THE CHERAW GAZETTE.

TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR, } "OUR OBJECT IS TO ADMONISH, NOT TO STING—TO IMPROVE, NOT TO WOUND, TO CORRECT THE ERRORS OF MEN, NOT TO OBSTRUCT THEM IN THEIR CAREER." { STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 21. CHERAW, SOUTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1859. NUMBER 49.

CHERAW GAZETTE.

JAMES POWELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

THIS PAPER is published WEEKLY, at $2 per year, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE; $2 50 per year, if paid within six months after subscribing, and $3 at any time after six months.

All Subscriptions NOT *limited* are considered as made for an indefinite time, and continued till a discontinuance is ordered, and till all arrearages (☞ without which no subscription will be discontinued ☜) are paid.

TO CLUBS, the *Gazette* will be sent, at the following rates for CASH ONLY *in advance:*

Five Copies for.................... $ 8.00
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ADVERTISEMENTS

Of 15 lines or less, (which is a square,) will be inserted at $1 for a single insertion; one square continued, 75 cents for the first and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion. Renewal or change, 20 cents per square.

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To those who advertise by the year, liberal terms will be made.

If the number of insertions is not specified, *in writing*, advertisements will be continued TILL ORDERED OUT, and CHARGED ACCORDINGLY.

Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

No advertisement, however small, will be considered less than a square.

Obituaries and simple announcements of Marriages and Deaths considered news and are not to be charged for.

Announcements of candidates for office will be charged as other advertisements.

☞ The Editor will take the risk of payment of the paper by mail.

JOB-PRINTING

Of every Description and in the Best Style, EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE:

Embracing such as
Business Cards, Visiting Cards,
Invitation Tickets, Blank Receipts,
Bank Notes, Bill Heads, Briefs, Hand Bills,
Books, Pamphlets, Blanks of all kinds, and any other work usually done in country Printing Offices.

The Publisher of the CHERAW GAZETTE assures his friends and the public that their orders for any thing in the **Job-Printing** line will be executed in the best manner, and at as low rates as at any establishment.

Cheraw Post Office.

THE MAILS FOR RAILROAD
CLOSE AT 8 30 A. M.
[illegible]VILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA,
DAILY AT 9 00 P. M.
[illegible]Y NORTH CAROLINA,
DAILY AT 9 00 P. M.
[illegible]LE, NORTH CAROLINA, (direct,) [illegible] EDIATE PLACES,
[illegible]DAYS AND THURSDAYS AT 9 00 P. M.
[illegible] COURT HOUSE, JEFFERSON, [illegible]RFE, SOUTH CAROLINA,
[illegible]DAYS AND THURSDAYS AT 9 00 P. M.
[illegible]HAM, NORTH CAROLINA,
[illegible]DAYS AND FRIDAYS AT 11 30 A. M.
[illegible]IN, NORTH CAROLINA,
[illegible]DAYS AND THURSDAYS AT 9 00 P. M.
J. I. WESTERVELT,
Post Master.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JAS. C. COIT,

Civil Engineer and Surveyor,
CHERAW, S. C.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING JUST COMPLETED a course of studies, preparatory to the practice of his profession, respectfully offers his services to the citizens of Chesterfield and the adjoining districts.
JAS. C. COIT.
October 13 4-tf

De Rosset, Brown & Co.,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Brown, De Rosset & Co.,
NEW YORK.

Commission Merchants.

☞ Sole Agents at Wilmington for Reese's Manipulated Guano, and W. Whitelock & Co's Superphosphate of Lime.
☞ Importers of pure Peruvian and other Guanos, Land Plaster, &c.
☞ Particular attention given to the sale of Naval Stores, Cotton and other Produce.
April 20, 1859. 31-6m-pd.

