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By M. MAC LEAN.

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FOREIGN.

FROM THE NEW YORK SUN—EXTRA. ARRIVAL OF THE COLUMBIA.
The steamship Columbia, Capt. Jenkins, from Liverpool, May 19, arrived at her moorings at six o'clock. We are under great obligations to Capt. Jenkins and Mr. Alexander, the Parser, for files of papers to the latest dates. There is no improvement to notice in trade—on the contrary, the dullness which had for some time prevailed has, if possible, increased. People seem to have made up their minds to enter upon no business transactions whatever until the new tariff shall have passed into law. The only remarkable feature in the proceedings of the British Parliament, is the introduction of a bill by Sir James Graham, to continue the new poor-law five years longer, and to abolish the unions constituted under what is commonly called Gilbert's Act, in order that the law may be uniform throughout the country. Money is abundant. Good bills can be discounted at three per cent; and many of the first merchants, instead of employing their capital in the ordinary way of business, are seeking for its investment on loan,—fortunate if they can obtain 4 1/2 per cent.

THE CAROL MASSACRE.—Her Majesty's Ministers are in possession of a late despatch, forwarded by Major Pottinger to the authorities at Calcutta. The despatch in question, we understand, adds nothing to what was previously known of the state of affairs in Afghanistan; but it completely exonerates General Elphinstone, assigning the blame of the late disasters to a different quarter, or rather to different quarters, for the council of war, comes in for a share.

The amount of the annuities to the royal family in the year ending the 5th of January, 1841, exclusive of the Queen and Prince Albert, was £313,197.

ENGLAND.

Every eye is now turned to Sir Robert Peel to watch his course of conduct with respect to the Bribery Committee just appointed. Anxiety is felt as to the degree of support he will give to the recommendations of the committee, and whether he will aid, not merely the passing of a bill for that purpose through the House of Commons, but whether he will honestly exert himself to surmount any difficulties that may present themselves in the other House of Parliament. His honesty must be tested by acts, not by professions.

THE ROYAL MASQUE.—The Ball Masque given by Her Majesty on the 12th May, says the London Observer, to the nobility and gentry of the land was one of surprising brilliancy and magnificence.—Nothing equal to it has been witnessed for ages. It was a spectacle which no other country but England could have got up; and it must have filled the minds of all the foreigners who beheld it with the most enlarged idea of the splendor of this country. The number present was computed at 1,800, comprising all the beauty, the loveliness, and fashion of the land.

Her Majesty wore a crown of gold, studded with large jewels of various colors, the points of the crown being formed with the vine leaf. From the crown were suspended oreilletes of diamonds.—Her Majesty wore two rows of large pearls round her neck. The mantle of cloth of gold was fastened by a broad gold band, extending the whole width of the chest studded with large jewels of various colors, with a similar band, studded in the same manner, was laid down the whole length of the chest, the effect of the whole being that of a large jewelled cross; the miniver with which the surcoat was covered in front forming the background. The effect of this was very beautiful.

Prince Albert wore a crown, similar in design to that of the Queen. His mantle of red velvet, bordered with gold, and edged with pearls, was fastened across the chest with a broad and jewelled gold band. The tunic of blue, embroidered in gold, was fastened around the neck by a jewelled collar, of great brilliancy—the same magnificent mode of termination was adopted at the wrists. A beautiful girdle, supporting a diamond hilted sword, completed the leading features of Prince Albert's costume.

FRANCE.

One hundred and twenty persons killed, and many maimed and wounded.

A deplorable catastrophe took place, on Sunday evening week, on the Versailles and Meudon Railway, by which one hundred and twenty persons were killed, or have since died of their wounds, and many maimed and wounded.

In honor of the King's fete, the water-works in the gardens of Versailles were playing on Sunday, which attracted immense crowds from Paris. The train to which the dreadful accident occurred left Versailles for Paris at half past five o'clock in the afternoon, and was crowded with passengers. "There were," says one account, "seventeen or eighteen wagons, with two engines before and one behind. The velocity was excessive.

