THE RALEIGH STAR AND NORTH CAROLINA GAZETTE.

THOS J. LEMAY, Editor and Proprietor. "NORTH CAROLINA!—POWERFUL IN MORAL, INTELLECTUAL AND PHYSICAL RESOURCES—THE LAND OF OUR SIRES AND THE HOME OF OUR AFFECTIONS." [THREE DOLLARS A YEAR—IN ADVANCE

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The Daily National Whig.

Is published in the City of Washington, every day at 3 o'clock, P. M.—Sundays excepted—and served to subscribers in the City, at the Navy Yard, in Georgetown, in Alexandria and in Baltimore the same evening, at 6¼ cents a week, payable to the Sole Agent of the Whig, G. L. Gilchrest, Esq., or his order. It is also mailed to any part of the United States for $4 per annum, or $2 for six months, payable in advance. Advertisements of ten lines or less inserted one time for 50 cents, two times for 75 cents, three times for $1, one week for $1 75, two weeks for $2 75, one month $4, two months $7, three months $10, six months $16, one year $30—payable always in advance.

The National Whig is what its name indicates. It speaks the sentiments of the Whig party of the Union on every question of public policy. It advocates the election to the Presidency of Zachary Taylor, subject to the decision of a Whig National Convenion. It makes war to the knife upon all the measures and acts of the Administration deemed to be adverse to the interests of the country, and exposes without fear or favor the corruptions of the party in power. Its columns are open to every man in the country, for the discussion of political or any other questions.

In addition to politics, a large space in the National Whig will be devoted to publications upon Agriculture, Mechanics, and other useful arts, Science in general, Law, Medicine, Statistics, &c. Choice specimens of American and Foreign Literature, will also be given, including Reviews, &c. A weekly list of the Patents issued by the Patent Office will likewise be published—the whole forming a complete family newspaper.

THE WEEKLY NATIONAL WHIG,

One of the largest newspapers in the United States, is made up from the columns of the Daily National Whig, and is published every Saturday for the low price of two dollars per annum, payable in advance. A double sheet of eight pages will be given whenever the press of matter shall justify it.

The Memoirs of General Taylor, written expressly for the National Whig, are in course of publication. They commenced with the second number, a large number of copies of which have been printed to supply calls for back numbers.

Charles W. Fenton,
Proprietor of National Whig.
Washington, June 3, 1847. 22-6m.

THE AMERICAN MAIL,
EDITED BY PARK BENJAMIN,
Published Weekly on Saturdays,
At 116 Nassau Street, New York,
For Three Dollars a Year, in Advance,
BY ROSS WILKINSON.

This Journal was commenced on the fifth of June. It is conducted on a novel and popular plan, which combines the best literature of the day with the fullest and latest intelligence. Its selections are made up from the leading periodicals and newspapers of the European Continent and Great Britain, as these are now received by the steamers arriving weekly from foreign ports. It will contain no stories, continued through more than two or three numbers of the paper. The effort will be to make every number complete in itself, and replete with matters worthy of preservation as well as of immediate perusal. For this object it is printed in a form of eight large quarto pages—not too small for a newspaper, or too large for a convenient volume.

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THE PARLOR MAGAZIE.
J. T. HEADLEY, EDITOR.

This Magazine, formerly under the care of Rev. D. Mead, commences its Fourth Volume under the editorship of J. T. Headley, author of "Napoleon and his Marshals," "Sacred Mountains," "Letters from Italy," &c., &c. We hazard nothing in saying that this Magazine is destined to fill a large place in public estimation; that it will not only maintain its present enviable reputation, but earn to itself a far higher popularity, and become the companion of many a circle to which it is now a stranger, gladdening by its presence, while it exerts an influence pure, elevating and healthful. The editor will bend his energies to make this the most popular Magazine of the day, and while availing himself of assistance from the best writers, he will draw freely from his own exhaustless store.

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We wish this Magazine much success under its present guardianship.—*Advocate & Journal.*

Their motto is to mingle the beautiful with the good. *N. E. Review.*

Mr. Headley contributes to the present May number liberally in his usual pleasing style.—*New York Tribune.*

His talents will add greatly to the interest of the publication, and have great influence in extending its circulation. *Christian Intelligencer.*

This very neat monthly is gaining favor, refining and softening the roughness of life, and blessing the family where it alights. "*Esto perpetua*" *Massachusetts Eagle.*

This is unquestionably the best Magazine of its kind in the country. *Nantucket Enquirer.*

Beautiful as it is valuable. *Lutheran Observer.*

E MILES, Publisher,
151 Nassau St. N. York.