S. H. POWERS,

HAVING LOCATED HIMSELF ONE DOOR NORTH OF N. D. STRICKLIN'S
FOR THE PURPOSE OF CARRYING ON THE
TINNING BUSINESS,
In all its Branches,
would respectfully call the attention of, the citizens of Cheraw and vicinity to the fact, and would also solicit their patronage—from the very FACT of his being enabled by **due experience**, TO FILL ALL ORDERS **which he may receive.**
☞ Remember the place,
One door North of N. D. Stricklin's.
Cheraw, May 13th 1859.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Kerrison & Leiding,

IMPORTERS
Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
Hasel Street, one Door from King,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
E. L. K—. HERMAN L—.
April 20, 1859. 31-1y

JEFFORDS & CO.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS
IN
BACON, HAMS, LARD, WHISKIES, &c., &c. &c.
106 EAST BAY
Charleston, S. C.
January the 19th 18[illegible] [illegible]-ly

GEO. W. McIVER

Is receiving by Railroad his SPRING SUPPLIES of
LADIES' DRESS GOODS,
In Robes a Les, Double Jupes, &c., of all the different fabrics, suited
FOR SUMMER WEAR.

Barege, Grenadine, Organdy, Jaconet, Lawn, Ginghams, Brilliants and Galicoes. In
Mantillas and Spring Coverings.
He has received A FINE ASSORTMENT of *CHANTILLY, FRENCH LACE AND SILK*
Of the latest Paris styles. Also,

Bonnets and Ribbons,

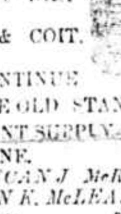
Dress Trimmings, Head Dresses, &c.

In EMBROIDERIES, his stock (always the best in the market,) is this season unusually fine, a large lot of handsome Lace Collars also.

The "Lords of Creation," too, will find every thing necessary to fit them out in the latest style "from top to toe."

In fact, his stock comprises every thing necessary to supply the wants of the "outer man" woman or child, at the *lowest market prices.*
March 30, 1829. 25-tf

DRUG STORE.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING BOUGHT THE STOCK OF DRS. MALLOY & COIT, WILL CONTINUE THE BUSINESS AT THE OLD STAND, AND WILL KEEP A CONSTANT SUPPLY OF ALL ARTICLES IN THEIR LINE.

DUNCAN J McRAE.
JOHN K. McLEAN.
Cheraw, May 18th, 1859 35-tf

MRS. C. QUILTY,

BEGS LEAVE TO ANNOUNCE TO THE LADIES OF CHERAW AND SURROUNDING country, that having located herself opposite the Post Office, in Market Street, she will carry on the
MILINERY BUSINESS
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.
She would respectfully invite ladies to call and examine her very select
STOCK OF MILINERY GOODS.
consisting in part of
HATS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS, RUSHES, &c &c &c. &c
ALL THE NEWEST and LATEST STYLES.
PRICES MODERATE
AND
TERMS CASH!
Cheraw, march 16 1859 26 tf

MARBLE YARD.

M. F. Hemphill,

DEALER IN
Monuments, Headstones, Tombs,
MANTLES, TABLE AND BUREAU TOPS,
HEARTHS, DOOR-SILLS, WINDOW SILLS & CAPS,
TILE, &c., &c.
ALSO, **Wire Railing** for Burying Lots, &c., of every style, at *very low prices.*
Cheraw, July 13, 1859. 43 tf.

D. QUILTY,

Practical London Tailor.

THE subscriber begs leave to announce to the citizens of Cheraw and all others, having located himself next door to Mr. D. B. McArn, he offers for sale his select stock of

Cloths and Cassimeres,

Consisting of French and English goods at extremely low prices. As a guarantee of his capabilities he has had long experience as Cutter in one of the most fashionable establishments in London. Give him a call and you will be convinced that no such quality of goods or neatness of workmanship was ever before offered in this market.
Terms cash. September 22-2-y

NOTICE.—ALL KIND OF JOB WORK executed with NEATNESS AND DESPATCH at this Office.

SELECTED POETRY.

REQUIEM

To the memory of Hon Preston S. Brooks, of South Carolina.

BY MARY J WINDLE.