When between Bellevue and Meudon, the axle-tree of the first machine broke, and, stopping, the second ran over it, killing the stoker, and breaking the first machine in pieces, split its fire on the ground. Instantly six or seven wagons were broken in pieces, and the rest, running over the live fire of the broken engines, burst into flames. It is the custom on the Left Bank Railroad for the doors of the wagons to be closed, without any possibility of opening them, except by keys in the hands of the conductors. No conductors were forthcoming, and thus the inmates of three of the wagons were burned." From this account, it is clear that, but for the custom of locking the passengers in the carriages, so awful a loss of life would not have taken place.

ANOTHER CONSPIRACY TO ASSASSINATE THE KING OF THE FRENCH.

Another conspiracy has been detected to assassinate the King of the French. A number of persons have been arrested in Paris, amongst others the notorious Considere. Among the projectiles seized were several intended for the destruction of the king, by being thrown into the carriage, and to assassinate, of course, as many of his family as might happen to accompany him. It is stated that the information which led to the detection of this plot was given by the mistress of one of the conspirators, who has been since murdered and her body thrown into the Seine.

The following letter contains an accurate account of all that had transpired in Paris, relative to this odious attempt at assassination:—

"Paris, May 7.

"A rumor prevailed yesterday that a conspiracy to murder the king had been discovered, to which, however, little credence was attached, the more especially from the silence observed by the government journals last night, and the absence of all allusion whatever to it by any of the journals this morning. I find, however, upon inquiry, that the fact is but too true—that a discovery has been made by the police, which leaves no doubt of the existence of a plot, not only to murder the king, but to involve in the same fate as many members of the royal family as should be with his majesty at the chosen moment for the putting the atrocious plan of the conspirators into execution.

It appears that during the summer months, the king is in the habit of driving out from Neuilly in a large open caleche, accompanied by the Queen and other members of the royal family. Upon such occasions, the carriage is unattended by a military escort, and the horses are driven at a merely ordinary pace. These circumstances seem to have suggested the idea of an infernal machine, and one has been invented of a simple character, being in form an ordinary sized ball, calculated to burst upon falling, and shatter every thing near it with irresistible force. The principal material is said to be a fulminating powder, of a very powerful character. The instruments for working the materials, and some balls, were found upon the premises adjacent to Considere's wine shop in the Rue Montmartre. This Considere, has been twice tried for complicity in plots to murder the King and each time acquitted. He was one of those tried in connection with Quenisset.

Considere has been arrested, with seven others. This conspiracy will lead in all probability to more stringent laws. The police authorities complain that they have no preventive power—they say that no matter how strong the moral certainty may be on their minds that marked and suspected persons are planning wickedness, yet they cannot interfere; and then when the plot comes to light people ask what the police were about? Of what use are they? And what has been done with the secret service money voted for preventive objects? Upon the other hand, the abuses to which so dangerous a privilege might give rise cannot be lost sight of. Up to Thursday night the police remained in ignorance of what was hatching."

The Gazette de Tribunaux of the 12th confirms the alleged discovery of the conspiracy formed for the purpose of assassinating the king.

The investigation which commenced immediately after the discovery of the projectiles, bombs, &c., in the Passage Violet and other places, is still pursued with activity. The number of arrests up to the present time amounts to about ten.

All the objects seized have been deposited in the registrar's office. The projectiles are made in a perfectly new manner. A stone bottle, not very thick, serves as the envelope; this is covered outside with a thick coat of inflammable matter which is applied to the extremity of those matches called chimiques allemandes. Inside a quantity of powder and bullets are strongly pressed together, so as to produce a terrible explosion, if the inflammable coating of the bottle should come in contact with any resisting body. Numerous witnesses have been already heard, and they are soon to be confronted with the prisoners.

GERMANY.

