

THE HIGHLAND MESSENGER.

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WHOLE NO. 294

THOS. W. ATKIN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF THE MESSENGER.

The Dollars and Five Cents per annum in advance, or Three Dollars within the year. No paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the Editor, until all arrearages are paid. Advertisements will be inserted at One Dollar per square of ten lines or less, for the first insertion, and Five Cents for each subsequent insertion. The number of insertions desired must be marked on the margin, or advertisement will be continued till paid, and charged accordingly. Court Orders will be charged six dollars, annually. The charge for advertising the name of a candidate in office is \$2.50 in advance, or \$3.00 if payment be delayed. Letters to the Editor must come free of postage.

POETRY.

From the Royal Repository.

The Home of my Childhood.

How changed is the home of my childhood now!

The scene which I loved in life's sunny days;

Ever glad the repose of my heart had intruded;

O'er which dark despair had cast a gloom;

Every spot where I smiled in my childhood days;

And danced away moments so gay and so fast;

I raved now in raptures, still gaily departed—

Each feature, each spot, each ray of the past.

Traces of my childhood, by memory cherish'd,

Stray'd by my side in my wandering years;

Arise again, childhood, faded and perished,

As all the bright features that hallow'd the scene.

The friends that have found me in love and desire,

When pleasure attend'd and bright was my path,

And joy forgot me—on life's stormy ocean,

Alone I must baffle the storm in its wrath.

O'erlook'd by life, that gleam'd once with pleasure,

Overlaid with sweetness, and sparkling with joy,

Has fall'n in my maze, and now the bright measure

Is hush'd with grief, and a'round me with care.

So sweet home of my childhood, farewell, now farewell!

So lovely and dear, but from my memory never

Can turn, change, or season, thy bright image blot.

But off in the twilight of sacred reflection—

To be on of the night, my spirit shall stray

To the home of my youth—where love and affection

In beauty unshaded, first shone on my day.

The Grave of Washington.

By MARGARET L. PIERCE.

Death's not his slumber, but Washington sleeps.

Not his slumber, but his willow's shadow hid weeps;

His name is on a tablet—our freedom it won—

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