

Edgefield Advertiser.

"We will cling to the Pillars of the Temple of our Liberties, and if it must fall, we will Perish amidst the Ruins."

VOLUME VII.

Edgefield Court House, S. C., August 3, 1842.

NO. 27.

EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER,

BY
W. F. DURISOE, PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

Three Dollars per annum, if paid in advance—Three Dollars and Fifty Cents if not paid before the expiration of Six Months from the date of Subscription—and Four Dollars if not paid within twelve Months. Subscribers out of the State are required to pay in advance.

No subscription received for less than one year, and no paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Publisher.

All subscriptions will be continued unless otherwise ordered before the expiration of the year.

Any person procuring five Subscribers and becoming responsible for the same, shall receive the sixth copy gratis.

Advertisements conspicuously inserted at 62½ cents per square, (12 lines, or less,) for the first insertion, and 43½ cts. for each continuance. Those published monthly, or quarterly will be charged \$1 per square for each insertion. Advertisements not having the number of insertions marked on them, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

All communications addressed to the Editor, post paid, will be promptly and strictly attended to.

Candidates.

For Legislature.

For Senate.—Maj. J. S. Jeter, T. J. Hilder Esq.
For House of Representatives.
Col. John Huiet,
Maj. Tolman Wat-son,
Dr. J. O. Nicholson,
Maj. George Boswell,
Col. James Tompkins,
Dr. R. C. Griffin,
Wiley Harrison Esq.,
Dawson Atkinson, Esq.,
Genl. M. L. Bonham.

The friends of Colonel P. H. BRADLEY, announce him a candidate for the office of Brigadier General, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Genl. Wimbush.

The friends of H. R. WILLIAMS, announce him as a candidate for the Office of Sheriff.

The friends of Capt. J. J. SENTELL, announce him as a candidate for the office of Sheriff.

The friends of SCARBOROUGH BROADWATER, announce him as a candidate for the office of Tax Collector.

The friends of Shubel ATTAWAY, announce him as a candidate for the Office of Tax Collector, of Edgefield District.

The friends of Capt. W. L. COLEMAN, announce him as a candidate for Ordinary of Edgefield District.

The friends of Wm. J. SIMKINS, Esq., announce him as a candidate for the office of Ordinary, of Edgefield District.

The friends of Colonel J. HILL, announce him as a candidate for the office of Ordinary, of Edgefield District.

The friends of Col. W. H. MOSS, announce him as a candidate for the office of Ordinary of Edgefield District.

Miscellaneous.

MODE OF MAKING SPERMACEIN AND OIL FROM LARD.

We have already apprised our readers of the discovery that lard contains the ingredients for making good spermaceti candles and lamp oil. The mode of separating those ingredients we now copy from a pamphlet kindly sent us by the Hon. H. L. Ellsworth:

Mode of manufacturing *Elaine and Stearine* from lard &c. Patented by John H. Smith, 122 Front Street, New York City.

To all whom it may concern: Be it known that I, John H. Smith, of the city of Brooklyn, in the country of Kings, and state of New-York, have invented a new and useful improvement in the manner of separating from each other the *elaine* and *stearine* which are contained in lard, by means of which improved process the operation is much accelerated, and the products are obtained in a high degree of purity; and I do hereby declare that the following is a full and exact description thereof.

The first process to be performed upon the lard is that of boiling, which may be effected either by the direct application of fire to the kettle, or by means of steam; when the latter is employed, I cause a steam tube to descend from a steam boiler into the vessel containing the lard; this tube may descend to the bottom of the vessel and be coiled round on the said bottom so as to present a large heating surface to the lard, provision being made for carrying off the water and waste steam in a manner well known; but I usually perforate this tube with numerous small holes along the whole of that portion of it which is submerged below the lard, thus allowing the whole of the steam to pass into, and through the lard. To operate with advantage, the vessel in which the boiling is effected should be of considerable capacity, holding say from ten to a hundred barrels. The length of time required for boiling will vary much, according to the quality of the lard; that which is fresh may not require to be boiled for more than four or five hours, whilst that which has been long

kept may require twelve hours. It is of great importance to the perfecting of the separation of the *stearine* and *elaine*, that the boiling should be continued for a considerable period as above indicated.

