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AND THE WEST BRANCH FARMER.

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BY O. N. WORDEN. WEDNESDAY, NOV. 28, 1849. VOL. VI., NO. 35---295.

THE RAVEN....By Edgar A. Poe, dec'd.

1 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."

2 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 sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless *here* for evermore.

3 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."

4 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 rapping,
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.

5 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 stillness 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.

6 Back into my chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard 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!"

7 Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore:
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute 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.

8 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."

9 Much I marveled, this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we can not help agreeing that no living human 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."

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

11 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 until his soul one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of "Never—nevermore."

12 But the Raven still beguiling my sad fancy 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 unto fancy thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant by croaking "Nevermore."

13 Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned within 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!

14 Then, methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose 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 Lenore!
Quaff, O quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget the lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

15 "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!"

16 "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—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if within the distant Aidden
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore?"—
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

17 "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!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thou hast 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!"

18 And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, *still* is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's 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!

Why is the great Russian Bear, Nicholas, like a half-starved fox? Because he's got Hung(a)ry, and wants Turkey.

Apples are not only palatable and cheap but also nutritious and healthy—a rare combination.

The Commissioners to determine the Southern boundary line of Pennsylvania, have discovered old landmarks which show that several valuable farms, heretofore supposed to belong to Delaware, are in fact the territory of Pennsylvania.

FERGUS.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

[*Concluded.*]

George stood at the window too, looking out at one of the lower panes. They watched Fergus as he waded along, pikestaff in hand. He went slowly on till he passed out of the yard, and approached the apple-tree, where he was to turn off into the road, out of his parents' sight. He turned around, waved his pikestaff with a parting smile, and then disappeared. George turned away in silence to the cradle, and began gently to rock it, saying to himself—'How possible it is that we shall never see him smile again!" Mary went away into the other room, and knelt at the bedside, and prayed that as they had now done what seemed to them best, God would take the result into his own hands, and give them hearts of quiet submission to his will. She pressed her handkerchief upon her eyes, with both her hands, as her head reclined upon them, but the gushing would come, while she offered the petition.

But we will follow Fergus. His road led him down into a valley, in which it crossed a brook where he had played in the summer days many an afternoon. He reached the brook without much difficulty, and as the wind had blown the snow mostly from the bridge he walked over it freely, leaning his pikestaff upon the planks, and looking with a kind of satisfaction at his clothes, whitened with the snow higher than his knees. He looked over the railing of the bridge, and was surprised to see how much the brook had disappeared. It had been frozen over, and was completely covered with snow, and even the bed of the stream was so filled in with drifts that all indications of a brook were entirely gone. Still, when he listened, he could hear a low gurgling, as if under ground.

Fergus did not stop long at the bridge—the wind and falling snow drove him on. His road here turned down the valley, but at the turn a large drift, which was too deep for him, extended across the road. He waded into it as far as he could, and then thrust his pikestaff down into it, on before. It was almost over his head, and the snow was falling so thick around him, and blew with such violence into his face and eyes, that he could not see. He sank down on the soft bed beneath him to rest a moment, turning his back towards the wind.

"I wonder," said he to himself, "what makes it always blow the hardest just as I am in the middle of the deepest drifts! I'll keep still till it is tired."

As he sat or rather reclined thus, almost buried in the drift, his face turned towards the side of the road, he saw that along on the other side of the fence was a sort of an eddy where the snow had almost entirely blown away. He could see with difficulty, for the air was thick, and his eyelids were frosted over. He perceived, however, by the little tufts of grass, that the ground was barely covered there, near the fence. So, after resting a moment, and letting his face get warm by keeping it sheltered from the wind, he ploughed his way out of the drift, climbed over the fence, and walked along under its lee.

It was an open rail fence, and Fergus could not understand how it could have so much effect in sheltering the ground beyond it; but wiser philosophers than Fergus have been puzzled in attempting to account for the distribution of the drifts in a snow storm. He went along quite easily till he came to the woods, where the fence turned off in another direction, and then he came into the road again. These woods continued uninterrupted down to the pond, and consequently for the rest of the way the wind ceased, and the surface of snow was level. It was pretty deep, but then it was light, and Fergus broke his way in it without much difficulty, tho' he proceeded slowly. He, in fact, enjoyed going thro' the woods. The calmness of the air, and the gentleness with which the snow fell, led him, as it has often done more experienced travelers, to imagine that the violence of the storm was abating. The air actually felt mild and bland to his cheek, and Fergus thought his troubles were over. The noise of the blast still sweeping heavily along the tops of the trees, might have undeceived him, but Fergus attended only to the pleasanter indications that were near.

