

The Advertiser.

ARTHUR SIMKING, EDITOR.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1856.

OUR AGENT.

T. J. WHITTAKER is our authorized Agent to receive subscriptions and collect all monies due this office.

A gentleman who was present at the recent Commercial Convention in Savannah has kindly furnished us a very interesting letter over the signature of "HIDALGO," giving an account of the proceedings, &c.; but we are very reluctantly compelled to defer its publication until next week. Look out for something good.

Particular attention is directed to the advertisement of Mr. DORRIS. He and his Ferrets have been playing sad havoc with the Rats since his arrival in our Village. Give him a trial.

Our Outside.

See JUDGE BUTLER'S late speech in the Senate, called forth by a debate suddenly gotten up in connection with the President's Message.

Public Documents.

Our thanks are due to Hon. P. S. BROOKS for interesting public papers; also to Messrs ABRAHAM JOHNS, M. C. M. HAMMOND and Z. W. CARROLL for various pamphlets and reports from Columbia.

Our New Governor.

His Excellency, Gov. ALLSTON, upon donning his new robes of office, meets greetings and congratulations from all parts of the State. A gentleman in tone and bearing, a patriot in politics, and a Christian in sentiment, he cannot fail to make an acceptable exponent of the Commonwealth and a faithful executor of her best interests. We shall expect his administration to leave indelible traces of his supervision, in the improvement of our home prosperity; nor do we doubt its meeting, boldly and efficiently, any questions from without that may demand Executive action. Our respectful congratulations are tendered, with the rest, to our new Commander-in-chief. May his term be a happy one, to himself and to the State!

Old Santa Claus at Hand.

The old man is coming with huge bags and bigger bags than ever before. He has made Mr. G. L. PAX'S store his Grand Depot for the season. Turn to his advertisement on that other column, and you may form some notion of what he is going to bless the good children with. Christmas presents too for older people will be supplied at the same well-known stand. We caution every one to apply in time, as Mr. PAX'S Christmas goods are going to go off this week and the next like certain "hot cakes" that we read of.

Mr. Wm. Gregg.

This very able member of our Legislative delegation has delivered a long and forcible speech upon the Blue Ridge Railroad. It will afford us pleasure to publish it as soon as it is practicable. We fear this will not be until after the Holidays. Will the author be good enough to furnish us, in the mean time, with a corrected report of his remarks. As published in the Carolinian, several passages appear to have been rendered obscure by the printer.

Mr. G's statements and arguments present this important matter in lights we had not hitherto seen cast upon it; but as Judge FROST and others are to elaborate altera pars, we shall gladly offer our further expression of opinion till the discussion reaches its full height and latitude.

Address, by W. B. Johnston, of the Examiner.

This chaste and appropriate address, by our friend and contemporary, is on file for publication. It was delivered before the South Carolina Press Association, on Tuesday evening, December 9th. A principal cause of our regret at not being able to go to old Columbia during the present session, is the fact of our esteemed brethren of the Press on this occasion. But other duties have compelled us to deny ourselves this great treat. May it not be so again! Mr. JOHNSTON'S address shall be laid before our readers at an early day.

Oranges, From Orange Mills.

Such a treat we have not had in years, as came to hand the other day in the shape of five or six hundred oranges from Florida. It was not an editorial present, but one from a most valued lady-friend who takes this most acceptable way of showing us that we are still remem-bered in her kind heart. It is perhaps unusual, the fact that this nearly-a-cargo of oranges has come all the way from Orange Mills on the St. John's River without spoiling or even becoming speckled in the least. Every one of the five hundred was as sound as a dollar, and at the same time deliciously sweet and juicy. All who have tried them pronounce them superior to any thing of the sort they have tasted for many a day. Mrs. MAYS must excuse us for thanking her in this public way. We hope to see that beautiful orange grove of hers again before we die. We hope to stand once more in the Doctor's broad piazza and gaze upon the glorious St. John's, as it stretches down that magnificent vista till the waters and the skies seem to meet. We hope to stroll from one house to the other in that embellished home-cluster, and again enjoy the delightful intercourse its society affords. Often are our thoughts walled back to the brief but charming visit of last Spring, and we trust it may not be long before we shall be permitted to repeat it. Till then, dear friends, adieu!

WHAT A TURNUP!

The biggest turnup of this season, or any past season, has fallen into our clutches thro' the kindness of Mr. W. N. MOORE, of a phenix, who raised it. It weighs nine pounds, and a half, and a little ozer. Who dares to show against us?