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THE COMMERCE OF THE SEA-BOARD AND THE LAKES.

Few can form an estimate of the IMMENSE TRADE which is transacted throughout the UNION—Flour, Cotton, Tobacco, Wool, Turpentine, and various other articles combined, are sufficient to raise the amount to MILLIONS of DOLLARS—and the vast wealth of the nation, like the mountain stream, is fast swelling into an overwhelming flood in the trade of nations, until at last its waters will lave every shore on the face of the earth. Commerce, how beneficial are its effects—how glorious its results—each person who follows its path with industry and probity, finds that by it he is enriched while he is enriching others—by it men are bound together by links of interest and friendship—and by it nations live in peace and amity; each enjoying the industry of the other—so great are its vivyfiing influences. Upon the same broad principle are SYLVESTER'S acts—the same means are pursued, and the same ends attained. In the BRILLIANT LOTTERIES which he monthly sets forth before the public, large gains are made for small adventures—Capitals of **Twenty Thousand, Thirty Thousand, Forty and Fifty Thousand Dollars** are sold, and so frequently it occurs, that it hardly causes remark. SEPTEMBER, with its BRILLIANT GALAXY OF SCHEMES, is presented—the splendour of which is unsurpassed—the diversity of chances and magnificence of Capitals command attention

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1 of 2,200 1 of 2,000
1 of 1,900 1 of 1,800
1 of 1,700 1 of 1,600
10 Prizes of $1,500 each
10 OF 500!!!
10 of $300. 15 of $200.
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63 of 60 126 of 40
&c. &c. &c.
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1 of 5,000 dollars 1 of 3,500 dollars
1 of 2,180 1 of 2,000
10 of 1,000 each!!
15 of 400 20 of 250
25 of 200. 30 of 150.
180 Prizes of 100 each!!
106 of 50
&c. &c. &c.
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1 of 5,293 dollars.
30 Prizes of $1,000!!
100 Prizes of $500 each!
149 Prizes of $300 each!
65 of 150 dollars 65 of 100 dollars
65 of 60 130 of 40
&c. &c.
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$30,000! $20,0
$10,000!
5,000 dollars 3,500 doll
1 of 2,500 1 of 2,
1 of 2,000
25 OF 1,000 each!!!
53 of 500 each!
200 Prizes of $200
124 of $100 Each
124 of 60 248 of 30
&c. &c. &c.
Tickets $10
A Certificate of a Package of 25 Tickets will be sent for $130—Shares in proportion.
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Grand Scheme.
$40,000! $10,000!
1 of 6,000 1 of 5,000
1 of 3,500 1 of $2,243.
3 prizes of 2,000 3 prizes of 1,500
3 prizes of 1,300 5 prizes of 1,250
200 Prizes of $500 each!!
126 of 100 126 of 50
126 of 40 dollars.
&c. &c. &c.
Tickets 10 Dollars.
A Certificate of a Package of 25 Tickets will ent for $130—Shares in proportion.

PRIME VINEGAR,
Just received by
JAS. LITCHFORD

Life and Correspondence of Joseph Reed, of Pennsylvania.—A work in two handsome volumes by Wm. B. Reed Esq. of Philadelphia, preserves in an enduring record a history of the life and correspondence of Gen. Joseph Reed, of the revolutionary memory, Military Secretary to Washington at Cambridge, Adjutant General of the Army of 1776, a member of the Continental Congress, and subsequently President of the Executive Council of Pennsylvania.

It was Gen. Reed who gave the memorable answer which History has taken from tradition and deemed worthy of preservation—the answer to British Commissioners who came over with Lord Howe, and who sought, by proffers of honor and emolument, to obtain the co-operation of many eminent patriots in favor of a reconciliation between the Colonies and the Mother Country. "I am poor," said Gen Reed, "very poor—but such as I am the King of England is not rich enough to buy me."