My most important improvement in the within described process, consist in the employment of alcohol, which I mixed with the lard in the kettle, or boiler, at the commencement of the operation. When the lard has become sufficiently fluid, I gradually pour and stir into it about one gallon of alcohol to every eighty gallons of lard, taking care to incorporate the two as intimately as possible; and this has effect of causing a very perfect separation of the *stearine* and *elaine* from each other by the spontaneous granulation of the former, which takes place when the boiled lard is allowed to cool in a state of rest. I sometimes combine camphor with the alcohol, dissolving about one fourth of a pound in each gallon of alcohol, which not only gives an agreeable odor to the products, but appears to co-operate with the alcohol to effect the object in view; the camphor, however, is not an essential ingredient, and may be omitted. Spirit of lower proof than alcohol may be used, but not with equal benefit.

After the boiling of the lard with the alcohol has been continued for a sufficient length of time, the fire is withdrawn, or the supply of steam cut off, and the mass is allowed to cool sufficiently to admit of its being ladled, or drawn off into bags, heads, or other suitable coolers, where it is to be left at perfect rest until it has cooled down, and acquired the ordinary temperature of the atmosphere; as the cooling proceeds, the granulation consequent upon the separation of the *stearine* and *elaine* will take place and become perfect. The material is then to be put into bags, and pressed moderately under a press of any suitable kind, which will cause the *elaine* to flow out in a state of great purity, there not being contained within any appreciable portion of *stearine*; this pressure is to be continued until the *stearine* is dry as it can be made in this way.

The masses of the solid material thus obtained are to be re-melted, and in this state to be poured into boxes or pans, of a capacity of ten or twelve gallons and allowed to form lumps which I denominate blocks; then when removed from the vessels and piled, or stacked up for a week or ten days, more or less, the room containing it should heat a temperature of nearly 80°, which will cause a sweating or oozing from the blocks, and they will improve in quality; the blocks are then to be rolled in cloths or put into bags, and these placed between plates, and submitted to very heavy pressure by means of a hydraulic press. After this pressure it is brought again into the form of blocks, and these are to be cut up by means of revolving, or other knives, or cutters; the pieces thus obtained are to be put into bags and subjected to the action of hot water; or of steam, in a press, until it becomes hard enough to be manufactured into candles, or put up for other purposes to which it may be desired to apply it.

The manner of subjecting it to the action of heated water, or of steam, is to place the bags containing the *stearine* in a box, or chest, into which heated water, or steam, may be introduced, but not to such extent as to fuse the *stearine*. A follower is then to be placed against the bags contained in the box or chest, and moderate pressure made upon them; the material will now be found to have acquired all the required hardness, and to possess a wax-like consistency, such as would generally cause it to be mistaken for wax.

I am aware that alcohol has been used for the purpose of separating *elaine* and *stearine* from each other in analytical chemistry, but the lard or other fatty matter consisting of these substances, has, in this case, been dissolved in the heated alcohol, and the whole has been suffered to heat together; this process would be altogether inapplicable to manufacturing purposes, as the cost would exceed the value of the product. In my manufacturing process, instead of dissolving the lard in alcohol, I add a small proportionate quantity of the latter to the former, the whole of which is driven off at an early period of the ebullition, but by its presence, or catalytically, disposes the *elaine* or *stearine* to separate from each other, which they do after long boiling and subsequent cooling. I do not, therefore, claim the use of alcohol in separating the *elaine* and *stearine* from each other, but I do claim as my invention, and wish to secure by letters patent, is the within described method of effecting the separation, by incorporating alcohol, highly rectified spirits with the lard in small proportionate quantities; say one gallon, more or less, of said alcohol, or spirit, to eighty gallons of lard, and then boiling the mixture for several hours, by which boiling the whole of the alcohol will be driven off, but will have left the *elaine* and *stearine* with a disposition to separate from each other on subsequent cooling, as herein indicated and made known. JOHN H. SMITH.

Witnesses—T. H. Patterson, H. S. Fitch.

Nuff Ced.—The following letter was received by the editor of the Kentucky Yeoman, through the Post-office:

Mr Editor: Kin you tell how a feller is to git along these times, what's in debt, and who aint got any money, no friends; and who are too honest to work, and too lazy to steal? If you kin, I will subscribe for your paper.

From the New Orleans Picayune. SKETCHES OF MEXICO.

The Freebooters.—Numberless are the stories told of the banditti infesting the high roads of Mexico, and not a few of them glow with singularity and interest.