Grand Lodge of Ancient Free Masons.

At the annual communication of the Grand Lodge of Ancient Free Masons of South Carolina on Tuesday evening, 2d inst., the following Grand Officers were elected to serve from St. John's Day, the 27th December:

- M. W. Brother ALFRED PRICE, Grand Master.
R. W. Brother A. CAMPBELL, Deputy Grand Master.
V. W. Brother HENRY BEISE, Sr. Grand Warden.
V. W. Brother A. RAMSAY, Junior-Grand Warden.
M. R. Brother E. B. HORT, Grand Chaplain.
W. Brother J. H. HONOR, Grand Treasurer.
W. Brother A. G. MACKAY, M. D., Sec. Secretary.

ERRATUM.

It was incorrectly printed, in a late obituary notice of Mr. COVER, that he died at the residence of Mr. David. It should have been "at the residence of Mr. Dorn." We make the correction at the request of the father of the deceased, who is so deeply grateful for the kind attention Mr. Dorn and his family showed his son during his last illness.

PRINTERS' REGISTER.

This is an admirable publication, not only valuable to printers but worthy the attention of readers generally. It is well printed of course, and spicily collated into the bargain. It is one of those papers which, having read once, you are not apt to rest contented till you read again. The Register is a Monthly, at 50 cents per annum payable in advance. Address: CROFT & BIGLOW, Philadelphia.

FINE SALE OF NEGROES.

A lot of 19 negroes were sold in this District on Friday last at an average of \$656. There were only two men in the lot, and a large part of the gang were children.

READ THIS--IT'S NO DUH.

A North Western Editor appeals to his subscribers in a vigorous statement of his troubles and adds: "If you want to die happy, come forward and settle your dues"--which is as much as to say that his situation must be relieved or the imprecations of a ruined printer will fall inevitably upon his delinquents. Poor fellow! what a nest of barbarians you must have pitched your tent amongst! Come down South among gentlemen; where it is esteemed the most pitiful of things to withhold the price of one's newspaper. When we scan your earnest statement of wrongs, and then look over our host of honorable subscribers, we grow happy by the contrast. True, there are some owing us five, ten, fifteen, yes, twenty dollars on the old score. But see! here comes our efficient collector this moment with the arrangements of a dozen or more of this class. They are all paying up, paying up, paying up, like men who can distinguish between right and wrong. Admitted, that a goodly number are yet to be heard from. Never fear. We know the names. They are good and true. They are before us now. We place our finger upon them at random. It covers three. They are old acquaintances, esteemed friends. Tell us they won't do the thing that's right! Stuff every soul of them would scorn the imputation. Brother of the Northwest! there is a sentiment among our people, that to defraud the printer of a dozen is too small a meanness to find room in a gentleman's heart. Cultivate that sentiment among your people, and your woes will have an end.

LYRIC POETRY.

The lyric, if not the most difficult description of poetry, certainly requires as great pains-taking as any other to make it complete and effective. In an Epic, or in lengthened didactic pieces, heavy and even pointless lines may be tolerated now and then. But in a genuine Lyric, not only every line but every word should "tell." Hence the necessity, in this class of composition more than any other, of *sapienter stylum*. And here lies the great difficulty with young poets. A piece is written, said to be ten verses. It is read and re-read until the composer's ear becomes familiarized even with its defects. "That will do," says he--"I'll send it to the publisher." Should any one happen to glance over it and suggest that this word or that, this line or that, this verse or that, ought to be modified or changed or perhaps entirely omitted--"No, No, No," he impatiently interposes; "What is writ, is writ. Let it go as it is. You'll see how it will read in print." And in just such lazy confidence (not to say conceit) re-ults the complete failure of ninety-nine out of every hundred of such pieces. We find, occasionally, some real poetry in our newspapers and magazines; but in the great majority of cases, it is absolute trash. Yet even in the midst of his blurs and blotches, a good thought, a capital expression, an admirable verse here and there, sometimes (it may be) a half-dozen verses, might be selected that would be worth preserving if it were not for the bad company they have been made to keep. No writer need expect to succeed in lyrical composition, we repeat, who does not studiously cul, and erase, and amend, until his verses are acceptable as a whole. It is far better to print three finished stanzas than thirty imperfect ones. In poetry, more than in any thing else we now call to mind, it is the quality not the quantity that recommends the article. Our advice to all, who would essay to please in this beautiful art, is this: Look over your pieces as if they were the productions of another person, and were subjected to your most rigid criticism. If any one or more of thy verses offend thy deliberate taste in the least, cut them off and show them from thee. If a line in any one verse be found to mar its beauty or force, cut out the whole verse or unless you can succeed in remedying the defect. Aye, more; if a word, or even a syllable be found to injure a stanza, cut it off and throw it from thee. For it is better that a very small portion of your effort should rebound to your praise, than that the whole of it should be pronounced stupid and have a place assigned it amongst the trash of oblivion.

