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Poetry.

Goodbye.

BY MISSIE MONS.

Goodbye! I heard it once in a glad, happy hour,  
And little thought we that a cloud might lower;  
A transient shadow passed, but joy was there,  
As each for each espoused a future fair.

Time sped we not again,  
And with ring of bells had rung my hand  
Upon that father's brow. A joyous band  
Was quickly sent, and left the evening bright,  
While the first spirit sought a region bright.

Goodbye!  
I heard it oft and in a brilliant throng,  
Spirits were seen, linked by friendship strong,  
A while we joyfully passed in laughing halls,  
But now most part and foot Echo's rattle-calls,  
We're gone to some far away.

Another May will come with ring of rings fair,  
And over earth shall its love and beauty reign,  
Some of that number (with a mortal body slain,  
And flowers about their sweet vigils keep).

Goodbye!  
Still that loved one calls for a weary sigh,  
For lifeless now is each speaking eye,  
But like a lost note from some broken harp,  
It chimes the ringing hours of lonely sleep.

Sweet words, to mortals given,  
The soothing music to the human soul,  
Thoughts and sunshine make up life, then leave the  
past,  
And live in hope of happiness at last.  
May 29th, 1859.

Miscellaneous.

The Heroine of Trenton--A Tale of the Revolution.

BY M. WORTHLY BENTON.

During that memorable period in which the venerable hand, armed with the panoply of a fixed purpose, and overshadowed by the smile of approving heaven, stood face to face with the chivalry of a disciplined and warlike nation, and the portals of 177- were swung back upon many a blood-stained hillside, and many a hero's grave, brother stood against brother, and father against son, while not infrequently from amid the sacred precincts of her fireside circle, which had been maintained only with a libation of heart's-blood, gentle woman braved the storm of conflict and herself received the mortal wounds to shield the hearts of those she loved.

In the vicinity of the limpid Delaware, at this period, stood the homestead of Roger Wilmot, an easy country gentleman, with quite a numerous family of sons, every one of whom aided by the precepts of their father and looked for advancement from the crowned despot of the mother country.

The consort of Col. Wilmot, however, was the daughter of one of the not patriotic veterans of the times, and despite the torments of her household, maintained at heart the rebel's faith, and eagerly promoted it whenever a clandestine opportunity presented itself. But the pride and pet of the family was a graceful and flashing-eyed daughter, just entering her eighteenth spring, tender-hearted, affectionate, but the true daughter of the patriotic mother, despising whatever and whoever dared compromise the freedom of her native land.

When active strife engaged the confederates on either side, Col. Wilmot and their sons threw their need of assistance on that of the British, and turned the sacred refuge of their home into a barrack for the volunteers of the English army, and not only obliged the beautiful maiden to wait upon the hibernian corps, but even pledged her hand in marriage to one of the British officers. It was Christmas eve of 1776, and in the spacious drawing room of Col. Wilmot, Col. Rahl and a half score of his subordinates were making merry over their wine, and telling stories of adventure, both in love and war. Wilmot and his eldest son sat at the board while ever and anon, as if afraid his guests would censure his hospitality, called upon his fair daughter to fill the brimmers of the rioters, and rallying her when she came blushing before them with--

"Ah, you demure piece! you must be drilled in the art of winning the hearts of brave men. Col. Rahl likes a black eye and raven curl, and still better when the fair hand of the same owner can hold the delicious goblet to his lips, or ever taste the bewildering nectar herself. Come, come, Lottie! what ails you? When this little skirmish is over and the rebels have been taught subjection, Col. Rahl, you know, will retire to his residence in old England, covered with honors, and Lottie, you must secure his heart and a claim by his fire-side. I'm determined upon it."

Miss Wilmot naturally regarded her father with filial attention, yet whenever her eyes dwelt upon the bloated features of the swaggering soldier she could scarcely restrain her disgust or contempt; and tho' desirous to please her father, cared but little for the compliments of the sensual guests. As these convivialities increased, however, Charlotte seemed suddenly to throw aside her reserve, and mingle more cordially among the officers, much to the delight of her parent, who knew nothing of the stratagem that was framing within her mind. Col. Rahl was evidently much flattered by the attentions of the beautiful girl, and amid his wine made love to her with the most commendable gallantry; and when Col. Wilmot retired, when the night was somewhat advanced, he gave strict injunctions to the plotting girl not to leave any thing undone to augment the infatuation of the jolly officer. Again and again she filled the

goblets of the bewildered guests, and received their curses with a cordial smile.

