The Highland Weekly News.

J. L. BOARDMAN, Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

The following introductory stanzas to the new edition of Whittier's poems give the key-note of his poetry:

PROEM.

I love the old melodious lays
Which softly melt the ages through,
The song of Spenser's golden days,
Arcadian Sydney's silver phrase,
Sprinkling our noon of time with freshest dew.

Yet vainly in my quiet hours,
To breathe their marvellous notes I try;
I feel them as the leaves and flowers
In silence feel the dewy showers,
And drink, with glad, still lips, the blessings of the sky.

The rigor of a frozen clime,
The harshness of an untaught ear,
The jarring words of one whose rhyme
Beats often labor's horried time,
Or duty's rugged march, through storm and strife, are here.

Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,
No rounded art the need supplies;
Unskilled the subtile lines to trace,
Or softer shades of Nature's face,
I view her common forms with unanointed eyes.

Nor mine the seer-like power to show
The secrets of the heart and mind;
To drop the plummet-line below
Our common world of joy and woe;
A more intense despair or brighter hope to find.

Yet here at least an earnest sense
Of human right and weal is shown;
A hate of tyrannny intense,
And hearty in its vehemence,
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own.

Oh Freedom, if to me belong
Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,
Nor Marvell's wit and graceful song,
Still with a love as deep and strong
As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gift on thy shrine!

The Home Circle.

BE SURE YOU CALL.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

It was a rustic cottage gate,
And over it the maiden leant;
Upon her face and youthful grace,
A lover's earnest eyes were bent,
"Good night," she said, "once more good night,
The evening star is rising high;
But early with the morning light,
Be sure you call as you pass by,
As you pass by,
Be sure you call as you pass by."

The Spring had into Summer leapt,
Brown Autumn's hand her treasures threw.
When forth a merry party swept,
In bridal garments two by two;
I saw it was the maid that blessed
The evening star that rose so high;
For he, as I suppose you've guessed,
Had often called as he passed by,
As he passed by,
Had often called as he passed by.

A Pioneer Mother Gone.

MRS. MARY GANO, widow of Gen. John S. Gano, and one of the earliest settlers of Cincinnati, died in New York City on the 27th June, aged 89 years. She was one of the first party of settlers who landed at Columbia, near Cincinnati, in 1788, and resided in that city and vicinity for 68 years. Her descendants are numerous, and of the highest respectability, and she lived to see two of them of the *fifth* generation. The Cincinnati Commercial says:

"She was conspicuous as a lady of a high order of mind, highly cultivated, and of much force of character and courtly manners. In the midst of the Western wilderness, she dispensed the hospitalities incident to her position, with the grace and elegance of the best society of the Eastern cities. Her faculties at the last were not dim and dull with extreme age, but her mind was up to her latest days rich with reminiscences, and her conversation was in matter and manner rarely charming."

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

MRS. BATEHAM, in the Ohio Cultivator, gives this scrap of good advice to housewives:

RAG BAGS.—If you have none, you must have. Don't let bits of useless rags lie around, tucked in the wardrobe and bureau drawers, and baskets, and under the stairs, any longer. Take a yard or more of coarse linen or muslin, and sew up a sack so as to leave an opening of one-fourth of a yard in the side of it, fasten it up by the two upper corners in some handy, out-of sight place, just inside of a back room or closet door, and put every scrap in it while it is in your fingers, and you are most ready to stick it into the stove. You will be surprised in a fortnight to see how the new rag bag has fattened! And you will have a bank that will never break, to which you can go without the haunting fear of "suspended payment," when you want a bit of change to buy needles, thread, pins, etc. Have a place for soft, linty, linen rags, fine old pieces, and such like, for cut fingers, dinner cloths, etc.—Well worn towels must be reserved for dish and drying cloths. Keep another bag to put pieces of your dresses in, and the remnants of little aprons, spencers, boy-trousers and bibs, and all such wearing apparel as needs mending or making over. When a garment is finished, roll up every little bit, tie it together, and put it in the rag bag.