The position which Gen. Reed held in Washington's military family, implying confidential relations, was but in keeping with the personal relations of attachment, respect and confidence which characterised the intercourse of both. Washington's letters to Reed, which are published in the present work, are replete with interest. They exhibit the writer in the unstudied attitude of a friend communing with a friend. The great man speaks of his difficulties and embarrassments, his conflicts with the hard fate which environed him and seemed to be ever threatening his ruin. But the undaunted heart, the firm mind, the indomitable will, are continually seen—and above all, is seen the devotion of heart and mind, of the whole man, to the convictions of duty which controlled him at all times—convictions which were blended and identified with a patriotism as pure as it was noble and magnanimous.

The following extract from one of Washington's letters to Reed, in 1776, relates to one of the most gloomy and disheartening periods of the Revolutionary war. It was just before the retreat through the Jerseys, when the cause of Independance seemed, indeed, to rest upon a forlon hope. Whsington goes into detail of his difficulties. His men were dwindling away; he cannot get recruits; his supplies of arms are inadequate, frightfully so; he is deficient in every thing. An enemy, powerful and well appointed, far superior in numbers and still more superior in discipline and the means of war, lies near him, ready at any moment to strike. If the British General knew but half of the particulars of Washington's real condition, he would strike. After a recapitulation of his distress, the great hearted patriot says:

"How to get furnished, I know not. I have applied to this and to the neighboring Colonies, but what success time only can tell. The reflection upon my situation, and that of the army, produces many an uneasy hour, when all around me are wrapped in sleep.—Few people know the predicament we are in, on a thousand accounts—fewer still will believe, if any disaster happens to these lines, from what cause it flows. I have often thought how much happier I would have been, if, instead of accepting of a command, under such circumstances, I had taken my musket upon my shoulder, and entered the ranks, or if I could have justified the measure to posterity and my own conscience, had retired to the back country, and lived in a wigwam."

The circumstances of difficulty, hardship and embarrasment, under which Washington was compelled to conduct his campaigns, compelling him to act mainly on the defensive, have imparted to his character, as a military man, the aspect of caution and reserve. Undoubtedly he was cautious and reserved where it was proper and necessary for him to be so.—But the facts of his career, fully known, prove him to have been one of the most impetuous spirits, within the limits of a strong and sound mind, that ever lived. The reader agonizes in sympathy when he beholds in Washington's confidential letters the throes and agitations of his whole being, writhing under the cruel necessities which constrained him to a course of inactivity, or of delay, or retreat, when if well supported, he could have struck a decisive blow. In the letter from which we have already quoted the ardent spirit of the man blazes forth. "Could I have foreseen," he says, "the difficulties which have come upon us—could I have known that such a backwardness would have been discovered in the old soldiers to the service, all the generals upon earth should not have convinced me of the propriety of delaying an attack upon Boston till this time. When it can now be attempted," he adds, "I will not undertake to say—but this much I will answer for, that no opportunity can present itself earlier than my wishes."

Every authentic memorial of the eventful period of our Revolution, valuable in itself, becomes more and more valuable as time advances. Such works as this one of Mr. Reed, who, in preserving the interesting *souvenirs* of his grandfather's personal history, as also embalmed many precious relics of that glorious period and of the lives of Gen. Reed's compatriots, are especially to be cherished, as works which embody the real elements, moral, intellectual and political, out of which this great nationally of ours has been formed. We cannot too often recur to that epoch of manly spirits—that age of heroes. We cannot too often call to mind the stock from which we have sprung. May the growth prove worthy of the germ. If so, the cause of freedom, of Civilization and of humanity will suffer nothing in our guardianship; nay on the other hand, the world will have reason, with us, to bless the memory of the great Fathers of the Republic, and to contemplate the period of our Independence as one that marks a new starting point in the progress of mankind.

Balt. Amer.

SCENE IN GEN. TAYLOR'S TENT.

The public are familiar with the excitement that seized upon Gen. Taylor, when he learned that his veteran troops had left him, to join Gen. Scott—how he turned simple wholesale dishes into *entrees*, by putting mustard into his coffee and on his bread, the like of which had never before been witnessed, except in a foreign cookery. It is said that when Don Zachary had got well over his wrath, he was sitting in his tent, reflecting upon the philanthrophic idea of writing to Santa Anna, that he had better compound this war to save himself from being flogged to death, should he ever conclude to come to Mexico by the way of San Luis Potosi—when a starched up Orderly presented himself at the General's tent with a formidable looking official document. The old General not in a mood to be desturbed by business matters, handed it over to Major Bliss, with the remark that he might send an answer to it. The old General then fixed his eyes philosophically upon a tarantula that had gone to sleep upon one of his tent poles, and re-commenced cogitating about writing to Santa Anna.

