PARKERSBURG

Our Motto is, Cheap Wood, Cheap Bread, Cheap Transportation, and Cheap Land.

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POETICAL.

Tircis and Amaranth.

TABLE BY LA FONTAINE.

Saith the young shepherd Tircis to Amaranth
Sweet
As they tended their flocks on the plain,
"Ah, if you but knew the mixed pleasure and care
Of a life that some mortals are fated to bear—
A sweet mingling of rapture and pain
Might I dare to tell you whom my heart so adores
Fair Amaranth replied with a smile
"Oh, do tell me how call you this woe—on what shores
Is it found? Tell me leisure beguile.
Its name?" "Its called Love!" "Ah, the name is pretty! But say,
By what symptoms is this disease known?
By a great thirst we go along even a mom-
ing rain
That the cause of disease than his throne
In the fountain of the grove.
The sweet sickness called love
Will fill the soul with delight
When you gaze on the brook,
Thinking it is the moon
Not an instant can it cease your wondering look
Yet the same fancy and vain your mind
Pursue.
For that, after you see it fade again from
your eyes
It is a pleasure whose presence is more than
mortal flush
Of a wound of his voice makes you
Amaranth
A sweet heaven! cries the warm blood
Mounting
Into her cheeks and you cannot say why
Tircis with a sigh
Replied, "Amaranth in her eyes,
Shine, and in her voice I feel thing my
Heart
Tircis shepherd
Tircis shepherd
Amaranth
For to
Tircis shepherd
Amaranth
Tircis shepherd
Amaranth
Tircis shepherd
Amaranth