

# THE RALEIGH STAR AND NORTH CAROLINA GAZETTE.

THOS J. LEMAY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

"NORTH CAROLINA—POWERFUL IN MORAL, INTELLECTUAL AND PHYSICAL RESOURCES—THE LAND OF OUR Sires and the HOME OF OUR AFFECTIONS."

12 MONTHS FOR A YEAR—12 DOLLARS.

VO. 39.

NO. 1.

PROSPECTUS OF A NEW BOOK,  
ENTITLED  
**READY WISDOM.**  
BEING A COLLECTION OF  
THE MORAL, INTELLIGENT, AND REFINED SAYINGS  
OF WISE MEN IN ALL AGES,  
IN PROSE AND POETRY.  
COLLECTED AND ARRANGED  
BY REV. E. L. PERKINS.

The little and short sayings of the wise and excellent are of great value, like the dust of gold or the least sparks of diamonds.—TILLITSON.

The work contains 365 chapters, each chapter referring to a different subject, besides about twenty pages of miscellaneous matter, and will make about 230 pages octavo, neatly printed on good paper, and put up in a mailable form, with paper covers. Price \$1 a copy, or any person sending five names, with \$5, shall be entitled to the 6th copy gratis. Those who receive this prospectus, and procure subscribers, will please forward the names and subscription money addressed to the undersigned, at Raleigh, N. C. by the 1st of March, 1848. Persons wishing a single copy will also address us above, with the \$1 enclosed. The work will be ready for delivery soon after that period.

The following is a sample chapter. The quotations are, in all cases where the authors are known, duly credited; so that those who have this book, will possess a rich and valuable collection of the beauties and excellencies of distinguished writers, by which they will be enabled to command, like ready change, their plithy sayings on every topic of general interest.

SAMPLE CHAPTER.  
INDUSTRY.

The best inheritance is a habit of industry.  
Industry is the father of excellence.  
Industry is fortune's right hand, and frugality her left.

Industry is preferable to idleness, as brightness is to rust.  
Labor and Pleasure were the first couple married by Industry.

Weariness  
Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth  
Finds the downy pillow hard.—SHAKESPEARE.  
The man that consecrates his hours  
By vigorous effort and an honest aim,  
At once he draws the sting of life and death  
And walks with nature and her paths are peace.—YOUNG.  
The God of gods and men, with hard decrees,  
Forbids our plenty to be bought with ease;  
Himself invented first the shining share,  
And whetted human industry with care.—DRYDEN.

Those who signify the desire, shall have the work full bound at \$14; but they must receive it in Raleigh, where it will be published.

E. L. PERKINS.

Raleigh, Nov. 17, 1847.

THE CLOSING OF THE ACCOUNTS.

APPEARANCE OF THE BALANCE SHEET.

We present to patrons the SCHEMES for JANUARY, 1848, a year yet unborn, but fast verging into existence and as we softly glide down the stream of 1847, the events of each day crowd upon our memory, until the mind is perfectly absorbed in the contemplation. The theme which naturally occupies most of our attention is the work that has been done, and the manner in which it has been performed; and it is with feelings of pride we state that each and every promise made has been promptly fulfilled. Well, the consequences are that distribution of over **TWO AND A HALF MILLIONS OF DOLLARS** in Prizes, has been made throughout the United States and Canada. That incalculable benefits have been derived from a system which, from the steadiness of its practices, is now relied upon by all parties with whom we correspond. SYLVESTER produced the schemes for the month of January, as an illustration of the brilliancy with which it is proposed to issue them for the approaching year. The magnificence of the capital, and the diversification of the chances, are evidence of the sureness which must attend the efforts of adventurers SYLVESTER again impresses upon the attention of his Correspondents that he sells none but LEGALLY AUTHORIZED LOTTERIES, in which PRIZES are amply secured to the Drawers. He requests all orders to be forwarded early, and be careful to address

S. J. SYLVESTER,

41 Wall Street New York.

ALEXANDRIA LOTTERY, Class 1, for 1848 to be drawn at Alexandria (D. C.) on Saturday, 1st of Jan. 1848. 75 numbers—12 Drawn Balloons.

SPLENDID SCHEME.

\$10,000!

1 of 5,000      1 of 3,500

1 of \$2,243      3rd \$2,000

3 of 1,500      3 of 1,500

5 of 1,250 dollars.

200 Prizes of \$500 each !!

26 Prizes of 100      120 Prizes of 50

125 of 40      &c. &c. &c.

Tickets \$10—Shares in proportion.

A Certificate of a Package of 25 Tickets will be sent for \$120—Shares in proportion.

NEW JERSEY STATE LOTTERY, Class 6, for 1848 to be drawn at Jersey City, [N. J.] on Wednesday, the 19th of Jan. 1848. 78 numbers—14 Drawn Balloons.

SPLENDID SCHEME.

\$35,000!!

\$13,000      \$10,000

1 of 5,000      1 of 3,500

1 of 3,000      1 of 2,089

-20 Prizes of \$1,000 Each!!!

29 of 400      130 of 400

256 Prizes of \$200 each!

64 of 100      61 of 80

64 of 60      129 of 40

Tickets \$10—Shares in proportion.

A Certificate of a Package of 25 Tickets will be sent for \$30—Shares in proportion.