Auxful conflagration—Destruction of one-fifth of the city of Hamburg by fire.

The city of Hamburg, the great commercial emporium of Germany, one of the most flourishing on the continent of Europe, is a heap of ruins. Her merchants were rejoicing at the prospects held out to them by the promised improvements in our commercial tariff: now, they are mourning over their richly stored warehouses in ashes, their houses devoured by the flames, and their prospects of increasing prosperity scattered to the four winds of heaven.

The fire, which broke out on Wednesday night, the 4th instant, and which, there is every reason to believe, was the work of an incendiary, extended to fifty-two streets, most of which were reduced to ashes. On a rough calculation, the loss of property was from three to four millions sterling, but it is believed that the total loss will be double that amount. No person can tell how many lives were lost, but a great number of persons must have perished. The canals through the city were dry, so that no water could be found. The fire raged from Wednesday night to Saturday morning. On the latter day, at nine o'clock, the Danish, Hanoverian, and Prussian troops entered the town, and being well supplied with gunpowder, commenced blowing up the houses to arrest the progress of the flames. This was completely effected by Sunday morning. The Senate ordered every person to leave town, and nothing could exceed the heart-rending spectacle of thousands of poor people frantic with their losses, and without the means of procuring food or shelter.

The destruction of Hamburg is one of those calamities which will be felt in every part of the commercial world. Great as may be the credit of the Senate and people of Hamburg with foreign States, a century will elapse before the city can replace all the property destroyed by this conflagration. In the midst of the confusion, an incident occurred characteristic of the Government and the people. A public notice was everywhere put up, stating that the vaults under the Bank, containing the gold and silver bars, were fire-proof, and that the Bank books and papers were all removed and in perfect safety.

It is stated in the latest account that 60 streets, courts, and alleys, and 15 public buildings, in all about 1,500 houses have fallen a sacrifice. The number of lives lost is said to be between two hundred and fifty and three hundred.

Confidence was not so much shaken as was apprehended, and bills were freely discounted at four per cent. Sanguine hopes are entertained that the various insurance companies will meet at least the greatest part of the losses sustained.

The New Hamburg Zeitung of the 13th inst. states that the losses are computed as follows:—\$30,000,000 of dollars for goods On the 25th ult., at about four o'clock A.M., another shock was felt at Patras, which lasted a minute and a half. The Courier Grec announces that a red rain had fallen at Tripolitza and elsewhere, and that the Minister of the interior had collected information respecting that phenomenon, which would be submitted to the examination of the medical board.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET.

TUESDAY, MAY 17.—To-day there has been a fair demand for Cotton, and the sales amount to 3000 bales, which have been taken almost entirely by the trade at steady prices.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 18.—To-day we have had more activity of demand, and the sales amount to 5000 bales, including 800 American on speculation. There is no actual advance in prices, but last week's rates are fully supported.

HAVRE MARKETS.

Notwithstanding a great quantity of Cotton lately arrived, amounting to about 19,000 and that but few sales were effected, prices on the 6th inst. remained unaltered. The transactions in Coffee, were limited to St. Domingo and Havana only, of the former 2201 being disposed of at 42 fr. and of the latter 476 bales at 60 fr. 74 hds colonial Sugar sold according to sample, at 54 1/4 fr per 49 kilogrammes.

ARRIVAL OF THE GREAT WESTERN.

TWO DAYS LATER—REFUSAL OF FRANCE TO RATIFY THE RIGHT OF SEARCH TREATY—LIBERAL MOVEMENTS FOR

THE RELIEF OF HAMBURG—LOCAL NEWS FROM ENGLAND AND THE CONTINENT—TRADE MARKETS.

The Great Western, Capt. Hosken, has just arrived in fourteen days from Liverpool, bringing us London and Liverpool papers to the 2nd ult. inclusive.

The news from England is not very important. The Queen's birth-day was celebrated on the 19th, with all the usual pomp and parade.

