The Martinsburg Gazette.

BY EDMUND P. HUNTER. MARTINSBURG, BERKELEY COUNTY, VIRGINIA. PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

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☞ No subscription will be taken for a less period than six months.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted three times at One Dollar per square, (fourteen lines,) and at Twenty-Five Cents for each subsequent insertion.

☞ The number of insertions must be marked on the manuscript, or copy of the advertisement sent, or it will be continued until forbid, *and charged accordingly*

That Old Stand of YOUNG'S.

IT is with pleasure that the undersigned, who has recently returned to his native place, informs his friends and the public that he has opened a

New Drug, Confectionary, AND GROCERY STORE.

in the room for many years occupied by Adam Young, on Queen Street. His assortment of the several articles in his line, although not full at the present time, will be found to contain those which are beneficial to the sick, and pleasing to the taste; and besides, his charges are very moderate. He therefore confidently invites the patronage of the public, as the quality of his assortment and the low charges which he will make must certainly meet the public approbation. All who are disposed to patronise a beginner in business, and who regard economy, should give him a call. Among his goods at present may be found—

Acid Muriatic,	" Guiacum,
" Nitric,	" Tragacanth,
" Sulphuric,	Indigo,
" Oxalic,	Ink Powder—Blk.
" Tartaric,	Liquorice Ball,
Arsenic,	Lucifer Matches,
Balsam Copaiva,	Musk,
Bark Lima,	Mustard Ground,
" Peruvian,	Mace,
Blacking Paste,	Nutmegs.
Borax Refined,	Oil Cloves,
Brimstone Roll,	" Annisseed,
Calomel English,	" Cinnamon,
" American,	" Lemon,
Cream Tartar,	" Peppermint
Camphor Refined,	" Castor,
Castile Soap.	" Sweet,
Corosive Sublimate,	" Sperm,
Copperas,	Ointments,
Essences,	Precipitate Red,
Flor. Sulphur,	Prussian Blue,
" Chamomile,	Sal Aratus,
" Benzoine,	" Ammoniac,
" Senna,	" Epsom,
" Ura Urea,	" Tartar,
Gall Aleppo,	Starch,
Gum Ammonia,	Sugar Lead,
" Arabic,	Spts. Nitre—dulcis,
" Senegal,	Spanish Brown,
" Benzoin,	Tartar Emetic,
" Gamboge,	Tinctures,
" Myrrh,	Venetian Red.
" Opium, (Turkey)	

PATENT MEDICINES.

Bateman's Drops,	Sphon's Sick-Headache
Lee's Ossinee Mustard	Remedy,
Pills,	Balsam Life,
" Nervous Cordial,	Opodeldoc,
Godfrey's do.	Fora's Balsam of Hoarhound,
British Oil,	Seidlitz & Soda Powders
Harlem do.	Judkin's Ointment,
Hawes' Liniment,	

With a variety of other Goods in his line.
May 16, 1844. JOHN M. YOUNG.

Flax-Seed Candy,

AN agreeable article for coughs, &c., used as the ordinaiy candy, for sale by
Nov. 28 WM. H. HESLETINE & CO.

Sperm Oil.

WINTER strained Sperm Oil, of superior quality, just received and for sale by
Nov. 28 WM. H. HESLETINE & CO.

PAINT BRUSHES—A large assortment of various sizes; also Hair and Cloth Brushes, from 25 cts. to $1,50. Also, Sash Tools for sale by
Nov. 28 WM. H. HESLETINE & CO.

M. A. ROOT'S COPY-BOOKS—For sale by WM. H. HESLETINE & CO.
November 28 Druggists.

CORN PLASTER.—Sir Asterly Cooper's Corn Plaster, an infallible cure for corns, for sale by WM. H. HESLETINE & CO.
November 28

Indian Dye,

FOR coloring grey, light, or red hair a beautiful brown or jet black, for sale by
Nov. 28 WM. H. HESLETINE & CO.

EYE WATER.—Dr. Thompson's celebrated Eye Water for sale by WM. H. HESLETINE & CO.
November 28 Druggists.