Not long since, six travellers were in the diligence between Jalapa and Perote, having among them several thousand dollars in gold, of which fact the freebooters became duly informed through their spies, who are ever on the alert. The travellers, however, had old knowledge of the road, sufficient to teach them caution and the necessity of going prepared for danger.—They accordingly armed themselves with pistols and double-barrelled guns, keeping a lively look out along the road as their journey progressed.

A Mexican diligence is similar in almost every respect to a common American post coach or mail stage, and a stranger from the United States, taking his seat in one of them, while all else around him is nearly the antipodes of what he has been accustomed to, feels a sensation revivis, as he once more finds something that looks like home. No better stages are used anywhere than are those employed upon the roads of Mexico, and for the best reason in the world, which is that they are all Troy manufacture, and finished in the best possible style, excelling in neatness, comfort and durability; the latter quality being particularly necessary in this mountainous region.

As was anticipated, a band of some eighteen or twenty robbers appeared in a secluded winding of the road, and were not long in manifesting their design. Without much ceremony the gentlemen of the road saluted the diligence with a discharge of fire arms, which, passing off without serious effect, the travellers did not return, but waited for a nearer approach of their enemies, who, on this occasion, were all on foot. The diligence moved on, slowly climbing the road, while the thieves continued to follow, and the six passengers set calmly watching, with their fingers on their triggers, for a chance to "blaze away." The thieves discharged another volley, and this time their balls entered the body of the diligence, but without injury to any one. It was now returned by a salute from

the diligence, and the robbers were again alarmed or embarrassed when they collected themselves around her body. On one occasion M. Lenz witnessed a fight between the hedgehog and a viper. When the hedgehog came near and smelled the snake, for with those animals the sense of sight is very obtuse, she seized it by the head, and held it fast between her teeth, but without appearing to do much harm; for having disengaged his head, it assumed a furious and menacing attitude, and hissing vehemently, inflicted several severe bites on the hedgehog. The little animal, however, did not recoil from the bites of the viper, or indeed seem to care much about them.

At last, when the reptile was fatigued by its efforts, she again seized it by the head, which she ground between her teeth, compressing the fangs and glands of poison, and then devouring every part of the body. M. Lenz says that the battles of this sort occurred in the presence of many persons; and sometimes the hedgehog has received eight or ten wounds on the ear, the snout, and even on the tongue, without appearing to experience any of the ordinary symptoms produced by the venom of the viper. Neither herself nor the young she was suckling seemed to suffer from it. This observation agrees with that of Pallas, who assures us that the hedgehog can eat about 100 cantharides without experiencing any of the effects which the insect taken inwardly produces on men, dogs, and cats. A German physician, who made the hedgehog a peculiar object of study, gave it a strong dose of prussic acid, of arsenic, of opium, and of corrosive sublimate, none of which did any harm. The hedgehog in its natural state only feeds on pears, apples and other fruits when it can get nothing of likes better. Its ordinary food consists of worms, slugs, snails, frogs, alders, and sometimes rats and mice.

The Sleepers.—From the German.—The infant slept, resting on the cheek of the old man. The two distant points of life were thus brought together. The fair golden hair of the grandson, mingling with the silvery locks of the grandsire. The two extreme links of mortality were united.

The bud is beautiful—but the leafless withered stalk is venerable, for it has bore blossoms, and given forth its sweet fruits, and sheltered beneath its leaves the melodious choir of singing birds.

There is a sweet smile upon the lips of the octogenarian! How noble and pure must that long life have been, which still pours forth on the countenance its kind and gentle reflection. How Godlike must have been his career, when through all the griefs and sorrows of a mortal life, that holy, innocent laugh of infancy, rests upon their lips, and the last limit of life is trod upon fearlessly, calmly and hopefully!

What can the gentle, sweet smile signify? Does it show that he thinks of her who has long since descended to the grave—that that his youth have returned to him, and that he greets her with the first kiss of love? Or is it that the day has come back to his thoughts when his wife presented him with his first born and called it by his name? Or is it, that he thinks of the time, when his son first re-

turned from the battle field, crowned with the laurel of victory.

But now approaches that son with his spouse. He wishes to know if his father would remain longer in the garden, with the tiny grandchild. Both are discovered sleeping beneath a lofty palm tree. The hot day burned down—the evening had changed to the cold twilight—the pure air, stirred leaf and tendril, and branch into a sweet evening song. All things seemed to sleep, and the grey haired man and his grandchild slumbered sweetly.