After walking thus a quarter of a mile through the woods, he came out upon the shore of the pond, at the landing, where he emerged suddenly into a tempest of wind and driving snow. A great drift lay in his way. He struggled into it, but it was too deep for him to get through, and the snow whirled around him, and drove into his face so that he could not see or scarcely breathe. He turned his back to it again, and paused in the snow to rest.

His eyes fell on a dark object down by the shore of the pond. Now any dark object always attracts the footsteps of a traveler when forcing his way through deep snows. It seems to belong to the solid ground, and promises an easier path by the side of it. Fergus turned in that direction, and soon reached it. It was the edge of the boat, in which he had often crossed in summer, and which had been hauled up there, frozen in, and almost buried. Fergus could not help wishing it was a summer evening, with green fields, and blue sky, and a soft breeze among the leaves—so that he might launch the boat and paddle himself to the other shore.

He paused thus for a moment to contrast the summer with the winter scene, and then turned his face towards the smooth and level surface of the pond before him. The air was so full of driving snow that he could not see but a very little way, but then some traces of the road across the ice were visible, and he pushed on. The snow was level upon the pond, as it had been in the woods, but it was more consolidated, and his progress through it more laborious. The wind, too, which came roaring down from old Hoaryhead, in the north-east, over the broad, open surface of the pond, made it hard for him to struggle on. He succeeded, however, at length, in fairly gaining the opposite shore, without actually losing his track, and then after a short walk in a sheltered valley, he turned out of the road into the Doctor's yard, and waded up to his door.

—And now, since he is safely there, we will return to his parents. George went to his shop to finish his work, promising to return and take care of Benny while Mary prepared supper. He accordingly came in again after half an hour, looking up anxiously as he crossed the yard at the signs of increasing violence in the storm. As he entered, Mary was rocking Benny, and he took her place, in a low chair he had made expressly for the purpose. "Benny," said he, holding out his hands to the little sufferer. "Benny! want to come and rock with father?"

Benny made an effort to reach out his hands, but from weakness they dropped again, at his side. George took him up gently, and laying the child's face upon his shoulder, murmured words of sympathy and condolence in his ear.

Mary went to the window. "Oh, my George," said she, "what a storm! Poor Fergus—he *never* will get across the pond. How could we let him go?"

"We did the best we could, Mary, and now you must not make yourself and me anxious and unhappy about it."

"Why how can I help feeling anxious—my poor boy out on a lone road, in such a storm as this, and night coming on!"

"We can help feeling anxious in a measure," replied George, "we can try to think of something else, and if an anxious thought comes into your mind, don't say it out—speaking it only makes it stronger. The child is in God's hands, and we have now nothing to do for him."

Mary could not reply to this, and went about her work, preparing supper. But her mind was ill at ease. She could not deny George's position that their boy was entirely out of their hands, and that God by making it plainly their duty to send him (at least as it appeared to them,) had taken the responsibility of his safety into His own hands—but after all her heart was not submissive. George, too, felt an instinctive parental solicitude, which made him follow in imagination every step of Fergus' way, but his heart was subdued, and submissive to the will of God, in regard to the result; so that he was calm and peaceful in spirit, tho' the swelling emotions of his heart repeatedly filled his eyes. He hummed in Benny's ear, in words too imperfectly articulated to be heard, the good old hymn,

"Upwards I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid."

And they who know by experience what it is really to resign everything into God's hands in the hour of serious danger or trouble, will not think it strange that he spent a half hour in a state of very pure and heart-felt enjoyment.

In the meantime, Mary was busy in her preparations for supper, and particularly in making a little apple turn-over for Fergus, "against he came back." An apple turn-over was Fergus' highest idea of luxury, and Mary by her interest in making it got over another half hour very well. The time however soon arrived that she listened in vain for the doctor's sleigh-bells. It was a quarter of an hour before they should reasonably be expected, but this quarter of an hour glided away very soon, and daylight began sensibly to decline. She repeatedly left her work to gaze anxiously from the window. At last she asked George if it was not time for them to come?

"Why, no," said George, hesitating, "I should hardly expect them yet."

"It is two hours and more, already, and it is growing dark." Mary brought her face close to the glass, shading her eyes from the light in the room by putting her hands on each side of them, and straining her sight to look down the road; but the snow which filled the air, drove against the window, and trickled down on the outside, and prevented her seeing much. "I do not believe it is possible for the poor little fellow to get across the pond in such a night as this."

"Well Mary, we have nothing to do but to wait quietly for the end, now. There is nothing we can do, and it is wrong to be restless and anxious about it."

"O dear!" said Mary, sitting down and gazing into the fire with a look of great distress. "How sorry I am we let him go! *I* might have gone—and now he will perish in the snow, and I shall never have another moment's peace, as long as I live."

"But consider, Mary," said George, "we have done the best we could; and he is in God's hands. You are not willing to leave him there."

"Oh George," said she, "it is too dreadful." She arose and walked back and forth across the room with a hurried and restless step.