One by one the soldiers shrunk in utter intoxication into benumbed slumber, or staggered to their quarters elsewhere and left Col. Rahl to be entertained by the lovely Miss Wilmot.

So deep was he in his cups, that he grew so careless of consequences that he unfolded all his future to the fair girl, and all the rules marked out for the coming campaign, and even the plan of their next day's march, to surprise Washington and the rebel troops. Charlotte's dark eye gleamed while she listened to the avowal of the inebriated Colonel, which was mingled with so much startling truth. And when, in a drunken lethargy, he bowed his head upon his arm, she made good her retreat from the apartment, and without stopping to unfold the daring attempt she was soon to make, she flew to the stable, clasped the bridle about the neck of a young colt, which but once before had ever felt the weight of a human burden, and wrapping her simple mantle about her head, sprang to its back and dashed off across the fields in the direction of the Delaware river, upon whose opposite shores Gen. Washington was encamped with the American army. The night was excessively cold, and to add to her discomfort the snow began to fall in thickening masses, and obscuring the pathway of the heroic girl; still with the noble incentive of aiding the patriot cause, and saving from the sword of the oppressor the brave hearts that were enrolled with Washington, she stretched forward despite the cold that thickened about her.

At length the roaring of the swollen Delaware broke on her ear, as it went tumbling its broken ice and foaming tide along. Still she urged her steed to the brink, and, waiting but a moment to arrange her drapery, she drew up her reins and urged her horse into the tide.

The footing was uncertain, and the steed that bore her time and again stumbled beneath her weight; yet an Arm that "stills the raging of the seas" and "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," seemed to be her especial guardian in that eventful scene. And here was another difficulty--when she had forded the stream, so wild with enthusiasm had she been, that she had never doubted the possibility of landing, and she found the banks so steep and so slippery with the new fall of snow, that it seemed fruitless to urge her horse to attempt it; but giving the bridle to her steed, she allowed him to pursue his own course, and ere long she stood terra firma; and tho' pallid with cold, reined the dripping charger towards the camp fire, which burned like a dim star in the distance. The space was soon overpassed that separated the heroine from the heroes, and Charlotte Wilmot bounded into the camp, with her black curls flying in the wind and her white robe floating across the joins of her exhausted horse. One sentinel kept guard around the slumbering patriots, for it was midnight, and the panoply of "unfortunate war" had been laid aside, that the weary might bathe themselves in repose.

The guardsman was somewhat startled at the beautiful and dashing platoon, but when she called him aside and whispered the glowing and all-important tidings she had extorted by stratagem, his surprise grew into admiration, and, placing her beside a fire, and even bestowing his military cloak to protect her shoulders from the wintry wind, he listened to arouse General Washington, and detail to him the heroism of the beautiful maiden, and the all-important tidings which affected them all.

The General could hardly believe the testimony of the soldier, and must satisfy himself from the lips of one described to be so surpassingly lovely. Conviction, however, forced itself upon his mind at the modest revelation of Charlotte Wilmot, while his lips paid a compliment to his heart, and breathed out to her with a suave smile, "that the weakest and loveliest were always the buckler and safeguard of the strong, and a woman's will more potent than any entrenchment of granite; and, though Col. Rahl was his enemy, he exalted his good taste in choosing so beautiful a confidante--for who could deny so fair, intelligent and lovely a maiden?"

Soon the camp was all confusion--sleep was driven away at the thought of gaining ground--and every soldier a cavalier at heart, though rude the heart might be, felt a leaping pride to follow out the signal cry to victory, when it was given by one so beautiful and heroic. Charlotte Wilmot's name and beauty flew from mouth to mouth throughout the camp, and every soldier seemed to take a particular pride in appearing the most intrepid and the most impatient for the onset.