SALAD OIL—Warranted a superior article, for sale by
Nov. 28 WM. H. HESLETINE & CO.

PRESTON'S AROMATIC SMELLING SALTS, for nervous headache, for sale by WM. H. HESLETINE & CO.
November 28 Druggists.

HOUCK'S PANACEA—A fresh and genuine article, for sale by WM. H. HESLETINE & CO.
November 28 Druggists.

SILVER PENCIL-CASES.

A HANDSOME assortment, warranted pure silver, and price low, with the leds to suit, for sale by W. DORSEY,
Dec. 5 Druggist.

Cloverseed & Pork.

WE want to purchase a large quantity of Cloverseed, for which we will always pay the market price in cash. We will also purchase Pork for cash or Merchandise, at fair prices.
J. W. & B. R. BOYD.
Martinsburg, Dec. 5

MALAGA GRAPES—Just received and for sale by
Nov. 28 WM. H. HESLETINE & CO.

DR. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT & HAIR TONIC, warrented genuine, just received, and for sale by WM. H. HESLETINE & CO.
November 28 Druggists.

NEW BAROUCH FOR SALE.

THE subscriber has for sale a new, finely finished BAROUCH, for one or two horses, which he will sell very low.
Sept. 12, 1844—tf DANL. S. WHITE.

FLOUR.

I HAVE just received a fresh supply of Flour, which will be sold cheap for cash.
WN. KROESEN.
R. R. Depot, Jan. 9

Shad & Herring.

A FEW Bbls. Shad and Herring received and for sale by PHIL. TRAMMELL.
Opequon Mills, Dec. 12, 1844

FRESH DRUGS, MEDICINES, DYE-STUFFS, PAINTS, OILS, &C.

HAVING laid in my fall supply of the above articles, I would call the attention of the public to the same, as perfect reliance may be placed in every article sold by me as to quality and kind. The following is in part a list of Medicines, &c., which I offer on the best terms:—

Acid Citric—genuine,	Extract Aconite,
" Muriatic,	" Colocynth Comp.
" Nitric,	" Eleterium—Clut'
" "Medic.—pure,	" Jalap,
" Oxalic,	" Lead,
" Sulphuric,	" Rathania,
" Tartaric,	Flor. Benzoine,
Ether Nitric fort.	" Chamomile,
" Vitriol,	" Sulphur
Alcohol,	" Senna—Alexand.
Ammon. Carb.	" Ura, Urea,
Apothecary's Scales and Weights,	Gall Aleppo,
Arrow Root,	Gum Aloes,
Arsenic—pure,	" Ammon
Balsam Copaiva,	" Arabic, Turkey,
" " Capsules,	" Assafœtida,
Bark—best Lima,	" Benzoine,
" Elm,	" Gamboge,
Berries Cubebs,	" Guiacum,
Borax—refined,	" Myrrh,
Burgundy Pitch,	" Opium—Turkey,
Brimstone, Roll,	" Scammony—Alep.
Calomel—Eng. & Amer	" Tragacanth,
Camphor, refined,	Hive Syrup,
Carageen or Irish Moss	Hydriodate—Potass.
Cream Tartar,	Lint—Patent,
Creosote,	Liquor Ammonia Fortis,
	Liquorice Ball, &c. &c.

With Bottles and Vials of every description. Any prescription or preparation will be attended to with exactness and according to the formulary given.

The attention of families and others is called to the following

MEDICINES, &C.,

—many of which are recommended as valuable and important in diseases and other purposes:

