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THE
Pee Dee Herald.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
WILLIAM L. T. PRINCE,
AND
J. RANDOLPH MALLOY,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS:

THE PEE DEE HERALD is published every Tuesday, at $2 per year, *strictly in advance.*

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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☞ Advertisements must be paid for at the end of the term for which they are inserted.

Miscellaneous.

A FRAGMENT.

——She was yet young; her seventeenth year had scarcely passed by; and though the attention of some flattered her, as she respected their talents or admired their forms, yet it was long before she really felt that absorbing passion which we call love. She had, however, been visited with strange emotions since the first appearance of Edward; and when she remembered the expression of his eye, and the pleasing tone of his voice, she felt an exhilarating and indescribable sensation, such as youth loves to experience, and old age recollect. She would not admit even to her own pure bosom that he was more to her than any handsome young man would be; but some how or other, when he entered the room in which she was, her cheek assumed a more rosy hue, and the fine flashing spirit that shone in her eye grew more sparkling and more beautiful still. The very attempts she sometimes made to conceal it, betrayed her secret; and it was easy for any observer to perceive that Edward was very often the subject of her thoughts—that her young affections were already beginning to cling to his manly form, and that her enthusiastic spirit was at last bound in those chains which give to slavery a greater pleasure than even freedom can boast.

It was a stormy winter night; the wind was heard whistling around the house—the hail often beat furiously against the windows, and the tempest without was raging with all those tumultuous sounds which give such a pleasing value to the warm shelter of a happy home. Caroline had retired to rest, late in the evening, and the "balmy sleep" that lights only "on lids unsullied with a tear," soon found a resting place on hers. Her fancy freed from every care soon began to soar through the gay regions of imagination, and we must not be surprised to hear, that it flew with instinctive affection to hover around the form of Edward. It had not long, however, ranged in the novelty of its liberty, when her dreams became troubled. Confused ideas of storm and death passed through her brain—a heavy hand seemed to press upon her breast. She thought she was standing upon a high eminence, amidst rocks and craggy mountains, when the whole great mass tumbled with a tremendous crash into ruins, and in the effort to save herself, she awoke.

For an instant she thought her dreams continued. A strange tumult roared around the house. The room was filled with smoke, and a light gleam shone under her door. It was not till she distinctly [illegible] the crackling of burning timbers, and the roar of flames, that the dreadful truth burst upon her mind—She sprang [illegible] bed—hastily and tremblingly [illegible] and with a [illegible] the door. [illegible]

fell crashing into the rooms below; and sometimes a gust of wind would bear towards her thick volumes of smoke, that rolled like huge waves, wrapping every thing—the very flames—in the dark folds.

The frantic girl found it necessary to close the door to preserve her from being scorched to death. With some difficulty she accomplished this; and her next step was to open the window. Here she paused in mute astonishment at the sublime sight. Thousands of people were standing below, on whose forms the light of the burning house fell so distinctly, that she could perceive the men engaged with the engines, some with trumpets, shouting commands to their companions—others busily employed in carrying out the furniture; and many standing in inactive silence, watching the progress of the flames. She shrieked with all her might; but what is a woman's shriek amidst the mingled tumult of shouting men, crushing timbers, and roaring fire? She could hardly hear herself. The room was heated; the door seemed fast burning away.—She screamed until her voice was choked in convulsive efforts, and yet she was unheard. The engines played briskly, and they alone would have drowned her feeble voice. She almost sickened with anxiety. She looked upon the multitude who stood beneath. Immediately around the house, they were in bright light. The fire flung its lurid glare over the collected crowd, until far away the end was indistinct in the shadows of night, and nothing was observable but a dark mass that heaved like the billows of a stormy ocean.