☞ We re-publish the following poem in memory of the Hon. PRESTON S. BROOKS, of this State, at the request of a lady friend, whom, we have no doubt, highly appreciates the services of the man whose death caused these lines to be written—Here they are, and we trust that every one of our readers will give them a careful perusal:—PUB. GAZETTE.

In all the pride of manhood's noblest prime,
Untamed by sorrow, and untired by time,
Life's pulses throbbing in his eager breast,
Glad, active, vigorous—all are now at rest,
Short was the course this noble spirit ran—
How hard it is to say, "Thy will be done!"

But shall we, murmuring against God,
Question the justice of His chastening rod?
Better die thus—before His holy trust,
In human kindness, crumbled into dust;
Before the withering touch of fearful change
Made some familiar face look cold and strange,
Or some dear heart close knitted to his own,
By perishing, had left him sad and lone!

Oh! many a kindly, generous deed he done
Which leaves no record underneath the sun;
But by a holier light recording angels read
The unseen tablet of those modest deeds:
The balm his kindness mingled here below,
To mitigate the cup of earthly woe;
His timely help in hours of sorest need;
His gentle lifting of the bruised reed;
The indulgent hour of converse stol'n away
From the scant leisure of a well spent day
For some poor struggling son of genius, bent
Under the weight of heart sick discontent.

Oh! what a wealth of hope lies hushed
In the dark grave when men like these are crushed,
But o'er our feelings sadder thoughts prevail—
We hear the orphan's sob, the widow's wail:
In that dread hour when worldly hopes subside,
When throbs the latest pulse of worldly pride—
In that last hour the dying father sees
His southern home, its flowers and waving trees
More sweetly pictured to his longing view,
In the dim past than were the vision true—
The verdant valley and the dark brown hill,
The Orange garden, and its tinkling rill,
The winding path, the dwelling in the grove,
The glance of welcome, and the kiss of love;
And a fair form before his glazing sight
Glides like a noiseless phantom of the night,
And [illegible] infant [illegible]
To snatch the willing, yet delayed caress.

Vain dream! No tender look is there to meet his dying gaze,
No tone of fondness heard in by-gone days,
To soothe the terrors of his spirit's flight,
And speak of mercy and of hope to-night;
No more those rayless orbs may rest
On these sweet vines that gem the South's warm breast.
They shall no more those sunset clouds behold,
Floating, like bright transparent thrones of gold;
Not that loved form they never more will see,
Save in the visions of eternity.
Ah, no! These scenes no more his sight shall bless,
Which fill his heart, and on his memory press

God's white robed angels now around him stand,
And wave his spirit to "the better land;"
There shall the generous heart regain its own;
There the abused shall stand before God's throne;
There, when the tangled web is all explained—
Wrong suffered, pain inflicted, truth disdained—
Man's misrepresentations and false scorn,
Shall melt like mist before uprising morn,
And holy truth stand forth serenely bright,
In the rich noon of God's eternal light.

WASHINGTON, January 29th, 1857.

THE BABY.

Another little wave
Upon the sea of life;
Another soul to save,
And [illegible] and strife.

Two more little feet
To walk the dusty road;
To choose where two paths meet,
The narrow and the broad.

Two more little hands
To work for good or ill;
Two more little eyes,
Another little will.

Another heart to love,
[illegible]
Another baby came,
A thing of joy and pain.
Providence Journal

THE LOVER'S PUZZLE. To learn to read the following, so as to make good sense, is a mystery:

I thee read see that me,
Love is down will I'll have
But that and you have you'll
One and up and you it.

☞ "Are you near sighted, Miss," said an impertinent fellow to a young lady, who did not choose to recognize him. 'Yes, at this distance I can hardly tell whether you are a pig or a puppy."

'Mrs. Smith, did you say in the hearing of my little girl that I was a great rusty cat?' 'No, my dear Mrs Jones; I said you were a great aristocrat.'

He only is independent who can maintain himself by his own exertions.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Hatter in Search of Fur.