Balsam of Honey for colds—Hill's,	Pills, Beckwith's,
Black Lead,	" German,
Blacking Paste—Dunlps	" And'rson's Female
Castile Soap—genuine,	" Hooper's "
Chalk, all kinds,	" Blue,
Cologne Water, a large assortment,	" Scamony and Calomel,
Cork Wood,	Eye Water,
Court Plaster,	Essence Cinnamon,
Emery, fine and coarse,	" Peppermint,
Frostings,	Godfrey's Cordial, for children,
Glue	Harlam Oil,
Gold Leaf,	Oil Spike,
Gum Shellac,	" Stone,
Houck's Panacea,	Opodeldoc,
Swaim's do.	Toothe Ache Drops,
Indigo, Spanish,	Turlington's Balsam,
Ink Powder, Black,	Quicksilver,
" Durable,	Rosin,
" in vials,	Rotten-Stone,
Isinglass, best,	Sal Aratus,
Itch Ointment,	Sal. Epsom,
Judkin's Ointment,	" Glauber,
Jujube Paste,	" Tartar,
Matches,	Snuff, all kinds,
Mustard,	Seidlitz Powders,
Nutmegs,	Soda do.
Oils of every sort,	Soap, a complete assortment,
Pepper, every kind,	
Plasters for Rheumatism	Sponge, coarse and fine,
Pills, Dyott's,	Starch,
" Lee's,	Wafers, black and red,
" Lyon's,	Wax, white and yellow,

With a large assortment of Fancy Goods, to which attention is called, as they will be sold low.

Painters, Dyers, Manufacturers, and others' attention is called to the following list:

Paint Brushes,	Ivory, Black,
Copperas,	White Lead in Oil, No. 1
Indigo—Spanish,	" " Extra,
Lamp Black,	" " Dry,
Logwood, chipped and Ground,	Whiting, Spanish,
Fustic, " "	Window Glass—Balto.
Red or Brazil Wood,	Annatto, Spanish,
Madder, superior,	Smalts,
Yellow Ochre,	Gold Leaf,
Linseed Oil,	Bronze, yellow & white,
Sperm "	Silver Leaf,
Sweet "	Flake, white,
Spirits Turpentine,	Chrome, yellow,
Sand Paper,	" green,
Prussian Blue, No. 1,	Paris, green,
Pumice Stone,	Verdigris,
Red Lead, Painters,	Silver Sand,
Sugar of Lead,	Turmeric,
Black Oil Varnish,	Litherage,
Copal, " by the gal	Putty,
Japan "	Stone, Oker,
Venitian Red,	Vermillion—Chinese,
Spanish Brown,	Carmine,
	Camel's-Hair Pencils, &c

As we prepare a great many articles, such as *PATENT MEDICINES*, and the *ESSENCES*, we would say to the merchants throughout the county, that we will supply them with such articles at *Baltimore prices*, and warrant every article to be of the best quality.
WILLIAM DORSEY,
October 24, 1844. *Druggist.*

SEASONABLE GOODS.

IN the large stock of Fall and Winter Goods which we have just received, we respectfully call the attention of the Ladies to the following desirable goods which are now in season. We have a beautiful assortment of

Cashmere D'Ecosse, Gala Plaids;
Tesans, Chusans, Plaids Closkings;
Mouslain de Laine—figured and silk stripe;
Satin Plaids de Laine, Silk-stripe Persians;
Alpacas, Plaids—striped and figured;
Gro de Nap and Silk warp Alpacas;
Cords and Tassels, Gimps and Buttons;
Silk, Worsted, Alpaca and Cotton Hose;
Velvet Points and Alpaca Aprons;
Worsted and Silk Mitts;
Linen-cambric Hdkfs. and Pelerines;
Bonnet and Cap Ribbons and Flowers;
Cap Netts and Barred Muslins;
Edges, Laces, and Insertings;
Calicoes of every price, color, and quality;

We are determined to sell upon the most accommodating terms, and invite all to "come and see" at G. & C. W. DOLL'S.
October 17

Oysters.

I RECEIVE daily fresh Oysters, which will be sold cheap by the can, or by the quart or pint.
Nov. 21. GEO. RAENHAL.

Tobacco & Segars.

A FINE article of Tobacco; also a large assortment of Segars of various kinds and qualities. Also, Rappee, Maccowbe, Congress, and Scotch Snuffs, by the pound and in bottles, just received and for sale by
Nov. 28 WM. H. HESLETINE & CO.

NEW YORK.

WHOLESALE HOUSES—N. YORK.

THE subscribers are now amply prepared with full STOCKS OF GOODS in their respective departments, peculiarly suited to the wants of Southern and Western Merchants.

The large and varied assortment which the New York market affords to purchasers, presents a superior opportunity for a choice selection, and on terms in all respects as favorable, to say the least, as any other market.