And when, at dead of night, through the cold and snow, Washington led his patriot troops across the Delaware by stealth, and threw the torch into the sleeping camp of the enemy, Charlotte Wilmot went with him, wrapped about with a soldier's cloak, and mounted on her own black steed.

It is needless to unfold the blood-stained banner of '76, and tell you of

the new blemishes left there by the act of that Christmas eve, or seek to recall for your ears the loud huzza "when that red field was won," for it is a household hymn throughout our great republic. And only those who have been kindled into hope again when its last sad spark seemed trampled out, can anticipate the renewing of a new life throughout the despairing soldiery of '76, from the Shekinale of victory that settled above Trenton that eventful day.

Charlotte Wilmot, the "Christmas Lottie" of the soldiers, had become the "bright particular star" that beamed along their difficult pathway, and the sentinel of the Delaware camp allowed her to lead his heart away, or as the brother officers expressed it, "allowed her to put it on with his cloak, and he had been shivering ever since."

One conflict opened the gateway for another, and amid the wounded and the dying at Mowmouth we see the heroine binding the bruised and receiving the last sad sigh of the dying.

Col. Mercer, by whose side Christmas Lottie had ridden, and under whose gallant protection she had escaped many of the rigors attendant upon one so delicate in so inclement a season, was struck by a missile of death, which sent his leaping blood over her own stainless garments, yet steadfast to her purpose of soothing and ministering, she bandaged his wounds with her own mantle, and held his head upon her breast when his freed spirit ascended to the "God of Battles," and to the Patriot's reward, and then folding him in his war-cloak and taking one precious lock from his brow to send to his young wife, she baptized the patriot with her tears, and obeyed the call of duty to the death scene of another.

Among the enemies slain, the beautiful maiden recognized the pallid brow of her sire, and above it she hung with the devotion and regret that none save a daughter could bestow. And when the order to "march" was given, it was, at her own request, and under an escort of her own selection, that the "author of her being" was placed on a bier, and borne over the hills to the homestead of her childhood.

The sentinel, actuated by the noble spirit of the young heroine, emulated all others in bravery and intrepidity, and believed himself rewarded for the hardest day's contest, when on the green, at midnight when the patriot soldiers called forth the village maidens to join in the dance, he was allowed to claim, "Christmas Lottie" for his partner.

Not long after Miss Wilmot doffed the military cloak and retired to her home on the Delaware, and from that retirement watched with eagerness the progress of the contest, and in many ways aided and administered to its furtherance.

With an inward satisfaction at her own shrewdness, and a quiet pleasure mingled with some spiteful merriment, over the former avowal of Col. Rahl, especially when the downfall of his undertaking rendered the footing of the British hirelings unsafe and ruinous.

At length the campaign drew nearer to its close, and the hero of many a hard fought battle, appointed to an eligible command in the army, and confident of the success of the cause, the young sentinel oft came to the home of the beautiful Miss Wilmot, and received a promise of her hand, when the country had no longer need of her strong arm.

And much is related of the brilliant loveliness of the beautiful bride, and the gallant nobleness of the happy bridegroom, as well as the pleasure of the brave father of his country, who laid aside his spear and sword to engage in the festivities of the wedding of Christmas Lottie, the Heroine of Trenton.

"Spirits is a Blessin."

Brothers Crump and Noel were members of the church, and both clever, honest men who paid their taxes and debts as the same annually accrued, with a regularity at once Christian and commendable. If when the settling day came round, Brother Noel was "short," Brother Crump was sure to be in funds, and on the other hand, if most seemed providential how, if Brother Crump fell behind, Brother Noel always had a surplus. Thus, borrowing from and lending to each other, worshipping at the same church and living a mile apart, an intimacy gradually ripened between them; so at least they did not hesitate to speak in the frank and most familiar manner to each other, even in regard to their respective foibles.

Now, it came to pass that Brother Crump, during the liveliest period of the cotton season, drove into Wetumpka and disposed of his 'crop of ten bales, at the very fair price of twelve and a half cents per pound. It was more than he expected, and as the world was easy with him, he determined to invest, and did actually invest a portion of the proceeds of the sale of the cotton, in a barrel of western whisky, paying therefor at the rate of precisely two pounds of middling cotton for one gallon of 'do.' whisky.