"Shall I wake them?" said the son gently to his spouse.

"Oh! no—their sleep is heaven like," she replied, "but may I take the boy out of his arms—he seems to press too heavily on the cheek of his grandfather."

"Of they rest together so deliciously," answered the son. "In the arms of the grandfather the boy is secure—safe as if he leaned on the bosom of Alla, and to whom could we more securely trust him?"

The spouse laughed with a mother's joy, and both departed. Then came two vamps—the one swept over the child with the sweet blood, and the other approached to the heart of the old man.—They inserted their soft tongues and as they did so, they flapped with their outspread wings—like a diligent servant who fans his sleeping master, and brings a cool air, where all else is heated. The blood sprang forth—the breath became weakened; the slumber deeper and deeper, until it ended in the long, long sleep of death.—Then flew away vamps satiated with the heart's blood of both.

When, then, the son and his spouse returned, they found locked in each other's arms, the corpses of grandsire and grandson, and little thought they as they wept, that the young and the old were then resting on the bosom of Alla, where alone are safety, security, and repose to be found.

A SCIENTIFIC LOVE LETTER.
Picked up in the Street—A True Copy.
Bangor county, Indiana State, Saturday Morning, 9 o'clock, A. M., At home in Bed.

My dear Henry—How I want to see you! You are not blessed enough by being so sweet. Oh, that I could see you once more, to kiss the single tear from the rose on your cheeks. O, what a lily you are, and a rose bud to the morning of its virgin blooms, but of heaven born love beaming with the kinder blendings of the rainbow—the sign of peace.

Oh, you sunflower, you pink, you holly-hock, you tulip, you cabbage. O, you sweet owl. Come and comfort your distressed, and arrow-smitten, dying, dead Caroline. Oh, come and see me once more, and let your presence revive your drooping Caroline like the morning togs revives the dead grass in the pasture field. Oh, my dear Henry, how I do love your big grey eyes.

When shall these weeping eyes—these eyes red with weeping—these eyes of mine, again feast themselves on your lovely, round red head? Oh, you sweet creature, you essence of sugar candy. You have been gone this two months and to me, poor me, it does seem like a hundred years. One more day, sweet Henry will kill, yet kill your fond and feckionate Caroline, for I wonder that my love for you haint killt me long ago. Your dear presence would to me, be more than a cool spring to the thirsty traveller of the desert, more than the green grass to the hungry ox, more than the pebbled pool to the little ducks; yes, more than a lump of sugar to a spoiled child. Why, then, will you not come, yes, run fly, swift as lightning, to kiss the tear from the dimpled cheeks of your true love.

O, bleak and wild is the house, the garden, the field, and the world without thee—yes thee, my dumpling, my jewsharp, my eel, my ooster, my sugar lump. God bless thee, may thy days be many, and long, and sweet, and full of joy. Oh, haint and come and kiss your patridge, your goose, your turkie, dove, bless your sweet soul.

CAROLINE.
P. S.—I dreamt last night we was married. Oh, sweet Henry come and make my dream come to pass, for once, and I will always love for you it.

Legislative Anecdote.—One sultry afternoon, in the month of June, while the congregated wisdom of New Hampshire were assembled at the Capitol, an honest member of the House, who had been reluctantly summoned to the scene of his duties from the dinner table, where he had been freely indulging, stretched himself out on one of the seats, and was quietly enjoying a nap, when one of the "sovereign people," who had seated himself in the gallery to overlook his servants, happened to observe the aforesaid member in this recumbent position, and without ceremony bawled out: "Hallo, Mister! you man that's napping on the bench there, the State don't pay you two dollars a day for sleeping, I can tell ye. So wake up!" By the time the above speech, which was delivered in an ordinary tone of voice, was concluded, the House was in a roar—the sleep-

er arose frightened half out of his wits—and the Speaker ordered the galleries to be cleared.—*Ex. paper.*

Negro Stealing—Quick Work.—On the 9th inst. a Mr. Yeomans stole two negro men belonging to Williamson Mims, Esq., of Houston county, and arrived in this city with them on the 14th. On the 15th he offered them for sale to Y. S. Pickard, Esq., U. S. Deputy Marshal. Mr. P. mistrusting, from the behavior of Yeomans, that all was not right, took the negroes to jail, when they confessed they had been stolen. On ascertaining this fact, Mr. Pickard had Yeomans arrested and also lodged in jail. He then wrote to the Post Master at Macon to send information to Mr. Mims, of the arrest of his negroes, on the receipt of which the latter despatched a messenger, who arrived in this city on the 19th, and having procured the negroes and thief, will leave this morning, with them, for home. Mr. Yeomans (who we learn, tried to pass himself off by some other name,) will therefore find himself lodged in the jail of Houston county in just thirteen days from the time he left there with his stolen property.—*Sav. Republican, 21st inst.*