PROVISIONS.

Market tight. All the store articles high. Hogs 6 7 cts. Beef as usual. Turkeys \$1.50 a pair. (Porter's Spirit quotes them at 10 cents a pound in New York, which is no higher than is asked at Edgelyield C. H.) Corn, \$1 per bushel. Oats, 56 cents. Potatoes, as at former quotations. Partridges, 50 cents a dozen. Pinders dull and badly parched. Eggs, none at all. And this last item leads us to a remark or two: Why is it that our people refuse, here, 20 cents a dozen (cash) for eggs, and go on to Augusta to get 25 cents (cash)? Do they not perceive that, by bartering, they really have the price of their eggs reduced, really, to 15 cents a dozen? We could prove that it is so by actual demonstration, if we had the time. For instance, we could take a 'seven-pence' on Bridge Row, Augusta, and get near about as much in value received for it as any of you can for your dozen eggs. Think over it, good people, and do sell us at least enough to settle our coffee with. But the price is too high anyhow. The first thing you know, we'll all get into the way of using the new-fashioned 'Condensed Egg Powder'; and then your hens may cackle and be darned.

ESTIMATE OF EXPLOSIONS.

The Secretary of the Treasury has transmitted to Congress estimates of appropriations proposed to be made for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1857. The sum-total is seventy-one millions. Twelve millions of this are required for the army establishment, nearly four millions for Fortifications, Ordnance, &c., and over eleven millions for the Navy. Two millions and a half will be required, it is calculated, to supply deficiencies in the revenues of the General Post Office. Accompanying the Secretary's Estimates, are schedules showing the exact items of expense in all the departments and branches of departments.

Port Royal Harbor.

The Committee on Federal Relations (in the House) reported favorably upon the expediency of fortifying Port Royal Harbor, and of establishing a Naval Depot in the town of Beaufort; and the following is the last of several commendatory resolutions submitted for the Legislature's adoption:

Resolved, That His Excellency the Governor be requested to transmit a copy of this report and these resolutions to each of the Senators and Representatives from this State in the Congress of the United States, to be by them brought to the attention of Congress, and also to transmit copies of the same to the Secretary of War and Secretary of the Navy. In lieu of this resolution, the two following were offered by the Senate and accepted by the House: Resolved, That our Senators in Congress be instructed, and our Representatives be requested, to press on all proper occasions, and by all suitable means, the consideration of this subject on the Houses to which they respectively belong; and to urge at the same time the prominent advantages afforded by those waters for the objects herein indicated. Resolved, That His Excellency the Governor be requested to transmit as early as possible a copy of the foregoing report and resolutions to each of our Senators and Representatives in Congress.

NOT BAD.

An American poet says that hand-organs-- Are crusaders sent From some infernal clime To pluck the eyes of sentiment, And crack the tail of rhyme. To do the voice of melody, And unplug the legs of time. But hark! the six angels is still, The music all is ground. And hence, like a poulitice, come To heal the blows of sound. It can not be--it is-- It is--it is--it is-- A hand-organ--it is--

CHARCOAL FOR TURKEYS.

Some one has asserted (and it is going the rounds) that charcoal, with turkey-foot, assists wonderfully in fattening that delightful Christmas bird. Try it; you have eight or ten days yet to go upon before the big gobler has to fall--But, query: Does the charcoal fatten by giving actual nourishment, or does it not rather produce that effect by assailing the operations of the craw? What say you, SCOTCHERS?

SOUTHERN AGRICULTURIST.