The truth was that the strong impulses of maternal anxiety, had gained an entire triumph over her feelings of Christian resignation to the divine will. George had left the case in the hands of God, and was quietly awaiting the result. Not coldly and with unconcern—for his heart was full of the deepest and tenderest interest in the fate of his little son; but while his affections and sympathies were all deeply interested in the case, his *will* stood aside, and entered into no contest with God in respect to the issue. Mary however could not give up the case to God. Her mind and will struggled for the control of it, and as she was utterly without power, her soul was in a state of indescribable tumult and agitation. Nothing makes such commotions in the soul, as a will struggling for dominion, while yet it is powerless. It rages like a maniac, chained, but unsubdued.

Two reasons made the duty of submission, in this case, far more easy for George, than for Mary. First, he was not the *mother*. There was a semi-animal instinct of parental love in her bosom, which was altogether weaker in his. Then again from difference in their habits of mind, he was accustomed to see more of the bright side, and she more of the dark. His natural associations of thought were cheerful; Mary's were sad. So that when any rude blast of unusual fury shook the windows it was followed in Mary's mind by the idea of Fergus perishing under in the snow—while to George, it suggested the probability that the wind itself might be a guide to Fergus, to the point of the compass, if he should get lost—or that it would blow off the snow from the ice, or some other encouraging idea. Thus submission was a far more easy duty to George than to Mary, still it was no less a *duty* to both.

The tumult in Mary's mind increased as the next hour passed away without bringing any tidings of her boy. Her agitation and her sufferings were increased too, by the conviction that her feelings were wrong and that her plain unwillingness to submit to the decision of God was entirely inconsistent with her Christian vows. But to feel right is a very different thing from struggling against feeling wrong. She saw clearly how unreasonable it was for her to be unwilling that God should decide, and how foolish it was, even in heart, to attempt to resist him; then by a kind of desperate struggle, she would resolve to give up the contest, and resign the case entirely into God's hands; but it was of little avail. She found that the root of insubmission lay too deep. Resolutions and determinations, somehow or other, did not reach it. After the most energetic exercise of the will to feel right which seemed possible, she would find in a few minutes her heart rising again in restless insubmission. Then would succeed a feeling of despair at the hopelessness of her efforts; then self-reproach for this sinful rising against God; then the suggestion that she could not be to blame for what it was plain she could see no cause; then the vindictive conviction of the moral sense that such a feeling of rebellion against God in one to whom God had always been so kind and faithful a protector, was guilty in the extreme, whether she could help it or not, and that the fruitlessness of her attempts to control it, only showed how deeply it was seated. Thus was her soul tossed to and fro, by a tempest of contending emotions.

In the mean time Benny had been returned to his cradle, and he gradually sunk into a kind of lethargy. George sat in his low chair by the corner, rocking the cradle and reading a tract by the light of the fire. The tea-kettle hummed a monotonous song close before the fire, and by the side of it was a plate, whose contents were covered and concealed by a bowl reversed over it. It was Fergus' turn-over.

An hour more passed away. It was after nine o'clock, Mary declared she could bear the anxiety and suspense no longer, and that she would go out herself and see what had become of her boy. George tried to dissuade her, but with little success. He represented to her that she could do nothing on such a night, in such a wild unfrequented road, that she could not see the drifts or even find her way.

"I know it is bad," said she, "but poor Fergus must be perishing in this storm, and I *can not* stay here."

"No," said George, "we can't be sure of that, by any means. Perhaps the doctor kept him there to wait till morning—or perhaps he was not at home—or perhaps some one may have met with Fergus on the way, and persuaded him to go home with him till the storm is over. At any rate it will not do any good for you to go out. Then besides," said he, "look at poor Benny there; if anything happens to you, what will become of him?"

Mary saw the hopelessness of any efforts she could make, but a feeling which she could not resist, seemed to impel her on in her preparations, though she was evidently undecided and perplexed. Twice she took off her bonnet and laid it down, and then, after pacing back and forth across the room, took it again, saying, "*I must go.*" At length she opened the door and went out, though she assured George that she was only going a few steps down the road.

The snow was so drifted in the yard that it lay in great heaps and ridges, but she contrived to work her way slowly along in the shallow places between them. The wind blew the snow, however, so violently into her face, that she was almost blind, and sometimes had to turn 'round to get breath. She at length made her way down the yard, and out to the turn of the road. She noticed the traces of Fergus' foot-steps thus far, but here a high crested ridge ran obliquely across the road, in which all traces of his path had been buried up, and which effectually prevented her from making any further progress. She stood here a moment in despair. She called—*Fergus!* with all the strength of voice she could raise, and then paused, holding her breath, to catch a reply. But it was in vain to attempt to listen. The sweeping sound of the snow flying 'round her—the flapping of her cloak, and above all the awful howling of the wind among the branches and tops of the forest trees, would have been more than than sufficient to have drowned the cry of a perishing child, had such a cry been uttered near her—and Mary turned away, pale and almost fainting with anxious fear, and toiled her way back to the house. Her heart was in a state of utter rebellion against the supremacy of God.

