North-Carolina Star.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
WILLIAM C. DOUB,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

If paid strictly in advance, two dollars per annum; two dollars and fifty cents, if paid within six months; and three dollars at the end of the year.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding sixteen lines will be inserted one time for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Those of greater length will be charged proportionally. Court Orders and Judicial advertisements will be charged 25 per cent. higher than the above rates. A reasonable deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

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COMMISSIONERS.

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" A. Adams.
Middle Ward.—E. L. Harding,
" Isaac Procter.
" E. Cantwell.
Western Ward.—A. M. Gorman,
" H. D. Turner.

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A. M. Gorman, City Treas.
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" Jackson Overby.
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COURTS.

The *Supreme Court* of North Carolina is held in this city semi-annually, on the second Monday in June, and the 20th day of December

Judges.—Hon. Frederick Nash, Chief Justice,
R. M. Pearson, Associate Judge,
W. H. Battle, " "

Edmund B. Freeman, Clerk; Ham. C. Jones, Reporter; J. J. Litchford, Sr., Marshall.

The *United States Circuit Court* for the District of North Carolina is held semi-annually in this city, on the 1st Monday in June and the last Monday in November.

Judges.—Hon. J. M. Wayne, of Georgia; Hon Henry Potter, of Fayetteville; District Attorney Robert P. Dick; Clerk, Wm. H. Haywood, Sr. Marshall, Wesley Jones.

The *Superior Court* for this County, is held on the first Monday after the fourth Monday in March and September.

John G. Moore, Clerk.
Jno. B. Batchelor, Attorney General and Solicitor of the Fourth Judicial District.

The *Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions* is held on the third Monday in February, May, August and November. Jeff. Utley, Clerk.

Chairman of the County Court.—William Boylan.

County Solicitor.—K. P. Marriott.
Sheriff of Wake County.—William H. High.
Coroner.—Willis Scott.
Register.—H. Hudson.

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Bank of the State of North Carolina, incorporated 1810. Charter expires in 1860. Capital $1,300,000, divided into 13,000 shares of which the Literary Board holds 5,627 and the University 1000.

Principal Bank at Raleigh.
George W. Mordecai, President.
Charles Dewey, Cashier.
J. H. Bryan, Jr., Teller and Notary Public.
W. E. Anderson, Discount Clerk and Notary Public.
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This Bank has branches at Newbern, Tarboro Fayetteville, Wilmington, Elizabeth City, Clarkville, Milton, Morganton and Windsor.

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On the part of the Stockholders: Wm. Boylan, Wm. Pease, J. H. Bryan, J. B. G. Roulhac, Alfred Jones and B. F. Moore.

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Domestic Bills and Bills of Exchange discounted every day.
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R. P. Finch, Teller and Notary Public.
Directors—Geo. W. Haywood, T. H. Selby, Seth Jones, George Little, Dr. Thos. J. Heartt, W. D. Hutchings.
Offering day Monday, Discount day Tuesday

RAIL ROADS.

Raleigh and Gaston Railroad Company.
R. A. Crudup, President.
W. W. Vass, Treasurer.
J. W. Pool, Assistant Treasurer.
C. B. Allen, Depot Agent.
Mail train leaves 10 minutes after 7 A. M., arrives at 6½ P. M.

North Carolina Railroad Company.
Chas. F. Fisher, President.
C. P. Mendenhall, Treasurer.
J. T. West, Freight and Ticket Agent.
Mail train arrives 5 o'clock, A. M., from the East; and departs 10m. after 5 o'clock, A. M.
Mail from the West arrives at 32 minutes after 4 o'clock, P. M. Departs at 20 minutes before 5 o'clock, P. M.

POST OFFICE.

William White, Sr., Post Master.
Office hours, on week days, from Sun-rise to 9 P. M.

TRAVELLER'S GUIDE.

(ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS AT RALEIGH

NORTHERN MAIL—(By Railroad,)

Through Mail closes daily	at	6½ a. m
Way Mail " "	at	9 p. m
Arrives daily "	at	6½ p. m
The Cars leave the depot	at	6½ a. m

SOUTHERN MAIL—(By Two-horse Hack,

Closes daily	at	½ p. m
Arrives daily	at	6 p. m
The Hack leaves	at	7½ p. m

WESTERN MAIL—(By Railroad,)

Closes daily	at	9 p. m.
Arrives daily	at	4½ p. m.
The Train leaves	at	¼ p. m

GOLDSBORO' MAIL—(By Railroad.)