The last number of this Journal is termed by the Carolina a "plethoric" one. It certainly is, so far as the matter of fulness is regarded. Mr. SUMNER intimates that he will give up the editorship in March next. If it should unluckily so turn out, we would suggest that his place be filled by "Broomsedge" and some man of really scientific attainments. Two things are required to make a good Agricultural Journal, viz: Science and "Zest." And, generally speaking, these two things do not happen (in perfection) in the same man--Hence the necessity, in Agricultural Papers especially, of a two-man editorship. The State Association ought to apply at least \$2500 per annum towards securing this end.

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Advertiser.

MR. EDITOR--May I trespass upon your columns for six or seven lines, to make a special request of the Theophrastus Corp? It is, that they play "THE STRANGER" again at Christmas. I have heard the opinion expressed by a great many, that it was decidedly the most taking and effective play which has yet been given; and the Ladies, particularly, indulge the hope of seeing it rendered again at that time.

For the Advertiser.

SUNNET TO A CHILD. Come, gladsome child, and let me sing of thee--Thou little Minnehaha of our hearts--For in thy bright star-eyes and face, I see More warmth and truth, and light, than love imparts Unto his wildest night dream. See her now, With cherub mouth and hair so soft and golden That it doth seem a halo round her brow Which, from the fairest thing of heaven, has stolen Its semblance. Aye, 'tis beautiful to watch thee, Thou wee, wee angel, of my heart's great love--Fulfillment, most complete art thou to me Of God's own ideal of Love and Beauty. Then nearer draw and let my heart o'erflow With love unutterable. CORNELLE.

For the Advertiser.

TRUST, HOPE AND LOVE. To induce a little brother to sleep, the writer of the following lines was in the habit of showing him a star, visible from his bed. One evening it was hidden by a dark cloud, when he exclaimed, "My little star is a-sleep now!" 'Twas a merry, careless prater, Yet his words with hope were fraught, And he raised within my drooping soul A long, sweet train of thought.

For the Advertiser.

When death has fixed his dreaded fangs In forms to most dear, And resignation's lamb has fled, And swiftly flows the tear; We then--although our bitter grief Should mornur, like the little one, "Our Star of Trust doth sleep!"

For the Advertiser.

When sorrow with her addened train Has drenched our hearts in woe, Has paled our cheek and dimmed our eye, And quenched our mirth's sweet flow; We then--although our crushing grief May force our eyes to weep--Should mornur, like the little one, "Our Star of Hope doth sleep!"

For the Advertiser.

When hearts we love are turned away, When friendship's voice is still'd, And eyes are dry that oft before Will tears for us were fill'd--We still--although the poignant pang May force our eyes to weep, Should mornur like that little one, "Our Star of Love doth sleep!" ARENE.

For the Advertiser.

OLD AGE. Perhaps sweet reader, you, will imagine I am about to make some apology for my age, or at least to deek it out in all the fresh loveliness of youth's bright day. But none know better than I, how vain it is "in winter time to mock the songs of spring," when each more recalls the withered leaves of flowers that bloomed in the "light of other days." I'm not at all ashamed of my age either; don't think 'tis any thing to be ashamed of, as some "ladies of a certain age" seem to suspect. If any one comes to me and says "how old are you, MYRTLE?" I tell them without any heaving and hawing, simply and plainly; thinking at the same time though, that it cannot immediately concern them, their bump of "iniquities" (if there is such a bump in this latter day of phrenological improvements,) is most astonishingly developed.

Old age is very beautiful at times; when sorrow has not driven its ploughshare too deeply into the heart, and uprooted all the bright blossoms of its spring; when Time has only brought to their full perfection and not blighted the flowers of youth--Wrinkled, furrowed brows no index to the heart, and oft times bore no resemblance, than the snow-covered summits of the mighty old Alps to the beautiful valleys smiling at their feet. Who would think, while gazing on their frozen heights, of the summer reigning below? So may the form be old, and bent; so may old Time have scattered snow upon the head that all life's sunshine will fail to melt away; yet the heart still revel in all the wild freshness of its springtime, when life seemed some dream of beauty, and pleasure's flower-wreathed op was raised all brimming to expectant lips--What if it did turn to bitter in the lees! No thought of that crossed our young hearts then, to dash the smile of joy with sadness. What if the life-long evo echoing through the spirit then, did change to a requiem o'er its loss! That did not check its glad out-pouring. What if we do find that love and trust are but dreams, never realized; borne on the summer winds of fortune, and with them idly floating away? That does not keep us from loving on, treating on 'em till life's close--No, no! And the heart that keeps unswayed, true, a faith in human nature, and a love for God's creatures that braves all checks, all disappointments, will bloom on thro' the wintry night of declining years, like flowers under the snow, heedless of the frost Time has scattered abroad. And yet, there are times when even MYRTLE'S strong, loving heart grows weary, and yearning for the love-light of "auld lang syne," with the Irish bard still sings: "Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of morning; Its clouds, and its smiles are worth evening's best light!" MYRTLE.