Her voice had now become so hoarse, that she could scarcely speak, but one idea glanced through her mind by which she might catch the attention of those beneath. She ran to her bed—with the strength of despair she dragged it to the window, and pressed it through the unyielding aperture. A cry arose as it darkened the light. Many thought it was a part of the wall tumbling from its height; but it fell harmless, and as it reached the ground, every eye was turned to the spot whence it came—the door of the room burst through at the instant—and Caroline stood lifted high amidst desolation. The blaze shown brightly upon her white garment, and many imagined that she was actually in the midst of the flames; a buzz of horror murmured beneath—a bustle ran through the mighty mass—exclamations of dismay broke from every lip—and every one was anxious to preserve her. Ladders were instantly raised—one seemed ready to rescue her, and she prepared to descend, when, with a cry of anguish, she perceived it was too short. The heat of the room became agonizing—the flames were fast proceeding towards her room—every hope was banished from her bosom—her cry grew wild—her senses began to forsake her—the dreadful prospect of burning to death—of being wrapped in the fierce bosom of the blaze! It was too much; any thing but that! She sprang upon the threshold of the window, with the desperate intention of springing from the dizzy height. Her hands were raised—her white robe streamed in the wind—already was her foot flung back, and her position announced that she was preparing to go; when her quick ear caught the bustle, the creakings of a hasty step on the burning floor—it was a ray of hope piercing into the darkness of despair, and she paused to look! The figure of a man blackened and scorched, appeared, almost enveloped in smoke and fire.—Springing across a frightful chasm in the floor, he seized a blanket, wrapped her in its folds, and darted again like lightning through the crackling fire.—A loud shout from the crowd who saw her disappear in his arms told their interest, the flames were seen curling around the very spot where a moment ago the lovely girl had stood—a death-like stillness pervaded the scene without—except as they saw a figure with something in its arms pass a window one story lower than the chamber of Caroline—then indeed a tumultuous exclamation [illegible] was anxious, doubtful, and [illegible] all again was still. [illegible] was turned on the door [illegible] with hope and fear [illegible] hope almost vanished [illegible] for the great part [illegible]

ed from the top, the whole building tottered and shook, and seemed gradually sinking into ruin, when he appeared at the door, staggering, and blackened, yet holding in his arms the being he had preserved. With one convulsive spring he leaped from the floor—a single moment of silence followed—and the next—the thundering noise of the building that crashed amidst fire and smoke to the ground was almost lost in the long shout that rung on the rent air of that night, and seemed to shake the earth to the very centre.

So mighty was the acclamation, that it awakened the suspended senses of Caroline. She started from the arms of her deliverer, and was darting wildly away, when his features arrested her attention. She fixed her gaze upon him, and stood a moment with delirium in every action. Her silence was broken by his voice, "Caroline." At the sound, the fierce phrenzy of her looks abated, her eyes softened and filled with tears—she gave a faint shriek—the name of "Edward" burst from her quivering lips—and she sank overwhelmed on his bosom!

A PANTHER-HUNT IN KENTUCKY.

"In my winter-home in the tangled wilds of the far Arkansas, during the last months of 1852, I was revelling amid the hardy pleasures of a hunter's life, seeking, in the exciting and invigorating chase, to recruit a constitution impaired if not shattered by the dissipation of the preceeding summer. Early one bright morning in November, cheerily wound my horn, as it summoned forth for the hunt the eager high-bred pack, who burst from their kennels in tumultuous joy, making the old primeval woods ring with loud and deep-mouthed bayings. 'Old Croat' was the leader and sire of more than half the pack. It seemed as if age had only steeled the wiry muscles of his long black form, and added a clearer more sonorous tone to his ringing notes. And 'Beauty,' too, so named from her symmetrical and slender proportions, was without exception the most perfect model of the high-bred stag-hound I have ever beheld. Her thin, wide legs, deep chest, sharp, delicate muzzle, and bright, expressive eye, at once challenged admiration and proclaimed her 'Queen of the Canine Race.' And 'Old Warrior,' with privileged boldness, came up and rubbed his cold nose against my hand, as if to show that although his name was nobly earned from many a hard-fought battle, and his long, thin frame was seamed with many a scar, he was still the fleetest in the chase the foremost in the fight.'