The Money Market continued to fluctuate, although the temporary pressure which had existed for two or three days, seemed to be wearing away.

The London papers continue to caution the capitalists not to meddle with the U. S. loan, and say that none of it can be taken there until our bankrupt states pay up. We are glad of this, and earnestly hope that not a dollar of it will be taken in London.

Great efforts are making in all parts of Europe, and especially in England, for the relief of the unfortunate sufferers by the great fire in Hamburg. Meetings are called in all the principal cities, and large amounts subscribed for this object.

The news from France we copy from the London Morning Chronicle. It will be found interesting inasmuch as it seems to settle the question in reference to the Right of Search Treaty.

"The treaty of the 20th December, 1841, will not be ratified. The Government has not made any engagement either directly or indirectly to ratify it at any period whatsoever." It was with this formal and reiterated assurance that M. Guizot concluded one of the most brilliant extempore speeches ever heard in the Chamber of Peers.

Parliament assembled on the 20th, after the Whitsuntide recess. The proceedings were unimportant.

From the Reformed Drunkard.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

The grey of morning was already dawning, when a miserable wretch turned into a dirty alley, and entering a low rickety door, groped through a narrow entry, and paused at the entrance of a room within. That degraded being had once been a wealthy man, respected by his neighbors, surrounded by friends. But alas! the social glass had first lured him to indulgence, and then to inebriety, until he was now a common drunkard. The noise of his footsteps had been heard within, for the creaking door was timidly opened, and a pale, emaciated boy, about nine years old, stepped out on the landing, and asked, in mingled anxiety and dread,

"Is that you, father?"
"Yes, wet to the skin—curse it," said the man, "why aint you in bed and asleep, you brat?"
The little fellow shrunk back at this coarse salutation, but still, though shaking with fear, he did not quit his station before the door.

"What are you standing there gaping for?" said the wretch—"It's had enough to hear a sick wife grumbling all day, without having you kept up at night to chime in, in the morning—get to bed, you imp—do you hear?"
The little fellow did not answer—fear seemed to have deprived him of speech; but still holding on to the door latch, with an imploring look, he stood right in the way by which his parent would have to enter the room.

"Aint you going to mind!" said the man with an oath, breaking into fury. "give me the lamp and go to bed, or I'll break every bone in your body."
"Oh! father, don't talk so loud," said the little fellow, bursting into tears—"you'll wake mother, she's been worse all day, and hasn't had any sleep till now," and as the man made an effort to snatch the candle, the boy, losing all personal fears in anxiety for his sick mother, stood firmly across the drunkard's path, and said, "you mustn't—you mustn't go in."

"What does the brat mean?" broke out the inebriate, angrily; "this comes of leaving you to wait on your mother till you learn to be as obstinate as a mule—will you raising me?—take that, you imp!" and, raising his hand, he struck the little sickly being to the floor, kicked aside his body, and strode into the dilapidated room.

It was truly a fitting place for the home of such a vagabond as he. The walls were low, covered with smoke, and seams with a hundred cracks. The chimney-piece had once been white, but was now of the greasy lead colour of age. The ceiling had lost most of the plaster, and the rain, soaking through, dripped with a monotonous tick upon the floor. A few broken chairs, a cracked looking glass, a three-legged table, on which was a rimless cup, were in different parts of the room. But the most striking spectacle was directly before the gambler. On a rickety bed lay the wife of his bosom, the once rich and beautiful Emily, Languerre, who, through poverty, shame, and sickness, had still clung to the lover of her youth. Oh! woman, thy constancy the world cannot shake, nor shame nor misery subdue. Friend after friend had deserted that injured man; indignity after indignity had been heaped upon him

and deservedly; year by year, he had fallen lower and lower in the sink of infamy; and yet still through every mishap, that sainted woman had clung to him—for he was the father of her boy, and the husband of her youth. It was a hard task for her to perform, but it was her duty, and when all the world deserted him, should she too leave him? She had borne much, but, alas! nature could endure no more.—Health had fled from her cheeks, and her eyes were dim and sunken. She was in the last stage of consumption, but it was not that which was killing her—she was dying of a broken heart!