There is a point, both in mental and bodily suffering, where the power of endurance itself seems at length to be exhausted, and the words that arise are, "*I can not bear this any longer.*" They who watch with the sick, observe this point, as the patient passes it in the progress of pain—the succumbing and sinking of the spirit, when the load becomes at last *intolerable*. Mary was very near this point, as she returned to the house.

—But we must next see Fergus. We left him going up safely to the door of the doctor's snug little farm house. It was in a narrow glen, sheltered towards the north by high cliffs. A noisy stream at a small distance from the house formed in summer a beautiful brook, now nearly concealed by ice and snow. When Fergus reached the house, it appeared deserted. The snow lay piled up about the doors and windows, and he saw no track.

"What," said he to himself, "nobody at home?" Then casting his eye up, he saw a slight smoke blowing off from the chimney top. "Ah yes," said he, "I thought Mother Conny at least must be there."

He waded thro' the yard and went 'round into a shed which opened towards the south and was of course sheltered from the storm—here he could breathe freely. He brushed and beat the snow from his clothes, and took off his cap and shook it. His fingers and feet ached with the cold, but he thought that these preparations were necessary, for Mother Conny's ideas of tidiness seemed to grow more rigid as she grew old, and she was not a particularly gentle hostess when displeased.

Fergus then ascended one or two steps which led from the shed into a small room attached to the kitchen. It contained various tools and utensils, arranged in order, and a spinning wheel in one corner. The room had a chilly, comfortless expression, which was increased by the sound of the wind and snow driving against the window. Fergus came to the door leading into the kitchen—there was no latch or handle visible, but in place of them a leather string, with a knot at the end of it, protruded thro' a gimblet hole. Fergus pulled this string—it raised the wooden latch on the inside; the door opened, and he entered.

In a large, old fashioned elbow chair by the side of the fire, sat Mother Conny, knitting. Her crutches were leaning up against the chimney by her side. A plain round table was standing in the middle of the room, with cups and plates upon it, which a beautiful little blue-eyed girl was arranging. She looked at Fergus when he came in, and smiled.

"Why Fergus, child," said the old lady in rather in a severe voice, "is it you? Well you're in a fine case, I declare—caught out here, a mile and more from home, in this storm. Run away, I dare say, and now your poor mother is half crazy.—Well," said she to herself—"so it is always with children. I only wish my son was not like all the rest of 'em.

"Why mother," said Fergus, "the snow birds are out to day, and why should not I be, I am stouter than a snow bird."

"A snow bird!" said the old lady, with a look of contempt. And then appearing not to have anything else to say, went on knitting as fast as she could.

Fergus turned 'round to look for little Lora again. It seemed he liked *first* childhood better than second—at least he liked its greeting better, though it was only a silent smile. He found that Lora was bringing a chair for him, lifting it laboriously with both hands. He took it as silently as it was offered, and put his aching feet towards the fire.

"I come for your father, Lora, to go and see little Benny; is he at home?"

"At home?" said the old lady—"no—my John is never at home. He is always a traveling off among these woods and mountains, night and day. And now he's gone o' horseback, away 'round old Hoaryhead—and such a storm. I told him it was going to be a terrible blow; I knew by signs. And it 's turned out true, for there has not been such a storm, since stormy Monday, thirty years ago, come next month."

"Why Mother," said Fergus, "I don't think it is so very bad. The snow is not so deep as it was in some storms last winter."

"But is not done yet, child. I tell you there has not been such a storm this thirty years, as this is, and is going to be."

Fergus paused a moment, considering his situation. Then rising, he said,

"Well, then I must go home alone, and the sooner I'm on the pond, the better."

Lora told him he had better wait; she thought her father would be at home before long, and she went to the front room window to see if she could not see him coming; but nothing was visible but driving and drifted snow.

The old lady also remonstrated against his going, and urged that "her John" could carry him over in the morning. The truth was, her asperity was only superficial—there was a current of real good will beneath. Fergus however, said he *must* go back, for his mother would be very anxious about him, if he did not return.

"That is true," said the old lady, "and I like you for that. I know how mothers feel. I wish my John would care a little about *his* mother. But, Lora, give him some supper first, and let him go."

Lora bro't a bowl of milk from the table to the fire, put in some hasty pudding from a kettle in the corner, and gave to Fergus, who ate with great satisfaction, and then prepared to go. Mother Conny was anxious and agitated—she called for her pipe, put in her tobacco out of a box which she took from her pocket, and was reaching into the corner for some hot ashes, when