STRING BEANS FOR WINTER USE.—It may not be generally known that string beans can be perfectly preserved during the year by packing them with coarse salt. Put into a jar a layer of salt and then a layer of beans,—then a layer of salt, and so on, putting a weight on the top. The moisture of the beans will make enough brine to preserve them. We have eaten, in mid-winter, beans thus preserved, which tasted as well as those just picked from the garden.

The Middletown Republican copies the following, and certifies to its good effect—as proved by experiment:

SIMPLE CURE FOR DYSENTERY.—An old friend handed us the following *recipe*, for publication. It has been practiced in his family for many years, with uniform success, even in the most alarming stages of the complaint: Take Indian corn, roasted and brewed in the manner of coffee, (or coarse meal *brewed*,) and boil in a sufficient quantity of water to produce a strong liquid like coffee, and drink a teacup full warm, two or three times a day. One day's practice, it is said, will ordinarily effect a cure.

A HINT FOR THE SEASON.—The simplest and best way of preserving woolens through the summer from the destruction of the moths, is to wrap them up well after brushing them, and beating them, in cotton or linen cloths.—The moths can pass neither. Two covers, well wrapped around and secured from the air, will be effectual. An old sheet will answer, and save all expense of camphor, &c.

TO NEUTRALIZE THE ACID [OR SOURNESS] IN FRUIT PIES AND PUDDING.—As the fruit season now advances, it is well worthy of notice that a large quantity of the free acid which exists in rhubarb, gooseberries, currants, and other fruits, may be judiciously corrected by the use of a small quantity of carbonate of soda, without in the least affecting their flavor so long as too much soda is not added. To an ordinary sized pie or pudding, as much soda may be added as piled up will cover a shilling, or even twice such a quantity, if the fruit is very sour. If this little hint is attended to, many a stomach ache will be prevented, and a vast quantity of sugar saved; because when neutralized by the soda it will not require so much sugar to make the sour sweet.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

Charade.

BY SARA SEYMOUR.

My first refreshes oft the earth,
And sends the brooklet murmuring by,
Without it there would be a dearth
Of cheerful smiles around the hearth,
And flowers and grain would die.

My next is used where Indians dwell,
And oft by boys, a merry band,
But if you'd know who used it well,
Then read the life of William Tell,
Who lived in Switzerland.

My whole a sign of peace was given—
With graceful form and colors gay,
It seems to touch the earth and Heaven,
But like the brilliant clouds of even,
It quickly fades away.—*Little Pilgrim.*

For the News.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

I am composed of 24 letters.
My 21, 16, 1, is a part of man's apparel.
My 6, 10, 14, 24, is much used by the "upper tens."
My 13, 23, is a preposition.
My 15, 7, 13, is to perish.
My 9, 19, 20, is a species of fish.
My 2, 5, 4, 9, 1, 7, 11, is one who propagates heresy.
My 17, 16, 1, 22, 4, 9, is sublime.
My 8, 10, 3, 18, 6, 1, 19, 4, is a river in Europe.
My whole is where *I* at present reside.
Leesburg, O. CORA V.

☞ Answer to Enigma by "S. E. R." in paper of last week—"Fort Hall."

Answer to Enigma in same paper by "W. E. C. S. & Co.—"Rainbow."

CON.—Why does heat travel faster than cold? Because anybody can catch cold.

Wit and Humor.

A LOVE SCRAPE.

Attending a singing-school some years ago, I became acquainted with a very pretty girl, (I beg pardon, they call them ladies now.) From our first acquaintance I thought I loved her, and we became in a very short time, "very warm friends," and then occasionally I visited the house, under pretence of "coming to see her brother," a wild, mischievous chap, who loved fun better than his dinner. And from that I got on so fast that I became an "every evening visitor" to see my fair charmer.