Tuck in your Ruffles.—"We have a few nails to make," said a blacksmith to his son, as he came from school at 12 o'clock. Thomas tucked in his ruffles and took off his coat, and was a blacksmith until he earned his dinner, and then ate it with a good relish. "Put on your ruffles, Thomas, it's school time now," said the father. Thomas expected it, and felt as happy with his ruffles tucked in, as his playmates at their play.

It would be no bad action, "in these hard times," for many a young man to tuck in his ruffles, and swing an axe, or hold a plough, or make a nail—for many a young man, whose expectation of riches from the gains of trade are sadly disappointed, to earn a living in some calling which the world honors less but pays better; its some humble occupation which, while it holds out no delusive hope of immense wealth by a single speculation, assures him of food and raiment.

A SCIENTIFIC LOVE LETTER.
Picked up in the Street—A True Copy.
Bangor county, Indiana State, Saturday Morning, 9 o'clock, A. M., At home in Bed.

My dear Henry—How I want to see you! You are not blessed enough by being so sweet. Oh, that I could see you once more, to kiss the single tear from the rose on your cheeks. O, what a lily you are, and a rose bud to the morning of its virgin blooms, but of heaven born love beaming with the kinder blendings of the rainbow—the sign of peace.

Oh, you sunflower, you pink, you holly-hock, you tulip, you cabbage. O, you sweet owl. Come and comfort your distressed, and arrow-smitten, dying, dead Caroline. Oh, come and see me once more, and let your presence revive your drooping Caroline like the morning togs revives the dead grass in the pasture field. Oh, my dear Henry, how I do love your big grey eyes.

When shall these weeping eyes—these eyes red with weeping—these eyes of mine, again feast themselves on your lovely, round red head? Oh, you sweet creature, you essence of sugar candy. You have been gone this two months and to me, poor me, it does seem like a hundred years. One more day, sweet Henry will kill, yet kill your fond and feckionate Caroline, for I wonder that my love for you haint killt me long ago. Your dear presence would to me, be more than a cool spring to the thirsty traveller of the desert, more than the green grass to the hungry ox, more than the pebbled pool to the little ducks; yes, more than a lump of sugar to a spoiled child. Why, then, will you not come, yes, run fly, swift as lightning, to kiss the tear from the dimpled cheeks of your true love.

O, bleak and wild is the house, the garden, the field, and the world without thee—yes thee, my dumpling, my jewsharp, my eel, my ooster, my sugar lump. God bless thee, may thy days be many, and long, and sweet, and full of joy. Oh, haint and come and kiss your patridge, your goose, your turkie, dove, bless your sweet soul.

CAROLINE.
P. S.—I dreamt last night we was married. Oh, sweet Henry come and make my dream come to pass, for once, and I will always love for you it.

Legislative Anecdote.—One sultry afternoon, in the month of June, while the congregated wisdom of New Hampshire were assembled at the Capitol, an honest member of the House, who had been reluctantly summoned to the scene of his duties from the dinner table, where he had been freely indulging, stretched himself out on one of the seats, and was quietly enjoying a nap, when one of the "sovereign people," who had seated himself in the gallery to overlook his servants, happened to observe the aforesaid member in this recumbent position, and without ceremony bawled out: "Hallo, Mister! you man that's napping on the bench there, the State don't pay you two dollars a day for sleeping, I can tell ye. So wake up!" By the time the above speech, which was delivered in an ordinary tone of voice, was concluded, the House was in a roar—the sleep-

er arose frightened half out of his wits—and the Speaker ordered the galleries to be cleared.—*Ex. paper.*