Now Mr. Bliss had, in the mean time, travelled through an immense number of military titles, and reading aloud, had got into the jist of the official looking letter, when he stumbled on the following, 'send me also Bragg's and Washington's Batteries.'

Hereupon old Zac wheeled round on his camp stool so suddenly, that the tarantula took to his heels, and as rapidly as he could articulate, he exclaimed; 'Ah, what is that.

Now Major Bliss was taken all aback by the order he had read; so he recovered from his surprise, and began reading again the sentence that had created so much excitment in the old hero—

'*Send me also Bragg's and Washington's Batteries.*'

This was too much—all the veterans of the 8th and 9th gone, and most of the volunteers that had served at Monterey—and to order off the small remnant of artillery left with him, made old Zac perfectly terrible. His eyebrows elevated themselves until they displayed a pair of glowing eyes that seemed to be burning within their sockets; even the old brown coat for a moment assumed a sort of indignant air and the nap of it, where any was left, turned up with indignation.

'S-a-y to h-i-m, *not another gun*,' articulated the old General with difficulty. The storm was passed, the eyebrows fell into their places, the dark eye twinkled with philosophic resignation, and the mouth grew into a good natured smile, and not another word was ever said about the order so summarily answered, so positively obeyed.

The battle of Buena Vista in time followed, and the part took in it by the light artillery has become immortal fame; and the prompt reply of 'not another gun,' was consequently followed by 'A few more grape, Capt. Bragg.'—N. O. National.

FOLLOWING AN EXAMPLE.

A countryman sitting at public dinner table, while eating his hominy, saw a genteel gentleman opposite him pocket a silver tablespoon. He said nothing at the time, but when my company adjourned into the bar-room, with a silver spoon in his hand, he thus accosted the landlord:

"What mought I ha' to pay you for the dinner?"

"Twenty five cents, sir"

"Well, what will you give me for this 'ere spoon."

"That spoon, you rascal?—that's mine."

"Is it thought—well, now I did'nt think any on 'em belonged to you. You see, I seed this ere' gentleman (taken the stranger by the arm,) put a spoon in his pocket so I thought I would follow his example and take a spoon too."

The vagabond was searched and the tablespoon was found in his possession.

A WOULD-BE GENTLEMAN.

The following is Doctor Lieber's analysis of the "character of a would be gentleman."

The life of a *gentleman*—one of the most useless animals in God's creation, because he violates all the laws of God—consists in getting up at midday, breakfasting when other people dine, reading the newspapers of morning in the evening, dressed in the height of the fashion, eating a tart with all the gravity of a Newton, talking nonsense, pining at every one of God's blessings, abusing every body in the world except himself to excess and going to bed stupified at the dawn of day.

From the National Intelligencer.

Ridentem Dicere Verum Quid Vetat?

ANOTHER LETTER FROM MAJ. DOWNING.

On the road to the war, August—,1847

Mr. Gales & Seaton:

My dear old Friends: I spose you'll be amazingly disappinted to find I'm away off here, pushin' on to the seat of war, and didn't call to see you when I came through Washington. But you musn't blame me for it, for I couldn't help it; the President wouldn't let me call; he said I was getting too thick with you, writing letters to you and all that. And when he spoke about letters to you he looked kind of red and showed considerable spunk.

Says he, Major Downing, I have put a good deal of confidence in you as a friend of my administration; and if you are a friend you must let Gales and Seaton alone; keep out of their way and have nothing to do with them; they are dangerous, mischief-making fellers, eternally peckin at my administration, all weathers. Let me try to keep things ever so snug, and lay my plans ever so deep, they are sure to dig them all up, lug them into the Intelligencer, and blaze 'em all over the country.—Confound their picturs, they are the most troublesome customers an administration ever had; they've come pretty near swamping me two or three times. So if you are my friend, I warn you not to be so thick with Gales and Seaton.

Well, says I, Colonel, you know I am a friend to you, and your administration as much as I ever was to the old General and his administration; and I shall stand by you and do every thing to help you out of the scrape you've got into about the war. But I don't know as that need to break me with Gales and Seaton. We've been old friends so long, it would be kind of hard for me to give 'em up now; and I don't hardly think they are so bad as you think for. They may not mean to do you much hurt when they put these things into their paper, and only put them in because they think that the people want to hear what's goin on. Mr. Richie sometimes put things in his paper that folks think don't do you no good.