Now my fair one's father was a very pious, sedate old gentleman, and was down on fun or mischief of any kind. But with all that, he had many fine points, if he was fat. I think if there was a chance of measuring the smallest section through him, he would measure at least three feet in diameter. But never having an opportunity to calliper him, I can't say for certain how large he was. It matters not, however; all I know, he was a fine old man.

Now, the old gent, or the "Governor," as we used to call him, had taken a great fancy to me. I used to sit and talk politics to him, and he often said I was a "fine, quiet, considerate, perfect model young man." And he would not suffer Lelia, his daughter, to go out of his sight with any one but me—"the nice young man." And he 'always wished me to be intimate with his son, Charley, thinking he would reform if he was in my company part of his time, and I'll assure you I did not undeceive him as to my real character, for the fair Lelia's sake.

One night I remember, (how can I forget it!) Charley, a jolly fellow named Frank T., and myself, returned from a day's fishing. There was the fair Lelia preparing our supper for us. Charley had slipped from the kitchen, and Frank was apparently amusing himself by poking his cane in a cage at a favorite canary. And I—felt that I was alone with the girl I adored. Presently we sat down to supper.

"While I was "wrestling" with a joint of beef, bang came a cold potato in the door, and struck me in the eye; then we could hear foot-steps and a heavy laugh retreat through the entry.

We had by this time finished nearly all there was on the table.

"Lelia," said I, apologizing for our swinish propensities, "you know fisherman's luck, and all that——"

"Excuse the light, gentlemen," chimed in my "ladye fayre," cutting me short in my apology. "I will bring you something more to eat."

While we were waiting for the "fodder," Frank sat thinking of——I don't know what, and I about Lelia, the possessor of my heart. Or, at least, I thought she possessed it.

And from hearts I got to thinking of nice little cottages, and from cottages I got to thinking of cradles, and from cradles to some——

"Hist!" said Frank, "don't you hear Charley coming? He wants to give us another shower of potatoes!"

Well, we listened, and I heard some one coming stealthily up stairs, chuckling. "Now," thinks I, "this is amusing, to be interrupted, while such pleasant thoughts are passing through your brains, to receive cold potatoes in your eyes; romantic ain't it?"

"Let's give him a trouncing," said Frank, with a chuckle, that told plainly he wished to turn the tables.

We crawled around the room in the dark, and Frank had found a broom, and I had got hold of the plunger of a churn. We sneaked to the door just as the object of our revenge had arrived.

"Rush on," said Frank, and with that we made an assault on the "fellow-creature."

I felt the plunger lash against his ribs, and we beat him dreadfully, not even giving him a chance to say a word.

"Throw potatoes, will you?" said I. "We'll show you, you rogue."

Then up from the cellar emerged Lelia, and as soon as she reached the top of the stairs with the light, she gave a piercing scream.

Well, she had cause to scream, for there against the wall, with ribs all punched in, broken for all we knew, and the wind entirely punched out of him, stood the venerable "paternal relative" of the girl I loved; yes, there he stood; and the "model" young man had punished his body for him! And Charley stood at the head of the stairs, with an armful of potatoes and corn-cobs, and laughed till the salt water appeared in his eyes.

What a sight to gaze upon, the breathless body of *my* fat friend! It may be imagined how horror-stricken we were, and how soon we made our exit thro' the basement windows, like thieves surprised in their midnight depredations, and after leaping over the area railing, we made a straightcoat-tail of it, until we could no longer see the house that contained her, the girl I first loved!—*New York Dutchman.*

A Rich Oratorical Climax.