Of course it was narrated in the settlement, that old Crump had bought

a whole barrel, and after a few weeks, people began to observe that his nose grew redder and his eyes more moist. The idea that Brother Crump was 'drinking too much,' diffused itself in the neighborhood, until, as one might say, it became epidemic. People talked and talked--more especially 'what few of other denominations of Christian there were thereabout.'

Brother Noel was 'sore troubled' at the scandal, and more especially regretted the injury it brought to society at Sharon. So one morning he stepped over to Brother Crump's and found the old man in a doze in the little porch.

"Wont you take a dram?" asked Brother Crump, as soon as he was made aware of the presence of his neighbor.

"Why, yes; I'm not agin a dram when a body wants it."

Brother Crump got his bottle, and the friends took a dram apiece.

"Don't you think, Brother Noel," said Crump, "that spirits is a blessin'?"

"Yes, replied Noel, 'spirits is a blessin' that some of us abuses.'"

"Well, now, brother Noel, who do you think abuses the blessin'?"

"Well, it is hard to say--but people talk--don't you think that you drink a little too much, Brother Crump?"

"It is hard to say," returned Crump. "Sometimes I've thought I was a drinkin' too much, and then agin I'd think maybe not. What is man? A weak worran of the dust! So I left it to the Lord to say whether I was a goin' too far in spirits. I put the whole 'sponsibility on him; I prayed for I was drinkin' too much, for him to take away my appetite for spirits.'"

Here Brother Noel groaned very piously, and asked:

"What, then, Brother Crump?"

"And," replied Crump, "I've prayed that prayer three times, and he ain't done it. So I'm clear of the 'sponsibility, any way.'"

"The Lord's will be done!" ejaculated Noel, and after taking another dram, he went home, thinking all the way how cleverly Brother Crump had cleared the responsibility.

"Sweet Home."

BY ELSIE ELLWOOD.

"Home again," after the years of wandering! How it thrills my heart!"--*Epistle from a friend.*

Home again! Home again from foreign shore. Home again after years of absence, toil and travel. Home again to the old roof tree. Ten years since I have stood beneath its sheltering dome! Ten years has the moss been creeping slowly o'er its old roof. Ten years older are the poplars, guarding like sentinels, the old mansion. Ah! one, my favorite one, the tallest, into whose topmost branches I climbed on my birth-day, prouder of my exploit than when, in after years I stood on the highest peak of the Alps, that one has naught but brown, leafless trunk remaining.

The lightning's stroke has shivered it. And has the--time stroke left unscathed those friends, the companions of my childhood, who sported with me 'neath the shade of the old poplars? Ten years has the lilac tree by the gate given its sweet scented spires to the breezes of May. Ten years has the long orchard back of the house showered its wealth of delicious fruit. Ten years whiter are the locks on my father's temples, ten years deeper the wrinkles on my mother's brow.

Old Ponto don't know me now; that low, surly growl is the welcome he gives a stranger. Little does he imagine the traveler is the young master heused to follow day after day through the old woods, scenting out the minutest trace of game. Time has written furrows on that young master's brow, old, too, and stiffened thy once lithe limbs, follow.

Home again! but there is one voice missing from the chorus of welcomes. A soft, silvery voice. One form absent from the fireside group; a form I left full of life and joyousness. Time's stroke has not left loved ones untouched. Death's stroke has felled the fairest one a brother ever loved. My May, my darling sister. Why could you not have lived to welcome this hour of my return? You bade "God bless me," when we parted. Ah! little thought I then, the blue violets would be growing over thy grave ere I returned.

There is no love so pure, so eloquent, as a sister's love. No prayers, save a mother's, more fervent than a sister's prayers. No sacrifice a sister will not make for a beloved brother. And how often we cast off that affection, deeming it but a trifle, a woman's weakness. In life's journey there is many a time, when we would gladly lay our heads upon that sister's breast, and in her love and tenderness, forget aught else existed.