Closes daily,	at	9 p. m
Arrives daily	at	5 a. m
The Cars leaves daily at		10m after 5-a. m

TARBORO' MAIL—(By Two-horse Hack,)

Closes on Sunday, Tues. and Thur., at		9 p. m
Arrives Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat., at		7 p. m
Hack leaves on Mon. Wed. and Fri., at		3 a. m

PITTSBORO' MAIL—(By Three-horse Hack

Closes on Tuesday and Saturday, at		9 p. m
Arrives on Monday and Thursday, at		7 p. m
Hack leaves on Sun. and Wed. about		7 a. m

Splendid Stock of Goods!

WE are now receiving the largest stock of staple and fancy dry goods, Hats, Caps, Shoes, Crockery, and Groceries, that has ever been presented in Raleigh, and as they have been bought carefully they will be disposed of on the most moderate terms.

We shall be pleased to show them to our customers, friends and the public generally.

W. H. & S. F. TUCKER.

Sept. 12 '55. 111—

BOOTS, GAITERS AND SHOES.

Mens' Boots, Heavy Waterproof Boots, Brogans do. Heavy Bootees for new cuts, best double sole Brogans, Kip Brogans.

LADIES' Walking Shoes, Ladies' Course Shoes, Ladies Gum Bootees, Ladies' Morocco Bootees, Black and Colored Gaiters.

The above mentioned Boots and Shoes will be sold at the lowest market price. Call and examine these at

H. L. EVANS'.

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Miscellaneous.

CLARA LELAND,
OR THE TORY'S DEFEAT,
A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY "CROWQUILL."

"Your excellency, Dave Watson and his Tory gang have burned Mr. Leland's dwelling, and carried himself and family away as captives!"

Such were the startling words of a rough uncouth countryman, as he rushed past the sentinel stationed at the entrance, into the private apartment of General Putnam, who at that time was in command of a portion of the American army.

The person who had made so unceremonious an entrance, had evidently come in the greatest of haste, as the perspiration was streaming profusely from him, and his breathing seemed short and difficult. Drawing a soiled and well-worn cotton handkerchief from his pocket, he proceeded to wipe off the enormous quantity of sweat that had collected upon his face, and this done, he seated himself in a chair standing near. At his words, the person whom he addressed leaped to his feet, and in a voice that attested the interest that he took in what was being related exclaimed:

"Dave Watson, again! when did this take place?"

"Last night, sir,"

"And you offered no resistance?"

"We did, but the villains were too numerous for us; Williams Parker, myself, and a number of others arrived just as they were securing their captives, but they had ten men to our one, and resistance proved unavailing."

"Confusion to them! can we never rid the country of this nest of tories? Where is Lieutenant Milton; methinks he has the right to protect the fair Clara, for if report speaks the truth, he is the favored one."

"Sentinel!"

"Your pleasure, sir?"

"Go call Lieutent Milton. Tell him my business is urgent."

Bowing respectfully, the guard withdrew upon his errand: and while he is gone, we will describe a little more minutely the person he is in quest of.

Ralph Milton was a young Lieutenant in the American army; he had entered a private soldier but his well timed bravery during battle had raised him in the estimation of his superiors, and at the time of which we write, he was enjoying the fullest confidence of his commander. General Putnam was correct in his supposition of the young Lieutenant being the favored one, for Clara Leland had promised to bestow her hand on the young soldier, as soon as the great contest should terminate, and both were waiting patiently for the time to come that would render them both happy for life. But every thing looked discouraging, for since the defeat of the American forces at Brandywine, a settled gloom pervaded the hearts of the American people. And this could not be wondered at, for besides re-inforcements arriving to succor their enemies, their own country people were turning against them, and seeking the royal protection by hundreds. This was the state of affairs at the time of our sketch.

Ere long the sentinel re-entered the room followed by a young man of about twenty five years of age. His features were regular in their outline, and would convey to the stranger's mind an idea of the nobleness of nature which their owner possessed. He was dressed in the uniform of an American officer, and as he entered he bowed respectfully to his superior in command, and removing his hat, stood awaiting the pleasure of his General.

"Lieutenant Milton, I have a mission for you to execute, and if report is to be credited you will not find it an unpleasant one. I have just learned from our friend here, that the notorious tory leader, Dave Watson, has been executing some of his cowardly work upon the person and property of a man whom, if I mistake not, you would be anxious to shield from harm. According to the statement, Watson with about fifty of his gang proceeded to the dwelling of Mr Leland, fired the house and carried the old gentleman with his wife and daughter away to some of their secret hidings. Now what I wish of you is to rescure our old friend, even if you follow this fiend in human shape to the end of the earth.—Now I do not doubt your skill in that matter, but be cautious, for one false step might ruin all. Choose any number of men you may need, and proceed upon your work as soon as you please."

The young Lieutenant's features paled quickly as the stirring words fell upon his ear, and turning to the messenger, who was looking on with a puzzled air, he exclaimed;

"Did you notice the direction the party took?"

"Yes sir, to the northward, towards the river."

