

THE Herald.

OWNED AND MANAGED BY J. R. MALLOY.

TERMS:

THE PEEDEE HERALD is published every day, at \$2 per year, strictly in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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JOB PRINTING.

Of every description, done with neatness and dispatch at this office.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EXCITING NARRATIVE.

The following graphic and thrilling sketch of an incident which occurred some years since on the Natural Bridge in Virginia, comprises a passage in a lecture on Genesis, delivered by the celebrated Elihu Burritt, the learned Blacksmith, of Rhode Island:

The scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unheavened rocks, with which the Almighty bridged over these everlasting abutments when the waters came together.

The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers is full of stars, although it is mid-day; it is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up to those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone, to the key-stone of that vast arch which appears to them only the side of a man's hand.

The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have unconsciously uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence of the majesty of the whole earth. At last this feeling begins to wear away; they begin to look at each other. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone abutments.

A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. "What man has done, man can do," is their watchword, while they draw themselves up and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred grown men who had been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is no royal road to intellectual eminence. This ambitious youth, sees a name just above his reach, a name that will be green in the memory of the world; when that of Alexander, Caesar, and Bonaparte shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington.

Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, he had been there, and left his name a foot above all his predecessors. It was a glorious thought of the boy, to write his name side by side with that of the father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand, and clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts again into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hand.

It is a dangerous adventure, but as he puts his feet and hands into those gains, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in rude capitals, large and deep into the flinty alabaster. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new created aspiration in his heart.

Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in large capitals. This is not enough. Heedless of the cautions of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The graduation of his sounding scale grows wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his fellows wax weaker and weak.

er until their words are finally lost on his ear. He now for the first time casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to the little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half way to the hilt. He can hear the voices but not the words of his terror-stricken companions below.

What a moment! What a measure of chance to escape destruction! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible for him to put his hands in the same niche with his feet and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive his new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood." He is too high, too faint, to ask for his father and his mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions, anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind, he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearth-stone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy bears the ham of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can distinguish the tones of his father who is shouting with all the energy of despair; "William! William! Don't look down! Your mother and Henry and Harriet are all here praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eye towards the top!"

The boy didn't look down. His eye is fixed like a flint towards heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economizes his physical powers—resting a moment at each, again he cuts. How every motion is watched from below. There stands his father, mother, brother and sister, on the very spot where if he falls he will fall alone.

The sun is half way down the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rocks, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction, to get from under this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is dying in his bosom; his vital heat is fed by the increased shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands on the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty gains more must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging, painfully, foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are ready in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more and all will be over. That blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart; his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts. That niche is the last. At the last faint rush he makes, his knife, his faithful knife, falls from his nerveless hand, and ringing along the precipice falls at his mother's feet.

An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart, and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. "This but a moment—there!—one foot swings off!—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into eternity! Hurk! a shout falls on his ear from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No gas breathes. With a faint convulsive effort the swooning boy drops his arms into the nose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words, "God! mother! whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven, the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the fearful, breathless multitude, such shouting, such laughing and weeping for joy, never greeted the ear of human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

Washington Irving, in his beautiful "Affection for the Dead," says: "Go to the grave of buried love, and meditate. There sits the monument with thy consolation for every past blessing unrequited, every past endowment ungrateful. Console thyself if thou canst with this stupor yet fruitful tribute of regret, and take warning by this thine unwilling sorrow for the dead, and henceforthward be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living."

COFFINED ALIVE.

That persons, during the raging of a pestilence and the hurry of burials, have sometimes been earthed alive, there is very little doubt. We have not, however, heard of any well attested case of this kind, since the commencement of the present epidemic in our city, and the story we are about to relate, vouches for no more than the coffining a man, who, as will appear in the sequel, could not be persuaded that he was a proper subject for burial.

In the course of the disease, it has sometimes occurred, that a man, being found dead-drunk in the street, has been mistaken for a cholera patient, lifted upon a litter, and carried to one of the Hospitals. It has been customary, in these cases, for the Medical attendants, on ascertaining the mistake, to order the drunken man to be laid in a room, used for that purpose, until he shall have slept off the fumes of liquor, and then dismiss him to take care of himself.

Two or three weeks since, a patient of this description was one evening brought to the Hospital, supposed to be nearly in the last stage of cholera asphyxia. Certain it is, that he was prodigiously blue. The doctor examined him; shook his head, and ordered him to the drunkard's room. Besides this apartment for those who were merely dead-drunk, there was another, wherein it was customary to lay such as had actually died during the night, from whence they were to be carried away and buried the next morning. It so happened that the above mentioned patient was, by mistake, conveyed to the dead-room, instead of the drunkard's.