Southern and Western Merchants are assured of our determination to please, if possible, all who are in search of *Spring and Summer Supplies*—and are respectfully invited to examine our several stocks and prices.

SILKS AND FANCY GOODS.

Bowen & McNamee, 16 William, corner Beaver st.
Carleton, Frothingham & Co., 172 Pearl st., corner Pine st.

STRAW GOODS.

G. M. Peck, 146 Pearl st.

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS.

Doremus, Suydam & Nixon, 39 Nassau st., corner Liberty, opposite Post Office.
G. W. & J. T. Moore & Co., 207 Pearl st., four doors above Maiden Lane.
Nelson & Graydon, 61 Cedar st., next door to the new Post Office.
J. W. & R. Leavitt, 166 Pearl st.
Parsons & Lawrence, 129 Pearl st., and 32 Beaver, few doors below Wall st.
Bradner & Co., 160 Pearl st., near Wall.
John P. Stagg & Co., 182 Pearl st.
F. S. & D. Lathrop, 62 William st., cor. Cedar st.

CLOTHS, CAJSIMERS, VESTING AND SUMMER GOODS.

Wilson G. Hunt & Co., 82 William st., cor. Maiden Lane.
F. S. Winston & Co., 138 Pearl st., Foreign and Domestic Woolens, Vestings and Pantaloon Stuffs.

HARDWARE AND CUTLERY.

Wolfe & Gillespie, 193 Pearl st. near Maiden Lane.
Hyslop & Brother, successors to Robert Hyslop & Son, 220 Pearl st., above Maiden Lane.
Cornell, Brothers, 269 Pearl, corner Fulton st.
W. I. Buck, 209 Pearl st., four doors above Maiden Lane, extensive Manufacturer and Importer of Saddlery, Harness and Coach Hardware.
Henry Baylis, 105 Maiden Lane, Manufacturer and Importer of Needles and Fancy Goods.
Wetmore & Co., 79 and 81 Vesey, and 205 Washington sts., Importers and Dealers in Hardware, Bar Iron and Steel.
John Van Nest, successor to Abraham Van Nest, 114 Pearl st., Hanover Square, Importer and Dealer in Saddlery, Coach and Harness Hardware

IMPORTER OF FRENCH AND ENGLISH STAPLE STATIONERY.

Lewis I. Cohen, 138 William st., two doors from Fulton.

IMPORTERS OF WATCHES, FINE CUTLERY, JEWELRY, AND PLATED WARE.

Fellows, Wadsworth & Co., 17 Maiden Lane.
Ball, Tompkins & Black, (late Marquand & Co., 181 Broadway.

BOOTS, SHOES, LEGHORN AND PALM HATS, CAPS, BONNETS, &C.

D. & A. Wesson, 157 Pearl st., near Wall.
Spofford, Tileston & Co., 149 Water st.
Watson & Shipman, 37 Nassau st., opposite Post Office
Calvin W. How, 131 Maiden Lane.

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

Collins, Brother & Co., 254 Pearl st.
Pratt, Woodford & Co., 63 Wall st.
Huntington & Savage, 216 Pearl st.

IMPORTERS OF FANCY ARTICLES, BRUSHES, COMBS, PERFUMERY, &C.

A. H. Ward & Co. (formerly Bailly, Ward & Co.) 41 Maiden Lane.
Levi Cook & Co., 138 Pearl st.—also, Buttons, &c.
Wm. H. Carey & Co., 186 Pearl st., opposite Cedar st.
Spelman & Fraser, 136 Pearl st.—also Cutlery, Buttons, &c.

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS AND DYE-STUFFS.

J. & J. F. Trippe, 90 and 92 Maiden Lane.
Hoadley, Phelps & Co., 142 Water st., near Maiden Lane.
H. H. Schieffelin & Co., 104 and 106 John st.

CUTLERY, HOUSE-KEEPING HARDWARE, TIN AND WOOD-WARE, BASKETS, &C.

J. B. Windle & Co., 56 Maiden Lane.

WHOLESALE GROCERS.