"They should have been followed."

"That was impossible, as they were mounted on the best of steeds, while we were on foot."

It did not take long for our hero to arrange his plans, and with a speed that showed him to be no novice in the matter he had undertaken, he had about thirty picked men well armed and mounted ready for the pursuit.

"How many did you say there were of them?" questioned Ralph Milton of his stranger guide.

"Fifty, or there-abouts," was the answer.

"Oh! never mind the small difference in number!" broke in an old trooper. "One good whig is a match for six tories, make the best of them."

And with a light laugh at the old soldier's jest the party moved towards the spot designated by the messenger. And while the little band of patriots are on their mission of kindness, we will speak of a matter, of which the reader has as yet had but an occasional allusion.

Richard Leland was a gentleman rather past the prime of life; but by years of toil he had secured a home for himself and family, and was hoping to pass the remainder of his life in comparative ease, since he had laid by property enough to live without being obliged to labor for his maintainence. In the beginning of the trouble between the mother country and colonies, he had readily espoused the cause of the patriots, and although his advanced age would deter him from doing as efficient service for his country as others of his co-laborers, he was at heart friendly with the colonists—and many a time had a patriot fugitive, fleeing from the King's soldiers, sought refuge beneath the friendly roof of the Lelands, and thus succeeded in eluding their pursuers, for never in one instance were they tracked to their retreat.

Mr. Leland's household consisted of his wife, and an only daughter. A lovely creature was Clara Leland!—just sighteen—it would be hard to find a more fitting subject for the artist's pencil. Jet black curls falling gracefully over a neck of snowy whiteness, rosy cheeks, and an eye that looked roguishly from beneath their silken lashes added to a finely proportioned form, made her beauty of the most perfect order. She had been the pet of an indulgent mother, and was perfectly adored by a doting father, and although having always had her own way, her affection for her parents was as strong as that of any daughter in the land.

She had become acquainted with a couple of young men, one named Ralph Milton, and the other David Watson. Both were good looking, and belonging to the first families in the neighborhood; but here all similitarity in the two ceased. Ralph Milton was a picture of goodness itself—generous hearted, frank and manly in disposition—he was believed by his friends, and could not but be respected by an enemy, while David Watson was exactly the opposite of naturally a cowardly disposition, he possessed not one of those ennobling qualities that belong to the true hearted man. He was a frequent visitor to the dwelling of Mr. Leland, and although his company could easily have been dispensed with by Clara, she did not wish to make him an enemy by making a decided show of her dislike, for as yet the vindictiveness of his disposition had not had the opportunity of showing itself. But when the difficulties between his own people and Great Britain arose, it gave free scope for his cowardly nature.

He collected together a number of lawless characters, for the avowed purpose of helping to quell the rebellion which was showing itself in different parts of the colonies, but this was only a pretext to cloak his real objects, for soon the name of the tory leader, "Dave Watson," became fearfully notorious, and he was known to be one of the most cruel desperadoes that ever disgraced a country, or made the least pretensions to humanity. He had hoped to keep his proceedings from the Leland family, since he did not wish to be disgraced in the eyes of Clara; but tearful that time might not add anything to be desired to his character, he determined to bring matters to an end, by making an offer of his hand to Miss Leland; and with this purpose in view, he directed his steps towards the sturdy old whig's home.

His call for admittance was answered by Clara herself, and he was invited to come in, an invitation that he was not loth to accept.

Everything was arranged as he would have desired; Mr. Leland was engaged in out of doors work, and Mrs. Leland was busily employed in another room. After quite a number of bows and other like demonstrations of "great pleasure in seeing Miss Leland in the enjoyment of good health," he took the proffered chair and commenced—

"Miss Leland, I came here for the purpose of honoring you with an offer of my heart, hand and fortune, without the least reserve."

When Watson commenced speaking, Clara was intending to give him a mild but decided refusal; but when he came to the last clause, the comicality of the thing caused a smile to appear upon her features, which she could not conceal from the eye of the other.

"Miss Leland is pleased to be merry at my expense!" exclaimed he, endeavoring to suppress the chagrin he felt. "And as my company does not seem agreeable, I will take my leave, but not without assuring you that I shall make another call soon."

"Do so, by all means!" returned Clara who thought that he intended exactly the reverse from what he said, and only expressed his anger in some harmless manner, "Of course, we shall always be pleased to see you!"

With a curse of disappointment upon his lips, Watson seized his hat and rushed from the house, vowing within himself to repay the cruel insult he had received. And he fulfilled his vow to the letter, for as has already been told, he, with a number of his associates surrounded the house of Mr. Leland, after the family had retired, put fire to it, and as fast as their victims came from out of the doomed dwelling, they prevented them from leaving the spot until they should become aware that their once happy home was past being saved. After their work was finished, the incendiaries mounted their horses and guided them northward, and ere long the last one of the cavalcade was hidden from the view by the dense forest.