'Impatient at the delay of my faithful body-guard, John, who was as fine a specimen of the Kentucky slave as one would wish to see—'six feet in his socks,' and brave as a lion—I walked around to the stable to ascertain the cause of so unusual an occurence. Reader, from childhood in the arms of my 'boy,' I was attached to him by no common feelings, especially as he had twice saved my life at the risk of his own. He would have died without a murmur at my command; and it was no ordinary offence that could call forth for him an angry reproof. As I neared the stable, John slowly led forth a magnificent black stallion, who pawed impatiently the earth, as eager as his master for the approaching chase. I turned toward the negro somewhat sternly, exclaiming:

"Where's Medora? I ordered her—not Alp."

"[illegible] Mass' Frank,' said John,' I could not help it; but Medora's got out and gone. I've been hunting her all night.

The mare had escaped in the darkness and made for the woods, and the poor fellow, knowing the explosion which must follow the announcement of her loss, had toiled the entire night in the vain attempt to recover her. In a burst of passion, I demanded:

"Which way did she go?"

"Up toward the clearing.'

"By Heavens! then she is gone! The panthers are as thick as——. Quick! saddle your horse, and bring me my revolvers.

Just as the negro had disappeared on his errand, and I had mounted the impatient steed, my father, a hale old man of sixty, came to the cabin-door and asked [illegible] 'Where now Frank?'

"After Medora,' I replied; [illegible] toward the clearing. [illegible]

"I want my dogs fresh for the big buck, and my rifle will hinder me in riding through the brush.'

"Well! have your own way—but you may regret it,'

'But my blood was up, and John just then handing me my Colt's and mounting his horse, I dashed over the pocket in the direction of the clearing. The clearing was a large bottom-tract, had some years before, been, swept by fire, and was now covered with low, dense underwood, here and there dotted by a hardy old tree, half-burnt and gnarled, but defying alike the influence of fire and of time.

'After a moments' hard riding, hearing an exclamation from the negro, I turned and saw, close at our heels, the three dogs Croat Warrior and Beauty. Struck by so unusal a breach of their training, and remembering my father's admonition, I cried out to John!'

'Let them alone; we may want them.!

'On nearing the outer edge of the clearing, Alp reared snorted, while his glossy mane seemed to stand erect with fright. Straight before me lay the body of my matchless Medora,' but torn and bleeding with a wound in the neck, too plainly pointing out the perpetrator of her death. Yes there she lay, drained of her life-blood by the hungry panther; she on whom I had so often skimmed the fashionable thoroughfares of the West, envied of my 'nighe-limbed barb', she who, twice within a day, had borne me over the rapid waters of the Missisppi; she with whom I would have shared my only crust, lay cold and dead. Alp bent down his head and snuffed the lacerated form, and then sent forth a shrill and piercing neigh, as if in sorrow for his peerless mate.

Understanding at a glance the cause of her death, grief gave place to a feelling of revenge, and wildly cheering the hounds, I swept on toward the wood, knowing that there the panther had crouched until evening, when it would again come forth to banquet on its slaughtered prey. The animals seemed to divine my feelings, and dashed madly on upon the warm and recent trail, while 'Alp' cleared with his tremendous bounds the brush and underwood with which the earth was covered.

'We had proceeded but a short distance when I beheld the panther's back, as he sprang over the impediments in his course as lightly as if they were only the long grass of the prairie. Twice did I attempt to wound him with my revolvers, but the distance was too great, and bitterly did I regret the absence of my rifle. Gaunt, and only rendered more savage by his taste of blood, the panther maintained his distance between us, although the dogs, mad with anger, woke the wild echoes of the deserted waste, till it seemed as if a thousand hounds were 'opening' on the trail. Eagerly I bent over 'Alp's necks, with a cocked revolver in each hand, and drove the spurs into his reeking sides; yet he heeded not the incitement: the noble animal strained every nerve, and on we speed—torrents less rapid and less rash. On we sped for more than an hour, while at every opportunity I sought to stop his mad career by a ball in the panther's back; yet only once had I drawn his blood, though all except one of my barrels had been fired.