The President gave too or three hard chaws upon his cud of tobacco, and says he, Yes, Major Downing that's too true, it must be confessed; and it annoys me beyond all patience. But then I have to forgive it and overlook it, because Mr. Richie don't mean it. The old gentleman is always sorry for it, and always willing to take it back. And then he's such a tuff old fellow to fight the federalists, I can't have a heart to scold at him about his mistakes and blunders.

Well, says I, Colonel, being you've named federalists, I want to know if any of them animals is really supposed to be alive anywhere in the country now a-days. Seeing sich awful accounts about 'em in the Union paper all the time, I enquired all the way through New England, where they used to be thickest, and I couldn't get track of one; and when I ask the folks if there was any federalists any where in them quarters, they stared at me and said they did'nt know what sort of critters they was. When I got to Downingville I asked uncle Joshua about it. He said, in his younger days there used to be considerable many of 'em about, but they wasn't thought to be dangerous, for they never was much given to fighting.—But he guessed they'd all died out long ago, for he had'nt come across one this twenty years.—So now Colonel, says I, how is it they are so thick in Mr. Richie's paper all the time?

At that he gave me a very knowing kind of look, and lowered his voice to almost a whisper; and says he, Major, I'll tell you how that is. When Mr. Richie was a young man he used to fight a great deal with the federalists, and took a good deal of pride in it; and now the fancies and scenes of his youth all seem to come back fresh to his mind, and he can't think or talk about any thing else.—You know that's oftentimes the way with old people. As he always used to have the name of a smart fighter, I give him the command of the newspaper battery here to defend my administration.—But 'twas as great a mistake as 'twas when I sent Taylor into Mexico; I didn't know my man. No matter what forces were gathering to overthrow my administration, Mr. Richie some how did'nt seem to see 'em; no matter how hard they fired at me, he did'nt seem to hear it; and when I called to him to fire back, he would rouse up and touch off a few squibs with about as good aim as the boys take when they fire crackers on the fourth of July, and did as much execution. At last I found out a way that I could make the old veteran fight like a Turk and hold on like a bulldog. It was by giving him a notion at any time that he was fighting with federalists. Since I have made the discovery he has been more help to me. Whenever I see the enemy entrenching himself around me, and bringing up his batteries to fire into my administration, all I have to do is to whisper in Mr. Richie's ear and say, "Mr. Richie the air smells of federalism; you may depend on it there is federalists abroad some where." In a minute, you've no idea with what fury the old gentleman flies round, and mounts his heaviest guns, and sets his paper battery in a roar. His shots fly right and left, and sometimes knock down friends as well as foes. To be sure they don't make a very great impression upon the enemy, but then there's this advantage in it. If he don't kill and beat of the enemy, he keeps the administration so perfectly covered up with smoke that the enemy can't see one half the time where to fire at us. On the whole, Mr. Richie is a valuable man to my administration, notwithstanding all his mistakes and blunders.

Just then the door opened, and who should come in but Mr. Richie himself. As he opened the door, he ketched the sound of the last two words the President was saying

"Mistakes and blunders!" says Mr. Richie, says he; what, have you got something from Scott and Taylor's blundering in Mexico?

Nothing more to day, says the President. I was only telling Major Downing how their blunders there have come pretty near ruining the country, and how it is absolutely necessary to get the staff out of their hands, some how or other, before they quite finish the job. I'm going now to try one more plan, Mr. Richie; but be careful that you don't say any thing about it in the Union, and blow it all up. I tried once to send Col. Benton on for the same purpose, and Congress blowed that up. Then I sent Trist for the same purpose, and Scott has blowed him up.

Now I'm going to send Major Downing, not as a regular chaplin, but as a sort of watch upon them, you know, to work round and do the business up before any body knows it. He isn't to go to Scott or Taylor, or have any thing to do with 'em, but to work his way into Mexico, and go right to Santa Anna and knock up a bargin with him. I don't care what he gives. The fact is, Mr. Ritchie, the country needs peace, and I'll have peace cost what it will.

An excellent idea, says Mr. Richie; an excellent plan, sir. I'm for peace at all hazards, if it is to be found any where in Mexico—that is, if we can get hold of it before Scott or Taylor does. And I think Major Downing is just the man for it—a true staunch democratic republican; and whatever he does will