

THE RAVEN.

BY QUARLES.

The following lines from a correspondent—besides the deep quaint strain of the sentiment, and the curious introduction of some ludicrous touches amidst the serious and impressive, as was doubtless intended by the author—appear to us one of the most felicitous specimens of unique rhyming which has for some time met our eye.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary, Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December, And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer, "Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing, Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;

Then into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning, Soon I heard again a tapping somewhat louder than before.

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter, In that stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore;

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling, By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly, Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid lust, spoke only That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.

Wondering at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken, "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,

But the raven, beguiling all my sad soul into smiling, Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust, and door;

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer Swung by angels whose faint foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!— Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil! By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore!

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting— "Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;

And my lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor; And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor

Highly important to farmers? The introduction of the method of grinding corn, cob, shuck and grain, just as it is pulled from the stalk, described in the advertisement of Maj. Collins, in this paper, will form a new era in the agricultural history of the State.

We hope it will be every where adopted, and that the enterprising proprietor will be liberally compensated for his laudable efforts to advance the agricultural interest of the old North State.—Raleigh Star.

The following is No. 5, of a series of Essays now in the course of publication in the South Carolina newspapers.

ESSAYS ON DOMESTIC INDUSTRY.

Surely there is nothing in cotton spinning that can poison the atmosphere of South Carolina. Why not spin as well as plant cotton?

There are many reasons why blacks should be preferred, two of which may be adduced: First—You are not under the necessity of educating them, and have therefore their uninterrupted services from the age of eight years.

Need anything be said about the amount of capital required for embarking in these pursuits? It is only necessary to revert to the fact, that lands and negroes pay but three per cent.

It is only necessary to build a manufacturing village of shanties, in a healthy location in any part of the State, and a crowd of these poor people around you, seeking employment at half the compensation given to operatives at the North.

That we are behind the age in agriculture, the mechanic arts, industry and enterprise, is apparent to all who pass through our State; our good city of Charleston speaks a language on this subject not to be mistaken; she has lost 1000 of her population, according to the census of 1840.

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great change would soon be brought about; but the labor of negroes and blind horses can never supply the place of steam, and this power is without the delicate nerves of an agriculturist, or the noise of a mechanic's hammer should break in upon the slumber of a real estate holder, or importing merchant, while he is indulging in fanciful dreams, or building on pagoda in the Queen city of the South—the paragon of the age.

These restrictions are but in character with many other things; and while we are on this subject, permit me to ask, whether any other town of the same size would have allowed the greatest work of the age—the Hamburg Railroad—to come into the city and find its terminus in a mudhole, scarcely passable in the winter season for a family carriage, much less for a loaded wagon?

For sale at the different Periodical Offices throughout the United States, at the rate of \$2.00 per copy, or two copies for \$3.50, and five copies for \$10.00. It will be published in numbers, at regular periods, and can be sent by mail at periodical postage.

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THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI, LA FAYETTE COUNTY. CIRCUIT COURT—NOVEMBER TERM, 1844.

LAND FOR SALE. THE subscriber being determined to remove to the West, offers for sale his plantation lying on Fourth Creek, within two miles of Concord Church, two miles of Liberty Hill, and eight miles Northwest of Stoneville.

WARRANTS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE. S. H. HARRIS, At Belvoir, Davidson City, N. C.

Well worth the Attention of the Reading Public. The American Review.—The first edition of the first number of the "American Review," has been rapidly circulated, and a second is now demanded.

It belongs to the Whig party therefore still to stand unmindful and unbroken. The battles but just begun together, and the positions already long occupied by those who have practically conquered in their principles, while they know how to defend them, are actually a majority of the American people.

At such a time, it is necessary to urge upon every one the importance of sustaining a National Review, corresponding to that which the Democratic party have lately made an organ of influence so ably perniciosa.

It is in vain to say that the Review is a mere luxury, or that it is a waste of money. It is a necessity of the age, and it is time that the people in different sections who are alike opposed to nullification, corruption and misrule should unite to sustain a National Review.

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!! THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public that he still continues to carry on the Cabinet Business, in Salisbury, on Main street, a few doors south of J. & W. Murphy's store.

FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS FOR 1844! At the Old Tailoring Establishment. HORACE H. BEARD.

TO THE PUBLIC. THE subscriber takes this method of informing the public, that he still continues to carry on the business of STONE CUTTING, as usual, at his granite Quarry seven miles south of Salisbury.

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