The noise made by her husband awoke her from her troubled sleep, and she half started up in bed, the hectic fire streaming along her cheek, and a wild, fitful light shooting into sunken eyes. There was a faint, shadowy smile lighting up her face; but it was as cold as moonlight upon snow. The sight might have moved a felon's bosom, but what can penetrate the seared and hardened heart of drunkenness? The man, besides, was in a passion!

"Blast it, woman," said the wretch, as he reeled into the room—"is this the way you receive me after being out all day in the rain get something for your brat and you? Come, don't go to whining, I say"—but as his wife uttered a faint cry at his brutality, and fell senseless on the bed, he seemed to awaken to a partial sense of his condition, he reeled a step or two forward, put his hand up to his forehead, stared wildly around, and then gazing almost vacantly upon her, continued, "but why—what's the matter?"

His poor wife lay like a corpse before him, but a low voice from the other side of the bed answered, and its tones quivered as they spoke.

"Oh! mother's dead!"
It was the voice of his son who had stolen in, and was now sobbing violently as he tried to raise her head in his little arms. He had been for weeks her only nurse, and had long since learned to act for himself. He bathed her temples, he chafed limbs, he invoked her wildly, to awake.

"Dead!" said the man, and he was sobered at once; "dead, dead," he continued, in a tone of horror that chilled the blood, and advancing to the bed-side, with eyes starting from their sockets, he laid his hand upon her marble brow. "then, oh, my God! I have murdered her! Emily, Emily, you are not dead, say so—oh! speak and forgive your repentant husband!" and kneeling by the bedside, he chafed her white, thin hand, watering it with his hot tears as he sobbed her name.

Their efforts, at length, partially restored her, and the first thing she saw upon reviving was her husband weeping by her side, and calling her "Emily!" It was the first time he had done so for years. It stirred old memories in her heart, and called back the shadowy visions of years long past. She was back in their youthful days before ruin had blasted her once noble husband, and when all was joyous and bright as her own happy bosom. Woe, shame, poverty, desolation, even his brutal language was forgotten, and she only thought of him as the lover of her youth. Oh! that moment of delight! She faintly threw her arms around his neck, and sobbed there for very joy.

"Can you forgive me, Emily? I have been a brute, a villain—oh! can you forgive me? I have sinned as man never sinned before, and against such an angel as you. Oh! God, annihilate me for my guilt."

"Charles," said the dying woman, in a tone so sweet and low that it floated through the chamber like the whisper of a disembodied spirit—"I forgive you, and may God forgive you too, but, oh! do not embitter this last moment by such an impious wish."

The man only sobbed in reply, but his frame shook with the tempest of agony within him.

"Charles," at last continued the dying woman, "I have long wished for this moment, that I might say something to you about our little Henry."

"God forgive me for my wrongs to him, too," murmured the repentant man. "I have much to say, and I have but little time to say it in—I feel that I shall never see another sun." A violent fit of coughing interrupted her.

"Oh, no, you must not, will not die," sobbed her husband, as he supported her sinking frame, "you'll live to save your repentant husband. Oh! you will!"
The tears gushed into her eyes, but she only shook her head. She laid her wan hand on his, and continued feebly—
"Night and day, for many a long year, have I prayed for this hour, and never, even in the darkest moment, have I doubted it would come, for I have felt that within me whispered that all had deserted you, and I had not, so in this end you would at last come back to your early feelings. Oh! would it had come sooner—some happiness then might have been mine again in this world—but God's will be done. I am weak—I feel that I am failing fast—Henry, give me your hand."