When death has claimed the loved one, when the love-light of the eyes is dimmed, when the words of affection come no more, oh! then do we remember all, the slightest tenderness, all the hasty words and selfish acts; then does every trivial thing we ever did so cause that fond heart-pain, rush upon us, cutting with remorse's two-edged dagger in the heart. Then do we vainly wish we could have had, if only for one hour, to have begged forgiveness, and read it in those loving eyes, ere the light went out forever.

Too often do we forget when we thoughtlessly wound the heart of some

loving friend, by an impatient word or hasty act, that it may soon be too late to ask their forgiveness.

The bitterness of grief is robbed of half its sting, if there come to the memory no time when we ruthlessly planted a thorn in the heart that now lies pulseless in the grave.

Home again! but it is only for a little time, and on again into the battle of life. One look at the old homestead and the family group clustered there, and we are away. But it has been a bright spot in love's drama; we may never see another like it, but the memory of this short visit to the old place, will cling like ivy to the breast for coming years.

Some one has said: "Mother, Home and Heaven are the most beautiful words in the English language." We believe them, be ye, we know they are.

Mother! there is no heart in the land, that ever knew a mother's love, that does not bound at the mention of the word. A criminal was condemned to die; the morrow's sun would shine upon a form quivering between heaven and earth, to satisfy his country's laws. A man of God entered his cell, hoping to touch his obstinate heart, the good man spoke of his mother. A pearly tear swelled up the story eye of the condemned, at the mention of that name.

"My mother," he said, his voice trembling, "my mother! O, that she should hear of my end. It will break her heart--I was her pride, her only one, and how have I repaid that love-to-morrow's sun will tell. I care not for the gibes of the populace, I care not for what the rabble will say, but I do care that my poor old mother should hear that her son ended his days on the scaffold," and the hard, stern man bowed his head and wept. He had stood unmoved among the gasping crowds of the court room; he could bear the disgrace of a public execution, but that his mother should hear of all this, was more than he could endure. That word crushed the cold, stern nature bowing it in tenderness.

And thus it often is; many a youth has been saved from evil by the memory of his mother's love and counsel.

Said a young man to me, one who had just returned from California unscathed by the polluting vice that infest that golden land:

"I was tempted to gamble, and to drink; once my hand was upon hard-earned money to stake it all on the throw of the dice, but there rushed over me at that moment, such a tide of home memories I stopped, rushed from the gilded saloon, and stand here with no act of my life I would blush to have my mother know."

There is many a one who has been kept from evil through the same kindly influences. How careful we ought then to be, to cultivate those home-feelings that twine so closely around the heart. Forget not amid the strife for lucre, the cares of business, the "Old House at Home," and steal as often as possible to pay, if only a short visit, to the home circle. It will prevent the rust from growing too thick over the heart, and green the ivy of remembrance. We shall be better, purer, holier, for this home love; better fitted to enter the Home above.

Radical Cure.

The wedding was over, the guests had departed, and the happy pair had retired to their chamber, and were snugly ensconced in bed, when Jack, in the course of a quiet conversation with his wife, unwittingly alluded to his favorite subject by casually speaking of himself as being a democrat.

"What!" exclaimed she; turning sharply and suddenly toward him, "are you a democrat?"

"Yes, madam," replied Jack, delighted with the idea of having a patient listener to his long restrained oratory.

"Yes, madam, I am a democrat, a real Jeffersonian democrat, attached to the great progressive party, a regular out and outer, doubly dyed and twisted in the wool."

"Just double and twist yourself out of this bed, then," interrupted his wife; "I am a whig, I am, and will never sleep with any man professing the doctrine you do!"

Jack was speechless from absolute amazement. That the very wife of his bosom should prove a traitor, was horrible! she must be jesting. He remonstrated--but in vain; tried persuasion--twas useless--entreaty--twas no go. She was in sober earnest, and the alternative left him was a prompt renunciation of his heresy or to a separate bed in another room. Jack didn't hesitate. To abjure the great and established doctrines of his party, to renounce his allegiance to the faith that had become identified with his very being, to surrender those glorious principles which had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength, to the mere whim and caprice of a woman, was utterly ridiculous and absurd, and he threw himself from the bed and prepared to leave the room.