The Toledo Blade says that a story is told of an aspiring orator who held forth on the 4th of July, at one of the many celebrations in the "rural districts" in Ohio. His maiden speech duly prepared, and the telling portions committed to memory, he found himself in a state of thrilling nervousness before the people. All went on well, and he had, in a measure, recovered his self-command, when he arrived at the grand climax of his speech, that portion of it in which he was to allude to "*The American Eagle.*" Proudly he began, and tossed off, almost flippantly, "The American Eagle, gentlemen, as she stands—" when suddenly the rest of his labored simile faded from his memory. Terrified at the discovery he gasped—he seized, nervously, a tumbler of water, and turned it by mistake inside his cravat, and took a fresh start with a rush of desperation which bid fair to burst the bonds of his fettered imagination, and soar majestically away on the wings of the apostrophized "bird." "The American Eagle! the American Eagle, gentlemen, that proud bird of our liberties, as she stands—standing—as she stands—standing—" (with great vigor) "with one foot on the Rocky Mountains, and stretching her broad wings from the Atlantic to the Pacific, shall—stretching her broad wings—with one foot on the *Rocky* Mountains and the other on the Alleghanies, *shall—shall* howl, gentlemen and fellow citizens, in the *glorious freedom* of—her NATIVE AIR!"

Miscellaneous.

The End of the United States Bank.

Last week all the old books, papers, drafts, checks, letters, etc., that had been preserved on file as vouchers, in the long course of the immense business of the U. S. Bank, were sold in a heap, in Philadelphia, and purchased by a paper-maker, to be re-ground and manufactured into new stock. The whole mass weighed over forty tons.—Ten tons of this vast amount is of correspondence, autograph letters of the first statesmen, politicians and financial men of this and other countries. Drafts upon the Rothschilds for hundreds of thousands of dollars, certificates of stock transferred to the leading bankers in Europe, checks and drafts from Clay, Webster, Adams, Calhoun, Houston, Crockett, Cass, &c., all lie scattered, ready for the important transformation into clean, unsullied white paper. This huge mass of books and papers strikes the visitor with astonishment.—A faint idea may be formed of the colossal character of the institution which at one time occupied so important a part in the history of the country.—What a vast store-house these papers would be for individual histories—and, perchance, they would illustrate some unexplained passages in the history of the political parties of the day—*Ex.*

BELGIANS AND NORWEGIANS.—Northern Europe is being literally transferred to Northern Wisconsin. A large proportion of the inhabitants about Green Bay and the country through to Lake Michigan are from the old world, and the Green Bay *Advocate* of the 20th notices the arrival of 150 Belgian emigrants, the first company of the season, and the landing of 150 Norwegians at Manitowoc, the advance party of 12,000 who are on their way to the State. A large emigration to Northern Wisconsin is anticipated this season, and the country about Green Bay seems to be the point of attraction for the hardy Belgians and Norwegians.

THE GRAPE CROP.—We regret to learn that the "rot" has injured the grapes in many of the Vineyards around Cincinnati. In some vineyards at least one half of the grapes are destroyed. If, however, the weather should be favorable, and the injury extend no further, the crop will still be good. The vineyards, this spring, have been weighed down with a super-abundant crop, so much so, that if half of the grapes are thinned away by the "rot" a fine crop would still be realized.—*Cin. Gaz.*

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

Debt and Revenue of Ohio.

In the history of nations, the student of philosophy will discover that their strength, and ultimate prosperity, has depended largely upon the relation which the public revenue bore to the expenses. The economy of a nation is much like that of an individual. It is not so much the largeness of the income as the mode and objects of its expenditure. Some men have done more with a thousand dollars a year than others have done with ten thousand.—They have made their small means available to their own good, and that of others. It is precisely so with States.—The revenues of a State, levied by taxation, are unquestionably, in itself, a great *burden;* but, if well spent, may return large profits. As the money which a farmer spends in manure and fences is apparently a burden, but only apparently, for it enriches the land and protects the crops. But if the same money was spent on silk goods, tobacco, or whisky, it is a clear loss.

The man may find an apology in his tastes or pleasures for the expenditures, but, unquestionably, his money will never return in any shape. It is so with States. When Louis XIV. exhausted the revenue of France in useless war, he left it impoverished and exhausted, without any returning profit. But when the States of New York and Ohio expended millions in creating roads and canals, by which one got a market for its products, and the other got the profits of trade upon them, both had, for the time, a burden, and both have received back, in actual money, ten-fold all their expenditures.