J. & A. Lowery, 121 Front st.

WINES, LIQUORS, SEGARS, FINE GROCERIES, &C.

A. Bininger & Co., 141 Broadway.

CHINA, GLAS & EARTHENWARE.

Henry W. Haydock, 276 Pearl st.

UMBRELLAS, &C.

Henry Keep, 122 Pearl st., successor to Tho. Garner, Manufacturer and Dealer in Umbrellas and Parasols.
Richard McNamee, 16 William st., Manufacturer and Dealer in Umbrellas, Parasols, Stocks, Linens and Straw Goods.
Charles Davis, 194 Pearl st., Manufacturer and Wholesale Dealers in Umbrellas.
Horace H. Day, 25 Maiden Lane, Manufacturer of Patent India Rubber Suspenders and all kinds of India Rubber Goods.
Firth, Hall & Pond, 239 Broadway, Manufacturers, Publishers and Importers of Music and Musical Instruments.—Sole agents for Chickering's Piano Fortes.

PUBLIC HOUSES—NEW YORK.

THE Proprietors of the following named Public Houses, in the City of New York, unite in the above invitation to Southern and Western Merchants, who may visit our Commercial Emporium, to call at our respective Houses; pledging ourselves to administer the comforts of "Home" as far as in our power, to those who may give us the preference.

Mansion House, W. J. Bunker, 39 Broadway.
Howard Hotel, Thomas & Roe, Broadway.
City Hotel, Chester Jennings, Broadway.
Waverley House, Willard Whitcomb, 54 and 56 Broadway.
Atlantic Hotel, 3 and 5 Broadway, W. C. Anderson.
Pacific Hotel, 162 Greenwich st., J. W. Boody, W. D. Parsons.
Astor House, Coleman & Stetson.
Franklin House, Broadway, Hayes & Treadwell.
January 23, 1845.

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale the Farm on which he lives, adjoining Philip C. Pendleton, Geo. Weller, &c., containing upwards of

250 ACRES;

between 40 and 50 Acres of which are covered with Timber of the best quality—the balance in a fine state of cultivation.

The land is all Limestone, of the first quality in the County. The improvements are good.

Terms of sale will be made accommodating.
URIAH MILLER.
November 7, 1844—tf

Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the Estate of William Kroesen, dec'd, will please to call and settle their dues, either by payment or closing by note, their open accounts. I hope this notice will not be disregarded, as it is desirable that the Estate shall be closed up as speedily as possible.
WASHINGTON KROESEN, *Adm'r.*
January 16, 1845—tf.

POETICAL.

From the American Review.

THE RAVEN.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door,
"'Tis some visiter," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor,
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had tried to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Leonore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
"'Tis some visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door:—
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came tapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door—
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming, dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Then into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon I heard again a tapping somewhat louder than before,
"Surely," said I, "surely, that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;—
'Tis the wind, and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stept a stately raven of the saintly days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient raven wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no sublunary being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope the melancholy burden bore,
Nevermore—ah, nevermore!"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust, and door;
Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy into fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghast, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, Nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by angels whose faint foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and Nepenthe from thy memories of Leonore!
Let me quaff this kind Nepenthe and forget this lost Leonore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Leonore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Leonore."
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or friend," I shrieked, upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallais just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon that is dreaming,
And the 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,
Shall be lifted—Nevermore!

Miscellaneous.

WHERE AM I GOING?—Many evils might be avoided, if this question were often put. If the young thought more of what they do or where they go, they would escape much sin and remorse.—"Ponder the path of the feet," says the wise man. Am I going where I ought not to go? Am I going where I was forbidden to go? Am I going into temptation? Am I going into bad company? Had I better stay than go?" Whoever will honestly think of these questions will not be sorry to think that they stopped to think before they determined to go. There is an old rule—"think twice before you speak once." It may also be said, "think twice before you take one new step."

Hottentots eat decayed whales, and some people grow fat on the faults of their neighbors.

The bar of the tavern leads to the bar of the bench, and a prison bar speedily follows.

News, Politics, etc.

THE WONDERS OF MESMERISM.