"At last, wearied by this severe burst, the hunted animal 'treed' in a stunty swamp oak, where the yet green leaves formed a cover not ten feet above the root. The negro, in this reckless race, had been 'doubly distanced,' and I was alone, with a single shot, to meet the most dreaded antagonist of the Southern forest. As I approached, still at full speed, I could distinguish his glaring eye-balls, as, crouched for his spring, he lay along the knotted limb, lashing with his long and tufted tail his reeking flanks. Maddened by excitement, and regardless of danger, I dashed within three paces of the infuriated animal, and throwing my horse upon his haunches, fired. Simultaneously with my shot, the panther made his leap, and the ball intended for his brain glanced from the surface of his rounded skull. In an instant he was upon me; but, 'Alp,' true to his training, crouched at the report, and the baffled beast, missing his anticipated [illegible] seized me by the shoulder, and hung suspended, vainly attempting to gain secure footing upon my horse [illegible] away my discharged revolvers, I drew a trusty Bowie-knife, my constant companion [illegible] in the hands of a determined man the most effective weapon in the world. Rapidly sheathing its broad blade several times in his body, I forced the beast to loose his grip, and he fell to the ground, although having as yet received no deadly wound.

'My brave dogs were upon him in an instant; but the slight, symetrical form of 'Beauty' was ill-suited to such a contest; and before I could leap from my saddle, she was quivering in the agonies of death. Furious with pain and at the death of my two favorites, I sprang into the struggle, and seizing the panther by the throat, buried my knife in his heart, until the last convulsive quiver told that life had fled.—With the assistance of,' John,' who had just arrived, I removed his tawny and spotted skin, and dressed, as well as possible under the circumstances, my wounds upon the shoulder, consisting of several deep cuts some inches long, laying the flesh open to the bone, they having penetrated through my buck-skin hunting-shirt

Slowly and sadly I retraced my homeward way, mourning the double loss of both my favorite beasts, and weakened by the great loss of blood and the extreme tension of every nerve, through high excitement. A negro was dispatched to bring in the bodies, and I buried them beneath a mighty cotton-wood upon the banks of the 'Father of Waters.' The panther's skin is now my saddle-cloth: but it needs not its frequent sight to remind me of my peerless pair. I have since possessed animals; but those at whose grave I shed a heart-felt tear, stand yet preeminent amid their kind. In the happy hunting-grounds of the spirit-land I hope again to remount my fleet, Medora,' and cheer my matchless hounds in the wild and joyous madness of the thrilling chase.'

PRESERVING THE PURITY OF ELECTIONS:

'In the north-west portion of the State of Ohio, in the county of Anglaize, there is a township, the citizens of which are principally German, and notwithstanding their 'sweet accent,' they are all Democrats of the regular 'unterrified' stripe. From the time of the erection of the county up to the year eighteen hundred and fifty-two, there had never been a Whig vote cast in the township spoken of, although there were over six hundred voters; but the fall election of that year, upon counting the ballots, it appeared that there was one Whig [illegible] There was the proof, a reg[illegible] Whig tick[illegible] it [illegible]. This caused great [illegible] their escutcheon was dim[illegible] a *Whig* amongst them [illegible] wiped out, and wi[illegible] of course) up to fe[illegible] they went to work sly[illegible] who had dared to vote the [illegible] but their labors were unsuccess[illegible] the mean time another year rolled round and the good 'peoples' were again assembled at the election precinct. It had not been forgotten, however, that at the last election some one had voted the '*Vig Dicket*;' and it was now the subject of open remark and wonder.

'While they were having an out-door discussion of the subject, Sam Starrett, a late immigrant from the eastern shore of Maryland, came along, and demanded the cause of the commotion.

"Vell, ve vas a vondering who it vas wat voted de Vig dicket at de last election,' said an old Dutchman.

"It was me,' Sam said, 'and it wa'nt no body else!'

"I dinks not,' said the old Dutchman, and the balance shook their heads incredulously.

"I tell you it was though,' said Sam, pulling out a Whig ticket, 'and may I be chawed up if I aint going to do it again. I am going to vote *that*, (holding out the ticket,) and vote it open, too. I'll let you know that I'm an *Independent American Citizen*, and I'll vote just as I please, and you can't help it, by Jemima!'