The State of Ohio has, taken in all its departments, made a *larger profit* on the use of its credit and the revenues of taxation, than any State or community on earth. Some little exhibit of this fact may not be uninteresting to our readers, and will furnish a brief view of the manner in which State credit may be made available to great and useful purposes.

It is well known that the debt of Ohio was created solely for purposes of what are called internal improvements, that is for roads, canals and public buildings. It is known, also, that these have been greatly beneficial to the agriculture, industry and commerce of the State. But it is not quite as well known what immense effects they have really produced.

The work on the Ohio and Miami Canals was commenced in July, 1825, and at that time the entire property of Ohio was valued at $60,000,000.

In 1837, Ohio commenced a new system of making branch canals, turnpikes, and aiding railroads. These accomplished much, but the debt made was much greater, and the profits much less than those of the original canals. In November, 1844, when all our public works were completed, the public debt of the State was as follows:

Foreign Debt,	$16,945,682
Domestic Debt,	2,331,067
Aggregate Debt,	$19,276,749

Of this debt, $550,000 was borrowed at five per cent. interest, and the remainder at six per cent. The assessed value of the property of the State was $144,860,000. So, we see at that time, 1844, the State had created a debt of $19,000,000, and had increased in apparent value, $85,000,000. The assessments were at that time, however, no more than half the value of property, and the improvements had not had time to produce their effect. In 1847, after the Tax Law of 1846 took effect, the value of property in Ohio was $405,000,000, and this was about the truth. Under the influence of great and useful public improvements, the State continued to increase in population, industry and wealth; so that in 1847 it had indeed a debt of *nineteen millions;* but increased its value *three hundred millions.* That this was largely due to our public improvements is plain, from the statement of a single fact.

Before the canal was opened through the wheat counties to Cleveland, wheat was selling in Massilon at 37½ cents per bushel, but was selling in New York at very nearly the same price as now.—When the canal opened to Cleveland, it rose to one dollar per bushel, and has rarely sold for less. Under the stimulation of good markets, Ohio became the great grain-growing State, and in 1850 her crop of wheat reached *thirty-five millions of bushels!* If the signs of the harvest are not deceptive, we shall raise thirty millions this year. These millions counted as so many dollars, and two-thirds of the whole was a net profit.

On the 1st of January, 1857, the debt, property and revenue of Ohio, were as follows, viz:

Foreign Debt,	$13,730,000
Domestic Debt,	2,675,000
Aggregate,	$16,405,000
Value of property,	$820,000,000
Total amount of taxation for *all purposes*,	$8,000,000

The result is, that in ten years we have reduced the debt of Ohio *two and a half millions;* increased the value of property *four hundred millions*, and pay an aggregate taxation of *one per cent.*

It must be remembered of our taxation, however, that of the eight millions, *seven millions are paid to our own people*, most of it for work, material and products. It is not therefore, as in war, money paid in absolute losses, but it is only transferred from the hands of one portion of the people to another, in exchange for a different class of services. For example, nearly *twenty thousand Teachers*, a portion of them with families, are supported from the School Tax. Of the eight millions of taxes, only eight hundred thousand, or *one-tenth* part of the whole, is raised for the support of the State Government, which includes all our great public institutions.

Looking at the subject fairly, it may be said that the State Government of Ohio is very economically administered. There are no extravagant salaries or profuse expenditures of any kind. Indeed, our Judges, Governor, and Executive officers generally, ought, in this day of high prices, to receive more than they do.

The Public Debt of Ohio is held by a great number of persons, and it may be a matter of interest to know in what quarters it is held. The following is an abstract of the *localities* in which the Public Debt of Ohio is held:

In G. Britain, by 228 persons, $2,338,000
In Isle of Guernsey, 29 persons, 97,487
In Switzerland, by 118 persons, 500,818
In France, by 188 persons, 1,861,000

The largest part of the Public Debt of Ohio is held by the Banks of Ohio, and the Savings Bank of New York.—There is one characteristic of the Public Debt of Ohio, which is the highest possible evidence of the credit enjoyed by the people of this State in all quarters. The investment in Ohio Stocks is made *by the most cautious persons.*

The Savings Banks, the frugal Swiss, the nobles of Europe, and the Bourgeois of Paris, (fearful of revolution) have invested their money in the Banks of Ohio. There is faith in Ohio, where there is faith in nothing else. This is a noble reputation, which we trust will be maintained throughout all future generations.

