding his constant watchfulness, had conversed very entertainingly. "I know something of surgery and will dress your wound."

So saying, he took from a cupboard a [illegible] proceeded to dis[illegible] bed. The stranger had slept [illegible] probably, a sound [illegible] passed through his sleep and [illegible] himself down [illegible] and while sitting [illegible] from want of food, showed a strength which seemed hardly human.

"You cannot possibly continue your journey to-day," said the host. "You must pass the night here. A little rest will get up your strength, diminish the inflamation of your wound, and"——

"I must go to-day, and immediately," interrupted the stranger. "There are some who wait for me," he added with a sigh—"and there are some, too, who follow me." And the momentary look of softness passed from his features between the clauses of the sentence, and gave place to an expression almost of ferocity. "Now, is it finished? That is well. See, I can walk as firmly as though I had never been wounded. Give me some bread; pay yourself for yourself for your hospitality with this piece of gold, and adieu."

The priest put back the gold with displeasure. "I am not an innkeeper," said he; "and I do not sell my hospitality."

"As you will, but pardon me; and now, farewell, my kind host."

So saying, he took the bread, which Margarita, at her master's command, very unwillingly gave him, and soon his tall figure disappeared among the thick foliage of a wood which surrounded the house, or rather the cabin. An hour had scarcely passed, when musket-shots were heard close by, and the unknown re-appeared, deadly pale, and bleeding from a deep wound near the heart.

"Take these," said he, giving some pieces of gold to his late host; "they are for my children—near the stream—in the valley."

He fell and the next moment several police officers rushed into the house.—They hastily secured the unfortunate man, who attempted no resistance. The priest entreated to be allowed to dress his wound which was permitted; but when this was done they insisted on carrying him away immediately. They would not even procure a carriage; and when they were told of the danger of removing a man so severely wounded, they merely said: "What does it matter? If he recovers, it will only be to receive sentence of death. He is the famous brigand, Jose."

Jose thanked the intercessor with a look. He then asked for a little water, and when the priest brought it to him, he said in a faint voice, "Remember." The reply was merely a sign of intelligence. When they were gone, notwithstanding all Margarita could say as to the danger of going out at night, the priest crossed the wood, descended into the valley, and soon found, beside the body of a woman, who had doubtless been killed by a stray ball of the police, an infant, and a little boy of about four years old, who was trying in vain to awaken his mother. Imagine Margarita's amazement when the priest returned with two children in his arms.

"May all good saints defend us!—What have you done, señor? We have barely enough to live upon, and you bring two children! I suppose I must beg from door to door, for you and for them. And, for mercy's sake, who are these children? The sons of that brigand, gipsy, thief, murderer, perhaps! I am sure they have been baptised!" At this moment the infant began to cry. "And pray, Senor Clerigo, how do you mean to feed that child? "You know very well that we have no means of paying a nurse. We must spoon-feed it, and nice nights that will give me! It cannot be more than six month, old, poor little creature," she added, as her master placed it in her arms. "Fortunately, I have a little milk here;" and forgetting anger, she busied herself in putting some milk on the fire, and then sat down beside it to warm the infant, who seemed half frozen. Her master watched her in silence, and when at last he saw her kiss its little cheek, he turned away with a quiet smile.

When at length the little one had been hushed into a gentle slumber, and when Margarita, with the assistance of her master's cloak, and some of her own clothes, had made a bed for the elder boy, and placed him in it, the good man told her how the children had been committed to his care, and the promise he had made, though not in works, to protect them.

"That is very right and good no doubt," said Margarita; "I only want to know how we are all to live!" The priest opened his Bible, and read aloud:

"Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of the little ones a cup of cold water, only in the name of deciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

"Amen!" said Margarita.

Twelve years passed by. The parish priest of San Pietro, who was now more than seventy years old, was sitting in the sunshine at his door. Near him, a boy of about twelve years old, was reading aloud from the Bible, looking occasionally towards a tall, fine-looking young man who was hard at work in a garden close by. Margarita, who was now become blind, sat and listened. Suddenly, the sound of wheels was heard, and the boy exclaimed:

"Oh! the beautiful carriage!"