On one occasion a hatter named Walter Dibble called to buy some furs of us. For certain reasons I was anxious to play a joke upon him. I sold him several kinds of furs, including [illegible] and coney. He wanted some Russia. I told him we had none, but Mrs. Wheeler, where I boarded, had several hundred pounds.

'What on earth is a woman doing with Russia fur?' said he.

I could not answer, but assured him there was 130 pounds of old Russia and 150 pounds of young Russia in Mrs Wheeler's house, and under her charge, but whether it was for sale I could not say.

Off he started, with a view to make the [illegible] at the [illegible] Mrs. Wheeler [illegible] him to walk in and be seated.

'I want to get your Russia,' said the hatter.

Mrs. Wheeler again asked him to walk in and be seated. She, of course supposed he had come after her daughter 'Russia.'

'What do you want of Russia?' asked the old lady.

'To make hats,' was the reply.

'To trim hats, I suppose you mean,' responded Mrs. Wheeler.

'No, on the outside of hats,' replied the hatter.

'Well, I don't know much about hats, but I will call my daughter,' said the old lady.

Passing into another room where 'Russia' the younger was at work, she informed her that a man wanted her to make hats.

'Oh he means sister Mary, probably; I suppose he wants some ladies' hats,' replied Russia, as she passed into the parlor.

'I suppose you wish to see my sister Mary; she is our milliner,' said the younger Russia.

'I wish to see whoever owns the property,' said the hatter.

Sister Mary was sent for, and soon made her appearance. As soon as she was introduced, the hatter informed her that he wished to buy Russia.

'Buy Rushia!' exclaimed Mary, in surprise. 'I don't understand you.'

'Your name is Miss Wheeler, I believe,' said the hatter, who was annoyed at the difficulty he met with in being understood.

'It is, sir.'

'Ah! very well; is there old and young Russia in the house?'

'I believe there is,' said Mary, surprised at the [illegible] manner in which he spoke of her mother and sister, both of whom were present.

'What is the price of Russia per pound?' asked the hatter.

'I believe, sir, that old Russia is not for sale,' replied Mary, indignantly.

'Well, what do you ask for young Russia?' pursued the hatter.

'Sir,' said Miss Rushia, the younger, springing to her feet, 'do you mean to insult defenceless females? If you do we will soon call our brother, who is in the garden, and he will punish you as you deserve!'

'Ladies,' exclaimed the hatter, in astonishment, 'what on earth have I done to offend you? I came here to buy some Russia. I was told you had old and young Russia in the house. Indeed, this young lady just stated such to be the fact, but she says the old Russia is not for sale. Now, if I can buy the young Russia, I want to do so, but if that can't be done, please say so, and I will trouble you no farther!'

'Mother, open the door and let the gentleman pass out; he is undoubtedly crazy,' said Miss Mary.

'By thunder! I believe I shall be if I remain here long,' [illegible] considerably vexed. 'I wonder if folks never do business in these parts, that you think a man crazy if he attempts such a thing?'

'Business! poor man,' said [illegible], approaching the door.

'I am not a poor man, Madam,' replied the hatter. 'My name is Walter Dibble; I carry on [illegible] in Danbury; I came to Grassy Plains to buy fur, and have purchased [illegible] and now [illegible] and a 'poor man' because I want to [illegible] 'Russia' to [illegible]'

The ladies began to open their eyes a little. They saw that Mr. Dibble [illegible] earnest, and his explanation threw considerable light on the subject.

'Who sent you here?' asked [illegible]

'The clerk at the store opposite,' was the reply.

'He is a wicked young fellow for making this trouble,' said the old lady. 'He has been doing this for a joke,' she continued.

'A joke!' exclaimed Dibble, in surprise. 'Have you got any Russia, then?'

'My name is Jerusha, and so is my daughter's,' said Mrs. Wheeler, 'and that, I suppose, is what he meant by telling you about old and young Rusha.'

Mr. Dibble bolted through the door without a word of explanation, and made directly for our store.