Our public debt is diminishing, and with good care, we can in a few years pay it off. We can afford to give away our public works, and pay our debt, for they have yielded ten-fold their value. Taken in reference to all the objects obtained, our taxation is low and the results great. We may look with pride upon the financial history of Ohio, and point coming generations to the successful example of their fathers.

From the Pittsburg Gazette.

Spiritualism Explained.

Rev. J. H. Hall, of Kittanning, Pa., professes to have found a method not only of exposing the tricks of charlatan Spiritualists, but of accounting, on scientific principles of his own development, for all the so-called "spiritual" manifestations that may not be attributed to jugglery and fraud. He acknowledges the genuineness of many of these strange manifestations, but takes the ground that the power supposed to be exercised by the spirits, is a physical emanation from the human body, and claims to show where it exists and how to neutralize or paralyze its power. He calls his system *Velauredogy.* The New York *Journal of Health* speaking of this matter says:

"It appears that Mr. Hall believes that the tables do move; that such motion is not the result of spiritual co-operation, but of an emanation, like, possibly, to that which took place when the Savior "*perceived that virtue had gone out of him.*" Power goes from the magnet and affects a needle at some distance from it. Who can say that a similar power may not go out of a man and affect inert matter distant from him, without his touching it? We do not say this is so. We say that it is possible. We do not doubt that Miss Beecher rode around a room on a table, without her collusion. The point of enquiry is, "by what power?" If Mr. Hall can explain satisfactorily the seat of that power, and can go a step further, and counteract it, it is certainly one of the most important additions yet made in reference to so-called "Spiritualism." The sentiment of many is, "*It may be the spirits.*" They fear to admit. They will not deny.

"They see spiritualists bringing forward bushels of reported facts, and they hear wise men denouncing both the facts and the reporters of them, and between their doubts of the facts and the emptiness of the denunciations, they remain in a state of indefiniteness, indecision and uncertainty of opinion most annoying. If Mr. Hall can show us where the power lies, can put the wand in our hands, and enable us to exercise it or counteract it, that is, give us the perfect control of it, then he has gained an enviable immortality, has accomplished a work well worthy of a life-time of labor."

Mr. Hall, we understand, will visit this city in September next, or perhaps earlier. We regret that we have not room now, to present other facts brought forward by Mr. Hall, but our citizens can make up for the lack by the opportunity of hearing him, and in the meantime we shall present some other facts as we find opportunity.

MONEY REMITTANCES BY TELEGRAPH.—In England the Electric and International Telegraph Company have organized their establishment in such a manner, as that money deposited with the Company, will be advised by telegraphic order, and be paid out to the parties named in the order. We concur in opinion with a cotemporary, that these money remittances by telegraph are the beginning of a great system which is likely to supercede post-office remittances; and we trust with safety equal to its swiftness.

THE SUMMER IN MINNESOTA.—The Winona Republican of the 7th July, states that the mercury has been, for some days, at one hundred degrees in the shade.

Cruelty of the Pope.