We left Ralph Milton and his party moving rapidly in the direction in which the tory gang had been seen to go. Not a word or sound passed the lips of the little band of Whigs, and their horses needed no extra urging, for they seemed hardly to touch the ground, and skimmed over the smooth surface, at a speed that testified their knowledge of the fact that every thing depended on their own strong limbs.

"Should you think we were coming near to them?" questioned our hero of the honest countryman, who was riding by his side.

"It would be hard saying," returned the other. "If they had any suspicion of being followed, they have probably travelled at a pretty good speed; if not, they cannot be far from us."

"List!" spoke the young leader in a low deep voice; "I heard you not the distant tramp of horsemen?"

Each man bent his ear, and remained silent for some time; when the low rumbling sound of horses' hoofs reached the ears of the listening patriotic band.

"It's them!" exclaimed Milton in a low hurried tone. "Let each man secure himself; it will not do to meet them upon equal grounds with the disparity of our numbers—we must let them pass by, and then overpower them by means of a surprise during their night's camp."

At length the party of horsemen came up to where the detachment of Americans had been a few minutes before. It was evident that they either did not fear, or considered themselves entirely free from any pursuing party; for they immediately selected a good convenient place, and commenced making preparations for encamping through the night.

"I say, Dave, what in the deuce do you intend to do with the old gentleman and two petticoats we took?" exclaimed one of the party to their leader, after the camp fire had been lighted, and the whole group had gathered around.

"I can attend to my own affairs without any of your assistance!" retorted the other in an angry tone. But he had hardly finished his not very courteous reply, when the group were startled by a vivid sheet of blue flame, appearing from every side, which was instantly followed by the report of a score of well-aimed rifles.

"Hurrah for the Continental Congress! Give them fits!" burst from a dozen brave hearts, and before the bewildered Tories could recover from the first shock of the attack, they found themselves roughly grappled by a determined body of men, which the death-dealing rifles had rendered nearly their equals in number.

But such a contest could not last long, for it was almost an impossibility for the attacked party, taken as they were entirely off their guard, to make anything like a successful stand against the furious charge of their assailants, and soon more than half of their number were fleeing through the forest, seeking protection of the over-hanging boughs of the trees.

But the Tory leader had seen and recognized Ralph Milton, and knowing him to be his successful rival, determined to have a sweet revenge for the fancied insult upon his honor, and with his weapon raised high above his head, he made a pass for the other's heart. But he had reckoned without his host, for he had not stood before his adversary many moments, ere the young patriot leader's sword was buried to the hilt in his already disgraced heart.

The contest was now decided; for the few Tories who had until now remained to assist their leader, seeing him fall, quickly followed the example of their fellows and soon put a safe distance between themselves and their victorious enemies. The attack ending thus favorably to the victors, search was made for the Tory Captain's prisoner's. It did not take long to find them, and Clara long Ralph Milton, Mr. and Mrs. Leland and their daughter, followed by the uninjured party of Americans, were moving away from the scene of the recent conflict; leaving the remnant of the defeated band to come back and care for their friends.

* * * * * *

Clara Leland was sitting by a window in her father's house, a new one having been erected upon nearly the same site of the one before, when the door opened, and a young man dressed in the costume of an American officer entered. He advanced rather timidly towards her, and seating himself by her side, and taking her hand within his, said:

"Dear Clara, now that the war has ended, when shall the happy day be that is to unite us?"

The maiden blushed deeply, but her answer was not sufficiently distinct to reach our ears.—Suffice it to say, though, that within a few months from the time the above conversation occurred, there were quite a number of guests assembled at the house of Mr. Leland, and Clara Leland was wedded to the man of her choice.

LITERARY.—"I've three cents left," said a loafer, "I'll buy a paper with them." "What paper will you buy?" said a friend, curious to learn the literary taste of his acquaintance. "A paper of tobacco," replied the loafer.

AFTER MIDNIGHT IN THE OFFICE OF A MORNING NEWSPAPER.

