

# NORTH CAROLINA STAR—WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 5, 1853.

## POETRY.

(From the Baltimore Clipper.)

### THE PESTILENCE.

BY A. B. FRAYT.

*And the Pestilence walks abroad, wounding the slain,  
    And the Sowrd of Death.*

My heart grew sad, as I gird'd upon  
The lingering rays of the setting sun,  
    As it sank behind the hill—  
All was hush'd—but a sound was heard,  
Save the warning of the evening bird—  
    Of the lonely Whoo-poo-Will.

The evening winds blew chill and damp,  
    As the fire'd lit its tiny lamp;  
To guide him on his way—  
My heart grew cold—was chilled with fear—  
A hideous form was drawing near—  
    His eye fixed on my prey!

I marked him when stalking slowly by—  
His ghostly mien and his glaring eyes—  
    And mischievous was his tread!  
His pinions break their bld's the air—  
    And our war Horor and dread Death—  
And mock'd Hope had fled!

On every side as his victim fell—  
A ery burst forth—a frantic yell,

That seem'd to pierce the sky;

And his flight with pleasure cur'd,  
    As he scatter'd Death throughout the world,  
And heard the orphan's cry.

When he raised his flaming sword on high,  
    And gazed around with an eager eye—

Each though life's race was run;

Bute mighty voice ran through the air—  
    Saying, "Come thy work—my spirit spare!"

The Master's will is done!"

### MEMORIES.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

Oh, for the songs of other years!

When life and joy were young;

When bright but gladness tales were told,

Or mirthful strains were sung!

Or at the festal board high healths

Were given with cheerful brow;

Our eyes, also, in silence pass—

We've sought but "memories" now!

The loved, the kind, the good, the true,

In many a moist way given:

Those who, though knit to us on earth,

Yed raised our hopes to heaven!

Who, when a childhood's helpless days

Around our couch did bow;

A mother's name no more gives fame—

We've sought but "memories" now!

Youth's days are fled, and in their stead

Come sorrow, grief and tears,

And for the sunny morns of song

We number heavy years!

Fond friends are gone, and we alone,

Beneath affliction bow;

Time was when we gave happy healths—

We've sought but "memories" now!

### ADVERTISEMENTS.

#### The Analysis of Soils and Minerals.

DR. J. F. TOMPKINS,

THE EDITOR OF "THE FARMER'S JOURNAL," will, after the 1st of October, be prepared to make Analysis of Soils and Minerals, at his Chemist's Laboratory, in Raleigh, N. C.

All specimens sent must be directed to him, to the care of Col. E. C. Barbourough, and they will receive prompt attention.

#### COST OF ANALYSIS:

For single specimen, \$5.00

Writing out analysis, 5.00

For single specimen of marl, 5.00

Spec. 14, 1853. 38-44

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To the Merchants of Virginia and North Carolina.

### REMOVAL.

JOHN W. RICE & BROTHER, Importers and Wholesale Dealers in Stamps and Fancy Dry Goods.

HAVE MOVED from No. 2 Hollingshead-street, to their new Store, NO. 2, POWELL-HOW, WALL-STREET, a few doors above Powell-House, where they will continue to do business with their old friends and patrons, together with all merchants visiting the city.

They are now receiving their Fall Supply, which will be large, selected and complete, about the 1st of October, and will be ready to sell, being confident that they can offer goods on terms which cannot fail to please.

Petersburg, Va., August 29. 35-44

### MOLASSES.

10 HOGHEADS best Porto Rico Molasses, 20 do. cubes N. O. do.

100 lbs. pure Cured Family Bacon.

60 do Bacon, do.

100 lbs. Bacon, do.