A splendid carriage approached rapidly, and stopped before the door. A richly dressed servant approached, and asked for a cup of water for his master.

"Carlos," said the priest to the younger boy, "go, bring water to the gentleman; and add some wine, if he will accept it. Go, quickly!" At this moment, the carrige-door opened, and a gentleman, apparently about fifty years old, alighted.

"Are these your nephews? said he to the priest.

"They are more than that, senor; they are my children—the children of my adoption."

"How is that?"

"I will tell you, senor; for I am old and poor, and and know but little of the world, and am in much need of advice, for I know not what to do with these two children." He related the story we have just told. "And now, senor, what do you advise me to do?"

"Apply to one of the nobles of the court who must assign you a pension of four thousand ducats."

"I asked you for advice, senor, and not for jest."

"And then, your church must be rebuilt. We will carve the Cup of Cold Water. Here is the olla-podriga, this is to be the vineyard, and here, double by the passing"——

"What does this mean? What would you say? And surely, I remember that voice, that face"——

"I am Don Jose della Riberia; and twelve years ago I was the brigand Jose. I escaped from prison; and—for the revolution made great changes—am now powerful. My children"——

He clasped them to his arms. And when at length he had embraced them a hundred times, with a tears and smile, and broken sentences, and when all had in some degree recovered their composure, he took the hand of the priest and said: "Well, father, will you not accept the Church of the Cup of Cold Water?" The old man, deeply affected, turned to Margarita, and repeated:

"Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

"Amen!" replied the aged woman, her voice tremulous from emotion.

A short time afterwards, Don Jose della Riberia and his two sons were present at the consecration of the church of San-Piatrodel-Vaso-di-Aqua-Fria, one of the prettiest churches in the neighborhood of Seville.

Indiana vs. Common Law.

A legal member of Congress was once foiled in an important law suit before an Indiana jury, by the adsoitness of a pettifogger who was opposed to him. The "honorable gentleman" was but little acquainted in that region of his circuit, whereas the pettifogger was altogether at home. The former had occasion in the course of his argument, to make frequent reference to "the common law of England," which made his side of the case quite clear; but his antagonist soon demolished *that* strong hold. "Gentlemen of the jury," said he, in reply, "what have *you to* do with the *common* law of England? What have you to do with *any* English law? If we are to guided by English law at all, we want their *best* law, not *their common* law. We want as good as Queen Victoria herself makes use of; for, gentlemen, we are all sovereigns here.—But we don't want no English law, United States' law is good enough for us; yes, *In-di-a-na law* is good enough for an Indiana jury; and so I know you will convince the worthy gentleman who has come here to insult your patriotism and good sense by attempting to influence your decision through the *common* law of England!" The jury gave the pettifogger his case without consultation.

☞ A sailor being about to sail for India, a citizen asked him where his father died?

"In shipwreck."

"And where did your grandfather die?"

"As he was a fishing a storm arose, and and he with his companions perished."

"And your great grand-father!"

"He also perished from shipwreck."

"Then, if I were you, I would never go to sea."

"Pray, my little philosopher, where did your father die?"

"My father, grandfather, and great-grandfather died in bed."

"Then, if I were you, I would never go to bed," replied the son of Neptune.

☞ Smithers, on going home the other night, was run against by a three story house which was chasing a lamp-post up Canal-st. On coming to, he thus reasoned with himself:—"Is that mud, (hiccup) If it's mud I'm mortally 'toxicated. If its brains I'm slightly dead (hiccup.) that's all." When we left he was trying to persuade a tree-stone stoop that it was unconstitutional to leave awning posts out of doors after night fall.

Our Happiness depends on our health, while our health depends on our digestions. The most cheerful only want a slight diminution of their gastric juice to become as melancholy as a long rain, while the most depressed only require a sixpence worth of pepsin to become as a dog with a tin pan tied to his tail. Before people try suicide as an antidote for their ills, they should ascertain the good effects of a little labor. The moment you get up an appetite, that moment you lose all taste for arsenic and charcoal fumes.

One of Stewart's clerks undertook to commit suicide last week by shooting his daguerreotype. He fired four shots, when his employer rushed in and saved him from his rashness. This is the third attempt he has made on his life within two months. Cause—broken sleep, brought on by intense devotion to a young lady with auburn ringlets.