Those who are not familiar with the details of editing and publishing a morning newspaper, may be interested in a brief description of the appearance of the several departments of such an establishment on and after midnight—a time when honest people purport to be in bed, and rogues locked up in the station house. In the first place, it is necessary to presume that a large proportion of the editorial and type setting is done in the day time. The exchanges are read; the extracts are made and put into the hands of the compositors; the leaders, if through the laziness of the editor they do not get behind, are written; the home items are collected and embellished according to the fancy of "the Local," and everything which can be done while the sun shines is accomplished. But in spite of all possible care and industry, there is no small amount of work left for the evening and frequently the "we sam' hours" are taxed for the edification and amusement of those who are oblivious in their beds, or dreaming that the "good time coming" has arrived, and reveling in the full enjoyment of hope. Politicians persist in meeting in the evening to devise ways and means to save the Union, and satisfy their ambition and line their pockets at the same time, and they wish to see their wisdom and self sacrificing devotion to principle in print in the morning; concert troups desire last evening's "extraordinary success and unparalleled triumph" recorded in the morning's journal to the editor, who always expresses an unbiased opinion; fires, through some perversity in their nature, persist in occurring late at night and exempt firemen turn themselves drowsily in bed, in the expectation of hearing all about the "extensive conflagration" at breakfast. For reasons such as these, the editors, the compositors, the pressman, and his feeding boys, and the folders, must remain at their post till the last moment.

At the time we wish to introduce the reader to the newspaper establishment, it should be understood that the proprietor has balanced his accounts and gone to his home; and the senior editor has finished the heavy work, and left in the conviction, that the world in general, and some body in particular will writhe under the startling truths and withering sarcasm which he was wrought into the morning's leader, the sub-editor the hack-horse of the concern, the scape goat of all the sins of his betters which cannot be charged to the "devil's" long account, the man who claims more credit for wit and wisdom, than he receives, and receives a fair intermingling of curses and compliments, alone remains. He has sent the last line of copy to the composing room, and is anxiously expecting the last galley of proof. Meantime, he encounces himself in an arm chair, lights a cigar, if any vender malicious of puffs has asked him to try the flavor of the last favorite brand, and tries to console himself with the thought that some day he shall rise above his present condition, and be ranked with those who have deserved well of their country. The idea is so comforting that he presently falls into an uncertain sort of slumber, from which the tone of the bell tolling the hour of twelve, arouses him to a half unconscious state. After a desperate effort he declares himself awake, and to prove this declaration proceeds to the composing room for proof.

The room is generally located on the first floor from the roof, and is usually a moderescript place. Printers have a habit of cutting out spicy paragraphs, little tales of rhyme and comic pictures, which they post up near their cases, and from which they draw their staple of daily conversation. On entering he finds the foreman, who is always the last man to leave the office, bending over the imposing-stone, and wishing approval to his half-fledged "form," but he at once arouses himself, and gives orders to "hurry up the matter." The foreman of a printing office is a despot in his sphere, and his authority, like that of a country sub-sheriff, is often enforced by an appeal to "rules" and "sticks." The men who stand at their cases are dependent on him for "copy," and a failure to correct their "galleys" is sure to be punished by a prompt discharge. The foreman is a consequential man, for he knows that it is in his power "to turn the wisdom of men to foolishness," and the editor defers to him on matters of taste in typography, though he ventures an occasional tilt with him on questions of orthography and punctuation. He is the master spirit of the composing room and infuses life into the monotonous details of type-setting. But at midnight everything drags heavily. The eyes become weary, the fingers move unwillingly, and the pulse beats feverishly. The gas lights burn dimly above the cases, and a sort of gloom pervades the room which begets an unnatural feeling as uncomfortable as indescribable.

Time wears on. The printer who is perpetually joking, has set his last line, perpetrated for the thousandth and first time his favorite witticism, and has subdued into silence. The printer who is perpetually smoking, has drawn his last whiff, and "puffed his last volume," and now hangs sleepily over the back of the only chair which the office affords. The staid sober printer, who counts himself wise because he does not laugh at poor jokes, and quote doubtful poetry, has pronounced slowly and solemnly the last words of his copy, and now proceeds systematically to adjust his shirt sleeves preparatory to leaving.—The printer who is continually fault-finding, has fretted himself into comparatively good nature; and now all are done work save the foreman.—His duties are soon finished. The matter in its place, the "planer" reduces politics, news, literature, local items, marriages deaths and advertisements to a level, and then the form is complete.

It is two o'clock in the morning, and the scene is changed to the press-room. The pressman, who officiates as engineer, is summoned from his bunk, by the foreman who shouts "the forms are ready." He proceeds to stir up the fire, and the press boys who are stowed away in the corner catching a little sleep. Directly the engine begins to whoo and snore as if unwilling to novest such an unseasonable hour. But the steam is soon on, and the driving wheel makes a few revolutions in spite of its disposition to rest. The forms are now locked up in "the bed," the heads are adjusted, the steam is "put on," and the "slang, clang," of the press rings drowsily out on the stillness of the night. The gas lights flicker above the pile of paper waiting for the impression of the type, the first sheet is clasped by the iron fingers that are to drag it upon the cylinder, and in a second it appears a printed newspaper. A few trifling corrections and all is right. The boys lay on the sheets and the press throws them off.