The New York correspondent of the National Intelligencer, notices an extraordinary case of the power and reality of the Mesmeric agency, as exhibited in New York on the 16th, in the presence of Doctors Mott, Francis, Doane, Delafield, Rogers, and others—all of them men acknowledge to stand in the front rank of their profession. A young lady of respectibility residing in Chambers street, while in the somnambulic state induced by mesmerism, had a tumor removed from her neck near the carotid artery. The mesmeriser and surgical operator was Dr. Bertronnier, a young man of fine abilities, who has recently arrived from Paris. The subject submitted to the painful operation without the slightest manifestation of physical pain or shrinking—a serene smile playing upon her lips as the knife cut deep into the flesh. After the operation was ended an apparent disposition to awaken from the magnetic trance was immediately dispelled by a few passes from the mesmeriser's hand. The eminent physicians who were present nearly all of whom came "prepared to scoff," regarded one another in silent amazement at the successful close of the experiment. As one of the most distinguished of them remarked to me, their looks seemed to say: "have we not disbelieved in these things too long?" The case was in all of its details of a most convincing character. A full description of it, duly authenticated, will soon be published. It is likely to rival in interest that in which the celebrated Cloquet of Paris was the operator; who removed a cancer under similiar circumstances, but where the operation was not strongly attested as in the present instance. A profound impression has undoubtedly been made upon the minds of our medical and scientific men by this extraordinary incident, confirmatory as it is of the reality of an agency in nature, the existence of which they have hitherto denied, and the attempts to establish the truth of which they have denounced as the grossest quackery.

RETURNS OF THE EXILES.—Last Saturday morning, says the St. Albans, Vt., Republican, the quiet of our little village was suddenly broken in upon by the arrival from the south, of thirty-eight of the Canadains, exiled to Van Diemen's Land for participation in the troubles of '37.—It is nearly two years since the British government pardoned their offences, and gave them liberty to return to their homes. Since that time they have been at work to earn the necessary funds to enable them to reach their own shores. They appeared healthy, well dressed, and in high spirits, and spoke well of the treatment they had received at the hands of the British authorities. Two of them on returning to their homes, where they expected to meet the smiles and joyful tears of their wives, found that these last had supplied their places with other lords.

OMENS.—Mr. Polk's arrival was attended with disastrous omens. When he was about landing below the city of Louisville on Monday night, a violent gale drove the steamboat against the shore or another boat, and several men's hats (some say the men themselves) were knocked overboard. Yesterday morning he entered the city in the midst of a raging snow storm that kept nine-tenths of his men shut up at home. Before he had been there three hours, there were two alarms of fire. About the same time, the flag from a Locofoco pole was blown away. No doubt such dire omens will multiply as he approaches Washington city. By the time of his arrival there, we expect to have a longer chapter of potents than Amos Kendall published after the inauguration of Harrison.—*Lou. Jour.*

ANOTHER NEW INVENTION.—The Boston Post of Saturday gives this account of an invention, which, if successful, is likely to be a formidable competitor of Mr. Morse's magnetic telegraph:

"We were highly entertained yesterday afternoon by an exhibition of an invention for transmitting substances through tubes or pipes, with great velocity. It is the purpose of this invention to transmit letters or packages any diatance which may be desired with the rapidity almost of lightning. The process by which this is accomplished is very simple, consisting merely of an air chest, which is charged with air by a force pump contiguous to the chest. When the chest is sufficiently charged with air, the letter or package is placed in the feeder, and is immediately discharged through the pipe with great velocity, and perfect safety. Col. Reed, the inventor, is of opinion that an outlay of $60,000 would insure the transmission of letters and packages between Boston and New York, with perfect safety, in the space of half an hour!"

MR. NORRIS IN AUSTRIA.—A paragraph in the New Yerk "Deutsche Schell post," dated Vienna, Dec. 21, states that Mr. Norris, the successful machinest of Philadelphia, has leased the machine factory of Messrs. Fletcher & Punshen, in that city, and has made arrangements for carrying on its operations on an extensive scale. The Government has given him an order for thirty locomotives for its roads, and in order to expedite their completion, he will be obliged to import a large portion of the materials from America.