A queer old customer in Michigan was so attached to a pair of old horses which he lost last week, that he had them decently laid out and buried. Over the graves he erected a tombstone, with the following inscription:

"Peace to their manes."

One of the greatest objections to wealth is, that it makes you unwilling to die.—The man who has been brought up in the lap of affluence looks upon that ugly hole in the ground called a grave, with ten thousand more horrors than ever fell to the lot of that "poor devil" who sleeps about the market.

"Mr. Jones, you said that Mr. Rozin was a composer. Does the Court understand from that, that he was a writer of music."

"No sir-e, he's called a composer because he never talks to a man without putting him to sleep."

"Crier, call the next witness."

Didler says, the Lord made some men pennyless, that the wealthy might have something to exercise their generosity on. From this Didler takes a moral view of seedy trousers, and finds in a shocking bad hat the "source of every virtue—charity."

To be fashionable, a lady must not only be respectable, but low spirits being as much the ton as thousand dollar shawls. Such a thing as a laugh would no sooner be tolerated in Waverly Place than an eyeso[illegible]

A knife to "eat sticks with," is a piece of cutlery much needed at the present time by parties anxious to leave town unbeknown to their creditor. Address Didler & Doumbrowa, passenger agents, Wall street.

Plows! Plows!!

FARMER'S wishing to purchase Plows can find Long's & Hizer's Patent Metal Plows, at the Hardware Store, best quality, for four dollars, warranted good or no sale.
H. LUTHER & CO.
April 14, 1852.—2m47

P. S.—You will recollect that we had a very good article of Sheep Shears last year, and a cheap article of wool twine. We can furnish a better article of shears this year than has ever been sold in this market—made expressly for fine wool, and twine cheaper than usual.
H. L. & CO.

DISSOLUTION.

NOTICE is hereby given that the copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of Squire, Sampsel & Co., is this day dissolved by term of limitation. The notes and book accounts are in the hands of J. R. Squire, for settlement and collection. Persons having accounts unsettled are requested to call at the old stand and settle, as the business of the firm must be closed up immediately.
J. R. SQUIRE,
J. B. F. SAMPSEL,
A. DEEM.

THE undersigned would return thanks to the numerous friends of the old firm for their past patronage and would inform the public that the business will be continued at the old stand under the firm of Squire & Porter.
J. R. SQUIRE,
WM. PORTER.
Ashland, April 7, 1852. 46tf

SHERIFF'S SALE.

IN Pursuance to the command of an Execution writ called a Fi. Fa., issued from the Court of Common Pleas of Ashland County, Ohio, and to me directed, I will expose to public sale, at the door of the Court House, in the town of Ashland, in said County, on

Saturday, the 26th day of June,

A. D., 1852, at one o'clock P. M., of said day, the following discribed Real Estate, situate and being in the County of Ashland, and state of Ohio, to wit: being the undivided one half of lots No. thirteen, fourteen and fifteen, in the town of Sullivan, in said County, and to be sold as the property of Henry H. Drake, at the suit of J. M Gorham; appraised at the sum of $112 50. Terms of sale—Cash.
ISAAC GATES, Sheriff.
May 25, 1852. 1ts—p$2 50

SAVE YOUR MONEY.

Chas. P. Freeman & Co.,
(LATE FREEMAN, HODGES & CO.)
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS,
144 *Broadway, One Door South of Liberty Street.*
New York,

HAVE now on hand, and will be receiving daily through the season, *New Goods*, direct from the European manufacturers, and *cash Auctions, rich, fashionable, fancy Silk Military Goods.* Our stock of *Rich Ribbons*, comprises every variety of the latest and most beautiful designs imported.

Many of our goods are manufactured expressly to our order, from our own designs and patterns, and stand unrivalled. We offer our goods for *nett Cash*, at lower prices than any credit House in America can afford.

All purchasers will find it greatly to their interest to reserve a portion of their money, and make selections from our great variety of *rich cheap goods*.