For the Advertiser.

For the Advertiser. Behold! he kneels upon the cold, cold ground! The Saviour proclaims, those who love him not! Disciples, friends, companions, none are found--In sleep their Savior God they have forgot. They care not how in agony his sweat, They know they owe his blood his heavy sweat, That fills his sorrowing spirit even now! In silence deep, those weary chosen friends, Who could not wait with him one brief and hour, Sleep on, unconscious how the conflict ends, Their canopy the heaven's own blue cover. The mountain air plays in their dew-damp hair While myrtle's night sabbath mantle throws; Mount Olivet hears the Saviour's heart-wrung prayers And Kedron sighs gently on the snows. Slowly arising, see he passes on, As if to seek for him sympathy. With roasting spit, our Father's only Son, Bleeding and dying, his enemy!

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Special Columbia Correspondence.

COLUMBIA, December 12, 1856. The Legislature is working very smoothly and with great regularity, but with a vast amount of work before it. The Senate has sent two Messages to the House proposing to adjourn on the 18th inst., but the latter branch has very coolly put them on the calendar where there is little danger of their being reached very soon. It will be remembered that the Senate last year treated the House rather contemptuously in its repeated applications, to postpone the day of adjournment; and the latter having it in its power now is determined not to adjourn until there is some better prospect of getting through with the most important of the business before it. I understand a resolution has been passed to-day in the Senate to have an extra session in May, but do not know how it will eventuate. The truth is becoming more evident every Session that the Session is too short and that in consequence such business which should be attended to is neglected. If the Legislature would take a recess of a week at Christmas and return, it would better subserve the public interest.

Mr. McALEX, to-day, introduced a resolution to reduce the salaries of the Architect, and Assistant Architect of the New State Capitol, the former from \$8000 to \$4000 and the latter from \$3,500 to \$1,500. This proposition will find but little favor. The Architect is probably one of the most thorough and accomplished men in his profession in the country, and when he took charge of this structure was really receiving a much larger income than his present salary. He could not be replaced. His assistant, Mr. KAY, is acknowledged to be a most accomplished Architect and thorough business man. The walls are now above ground and will rest on a foundation equal to any public building in the country. When finished it will surpass, so we are credibly informed, any State House in the Union. The people of South Carolina will have reason to be proud of this magnificent structure.

A Bill to restrict the State elections to one day has passed the House by more than the Constitutional majority and I suppose will pass the Senate. The resolutions providing a return to the old system of requiring a bonus from the banks, instead of the present system of taxation, have been lost in the House. Mr. McALEX has introduced in the Senate the following resolution, which was agreed to in that body: Resolved, That the Trustees of the South Carolina College shall have the right to remit the tuition fees of all students who may be received into said College, who are dependent upon their own exertions, or the charities of the benevolent, for the means to defray the expenses of their education. A proposition to elect a Chaplain for the House was lost.

In the Senate, Mr. Marshall, from the Committee on Military, submitted a report on a resolution by Mr. Preston, for the purchase of the cast-iron Palmetto tree, to be placed in front of the new State Capitol. The report recommends the adoption of the resolution, under the contingency that the owner thereof shall so add to and embellish the same, by suitable panels, on which shall be inscribed the names of the dead of the Palmetto Regiment, so that when completed it may be a suitable monument to their memory and services. The bill to repeal the laws on usury has been lost in the Senate.

A Bill to aid in the construction of the Charleston and Savannah Railroad has passed the Senate. Mr. Gregg has made an elaborate speech in favor of the Bill to amend the Act giving aid to the Blue Ridge Railroad. The session of State Rights resolutions offered in the Senate have been tabled. At this time we have no necessity for mere abstract declarations and I think the introduction of them unwise. The proposition of Governor ADAMS (as to the Slave Trade) is in the same category. We want nothing at this time to distract our own people.