'So in he went to deposit his ballot. There sat the three old Dutch judges of election, (calm as a summer morning,) and true to his word, Sam handed over his ticket, open. One of the old judges took it, and scanning it a few seconds, handed it back toward the independent voter, and said:

"Yaw, dat ish a Vig dicket.

"Well, put it in the box,' said Sam.

"Vat [illegible]" said the old Dutchman, his eyes big with surprise; 'put him in de box?'

"Yes sir-ee, put it in the box! I am goin' to vote it!'

"Oh! no! nix goot, nix goot! dat ish a Vig dicket,' said the old Dutchman, shaking his head.

"Well, I reckon I know it's a Whig ticket,' said Sam, 'and I want you to put it in the box, darnation quick, too.'

"No, no! dat ish not goot; dat ish a Vig dicket; ve not take 'em any more,' said the old judge, turning to receive 'goot dickets' from some of his German friends.

'Sam went out and cursed till all was blue—said he had come thar to vote, and he'd be flambergasted if he want goin' to vote in spite of all the Dutch in the township So, after cooling off a little, he again went in and tendered his ticket, very neatly rolled up. The old judge took it again, and notwithstanding Sam's demurring, unrolled it and looked it over; then turning to Sam in a manner and tone not to be misunderstood, said:

"*I tells you dat ish a Vig dicket; dat it ish nix good; and dat ve not take 'em any more!*

'Sam again retired, cursing all Democrats ge[illegible]ally, and the Dutch particular[illegible]ly, and assignin[illegible] going on [illegible] curse them, whe[illegible] an old Dutchman in the crowd with:

"Sam Sdarrett, I tells you vat it ish, if you vill vote der Dimergrat dicket, and [illegible] der gounty, ve gifs you so much monish as dakes you vere you cum'd vrom.'

'Sam scratched his head, studied awhile, and then said that as he had come thar to vote, and want goin' away without votin', he guessed he'd do it.

'Again Sam made his appearance before the judges, and tendered his vote. The same old judge took it, and looking over it quietly, turned to Sam and said:

"Yaw, *dat* ish goot; dat ish a Dimergratic dicket! and dropped it into the box.

'It is only further necessary to say that Sam went back to the eastern shore at the expense of the township, and that, at *that* election, and ever since, that German township has been O. K.—*Knickerbocker.*

HOW TO DETECT A ROGUE.

Not far 'down east' from Boston lived a man of pretty considerable parts, whose business it was to teach the young idea how to shoot,' and to sing psalms on a Sabbath day. He was considered an uncommonly 'cute fellow and possessed an excelent *system*, which was push his pupils *forward* by a liberal application of the birch. One day (it was 'muster day') the boys aplied to him for leave to have no school; but he having the morals [illegible] well-being of his pupils in view put in [illegible] caused a great excitement [illegible]

"My gracious! wh[illegible] enraged pedagog[illegible] garlic in your pockets?—He put it on the stove hasn't you [illegible] penny! did you do that, [illegible] you, Promise Gill? Nick H[illegible] your laughing, you villain! [illegible] has done this tell me, you vagabonds!' The boys all denied knowing any thing about it, and as the stench now became too strong to bear, the master was compelled to dismiss the school, and let his vengeance rest until the morrow.

The morrow came, and the boys were separately asked if they knew any thing of the foul indiguity offered to the olfactory nerves of the master.—No! all were ignorant.—

"Well, now," said the master, "you all pear to be mighty innocent, but I [illegible] way of finding out the guilty one. You all see that 'ere stove, do ye? Well, it's got no fire in it now, and its quite cold; you shall go one after another, and touch it, and it will not fail to burn the guilty one. I've tried it for years, I tell you. Promise Gill, shut all the windows and make the room dark. Now, boys, when I say 'advance' do you go up each of you and touch the stove-pipe—the innocent need not be afeard."

He now walked [illegible] to the stove and besmeared the pipe with lamp-black, then returned to his seat and gave the word. The boys did as they were commanded—but not one of them said he was burnt.

"Open the windows [illegible] Promise Gill," exclaimed the master [illegible] Now boys, hold up your hands [illegible] Hezekiah [illegible]