Ribbons rich for Bonnets, Caps, Sashes and Belts.
Bonnet Silks, Satins, Crapes, Lisses, and Tarletons.
Embroideries, Collars, Chemisetts, Capes, Berthas Habits, Sleeves, Cuffs, Edgings, and Insertings.
Embroidered Reviere, Lace, and Hemstitch Cambric Hdkfs.
Blonds, Illusions, and Embroidered Laces for Caps.
Embroidered Laces for Shawls, Mantillas, and Veils.
Honiton, Mechlen, Valenciennes, and Brussels Laces.
English and Wove Thread, Smyrna, Lisle Thread, and Cotton Laces.
Kid, Lisle Thread, Silk, and Sewing Silk, Gloves, and Mitts.
French and American Artificel Flowers.
French Lace, English, American, and Italian Straw Bonnets and Trimmings.
April 7, 1852. 46tf

CHERRY PECTORAL
For the Cure of
COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.

☞ This remedy is offered to the community with the confidence we feel in an article which seldom fails to realize the happiest effects that can be desired. So wide is the field of its usefulness and so numerous the cases of its cures, that almost every section of the country abounds in persons, publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs, by its use. When once tried, its superiority over every other medicine of its kind, is too apparent to escape observation, and where its virtues are known, the public no longer hesitate what antidote to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs, which are incident to our climate. And not only in the formidable attacks upon the lungs, but for the milder varieties of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, &c., and for Children it is the pleasantest and safest medicine that can be obtained. No family should be without it, and those who have used it, never will.

Read the opinion of the following Gentlemen, who will be recognized in the various sections of country where they are located—each and all as merchants of the first class and of the highest character—as the oldest and most extensive Wholesale dealers in Medicine with an experience unlimited on the subject of which they speak. If there is any value in the judgment of experience, see

THIS CERTIFICATE

We the undersigned, Wholesale Druggists, having been long acquainted with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, hereby certify our belief that it is the best and most effectual remedy for Pulmonary Complaints ever offered to the American People. And we would, from our knowledge of its composition, and extensive usefulness, cordially commend it to the afflicted as worthy their best confidence, and with the firm conviction that it will do for their relief all that medicine can do.

Hershaw, Edmonds & Co., Boston Mass.
Reese & Colton, Baltimore, Maryland.
Ladd & Ingraham, Bangor, Maine
Haviland, Garrett & Co., Charleston, S. C.
Jacob S. Farrand, Detroit Michigan.
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Fassin & Walton, St. Louis, Missouri.
Joseph Tucker, Mobile, Alabama.
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Heartland, Rieely & Co., Augusta, Georgia.
Isaac D. James, Trenton, New Jersey.
J. M. Townsend, Pittsburg, Penn.
Clark & Co., Chicago, Illinois.
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M. A. Santos & Son, Norfolk, Virginia.
Edward Bringhurst, Wilmington, Delaware.
John Gilbert & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.
Z. D. & W. H. Gilman, Washington, D. C.
J. Wright & Co., New Orleans, La.
Watson & Co., Fort Wayne, Indiana.
C. C. Richmond & Co., San Francisco, Cal.
Lewis & Ames, Tallahassee, Florida.
B. R. Strong, Knoxville, Tennessee.
Crafton & Dorr, Little Rock, Ark.
Stiller, Slade & Co., Lexington, Miss.
M D. Labadie, Galveston, Texas.
Chas. Dyer, Jr., Providence, R. I.
Jos. M. Turner, Savannah, Ga.
Wade, Eckstein, & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

IN FOREIGN COUNTIES:

J. G. Cofin & Co., Valparaiso, Chili.
F. M. Dumond & Co., Vera Cruz, Mexico.
Fred Rieve, & Co., Bogota, New Grenada.
S. Prescott & Co., Lima, Peru.
Marion & Co., Halifax, Nova Scotia.
T. Holder & Son, St. Johns, New Brunswick.
C. G. Salmon & Co., Kingston, Jamaica.
With other agencies, and a [illegible] strong enough proof can be adduced, that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is in fact both a popular and a [illegible] medicine.