THE 50TH.

ALEXANDRIA LOTTERY, Class 7, for 1848, to be drawn at Alexandria, (D. C.) on Saturday, the 22d of Jan. 1848. 66 numbers—12 drawn balloons.

GRAND SCHEME.

\$80,000!!

\$10,000      \$8,000

1 of 8,000      1 of 5,000

1 of 2,780      3 of 2,000

10 of 1,000 each.

10 of 500 each!

20 of \$250 each      172 of 150 each!

108 of 100      162 of 90

&c. &c. &c.

Tickets \$10

A Certificate of a Package of 22 Tickets will be sent for \$100—Shares in proportion.

DELAYS ON THE RAILROADS.

CH. C. RABOTEAU, Esq. Ed. N. C. Times:

Raleigh and Gaston Railroad Office.

RALEIGH, Nov. 30th, 1847.

DEAR SIR—I am duly in receipt of your favor of the 17th instant, calling my attention to an article from the Petersburg Intelligencer of the 16th, wherein the Editor refers to me for information respecting delays of Goods on the Petersburg and Raleigh and Gaston Railroads.

In reply, I have to say, that I am not informed where all the delays complained of occur.

The Intelligencer appears to assume that all the delays complained of do occur on the Roads South of Petersburg; and at one time sweeps them all on to this Raleigh and Gaston Road. I am unwilling to believe the editor of that paper would intentionally do us wrong; but that article does us manifest injustice. It is true that delays have occurred on this Road; but many of the

CARRIERS CHRISTMAS ADDRESS.

To the Patrons of the Star.

Sweet Muse! my humble votary inspi're,  
With living coils of Promethean fire!

He claims but little aid, nor wan't it long:  
Just help him, then, to sing his Christmas song.

Ever since, obsequious to thy high command,  
Being awai'st thy modulating hand;

And genial forms when by thy power array'd  
Yield lovelier light, or sink in softer shade,

Alike thy movements, whether liquid air  
Thy agile steps, or land, or ocean bear.

The world of waters, all its sleepless waves,  
Its mimic colonies, its sapphire caves,

And all the beauties of the strangled sky,  
At once unbosom to the piercing eye.

'Tis thine to lift the bold adventurous plume,  
Where aught of finite never dare presume;

Th' hear entrance, what mortals cannot hear,  
And catch the music of each tuneful sphere.

To dazzling suns enthroned in living light,  
Where'er their beams impel their distant flight;

Hang their gay planets—there the Muse inspires.

Pursues the light-winged thought through boundless space,

And gives her song the glowing captive's grace."

Strike now the string that vibrates sweet and long  
On grateful hearts—and charm the giddy throng.

From red ey'd dissipations dangerous ways,

And teach them Christian joy, and love, and praise.

They hail with rapture and becoming mirth

The day that's honor'd for a Saviour's birth,

While ev'ry heart should respond to the displays

Of Heaven's amazing, descending grace.

But, hold! great penciler of light and glory,

The Carrier's is an humbler story.

And as he abhors all iniquity,

He'll bring you at once to this reflection:

He lives not alone on air and water,

But—claims a gift—What! A QUARTER!

Thank you! Thank you! for this kindness to a boy;

Heaven bless your generous heart with endless joy!

We'll now throw back a retrospective glance

Thro' the past vista of Old Time and chance:

Th' eventful year has crowded with nothing great;

The sober labors of the Old North State.

Yet there is much our grateful hearts to move—

Health, peace and plenty, showered from above,

Throughout our borders have contentment spread—

We now "eat, drink and be merry"—nuff'ed.

But, slack! of our country, what shall we say?

Her stars and her stripes still blazing away,

(And thus shall it be wherever they go.)

Are waving in triumph o'er proud Mexico!

And her sons, who eagerly came at her call,

Are "revelling" now in her gorgeous Hall's.

But the dazzling prize was too dearly bought;

All, gallant souls, the fearful conflict sought

And where dangers were thickest, most bravely fought.

But though before them the foe quickly fled,

The fields were strewn with our dying and dead.

The heroic Scott who led on our brave,

One part to glory, the other grave,

Fresh laurels has won to deck his bold brow.

That in the chapel of glory forever shall grow,

And "old Rough and Ready"—the "greatest and best."

Stands forth by the world most freely confew'd,

The invincible hero, who casts in the shade

All other chieftains in glory array'd.

In view of the slain and warn'g gushing gore,

He exults not in triumph when battle is o'er;

Humanity reigns in his noble heart,

And th' conq'r'or's lost in the kind physician's part.

In glorious triumph he tread on once more

The long left regions of his native shore.

His country moves—her warmest homage pays,

And great millions swell his praise.

Such is who such a brilliant prize has won,

Has caught the mantle of our WASHINGTON,

And by the Ruler of the world is meant

To be the nations guide and PRESIDENT.

But loud the dogs of war still howl for blood;

Shall we yet invade and vanquish?—for what good?

To "conquer peace" by annihilation!

What gain we by the extermination?

A dark and desolate land of disease,

With death in its sun, and death in its breeze,

And nought to repay for the blood and the treasure,

The world cost to recuperate the hasty measure,

The sue is whipped—now take what's just and right,

And throw on him the offensive fight;

And rest assured our glorious banner,