The folding boys commence their work, the mailing clerk is at his dingy desk, in the minute arranging the wrappers previously prepared; the "paster" is pasting them, and not many minutes elapse between the time of placing the papers on the press and it is being snugly enclosed and directed for the mails. Before the whole edition is worked there are symptoms of daylight, and the carrier-boys, half awake, half dressed, and not more than half-reliable, begin to come in. It is amusing these chilly mornings to see them crowd around the fire preparing for their route, and listen to their remarks upon the weather, their last night's experience, and the prospect ahead. Carrier boy's stories are short and soon told; their papers are counted and with them slung in outer arms, they sally forth in the grey of the morning, the first and last inspiring twilight of the day, to perform their mission of deliverance.

The engineer checks his fire and goes home to sleep, the press boys crawl wearily to their beds, the mailing clerk deposites the bag of papers to the post office, and soon all is quiet in the press room.

By the time the papers are delivered, and the uptown merchants and retired gentlemen of wealth are glancing over the morning paper, to create an appetite for breakfast, the "devil" is lighting the fire in the composing room, and other business is astir, the printers are again at their cases, distributing the type, preparatory to the day's labor.

Such is the routine of business in the establishment of a morning newspaper. There is no cessation, no leisure days, no time of comparative ease. And yet there is an excitement about this toil in which every attache of the office, from the editor-in-chief to the errand boy participates.—Every situation in life has its peculiar vexations, and its peculiar pleasures, and these are as evenly and satisfactorily balanced in the business of editing and publishing a paper as in any other.—Every one who enters into its spirit becomes wed to and absorbed in its duties, and

"Still achieving, still pursuing
Learns to labor and to wait."

A CURIOUS SERMON.

The *Brandon* (Miss.) *Register*, reports the following curious sermon, preached at the town of Waterproof, not far from Brandon:

I may say to you my breathering, that I am not one of them that believes education is necessary, for I believe the Lord educates his preachers just as he wants 'em to be educated, an' although I say it that oughtn't to say it, yet in the State of Indianny, whar I live, thare no man as gits a bigger congregation nor what I gits.

There may be some here to-day, my breathring, as don't know what persuasion I am av. Well, I may say to you my breathring, that I am a Hard-Shell Baptist. 'Thar's some folks as don't like the Hard Shell Baptists, but I'd rather have a hard shell as no shell at all. You see me here, to-day, my breathring, dressed up in fine clothes: you mout think I was proud; but I am not proud, my breathring; and altho' I've been a preacher of the Gospel for twenty years, an' although I'm Capting of the flat boat that lies at your landing, I'm not proud, my breathring.

I'm not gwine to tell you *exactly* what my text may be found; suffice to say, it's in the leds of the Bible, and you'll find it somewhar between the first chapter of the book of Generations and the last chapter of the book of Revelations; ef you go and sarched the scriptures as I have sarched the Scriptures; you'll not only find *my* tex thar, but a great many other *texes* as will do you good to read, and my tex, when you shill find it to read thus:—

"And he played on a harp uv a thousand strings—sperits of just men made perfeck."

My text, breathring, leads me to speak of sperits. Now thar's great many kinds of sperits in the world—in the fust place, thar's the sperits as sum folks call ghosts, and then thar's the sperits of turpentine, and then thar's the sperits as sum folks call liquor, an' I've got as good an artekel of them kind uv sperits on my flat boat as ever was fetch down the Mississippi river; but thar's a great many other kind of sperits, for the tex says—"He played on a harp uv a *thousand* strings—sperits av just men made perfeck."

But I'll tell you the kind of sperits as is meant in my tex, it's rum. Thar's the kind of sperits as is meant in the tex, my breathring. Now, thar's a great many kinds of fire in the world. In the first place, thar's the common sort of fire you light your segar or pipe with, and then thar's fox fire and cam fire, fire before you're ready, fire and fall back, and fire away Flanagan, and many other kinds of fire, for the tex says—"He played upon a harp uv a *thousand* strings—sperits of just men made perfeck."

But I'll tell you the kind of fire as is meant in the tex, my breathring—it's HELL FIRE! an' that's the fire as a great many av you'll come to, ef you don't do better nor what you have been doin'—for "He played upon a harp uv a *thousand* strings—sperits of just men made perfeck."

Now the different sects of fire in the world may be likened unto the different persuasions of Christians in the world. In the first place, we have the Piscopalians, an' they are a highfalutin set, and they may be likened unto a buzzard that flies up into the air, and he goes up and up, till he looks as bigger than your finger nail, and the fust thing he knows he comes down and down, and down and down, and is fillin' himself on the carkass of a dead hoss by the side of the road—and "He played on a harp uv a *thousand* strings—sperits av just men made perfeck."