The Pope of Rome has a prison called Fort Urban, in which he confines political prisoners. It is built on a small hill in the center of a pestilential marsh, and the site appears to have been selected as the most disagreeable and unhealthy to be found. Of the cruelties perpetrated in this hell upon earth, where God's vicegerent tortures men supposed to be his enemies, the correspondent of the London Daily News gives some horrible details:

"At present there are 800 prisoners here, of whom 100 are detained without having been tried, and on the mere suspicion that if they were at liberty they might commit some political crime. Many of these poor creatures have been in confinement for years, and although being suspected is their only crime, they are subjected to the same treatment as condemned convicts, although the greater proportion of them belong to the best families of Bologna. In each of the square rooms is a sort of skylight, and as they are only ventilated above from this narrow corridor, one can imagine what a suffocating temperature there must be, which is not improved by German sentries patrolling through the whole night. These sentries parading past the doors of course prevent the prisoners sleeping. Spielberg was very bad, but it is said that this prison of the Pope's is worse. It was in this prison that the cholera made such fearful ravages. The medical men acted properly, and pointed out how the disease might easily be mitigated; but instead of this, the governor of the prison actually deprived political prisoners of light and air. They wear the same dress as the convicts, and are chained in a similar manner. They have a chain on each leg and in the center is a ring, and when they go to bed, through the ring is put a chain, and then the chain is locked to the bed. Such is the system permitted by his Holiness, the Pope.—If any of these political prisoners offend the Governor they are chained to the ground, on which they can creep about three or four paces. Although many have cash they are not allowed to buy little luxuries or comforts, not even coffee. In short, they seem to suffer all the miseries of the middle passage, as on board a slaver, and this under a potentate who pretends to be the vicegerent of the Almighty on earth.

"The poor prisoners are so altered that even their own relations do not know them. The mortality is very great among them. The healthy prisoners and those with the most offensive and disgusting diseases are all huddled together, but the air of this noisome prison is so bad that the strongest constitution cannot bear up against it, and to this must be added that there is no provision for the common necessities of nature. The governor's deputy is a convict, who has great influence, and has the power of administering punishment to any one. Formerly the prisoners were allowed to attend the church, but this is now prevented, it is supposed, for fear of conspiracy. So here is the head of the church preventing his unfortunate prisoners from attending divine service. The Pope's temporary abode at Bologna is about two hours' ride from this horrible and pestilential prison."

The Upper Missouri.

The St. Louis *Democrat* of the 27th June, announces the arrival of a steamer from a point 180 miles beyond Fort Union at the mouth of the Yellow Stone, two thousand five hundred miles above St. Louis! Just think of it, what a West is yet to be developed! A tributary of the Mississippi navigable 2,500 miles for steamboats, and mingling its floods with the Father of Waters, 1,500 miles from the Gulf. Four thousand miles of unbroken steamboat navigation, through the most fertile valley the sun ever shone upon, one more than seven-tenths of that valley yet a wilderness. What an Empire a century hence.

The Spread Eagle was 48 days in making her trip from St. Louis and back. She brought down about 5000 packs of furs, and 50 mountaineers, men attired partly in the Indian garb, with faces almost as dark as that of the Indian. The river above Fort Union was low and falling, and so narrow as scarcely to admit of a boat being turned round. The snow in the mountains was melting very gradually, and not much of it was left. Indians quiet, and the hands at peace with each other.—*Cleveland Herald.*

HORRIBLE AFFAIR.—We learn from the Atlanta (Ga.) Examiner, that the Fulton House in that city was the theatre, last week, of one of the most awful tragedies that has ever occurred in the annals of crime. It was the shooting by a son, a young man about twenty years of age, named William Witcher, of his father, D. H. Witcher. The ball passed through the stomach and left lobe of the liver, lodging near the spine. It is stated that William, after eating supper, drank two glasses of brandy—his father took him into the room to reprimand him for drinking, when he deliberately drew hispistol and shot his father.—The son immediately effected his escape.

PROPOSED REFORM IN WEST POINT MILITARY ACADEMY.—The Board of visitors to West Point Academy, have made their report, in which they question the propriety of the severe discipline maintained, recommend an increase of the number of appointments, and a thorough change in the military organization of the Academy.

FOURTH OF JULY ADDRESS.

Delivered at a Pic-Nic near Hillsborough,

BY DR. A. BAKER.