An old lady of Arles, terrified of being buried alive, left by will 600 francs to the person who should continue to tickle her feet for forty-eight hours after her apparent death. A female domestic commenced the task, but was obliged to take a partner.

Humorous.

A SALT-RIVER ROARER.—One of these two fisted backwoodsmen, half horse, half alligator, and little touched with the snapping turtle, went lately to see a caravan of wild beasts.—After giving them a careful examination, he offered to bet the owner that he could whip his lion in an open ring, and he might throw in all his monkeys, and let the zebra kick him occasionally during the fight.

SWEARING OUT OF IT.—A Hibernian was once taken to prison for stealing a gun. On hearing that a man who had stolen a goose had got released because he procured a witness who swore that he possessed the bird when it was a gosling. Pat tried to get a fellow to swear that he had the gun ever since it was a pistol.

THE DEVIL MARRIED!—This is no joke, it is a stubborn fact. In Milton, (Pennsylvania,) on Christmas day, by the Rev. Mr. Stover, Mr. John Devil was joined in holy matrimony, to Miss Elizabeth Shad, all of Milton. This is a marriage extraordinary: an event absolutely unprecedented in ancient or modern times, that the Devil should catch a Shad in mid-winter, and take her "alive and kicking" to his wedding supper.

A VICTIM TO SCIENCE.—George Cuthbert was charged with being drunk at an untimely hour in the streets. When asked by the policeman who he was? "A victim to science," hiccupped George; "but I have found it out." "Found out what?" inquired the police constable. "Silence, and I'll tell you," murmured George.—"Don't you know, and if you don't you ought—you ought, I say, to know, that I've been endeavoring to hascertain the comparative strength of alcoholic fluids for many years, and I've just found it out. It's whisky, sir. Tell you how I did it. I takes three glasses of brandy, no effect; three of gin, no go; three of whisky, done in a minute. My grandmother always said I'd be a victim to my scientific thirst." "Very well," said the constable; "come with me and study in the watch house".—*Liverpool Journal.*

Some sentimental village loafer thus certifies to the intensity of his devotion to his true love:

I sing her praise in poetry—
For her at morn and eve,
I cries whole pints of bitter tears,
And wipes them off with my sleeve.

A SCENE.—*Morning after the election.*—"Pa, does wine make a beast of a man?"—"Pshaw! child—perhaps once in a while!" "Is that the reason why Mr. Goggins, the tavern-keeper, has on his sign, "Entertainment for man and beast?"" "Nonsense child, what makes you ask?" "Because! Ma says that last night you went to Goggin's a man and came home a beast, and that he entertained you!" "That's mother's notions, dear. Run out and play; papa's head aches."

"William," said a carpenter to his apprentice, "I'm going away to-day, and want you to grind all the tools." "Yes sir." The carpenter came home at night. "William have you ground all the tools right sharp." "All but the *hand-saw,*" said Bill: "I couldn't get quite all the gaps out of that!"

SCRUPULOUS POLITENESS.—As the Rev. Mr. M—— was one day walking out, he passed two little lads, one of whom made a very mannerly bow.—As he turned his back upon them he heard the following very amusing conversation.

"Why, John, didn't you know that man was Parson M——, our minister?"

"Yes, of course I did."

"Well, then, why did you not make a bow to him?"

"Why? *My mother don't belong to his meeting!*"

What is that which is above all human imperfections and yet shelters the weakest and wisest, as well as the wickedest of all mankind.—A HAT.

"Most people like to be soaped," as the chap said when he pelted his neighbor with soapstones.

"I'm gaining ground," as the sand bar said to the river.

A PRODIGY—THE SLAVE ARITHMETICIAN.

A few months since, an account of a negro of an extraordinary faculty for numbers, belonging to Mr. P. McLemore of Madison co., Ala., was put in the papers. Mr. McLemore was in town on Monday, and we had an opportunity of witnessing the powers of calculation of this anomaly in mind.