And then thar's the Methodis, and they may be likened unto the squirrel, runnin' up into a tree, for the Methodis believes in going on from one degree of grace to another, and finally on to perfection, and the squirrel goes up and up, and he jumps from limb to limb, and branch, to branch, and the fust thing you know he falls, and down he comes kerflumox, and that's like the Methodis, for they is allers fallin' from grace ah!—and "He played on a harp uv a *thousand* stringe—sperits av just men made perfeck."

And then, my breathring, thar's the Baptists ah! and they have been likened unto a possum on a sinnamon tree, and the thunders may roll and the earth may quake, but that possum clings thar still-ah! and you may shake one foot loose, and the other's thar, and you may shake all feet loose, and he laps his tail round the limb, and he clings forever—for "He played on a harp uv a *thousand* strings—sperits av just men made perfeck."

AMERICAN CATHOLIC COLLEGE AT ROME.

We publish below, from the Freeman's Journal—Archbishop Hughes' organ—part of an edict of the Pope of Rome touching the establishment of an American Catholic College at Rome by the Catholics of the United States for the education of persons for the Catholic ministry in this country. A College *at Rome for Americans!*. A capital idea it is, and we have no doubt it will be promptly and faithfully carried out by the Pope's minions in the United States. American youth are to be sent to Rome, who, after being properly instructed by the Holy Fathers, right under the shadow of the Vatican, will return to teach us the *true* principles of civil and religious liberty!! A shrewd and comprehensive scheme for propagating in America the tenets and doctrines of the Catholic Church, and making *American* citizens the instruments and vassals of a *foreign* potten religious despotism!

But here follow the passages referred to upon this subject, from the Pope's edict, entitled: "Letter from our most Holy Father, Pope Pius IX., to the Arch Bishop and Bishops of the Province of New York":

"Certainly it was no small joy to us to learn more, and more from that venerable brother, John, Bishop of Buffalo, as well as from your letter, how great piety and love and *obedience* you bear toward us and this chair of Peter the centre of Catholic truth and unity."

"That you may provide more easily for the wants of your dioceses, and may be able to have skillful and industrious laborers who can help you in cultivating the vineyard of the Lord, we most earnestly wish, as we already have intimated to some of your order, (which, to our no common gratification, were here in Rome on the occasion of our dogmatic definition of the Immaculate Conception of the mother of God,) that excepting your advice and aiding our resources, you would please to cast to this, our *fair city of Rome*, a college appropriated to the clergy of your nation. For your wisdom will instruct you how great advantages may redound to your dioceses from an institution of that kind.

"Because by this arrangement, youth chosen by you, and *not kinsfolk* as the hope of religion, will grow up as in a nursery, and *imbued here with piety and with an excellent education, and drawing from its very fountain a doctrine incorrupt, and learning the institutes*, and the rights and holy ceremonies in the method of the Church which is the *mother and mistress of all others*—when they return to their country, will be able properly to discharge the office of a parish and priest, or of a teacher, or of a professor, and to shine as an example of life to the people, to instruct the ignorant, and to bring back the erring to paths of truth and justice as well as, by the power of a good doctrine, to confound the gainsayers and retain the followers of men of guile. If you will rightly this our desire, which looks only to the spiritual good of those regions, we certainly, of much or little in us, will not omit to render you with all indulgence, that you may establish the said college."

LETTER
FROM
REV. DR. WINANS,

CENTREVILLE, Amite, Miss., Oct. 19, 1855.

Rev. A. B. Longstreet, L. L. D.;

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND.—I have great reluctance to come into conflict with you before the public. This reluctance arises partly from the great respect in which you have held me for many years, and from the fraternal affection which I have, at the same time, entertained for you; and partly from a persuasion that I am no equal match for you with the pen. We, together have warred strenuously against the malignant tendencies of Abolition fanaticism, and we suffered together, in that ruthless warfare. Few things so endear men to each other as united resistance of a common foe; and the ardor of the attachment is usually in proportion to the fierceness of the struggle and to the amount of suffering it has involved. What wonder, then, that I feel reluctant to aim at your breast, a single blow no matter how feeble or innocious! Yet, under a strong persuasion that your address to the "The M. E. Church South," ought to be animadverted on, and that it ought to be done by an Old Methodist Preacher, constrains me to stifle the sensibility that would withhold me; and to brave that terrible fate, with which you menace the Allies of the Know Nothings, who may place themselves within the range of those "shafts," which you evidently consider fatal where they strike.

