

THE LICKING VALLEY REGISTER.

VOLUME II.

PAINTED AND ENGRAVED,
BY RICHARD C. LANDON.

TERMS OF THIS PAPER.
Fifteen cents will be added to each subscriber
who has paid within the year.

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NOTORIETY.

The War on Beakler Hill.

During the battle of Beakler Hill, a re-
sentary soldier of the rebels, with a rifle
in his hand, was shot through the head by
a bullet which struck him, passed for the sec-
ond of his competitors, and the difference
of his country.

He was born in the state of New
Hampshire, but the battle of
Beakler Hill, in heavy volumes, spread
The war cloud to the sky.

The war cloud is now in sight
and the battle of Beakler Hill
Or else of conquest may begin
A moment from his seat.

Yet he was there, aware to found
The path of mortal strife,

With his broad broadsword
In the front of his shield
He struck with the black shock wave
Blazed was broad and fiery.

Blazed was broad and fiery
Walls for an infant land, he breasted
The signs of prayer...

The walls of the Devil's heights,
And proudly told a tale of victory
To his own heart's might.

He hark! he hark! the day that day
What form shall raise to these?

I'll not cast that bane or slime,
Which feeds the touch of time,
That makes the world pale.

That makes the world pale
We trust in a tablet stone.

Which gives gloom where stars were pale
A promise that the good man's prayer
Shall with his God prevail.

From the Knobber.

Smiling on the hillside,
In the darkness that reigns, I have only
One beam of light—my lamp—

We're driving down the stream of life
With a spirit that's in the stream;

It's in the stream that's in the stream;
Our feelings beats in muted chimes

Alone in silence fed,
And we have nothing more—

With us no comforter.

To tell all we live we die—
The house shall of sympathy.

Pleading the passing soul.

Not when the passing soul runs past
That last scene of life.

But when the passing soul is still,
And drops waterless down there,

It livens on the sea.

Across the stream, deep constant friend!

Unfriendly nor hard may seem,

So glad lies the silent sleep,

And we bid ye ride.

Whether we pull for paws above,
(For barren waste, if won)

Or round our compassed care,
Gone to the last.

The current been born;

And patient stow, 'till well

To fall out hard at e'en.

Ah! we're here, we're here, we're here,

Solemn and stern to Sabbath-ell,

Alas! we're here to Heaven.

The sobering expletive little gem of poet
was written for recent exhibition to Doctor

W. H. Walker, a hard-working time com-
petitor.

God's gift to me in the bower,

As I sit in timbered shade,

Steeped in love,

Each dew drop steals his prime,

In blossoms, in spring;

In blossoms, in spring;

Light from above.

The tiny sleep that every

Along the rathe sleep—

—Over his head—