On Monday in the House, Mr. A. M. Smith, of the Abbeville delegation, to whom, as a special committee, had been referred matters connected with the estate of Dr. De la Howe, reported, representing the school founded, under the bequest of Dr. De la Howe, as a thriving condition, the efficiency of the teachers, successful management of the superintendant, and progress of the scholars, fully justifying the munificence and wisdom of the founder. The amount to which this bequest has now reached, is stated to be \$48,769 12 1/2. The Committee recommend that the Trustees be authorized to purchase four negroes--two men and two women--provided that the price do not exceed \$4,000.

The Special Committee appointed to take into consideration that portion of the Governor's Message relative to the Slave Trade have reported in both Houses and have obtained leave to set during the recess of the Legislature. This is the last we hope to hear of it. The inauguration of Gov. ALLSTON passed off as previous similar ceremonies. His handsome vesture (88) on the first ballot was highly commendatory. There was very little out-door chat or gossip to communicate to you. We were disappointed in not hearing Miss BROWN on Wednesday evening last, the Concert having been postponed on account of the weather.

From Washington we have as yet nothing of importance, and will not have, I suppose, until after the holidays. By the way, is true that a distinguished citizen of Columbia, formerly in Congress, has been tendered a place in President BUCHANAN'S Cabinet? Have you heard any thing about it up your way? You will see the proceedings of the press Association in the daily papers. They took no action in relation to the Taber monument.

BREVITAS.

NASHVILLE, Dec. 10.

THE INSURRECTION IN TENNESSEE. The anticipated outbreak about which any amount of speculation has been indulged in upon the reports of Madam Rumor has subsided. Every thing is quiet at present and there is very little anxiety apparent. The accounts from Louisville state that the people of Lafayette were much more frightened than hurt, concerning the looked for outbreak.

NEGROES ARRESTED. We learn that a plot forming among discontented negroes, for a movement against their masters, was discovered during the first of this week, in the vicinity of Williamsburg, Va. Five of the ringleaders have been arrested, and an end put to the attempt at revolt. A similar occurrence we hear took place in Montgomery county--Richmond Dispatch.

RESIGNATION OF GEN WOOD. Important despatches were received by the last steamer from the Pacific region, containing among other things, a request from General Wood to be relieved from his present command.

INDIAN MASSACRE IN TEXAS. The Indians continue murders and depredations upon the settlers. On the 9th ult., six persons were killed and scalped in Keer county, about forty miles north of San Antonio. The Texian says: "It seems that seven persons had encamped for the night, and the Indians came upon them while asleep, killed and scalped four, and left two mortally wounded; one only can survive of the seven. Two of the men killed were named Williams and Gross. A youth named McAdams was one killed at Saterdale, and scalped, besides other depredations, such as killing and stealing horses."

THE SUGAR CROP--A letter to the New York Herald from Cienfuegos, under date of November 22d, states that the prevailing weather was delightful, and that the growing sugar cane looked remarkably well and promised an abundant yield.

ABBE LEE.

ANOTHER TRIUMPH OF COL. WALKER. More battles had been fought between the Nicaragua and Costa Rica forces, in which Gen. Walker had achieved signal victories. Several hundred of the troops of the Costa Ricans had been killed, wounded and taken prisoners. Gen. Walker destroyed the town of Granada by fire, and removed the capital to Rivas. In naval engagements the vessels of the Costa Ricans were blown up, and Walker's opponents were defeated at every point.

A PROFITABLE INVESTMENT. If you would save twenty dollars in physicians' fees, and twice that amount in time, buy a dollar bottle of Perry Disinfectant Pills for family use; you will never regret it. "The first theatre ever established in America was at Williamsburg, Va., September 5, 1752. The Merchant of Venice, and Garrick's farce of Letho were performed."

As the above item has had a good circulation, we may as well remark that a theatre was established in Charleston, S. C., 1736, the location in Queen-street, then known as Dock-street. [Courier.]

HYMENIAL.

MARRIED on the 3rd inst., by the Rev John Trapp, Mr. ERVIN CLEGG and Mrs. MARTHA MILES, all of this District.

On the 4th Dec. 1856, by the same, Mr. JOHN SHAFER and Mrs. MARIALA QUITS, all of this District.

MARRIED, on the 9th inst., by J. Talbert, Esq., Mr. GEORGE CRAWFORD and Miss MARY WALL, all of Edgelyield District.

MARRIED, on Thursday the 4th inst., by S. Broadwater, Esq., Mr. HEZEKIAH WOOD and Miss SARAH EWANKS all of this District.

Edgelyield Advertiser.

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