Prepared and sold by Dr. J. C. Ayer, Practical Chemist, Lowell, Mass. [illegible] *Sold* [illegible] *by all druggists everywhere. In Ashland, Ohio, Jacob Kaufman & Kennedy; Hayesville, Ohio, and by Druggists and Agents throughout the State.*

September 18, 1851. 6m18

ASHLAND STOVE STORE.

Eastern Stoves and Hollow Ware.

RUTAN & BRYANT,

RESPECTFULLY announce to the citizens of Ashland and adjoining counties, they have just received, and shall still continue to keep constantly on hand, the most elegant and extensive assortment of STOVES ever brought to this market, composed of all the latest and most improved patterns of

Hot-Air and Air-Tight Cooking, Parlor and Plate Stoves!

now in use. We commence with that universally-popular and highly celebrated Stove, called

THE CLINTON AIR-TIGHT!

Surpassing all other stoves for a large and well regulated oven—being the most perfect for baking roasting and broiling now in use. This stove was patented in 1847, and has since that time been greatly improved, in as much that it stands unrivalled by any other cooking stove in the world. Of this stove satisfactory references can be given in this county; it is the only stove in the world free from inside plates—therefore it is the most durable. In fact, it is just the stove the farmer wants.

We have also another stove styled

THE KITCHEN RANGE AIR-TIGHT!

Having an oven large enough to bake eight loaves of bread at once. This stove, being simple in its arrangement, and in good style and taste, with a beautiful design, neatly fitted up with a summer arrangement, renders it equal, if not superior to any other descending flue stove now in use.

THE KITCHEN WITCH AIR-TIGHT!

Which is very highly recommended by those who have them in use, is second to none for economy, and was patented in 1849. It contains eight places for cooking, has a summer arrangement and a brick oven, which renders it equal to any out-door oven. We ask the attention of the public particularly to this stove, which we consider worthy of patronage.

THE JUSLY CELEBRATED NIAGARA HOT-AIR!

OF FIVE DIFFERENT SIZES. The form of this stove cannot be surpassed, takes three feet of wood, has an elevated oven, and bakes with perfect uniformity. It also takes very large furniture, which makes it desirable.

Premium Stoves, Lots, Stacks and Piles of them!

of every description, and at fair prices, varying from $3,50 to $25. These stoves having been generally approved, it is thought unnecessary to make any remarks on their merits. They have a greater Sale than all other cooking stoves in use, the draft being good in all positions.

THE FAR-FAMED FOLDING DOOR PARLOR STOVE!

Patented by Jewet & Root, is emphatically the queen of all Parlor Stoves. It is adapted to the wants of those who love the fireplace, and the convenience of a stove. It has been pronounced by all who have seen it, to be the best parlor stove in existence. Of this stove we have No's 1, 2 and 3.

We have also the

COTTAGE PARLOR AND LADY WASHINGTON AIR-TIGHT!

both of which have proved, by several years use, to be excellent stoves. We would also call attention to our assortment of

LARGE BOX STOVES!

for public and private offices, School Houses, &c., &c. They would further state, that they purpose keeping on hand, in their proper seasons a large and general assortment of

HOLLOW-WARE, PLOW POINTS AND WAGON BOXES!

We would also call the attention of the public to the fact, that we keep constantly on hand, and will continue to manufacture

RUSSIA AND COMMON STOVE PIPE, TIN, COPPER AND BRASS WARE!

of every description, at wholesale and retail, on the most reasonable terms at prices to suit the times. JOB WORK AND HOUSE SPOUTING done to order, on the shortest notice, and at exceedingly low prices.

OLD STOVES, OLD CAST IRON, AND PRODUCE

of all kinds, taken in exchange for Stoves and Tin Ware, for which the highest cash price will be paid.