The little boy silently placed it in hers—she kissed it, and then laying it within her husband's, continued,
"Hush—our child—our only horn—when I am gone, he will have none to

take care of him but you, and as God is above, as you love your own blood, and as you value a promise to a dying wife, keep, love, cherish him. Oh! remember that he is young and tender—it is the only thing for which I would care to live, she paused and struggled to subdue her feeling—"will you promise me, Charles?"
"I will, as there is a Maker over me, I will," sobbed the man; and the frail bed, against which he leaned shook with his emotion.

"And you, Henry, will you obey your father, and be a good boy?—as you love your mother child, you will."

"Oh, yes," sobbed the little fellow, flinging himself wildly on his mother's neck, "but mother, what shall I do without you?—oh! I don't die!"
"This is too hard," murmured the dying woman, drawing her child feebly to her. "Father give me strength to endure it."

For a few minutes all was still, and nothing broke the silence but the sobs of the father and the boy, and the low, death-like tick of the rain dripping through upon the floor. The child was the first to move. He seemed instinctively to feel that, giving way to his grief, pained his mother, and gently disengaging himself from her, he hushed his sobs, and leaning on the bed, gazed anxiously into her face. Her eyes were closed, but her lips quivered as if in prayer.

"Henry, where are you?" faintly asked the dying mother.

The boy answered in his low, mournful voice.

"Henry, Henry," she said in a louder tone, and then after a second, added, "poor babe, he don't hear me."

The little fellow looked up amazed. He knew not yet how the senses gradually fail the dying; he was perplexed; the tears coursed down his cheeks; and his throat choked so that he could not speak. But he placed his hand in his mother's, and pressed it.

"Come nearer, my son—nearer—the candle wants snuffing—there, lay your face down by mine—Henry, love, I can't see—has the wind—blown—out—the light?"

The bewildered boy gazed wildly into his mother's face, but knew not to say. He only pressed her hand again.

"Oh! God," murmured the dying woman, her voice growing fainter—"this is death—Charles—Henry—Jesus—"

The child felt a quick, electric shiver in the hand he clasped, and looking up, saw that his mother had fallen back dead upon the pillow. He knew it all at once. He gave one shriek, and fell senseless across her body.

That shriek aroused the drunkard. Starting up from his knees, he gazed wildly on the corpse. He could not endure the look of that still sainted face. He covered his face with his hands, and burst into an agony of tears.

Long years have passed since then, and that man is once more a useful member of society. But, oh! the fearful price at which his reformation was purchased.

Experiments in Phreno-Magnetism.
AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

Not long since some curious experiments were performed by Dr. Buchanan, of Louisville through the agency of what is called Phrenological Magnetism, or the application of Mesmerism to the different organs of the brain, as developed on the cranium, according to phrenological principles. The accounts of these experiments, which appeared in the Louisville papers, were copied into various journals throughout the country, were ridiculed as impostures in nine cases out of ten, although they did not escape the notice of all believers in Animal Magnetism and Phrenology. The respectability of Dr. Buchanan was nevertheless touched for, and in one or two cases witnesses were adduced to prove the authenticity of the details. The public mind, moreover was somewhat excited at the time in relation to Mesmerism, and thus a few of our citizens, among them one or two physicians, were induced to notice the prominent points more particularly, and to make observations in the course of their experience, calculated either to explode the errors or to verify the truth of the statements. One of these, a gentleman of the highest standing, professional and private, in this community, had his attention drawn in an especial manner to the case of the boy who was unwell, who was liable to the Mesmeric sleep, so-called, and when in this sleep, developed moral emotions and physical signs when the finger of the operator, was applied to the phrenal developments on his cranium, and with an accuracy truly wonderful. The result started the physician himself. He had but little faith in phrenology at the time, although he had seen numerous instances of sleep produced through the influence of animal magnetism. The case of the boy however, imparted additional interest to the subject—he noticed that an intelligent friend, and in connection with that friend, commenced a series of experiments. The results here were still more astounding. Indeed, so much incredulity had been expressed by medical and scientific men with regard to mesmerism, its professors were ridiculed and laughed at so generally.