'You young scamp!' said he, as he entered, 'what do you mean by sending me over there to buy Russia?'

'I did not send you to buy Rushia. I supposed you were either a bachelor or a widower, and wanted to marry Rushia,' I replied, with a serious countenance.

'You lie, you dog, and you know it,' he replied; 'but never mind, I'll pay you off for this some day.' And taking his furs, he departed, less ill-humored than could have been expected under the circumstances.

Good Wives and "Sweet Home."

It may be true of young men, as Schiller says, that they carry the stars of their destiny in their own bosoms, but it is not true of married men. *Wives carry the stars of their husband's destinies in their bosoms.* The husband's fortune is more fully in the hands of his wife than any where else. It is for her to conform to his circumstances. This is both her respectability and happiness. I know not where to find sublimer exhibitions of fortitude and virtue than have been made by women who have been precipitated suddenly from affluence to absolute want. Then, again, a husband's fortune is in his wife's hands, for she, more than anybody else, can help him to make it, and take care of it. I do not mean that she is to write his brief for the Supreme Court, or that she is to ride in his gig to see his parents for him, or that she is to manage his office; but I do mean, that in [illegible], his vigor, both of body and mind, and his *moral strength*, depend upon her, and that it is only with these we have a right to expect him to succeed. It is her's to make his home happy, and to gird him with strength by sympathy and counsel. When his spirits are almost overwhelmed, she alone, of all human beings, is the one to minister to him. Her nursing is as sovereign to his sick soul as it is for his ailing body. It is her gentle tones only that can steal over her mortal senses with more power than David's harp. And when his courage is almost gone, her patience and fortitude will rekindle his heart again to dare and do, and meet anew the toils and troubles of life.—When I think of Haman's wife, and her bitter reproach when he came home, I am not so astonished at his wickedness, as that he did not go further. I wonder, when she chided him, he did not go and hang himself on the gallows she had caused him to have built for Mordecai.

What a misfortune it was that Haman had not a sweet *Christian Home* to retire to after the terrible disappointments and bitter experience of that day! Yes, a sweet quiet Home. But you tell me I forget that he was a man of large estates, great honors, and the owner of a princely palace. True, but a palace is not always a Home. What is a Home? It is something in which many of earth's [illegible] [illegible] a place where the heart rests and the affections nestle and dwell and multiply. *A home* is the place where children romp and play, and learn to love, and where the husband and wife toil smoothly together, as they trudge up the hill on their way to a better world. If men are not happy anywhere else, O let them be happy at home. Have you not stood before the picture, "the soldier's dream," until you could hear your own breathing? But why so much enraptured with that picture? Is it not because you see the soldier by his bivouac fast asleep?—but to-morrow's dawn is to awake him to battle and to death. Sleep on, then, happy dreamer. See in the visions of that [illegible] a art of hearts, that can meet death at the cannon's mouth, your sweet [illegible] and loving wife, with [illegible] outstretched arms, welcoming you back from the wars. Yes, it is of home the tented or the dying soldier thinks. And it is of home the sailor thinks, on his lonely watch, far away on the stormy seas. And the traveler, amid the [illegible] and while gazing on the [illegible] of bright [illegible] and gorgeous flowers, why does he seem to be [illegible] "His heart is far away." [illegible] and lands, mountains, are [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] a young lady, entering a [illegible] store, [illegible] *Yes, Miss,' was the reply; 'and [illegible]. Mary took [illegible] [illegible] she returned. 'Oh, I forgot! I want 'One sweet kiss before we part.' The clerk glanced at the front store—nobody was there; he looked in the counting room—[illegible] was out; rapidly he [illegible] forward; Mary advanced her face, her mouth assumed the [illegible] shape [illegible] [illegible] style of [illegible] workmanship. [illegible] and do likewise.' And she [illegible]

The Dying Inebriate.