☞ Stove Store in Howard's old stand, a few doors east of the McNulty House. ☜

Ashland, Ohio, July 30, 1851. 6m10

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

THERE will be sold at Public Sale, at the door of the Court House, in Akron, in the county of Summit, on Saturday, the 29th day of May next, A. D., 1852, between 8 A. M., and 4 P. M., the undivided half of the following described tract or lot of land—being the south-east quarter of the north-east quarter of Section number twenty-eight, in Township number nineteen, of Range number sixteen, as the same were numbered in the county of Richland, before the erection of the county of Ashland, and is now situated in the last named county, containing forty-one acres of land. Appraised at $150 00. Will be sold at one half the appraisal.
HENRY SPILMAN,
Adm'r of Wm. Griswold, dec'd.
Akron, April 28, 1852. 5w49

LIVER COMPLAINT,

JAUNDICE, DYSPEPSIA, CHRONIC OR NERVOUS DEBILITY, DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS, and all diseases arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach, such as Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness or Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for food, Fullness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the pit of the Stomach, Swimming of Head, Hurried and difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or webs before the sight, Fever and dull pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the side and back, Chest, Limbs &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil and Great Depression of Spirits, can be effectually cured by

DR. HOOFLAND'S
CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS,
PREPARED BY
DR. G. M. JACKSON,
AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE, 120 ARCH STREET PHILADELPHIA.

Their power over the above diseases is not excelled—if equalled—by any other preparation in the United States, as the cures attest, in many cases after skillful physicians had failed.

These bitters are worthy the attention of invalids Possessing great virtues in the rectification and diseases of the Liver and lesser glands, exercising the most searching powers in weakness and affections of the digestive organs, they are without, safe, certain and pleasant.

Read and be Convinced.

From the 'Boston Bee'

The Editor said, Dec. 22d:

Dr. Hoofland's celebrated German Bitters for the cure of Liver complaint, Jaundice Dyspepsia, Chronic or Nervous debility, is deservedly one of the most popular medicines of the day. Those bitters have been used by thousands, and a friend at our elbow says he himself received an effectual and permanent cure of Liver Complaint from the use of this remedy. We are convinced that in the use of these Bitters, the patient constantly gains strength and vigor—a fact worthy of great consideration. They are pleasant to taste and smell, and can be used by persons with the most delicate stomachs with safety, under the circumstances. We are speaking from experience, and to the afflicted we advise its use.

'Saints Weekly,' one of the best Literary papers published, said, Aug. 20th:

"*Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters*, manufactured by Dr. Jackson, are now recommended by some of the most prominent members of the faculty as an article of much efficacy in cases of female weakness. As such is the case, we would advise all to share to obtain a bottle, and thus save themselves much sickness. Persons of debilitated constitutions will find these Bitters advantageous to their health, as we know from experience the salutary effect they have upon weak systems."

MORE EVIDENCE.

The "Philadelphia Saturday Gazette," the best family newspaper published in the United States. The Editor says of

DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS:

"It is seldom that we recommend what are termed Patent Medicines, to the confidence and patronage of our readers; and therefore when we recommend Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we are not speaking of the nostrums of the day, that are noised about for a brief period and then forgotten after they have done their guilty race of mischief, but of a medicine long established, universally prized, and which has met the hearty approval of the faculty itself."

Evidence upon evidence has been received (like the foregoing) from all sections of the Union, the last three years, and the Strongest testimony in its favor is, that there is more of it used in the practice of the regular Physicians of Philadelphia, than all other nostrums combined, a fact that can easily be established, and fully proving that a scientific preparation will meet with their quiet approval when presented even in this form.

That his medicine will cure Liver Complaint and, Dyspepsia, no one can doubt after using it as directed. It acts specifically upon the stomach and liver; is preferable to calomel in *all bilious diseases*—the effect is immediate. They can be administered to females of infants with safety and reliable benefit at any time.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

This medicine has attained that high character which is necessary for all medicines to attain to induce counterfeiters to put forth spurious articles at the risk of the lives of those who are innocently deceived.

Look well to the marks of the Genuine.

They have the written signature of C. M. JACKSON upon the wrapper, and his name blown in the Bottle, *without which, they are spurious.*

For sale Wholesale and Retail at the GERMAN MEDICINE STORE No. 120 Arch street, one door below 6th, Philadelphia, and by respectable dealers generally throughout the country.

PRICE REDUCED.

To suit the times, and to supply the demand of the poor, the price of the genuine has been reduced to

Single Bottle 75 Cents.

Entirely Gone & Howard, Wooster; R. S. Sampsell, Ashland; Hayes & Kennedy, Hayesville; John C. Stone, Jeromesville; Gaylord & Co., Mansfield.
Jan. 29, 1852. * 1y26

The best and cheapest Family Medicine in the world.