Every return of this glorious anniversary, should fill our bosoms with grateful and patriotic emotions. Our Independence could not have been achieved by the wisdom and valor of our forefathers, without the Divine blessing. God was the sun and shield of the American Colonies, in their struggle for Liberty. He gave wisdom to their counsels, courage to their hearts, and strength to their arms. He enabled them to baffle or conquer veteran armies, and to carry the American colors triumphant throughout the storm of battle. Hence, our grateful emotions should arise like holy incense, to Heaven. And we should feel ourselves most unworthy descendants of a heroic ancestry, if the flame of patriotism does not kindle afresh in our bosoms to day!

We dwell for a moment on the circumstances that brought about the glorious Declaration that has just been read in your hearing. Our ancestors, after settling at different points along the Atlantic coast, had an unbroken wilderness before them. Far separated from the scenes of former life, they were exposed to sickness, famine, and the cruel and bloody warfare waged against them by the brave but savage nations of this country.

But they struggled on, through years of privation, loneliness and danger.—Their deep piety, pure morality, industry, energy and valor, at length made them a comparatively happy and prosperous people. As they increased in wealth and prosperity, there were occasional manifestations of a desire for liberty and independence. At length the jealousy of the mother country was aroused, and a tyrannical administration strove, by overbearing and severe laws, to prevent their increasing greatness, and keep them in due subjection to the British Crown. But the colonies, too, were equally jealous of their rights.—The love of liberty that brought them to this country at first, "grew with their growth, and strengthened with their strength." The colonies, however, on account of their love for the mother country, suffered much and suffered long; and only were willing to reject the galling yoke of oppression when patience was exhausted and further endurance had ceased to be a virtue.

Then it was that they made their famous Declaration of Independence and absolved themselves from all allegiance to the British throne.

Then it was that Great Britain put forth her giant strength and exerted all her power to subdue her rebellious colonies. She sends her mighty armies to our shores. The colonies stand firm for their Independence, and an army is soon raised to meet the British forces.—The storm of battle rages, the war of the Revolution goes on. The colonies were surrounded on every side by foes,—a formidable enemy invades them from the Atlantic coast.—Hand thirsty savages assail them east and west, north and south, along a thousand miles of unprotected frontier—added to this, there were many false-hearted, disaffected Tories, who, Judas-like, were ever ready to betray their and ruin their cause.—These were the days of evil that tried men's souls. The aged parents blessed their sons as they sent them to battle for the country. The wife, with heroic fortitude, gave up her husband to fight for liberty. The Lord was with our fathers on the tented field. He was their help against the mighty. The aid of Heaven was not sought in vain by our pious ancestors.

But, under God, the wisdom, energy, patriotism and bravery of our forefathers triumphed gloriously. They had an army, but it was composed mostly of raw militia; but their watchword was "Liberty or death!" They had a Congress of statesmen to watch over the interest of the Colonies, on land and sea, who had forfeited their lives to the British Crown as rebels against their sovereign; but a nobler band of men never sat in legislative halls. They only thought of Independence and freedom for the oppressed and bleeding country. For this alone they lived—for this, at any moment they were ready to die. They had a navy, not of ships of the line, not like the navy of Britain that carried the terror of her arms for a thousand years in triumph o'er the deep. It mostly consisted of little vessels from the fisheries and from the commercial trade of the country. But the men that were in these vessels, are worthy of consideration. They were hence, brave, patriotic, and just as capable of capturing a British man of war as they had been of taking a whale—just as capable of bringing a prize that they had selected from the British navy to port, as they had formerly been of bringing a cargo of merchandise from some foreign shore.

Those American tars were then a most noble set of men. With the means they had at command, none could have done better, and their names and deeds shall never be forgotten.—This Congress army and navy were employed for years of toil and danger and suffering, in maintaining the Independence of this country. The coffers of the country were emptied, and the lives of thousands of brave and good citizens were sacrificed, that we might celebrate this day with joy and gladness, and live in the undisturbed enjoyment of civil and religious liberty in this happy land.

Should we not highly prize and guard, as with a miser's care, the costly but rich and noble inheritance we have received from our forefathers. That we