I never have been, and do not expect ever to be, a member of the "American party;" but, if I were as rabidly opposed to it as you rendered it abundantly evident you are, I think I should consider your address to the M. E. Church South, in one particular alone, more abundantly worthy of censure than anything in the Know Nothing Organization. I allude to the fact that you have formerly addressed a Church in its aggregate capacity, upon a political question. If you had any rational purpose in making this address—and who that knows you, can doubt that you had—it must have been to array the Church against the American Party. Could you succeed in this design, the very fountain of political power would be immediately poisoned, by a Union of Church and State; and that too, at a point more efficient by far for ill than in the Halls of Legislation, or in Executive prerogative; and where responsibility could never be brought home to those who perverted that Union to unpatriotic purposes. I defy you, my Brother, to specify anything in Know Nothingism of equal turpitude with this attempt to enlist a Church organization in a crusade against a political party, no matter what that party may be. My history is an ample evidence that I consider it the right of Christians and Preachers of the Gospel to "meddle with politics;" but, I do not believe that a Church organization, has any such right, nor, par lon my frankness, that any man can excite a Church to such a course without political delinquency which I will not characterize as I think it deserves. Had you addressed your remarks upon the American party generally, leaving individual members of the M. E. Church South, to be influenced by your menaces, in common with other partakers in the political interests of the United States, I should have thought you were doing what you had a right to do however I might differ with you as to the correctness of the views presented in that Address. If you did not feel constrained by a consciousness of the wrong you were doing in making such an Address, I am surprised that your knowledge of Methodists had not led you to forbear. Nearly fifty years of pretty intimate and extensive acquaintance with them, satisfies me, that there is no community of men who would shrink with more horror and disgust from an attempt to drill them into anything like concert, in political action, than they. No mandamus of a Bishop—no influence of a Presiding Elder—no dogmatism, or dictation of learned Doctors, ever can, I think, sway them from their self elected course. Nay—their jealousy, for their political independence not unfrequently renders them deaf even the arguments of the leading men in their Church.—Be assured, I have no fear of the influence of your Address upon the course of the M. E. Church South, but I am not without fear that such an Address having been utterred by an Old Methodist Preacher, will beget a groundless jealousy in the public mind, of the liability of M. E. Church South, to being drilled into concerted political action. It will be perfectly natural to reason, that Dr. Longstreet would not have made such an Address, if his knowledge of his Church had not authorized him to hope that he could sway them collectively. If not, why should he address them, and in their collective capacity? Whether, then, you shall or shall not have succeeded in arraying your Church against the Know Nothings, you have, in my opinion, by making such an Address, done harm to the extent of your influence. I grieve that it is so; but "To err is human," especially where passion has blinded the intellect; so that even Rev. Judge Longstreet, L. L. D. may be found "Weak, and as other men," when circumstances combine against him.

You say "Of all the Parties ever conjured up in this country of legerdemain, this is the only one that ever exacted respect from its opponents by reason of the wiles and good that belonged to it." Your source of information may be different and better than mine, but, so far as my knowledge of this and other Parties is concerned, this censure, for censure, I presume, you intended is to be upon the Know Nothings—has no foundation in fact. So far as I have read their writings and speeches they have not displayed a more aptitude to claim respect from others on account of the wisdom and goodness of those who belong to them, than the other parties I have known. True when they have been villified, traduced and insulted, by imputations that would degrade humanity, they have sometimes, enquired whether A. B. and C., men of known wisdom and worth, be voluntary partners in such infamy? But, were they to contemplate, with complacency, the wisdom and moral wealth of many of their members they might be excused; for I do not in the least depreciate your just claims to either of these qualities, when I say their claims to both are fully equal to yours. You may satisfy yourself that because you do not aim your thrust directly at these wise and good men you do them no wrong in vituperating the party to which they voluntarily belong. This is convenient casistry enough. It will hardly, however, be satisfactory to those who you wound "by implication," in your denunciations of the party, it is some consolation to believe it will probably survive the glancing wounds inflicted by your shafts.

In your concentrated account of the Origin of the Know Nothing Party, you ascribe far more importance to the desire to throw off the burden of foreign pauperism, than I have been able to select in the views of that party. True, this is one of the causes assigned for their desire to check the influx of foreigners into our country; but it is manifestly spoken of by them, as if regarded as vastly inferior, in importance and influence, to other causes by which they are actuated. That this could not be the chief cause why Massachusetts should get up a new political organization in the United States, is evident from the fact that she had the power, in the exercise of her State's Rights, to prohibit the entrance of foreign paupers into her Territory, or to send them back to the country whence they came. I believe she has exercised the latter of these powers. The machinery of an organized party in the United States, would certainly be preferable to be resorted to, by enraged Yankees, in a case like this, where the remedy for the evil was so easy, and in their own hands. It seems to me, my Old Friend, that you are not apt at guessing—at least that you have grievously failed in guessing the Origin of the American Party. And in driving away those foreigners, paupers or otherwise, who are already domiciled in the United States—I do not mean those who are too naturalized,—the idea, I suppose, never entered the head of a Know Nothing, or any Yankee till you injected it. Why, then, the sneer "Shall she use the contribution of her confederates, and then cut their ac