Dr. ROBERTS' COMPOUND
SARSAPARILLA PILLS,
An alterative, Tonic, Diuretic and mild Cathartic.

Price 25 cts. per box, containing 50 Pills.

Each box contains fifty pills, which makes them as cheap as an any other standard pill, and four times cheaper, and warranted much superior in the cure of various diseases, to any of the Syrup mixtures sold; besides being a more convenient and proper form for use.

THE astonishing success which has attended the use of Dr. Roberts's Compound Sarsaparilla Pills is proof abundant and conclusive that they are truly

NATURE'S OWN REMEDIES,

and that they will cure all curable diseases, quicker and more pleasantly than any other medicine yet known. The Pills are principally an alterative medicine, (their basis being the solid extract of Sarsaparilla, prepared in a superior manner,) but sufficiently cathartic to gently assist nature, without purging or processing, which make them peculiarly adapted to Weak and enfeebled persons, invigorating and strengthening the body, purifying the system, producing new rich blood and a healthy action of the stomach and liver.

They are acknowledged by our ablest physicians to be not only unexceptionable, but efficacious in the highest degree, and as a general

FAMILY MEDICINE UNEQUALED

The Compound Sarsaparilla Pills are used for the permanent cure of those diseases which arise from an impure state of the blood and morbid secretions of the liver and stomach, viz.; erysipelas, scrofula or king's evil, ulcers, scald head, obstinate cutaneous eruptions, blotches, boils, pimples, sore, weak or inflamed eyes, glandular swellings, rheumatic affections, pains in the bones, and joints, dropsy, dyspepsia, asthma, diarrhœa and dysentery, coughs, colds, consumption when caused by capillary obstructions of the lungs, in persons of scrofulous constitutions, inflamation of the lungs, influenza, indigestions, headache, jaundice, fever and ague chill fever, and fever, in general, general and nervous debility, and diseases arising from an injudicious use of mercury, and whenever medicine is required to invigorate and purify the system.

They are a purely vegetable compound, and may be used by persons of all ages. They are pleasant to the palate, and produce no nausea, uneasiness or griping in their operation. Hundreds of certificates could be given of those who have used them with great benefit.

We ask no person to take our word as to the merits of the medicine, but to call on the agent and purchase a box, and if on trial it does not give the most perfect satisfaction, they can return the box and receive the money paid for the same. Purchasers will be particular to ask for "Dr. Robert's Compound Sarsaparilla Pills," and observe that the green wrapper on each box has a fac simile of the signature of Jos. Roberts, M. D. and C. P. Fay, and to purchase none others.

Letters on the subject of the medicine, must be addressed, post paid, to C. P. Fay, Owego, Tioga Co., New York.

Dealers in Ashland County can learn terms on enquiry of the Editor of the Union, at Ashland, Ohio.
1y25

OVERWHELMING TESTIMONY

OVER half a million of testimonials have been received by the Proprietor of M'ALISTER'S ALL HEALING OINTMENT! From Physicians the most skilful and celebrated, from Counsellors learned in the law, from Judges of celebrity on the Bench, from Ministers of the Gospel, whose undeviating integrity have made them shining lights in the path of Truth, from enlightened Professors, from acute Merchants, and from those of every station, name and degree of mankind—all of which, without one dissenting objection, pronounce this Ointment to be Good!

As day by day it unobtrusively extends its sphere of action along the borders of our vast country, and is circulated through its extent, new evidences of its power and new proofs of its efficacy are continually developed. *Three millions* of boxes, applied to disease within the last four years have established the astounding fact beyond the power of cavil or contradiction, that it is INFALLIBLE in the cure of all Tumors, Ulcers, Sores, Burns, Tetter, Piles, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Chilblains, Scald Head, Sore Eyes, Quinsy, Croup, Rheumatism, Broken Breast, Agues in the Face, Corns, &c. It completely restores the Insensible PERSPIRATION, and by this means opens those avenues by which nature intended to expel the morbid matter of the body—thus is the system cleansed: the blood purified: and the health restored.