Negro Stealing—Quick Work.—On the 9th inst. a Mr. Yeomans stole two negro men belonging to Williamson Mims, Esq., of Houston county, and arrived in this city with them on the 14th. On the 15th he offered them for sale to Y. S. Pickard, Esq., U. S. Deputy Marshal. Mr. P. mistrusting, from the behavior of Yeomans, that all was not right, took the negroes to jail, when they confessed they had been stolen. On ascertaining this fact, Mr. Pickard had Yeomans arrested and also lodged in jail. He then wrote to the Post Master at Macon to send information to Mr. Mims, of the arrest of his negroes, on the receipt of which the latter despatched a messenger, who arrived in this city on the 19th, and having procured the negroes and thief, will leave this morning, with them, for home. Mr. Yeomans (who we learn, tried to pass himself off by some other name,) will therefore find himself lodged in the jail of Houston county in just thirteen days from the time he left there with his stolen property.—*Sav. Republican, 21st inst.*

Tuck in your Ruffles.—"We have a few nails to make," said a blacksmith to his son, as he came from school at 12 o'clock. Thomas tucked in his ruffles and took off his coat, and was a blacksmith until he earned his dinner, and then ate it with a good relish. "Put on your ruffles, Thomas, it's school time now," said the father. Thomas expected it, and felt as happy with his ruffles tucked in, as his playmates at their play.

It would be no bad action, "in these hard times," for many a young man to tuck in his ruffles, and swing an axe, or hold a plough, or make a nail—for many a young man, whose expectation of riches from the gains of trade are sadly disappointed, to earn a living in some calling which the world honors less but pays better; its some humble occupation which, while it holds out no delusive hope of immense wealth by a single speculation, assures him of food and raiment.

A SCIENTIFIC LOVE LETTER.
Picked up in the Street—A True Copy.
Bangor county, Indiana State, Saturday Morning, 9 o'clock, A. M., At home in Bed.

My dear Henry—How I want to see you! You are not blessed enough by being so sweet. Oh, that I could see you once more, to kiss the single tear from the rose on your cheeks. O, what a lily you are, and a rose bud to the morning of its virgin blooms, but of heaven born love beaming with the kinder blendings of the rainbow—the sign of peace.

Oh, you sunflower, you pink, you holly-hock, you tulip, you cabbage. O, you sweet owl. Come and comfort your distressed, and arrow-smitten, dying, dead Caroline. Oh, come and see me once more, and let your presence revive your drooping Caroline like the morning togs revives the dead grass in the pasture field. Oh, my dear Henry, how I do love your big grey eyes.

When shall these weeping eyes—these eyes red with weeping—these eyes of mine, again feast themselves on your lovely, round red head? Oh, you sweet creature, you essence of sugar candy. You have been gone this two months and to me, poor me, it does seem like a hundred years. One more day, sweet Henry will kill, yet kill your fond and feckionate Caroline, for I wonder that my love for you haint killt me long ago. Your dear presence would to me, be more than a cool spring to the thirsty traveller of the desert, more than the green grass to the hungry ox, more than the pebbled pool to the little ducks; yes, more than a lump of sugar to a spoiled child. Why, then, will you not come, yes, run fly, swift as lightning, to kiss the tear from the dimpled cheeks of your true love.

O, bleak and wild is the house, the garden, the field, and the world without thee—yes thee, my dumpling, my jewsharp, my eel, my ooster, my sugar lump. God bless thee, may thy days be many, and long, and sweet, and full of joy. Oh, haint and come and kiss your patridge, your goose, your turkie, dove, bless your sweet soul.

CAROLINE.
P. S.—I dreamt last night we was married. Oh, sweet Henry come and make my dream come to pass, for once, and I will always love for you it.

Legislative Anecdote.—One sultry afternoon, in the month of June, while the congregated wisdom of New Hampshire were assembled at the Capitol, an honest member of the House, who had been reluctantly summoned to the scene of his duties from the dinner table, where he had been freely indulging, stretched himself out on one of the seats, and was quietly enjoying a nap, when one of the "sovereign people," who had seated himself in the gallery to overlook his servants, happened to observe the aforesaid member in this recumbent position, and without ceremony bawled out: "Hallo, Mister! you man that's napping on the bench there, the State don't pay you two dollars a day for sleeping, I can tell ye. So wake up!" By the time the above speech, which was delivered in an ordinary tone of voice, was concluded, the House was in a roar—the sleep-

Coroner's Inquest.—A man by the name of Thomas Lindsey died very suddenly in this city, on the 19th inst. He was from Abbeville District, S. C. and aged 40 to 45 years. He had been much intoxicated the day previous, and was in that condition at the time of his death. Verdict of the inquest that he died of apoplexy, occasioned by intoxication.—*Macon Messenger, July 21.*