As he was leaving the door his wife screamed out to him--

"I say, my dear, when you repent your heresy and your past errors, just knock at my door, and perhaps I'll let you in."

The door was violently slammed,

and Jack proceeded wrathfully in quest of another apartment.

A sense of insulted dignity, and the firm conviction that he was a martyr in the 'right cause,' strengthened his pride, and he resolved to hold out until he forced his wife to capitulation.

In the morning she met him as if nothing had happened; but whenever Jack ventured to return to the rupture of the night previous, there was a 'laughing devil' in her eye, which bespoke her power and extinguished hope. A second time he repaired to his lonely couch, and a second time he called upon his pride to support him in the struggle, which he now found was getting desperate. He ventured curses 'loud but not long,' on the waywardness and caprice of the sex in general; and at his own wife in particular--wondering how much longer she could hold out--whether she suffered as acutely as he did, and tried hard to delude himself into the belief that she loved him too much to prolong the estrangement, and would come to him in the morning--perhaps that very night, and sue for reconciliation. But, then came the recollection of that inflexible countenance, of that unbending will, and of that laughing, un pitying eye--and he felt convinced that he was hoping against hope, and despairing he turned to the wall for oblivion from the wretchedness of his own thoughts. The second day was a repetition of the first; no allusion was made to the forbidden subject on either side. There was a look of quiet happiness and cheerfulness about the wife that puzzled Jack sorely, and he felt that all idea of forcing her into a surrender must be abandoned. A third night he was alone with his thoughts. His reflections were more serious and compassionate than the night previous. What they were, was known only to himself, but they seemed to result in something decided, for, about midnight, three distinct raps were made at his wife's door. No answer, and the signal was repeated in a louder tone, with violent attacks from the outside. "Who's there?" cried the voice of his wife, as if just aroused from a deep sleep. "It's me, my dear, and perhaps a little the best whig you ever did see." The revolution in his opinion was radical and permanent. He removed to another county, became popular, and offered himself as a candidate on the whig ticket for the legislature, and was elected, and for several sessions represented his adopted county as a firm and decided whig.

University of North-Carolina.

The University of North-Carolina is one of those institutions which have contributed largely not only to the literary and scientific progress of our country, but to its social, moral and religious advancement. There are, indeed, few colleges that can boast of being the Alma Mater of so many sons who have reached the highest eminence in the Councils of the Nation, in the Church, in the Army and Navy, and in the different walks of professional and mercantile life. Statesmen, brators, soldiers, poets, and ministers of the Gospel have proceeded from her walls, who have filled the land with her renown; thus richly repaying that debt of gratitude, which every alumnus ought to feel towards a beloved and venerated University, and which, we may add, never was more justly due to teachers than it is to the learned and revered persons who constitute the Faculty at Chapel Hill. If on her academic roll are not to be found the names of many who have extended the boundaries of science, or by their discoveries and inventions have added original materials to the stock of human knowledge, there are yet not a few who have illustrated the advantages of solid practical education in every branch, which it is most essential to practical men in modern society, and especially in this our own practical country.

The situation and surroundings of Chapel Hill are just such as are most suitable to a hallowed retreat of learning and religion, and are fitted to awaken and cultivate that awe for the beauty and grandeur of Nature which is the earliest to be developed and the last to be parted with by minds of the highest order of intellect and sensibility.

Amidst these retirements have been reared many of the minds that are now the grand and chief supporters of the cause of the Constitution and the Union, in the South and Southwest--

"Domus innotata recumbit," if we may be pardoned for a classical quotation when referring to so classical a spot.--*Washington Constitution.*

We learn that W. D. Cooke, Esq., Principal of the North-Carolina Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, intends attending the ensuing Educational State Convention at Newbern on the 14th inst., in company with several of the most proficient pupils of that Institution. These who have never witnessed the astonishing proficiency of some of these pupils, will doubtless be greatly interested.

Young America.

It is said there are several young Americans in Paris--mere boys--who spend \$100 a day in fast living.