It has power to cause all external *Sores Scrofulous Humors and Poisonous* wounds to discharge their putrid matter: and then heal them. It is rightly termed All Healing, for there is scarcely a disease, external or internal, that it will not benefit. I have used it for the last fourteen years for all the diseases of the chest; consumption and liver; involving the utmost danger and responsibility; and I declare before heaven and man, that not in one single case has it failed to benefit when the patient was within reach of mortal means.

J. M'ALISTER, 141 Fulton-st., N. Y., *Sole Proprietor.*

A. & S. HENDRY, Agents for Ohio.

For sale at almost every Store and Druggist Shop in Ohio, and by
B. F. WHITNEY,
1y25 Ashland.

Notice.

IS hereby given, that the undersigned has been appointed and qualified as Administrator of the estate of John Duncan, late of Ashland, deceased.
W. H. CAIN.
May 19, 1852. 3w50*

Powder!

PIFLES wishing for Rifle or Shotgun Powder can be furnished with the same at wholesale in the United Stores, by calling at the Hardware Store in Ashland.
Sept. 24, 1851. 16tf

WONDERFUL CURES!

Dr. Rodgers' Syrup of Liverwort and Tar and Canchalagua; for the complete cure of Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Asthma, Bronchitis, spitting of Blood, and all other Lung Complaints tending to

CONSUMPTION
NO OPIUM.
THE GREAT COUGH REMEDY!

Reader! have you a *Cough*, which you are neglecting, under the idea that it is only a common cold, and that it will soon "*wear itself out!*" Let a friend tell you, in all kindness, what will soon be the probable result.

In a short time, if you continue to neglect yourself, you will be in to feel a sense of tightness and oppression across the chest, accompanied with frequent sharp darting pains. Then a dry, hacking Cough will set in, and when you raise anything it will be a thick and yellowish or white frothy matter, streaked, perhaps, with blood. If you still take no medicine, these unpleasant symptoms will increase and you will soon have hectic fever, cold chills, night sweats, copious expectoration, and then great prostration. If you still neglect yourself a few weeks or months will see you consigned to the grave, leaving your friends to mourn how rapidly CONSUMPTION did its work and hurried you away. *Friend!* have you no cause to be alarmed? In the above sketch you may see as in a glass, how every case of consumption progresses, with more or less rapidity, to a fatal termination.—Of all the thousands and millions whom this great Destroyer has gathered to the tomb, every single case began with a *Cold!* If this had been attended to, all might have been well; but, being neglected, under the fatal illusion that it would 'wear itself off,' it transferred its deadly action to the substance of the Lungs, exciting there the formation of tubercles. Another, and another cold added fuel to the flame, until these tubercles began to soften and suppurate, leaving, by their ulceration, great cavities in the lungs. At this crisis, the disease is very difficult of cure, and oftentimes sets at defiance all human means.

In the latter or worst stage, this medicine will oftentimes arrest the disease, or check its progress, and will always make the patient more comfortable, and prolong his life; and is therefore worthy of a trial—but in its incipient or forming periods, Consumption is as curable as any other disease, and Dr. Rogers' Syrup of Liverwort, Tar, and Canchalagua, if taken at this time, will cure it BY AS SURELY AS IT IS TAKEN. This is strong language, but we can refer you to numberless living witnesses to prove that it is true! And therefore, we earnestly exhort every man, woman, and child, who has a Cough, or is subject to Colds, to keep this medicine by you in the house, and whenever you take cold, do not "let it alone" to work mischief in your system, but eradicate it thoroughly, and at once, by this powerfully healing compound, and leave your lungs uninjured, to carry you in full vigor to a good old age!

MOTHERS

Have you delicate, weakly children, who are always taking cold and subject to Croup? Remember! there never was a case of Croup, which did not originate in a cold! And when your child goes to bed wheezing and coughing, you know not that, before morning, CROUP may not set in, and ere you can get a Physician, your dear child may be beyond the reach of help. We beseech you, therefore, as you value the lives of your children, keep this medicine by you in the house and when your little ones take cold and commence coughing, give it to them at once, and rest not until the cough is entirely subdued. We conscientiously aver, after the most extended experience, that if this advice were followed, no child