He is an idiot as to every thing else, and for that reason, has never performed any labor; though of stout person, weighing nearly two hundred. To the question, "how many are 143 multiplied by 359?" he answered, "fifty-six thousand, four hundred fifty-seven," almost without hesitation. So also 976 by 837? answer, 816,912; 521 by 351? answer, 182,871. He also solved questions in division, with a facility that beggars all counting-room calculation; such as how many seventeens in 576? how many nineteens in 783? &c. To test his comprehension of numbers over a million, he was asked how many were 1362 multiplied by 1257?—During the pause of three or four minutes, we were not able to detect any evidences of mental effort in his countenance, and doubted whether he was thinking at all. But to the astonishment of all, he answered, "seventeen hundred and twelve thousand, thirty four."

The negro does not know a letter, or figure, or any other representation of numbers, or ideas. He speaks to no one, except when spoken to. His forehead is long and covered with hair within an inch and a half above the eyebrows.—But the volume, from temple to temple is deep beyond comparison. He is nineteen years old, but has the appearance of thirty. He has never been taught to understand (perhaps has never heard, as he has never before been from home, where no one could teach him) the forms of mathematical questions or problems, other than those of simple addition, multiplication and division. Superior even to Sir Isaac Newton in this single faculty, he is destituted of every other that is necessary to render it available for any practicable purpose.

He is unable to communicate his process to others. The basis of his reckoning must be decimal, or some other even number; for questions involving odd numbers require a longer time for their solution. When solving such, he has a mysterious *mnemotechnic* sign by placing his left fore finger in the corner of his left eye, and then drawing down across his mouth. Such is the "scientific nigger" from Alabama—a being of one idea.—*Columbus (Tenn.) Observer.*

THE PHENOMENA OF THE BRAIN.—One of the most inconceivable things in the nature of the brain is, that the organ of sensation should itself be insensible.—To cut the brain gives no pain, yet in the brain alone resides the power of feeling pain in any other part of the body. If the nerve which leads to it from the injured part be divided, we become instantly unconscious of suffering. It is only by communication with the brain that any kind of sensation is produced; yet the organ itself is insensible. But there is a circumstance more wonderful still. The brain itself may be removed, may be cut away down to the *corpus calosum*, without destroying life. The animal lives and performs all those functions which are necessary to simple vitality, but has no longer a mind; it cannot think or feel, it requires that the food should be pushed into its stomach; once there, it is digested, and the animal will even thrive and grow fat. We infer, therefore, that the part of the brain called the convolutions, is simply intended for the exercise of the intellect and faculties, whether of the low degree called instinct, or of that exalted kind bestowed on man, the gift of reason.—*Wigan on the Durability of the Mind.*

AN ISLAND DISCOVERED IN THE PACIFIC.—Captain Simmons, of the brig Faith, who arrived at Baltimore last week, discovered an island in the Pacific which is not laid down in any chart. He was on his passage from Otaheite to Valparaiso, and fell in with this island in lat. 21 10 and long. 138 54. It is a few hours sail from Carysfort, which he afterwards saw. It is a about six miles in circumference, surrounded by a reef of black coral rocks, covered with cocoa trees, and apparently rich and fertile, with a lagoon in the middle. He called it the Isle of Faith.

A WICKED ACT.—The Nashville Whig states that a tavern keeper, in that city, on the 29th ultimo, caused two little boys (brothers) to drink raw whiskey for a trifling wager, the consequence of which was the death of one of the two, and the stupefaction of the other on the spot!

There has recently been a proposition before the people of Charlestown, Massachusetts, for the "annexation" of that town to the city of Boston, but it receives very little favor from the citizens of Charlestown. They seem disposed to stick to Old Bunker Hill, and, what is more, to have it all to themselves; and at a town meeting held a few days since, they postponed the annexation project indefinitely by a large majority.—*N. Y. Cour. and Enq.*

How beautiful has it been asked by an eminent writer:—"Is there to be found a gift of heaven more precious, more worthy our most ardent gratitude, than that of possessing a family, a home, where virtues, kindness, and enjoyments are every day guests, where the heart and the eye sun themselves in a world of love, the thougths are lively and enlightened, where friends not only by word but by action say to each other—Thy joy, thy sorrow, thy hope, thy prayer are mine!"—*Phil