Alessandria.

This place, the rendezvous of the Sardinian army, wither the King has gone to take command, is probably destined to play an important part in the present war. It is a fortified city near the eastern frontier of Piedmont, whose guns bristle towards the Austrian territory. It stands in the midst of a sterile plain. It is the great stronghold of Piedmont, and is to the Sardinians what Gibraltar is to the English, or Sevastopol was to the Russians. During the reign of the French in Italy its formidable fortifications made it one of the strongest places in Europe, but these were subsequently demolished leaving only the citadel. Within the past few years workmen have been busy in reconstructing them, in anticipation of events now at hand. In the surrounding plain, two miles distant, is Napoleon's celebrated battle field of Marengo. Alessandria is garrisoned with several thousand soldiers, and being connected with Turin and Genoa by railway, any number can be centered there. To capture it would be a crowning glory to the Austrian Generals, and to lose it a deep humiliation to Sardinia.

The Sun Flower--A Preventive of Fever.

A correspondent of the Soil of the South, writing from a place in Alabama, which he says was peculiarly subject to fevers, gives the result of his experience in the premises, and in not a single instance where he planted sun flowers around his negro cabins did the inmates suffer from fevers--his wife, two children, and two house servants all had fevers, he not having planted any of the sun flowers around his own dwelling, which, in his opinion, accounted for the difference in the results. My belief is, that the sun flower in rank growth, absorbs the fever elements in the atmosphere that produces fevers, or chills and fever and what is the life of the sun flower is highly obnoxious to the health of the human family; nor do I believe that a man could ever have a chill who would sleep in a bed of rank sun flowers. This, too, seems to be no new theory as Lieut. Maury states that his gardener, a Frenchman, informed him that their sanitary influence had long been known in France.

A Negro acting as Parson for White People.

On Lynn Creek, Giles county, Tennessee, there is a Hardshell Baptist Church, supported by a number of wealthy communicants of that persuasion, who, for several years past, have had for their regular pastor a negro man, black as the ace of spades, named George--known as "Bentley's Old George," and belonging to the estate of Matthew Bentley, deceased. George is said to be a most excellent man and a good preacher. Some time ago he had a noted public discussion, lasting four days, with a white preacher, on the subject of baptism, from which the white man is said to have come off (if any difference) "second best." The Church wants to buy George, but he is unwilling to be sold out of his master's family, and is withal a regular Southern pro-slavery parson. George is the "preacher in charge" of a large congregation, nearly all of whom are slaveholders, and who pay him a salary of \$600 or \$700 for his personal services.--*Tenn. Quid Nunc.*

Important Biblical Discovery.

The London Athenaeum says that Professor Tischendorf, who had been sent by the Russian Government on a journey of scientific exploration, in a letter from Cairo, dated 15th March, states to the Minister of Saxony, Herr Von Falkenstein, that he has succeeded in making some valuable discoveries relative to the Bible. The most important of these discoveries is a manuscript of the Holy Scriptures, from the fourth century, consequently as old as the famous manuscript of the Vatican, which hitherto, in all commentaries, maintained the first rank. This it will have to share in future with the newly discovered manuscript of Herr Tischendorf if we be not mistaken. In 246 beautifully fine parchment leaves, of such size that only two can have been out of one skin, it contains the greatest part of the Prophets, the Psalms, the Book of Job, the Book of Jesus, Sirach, the Proverbs, the Song of Solomon, and several of the Apocryphal Books of the Old Testament; but then the whole of the New Testament is complete. Another valuable discovery of Professor Tischendorf is described as an undoubted and complete manuscript of the Epistle of Barnabas, and of the Shepherd of Hermas, both belonging to the second century of the Christian era, and originally standing in the esteem of the Scriptural Epistles. Herr Tischendorf hopes, from the munificence of the Russian Government, that he will be enabled to give immediate publication to these three manuscripts.

During Mr. Buchanan's visit to our city to select a site for a federal court house, he was observed gravely stepping off the measure of the front of the property under examination. A witty member of the bar present, promptly declared that "it was the best measure of Mr. B.'s administration."--*Clepper.*