What a spectacle is this! What a lesson does it teach! The destruction of man's corporeal frame is not pleasant under any circumstances. The taking down of his 'clay tabernacle,' even when he hopes to enter a 'building not made with hands,' in the upper skies, has something melancholy in it. But when we see a mortal stretched upon his dying couch, whose life has been spent in debauchery and revelry, what is there connected with him or his, either past or present, or future, that does not present the most horrible and forbidding aspect? Life is gone, property wasted, character blasted, wife and children beggared—there he lies upon his bed of straw, with parched lips, bloated countenance, and blood-shot eyes, the very personification of ruin. Tossing upon his hard and comfortless couch, panting for breath, and calling for help, but all in vain. Death marks him for his victim, and now, if for a while he is relieved from frightful ghosts and demons which hitherto haunted his disordered imagination, conscience, the sleepless monitor, with redoubled vigor, assails him with every act of his worthless life, to blast his still conscious soul, and brings up before him all hopes, to plunge him in deeper agony, and to hurry his affrighted spirit into the presence of his God. How loudly and bitterly does he complain of life, of friends, of God!

He prays, but it is the angry imprecation of a doomed spirit, demanding of his Maker a speedy discharge. The wild glare of his scorched eye, his restless tossing, his retching hiccough, and his deep, hollow groans, tell us how hard it is for a drunkard to die. The very presence of once-loved wife and children, kindle in advance the very fires of hell. The soothing voice of mercy, and the plaintive prayer of the man of God kneeling by his bedside, but add fuel to the already raging flame. He calls for water! water! water! now, ere he takes his habitation where 'one drop' will not be allowed him; but ah! the cool draught only adds force to the devouring fire. Friends gather around to take a last farewell, and his tremulous hands are extended to bid them adieu; thoughts of the past and of the future send their withering arrows, barbed with the poison of death, to his bursting heart; and with one strong, agonizing struggle, his ruined soul staggers into the spirit-land to receive its sentence. Pity, compassion, humanity, would let the veil drop here, and cover up, till the great assize, the doom of the deluded, misguided drunkard; but divine truth has said, 'All drunkards shall have their portion in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone.'
Elm Cottage, Va.

Are Mechanics Nobody?

So many persons think, or at least seem to think, from the manner in which they are treated by certain persons who think themselves *somebody*—and most of those who put on these snobish airs have sprung from the loins of a mechanic themselves—We heard a female (was she a lady?) the other day, in this self same *aristocratic* (bah!) little Raleigh, who took her husband severely to task for walking in the street by the side of a mechanic! Now, her husband is a mechanic who has risen a little in the world and her father and grandfather were both mechanics! And an honor to themselves and the noble class to which they belonged. But this degenerate daughter of a worthy mechanic thinks mechanics are *nobody*, does she? See that splendid mansion embowered in trees and splendid shrubbery, with gravelled walks and everything around betokening elegance and wealth. It looks a little heaven. Whose home is this? That is the *former* residence of General [illegible], the hospitable Southern gentleman. We were at a gay assemblage there once. The old gentleman was [illegible], surrounded by his [illegible], and the beauty and [illegible] and his accomplished [illegible] with the [illegible]. The daughters were [illegible] [illegible] and the sons were [illegible], with all the [illegible] of Russia.

[illegible] The old man is [illegible] are wife and the [illegible]. The sons [illegible] re[illegible] and *themselves* [illegible]. Only one daughter [illegible] a mechanic [illegible] made a fortune, [illegible] the declining years of her [illegible] reduced to dependence.

Well, [illegible] the splendid mansion now? [illegible], the mechanic that built it.

He bought out the plantation, house and furniture, negroes and all—and now *his* sons are promising to do by him just as [illegible] the old General. This and [illegible] prove the folly of parents wearing out their lives to heap up riches for their children.—*Spirit of the Age.*

A lawyer asked a Dutchman in court what earmarks a pig had that was in dispute. 'Vell he has no ear-marks except a very short tail,' was the reply.

A Pennsylvania [illegible] [illegible] tallow, candles, whiskey, linen, beeswax, wool, any any thing else he can eat.'