There he lay, unconscious of his situation, other persons or local, until the morning, when the burial came, and two Hibernians proceeded to the dead-room to take away the corpses. They found no other but the drunken man who being still fast locked in the arms of sleep, they forthwith proceeded to coffin and to nail up. They had him in his narrow house, and began to drive the nails, when the noise awoke him. He started up, thrust off the lid, and asked them what they were about!

"We're going to bury ye, sure," said one of the Hibernians, endeavoring to make the man lie down again, and "be dembly nailed up."

"To bury me?" exclaimed the astonished drunkard.

"Ay, sure," returned the Irishman, coolly, "it's we that buries all that dies with the cholera."

"But I'm not dead!" said the patient.

"Not dead!" exclaimed the Irishman—pointing that pretty extravagant assurance now for a corpse to make. Not dead! And sure you can't be in your right mind to say so. Come, lie down, if you please, and we'll nail ye up and bury ye decently."

"Dacently!"

"Ay, sure, as dacently as the times will admit of. It isn't every man now, that can git a coffin, like yourself, to be buried up in."

"But I tell you, I'm not dead!" persisted the drunken man, struggling to get out of the coffin.

"Not dead again!" exclaimed the Hibernian, endeavoring to keep him in "that assation" would do here. We fetched you out of the lead-room, where they put all the corpses; and if so be, you ain't dead, there's no confidence at all to be placed in the doctor's staff."

"Have I been under the hands of the doctor then?"

"Aint that a pretty question now for a dead man to ax?"

"I tell you I'm not dead."

"Who knows better for the doctor? Come, Jemmy, (addressing his brother Irishman,) you hold him down, while I nail him up. We can't be bothering here all day, no how."

As the coffin was being sawed, there was such a thing as reasoning, these honest officials out of their duty, and that he must resort to main force, to save himself, he made one desperate effort, shook off the dead-carrier, sprang from the coffin, and took to his heels.—N. Y. Constellation.

ABOUT HOOPS.

A lady, whose garments formed an immense circumference, entered a store in Boston, and in doing so prostrated some dozen of flower-pots containing valuable plants, which were ruined. The storekeeper intends to sue the lady for damages, so that the law may settle how large a lady's circumferences may occupy.

TESTIMONY OF AN ANTI-SLAVERY MAN.

I am not a pro-slavery man, (Bungay's opinion to the contrary notwithstanding,) but I do despise most heartily this hot-headed, meddling spirit which so extensively exists in our country, and I honestly believe that the Abolitionists of the Territory are the aggressors in nearly every case of difficulty which has occurred here; at least so far as my humble knowledge extends this is positively true.

There have been, within the last two weeks, some twelve or fifteen pro-slavery men murdered within a few miles of us. They have been driven from their clubs and forced to leave the Territory, and, in case they refused, they have been shot down like wild beasts. The company that went to Lawrence fell in with this band of villains—Abolitionists—or call them what you will—and not knowing what they were, they escaped together, and while together their leader, the Mormon and Abolitionist, with a few of his own men, went out in the dead night and murdered five men, returned to camp and boasted of it. Our company soon cut his acquaintance and hastened home; but in the meantime, learned that the despatch purporting to be from Lawrence, calling for help, originated with this same horse thief and Abolitionist. Now the trouble commenced. Vengeance must be satisfied.

Oswatimie had a hand in these murders and must come down. A force of United States troops were sent for and came to protect the town, and they are still here, encamped within a mile of my place; and now all hands, Free State and Pro-Slavery men, are out hunting after this blood-thirsty Abolitionist and his party, and we are so that they cannot even get necessities, and all hope is that the rest may meet with the same or a worse fate.

You may ask how the state of things affects me. Well, sir, I go about my own business and have no fears of being molested. Nor do I think there is the least danger of any person being molested who wishes to have peace. It is the lawless of both parties that fear danger.

I hesitate not to avow my principles, which are no slaves and no free negroes in Kansas, even to Missourians, who pass my house almost daily, and they say that every man has a right in this country, to his own views, and that they have no disposition to interfere with any man's rights, &c. They seem friendly and well disposed, but despite highway robbers and Abolitionists.

Allow me to add, what I may have said in letters to others, that I would not have any one come here on my representation, for people do not in taste in regard to these matters as well as others, but if the country is healthy (and I can see no reason why it can be otherwise) it is the country. We cannot live as well here, at present, as we could in the East, but such is the case in all new countries. The resources of the country in the way of providing all the luxuries of the East, and many more, are abundant. Fruit can be had in any quantity in a short time. All kinds of grain may be raised more easily here than in New York. Stock may be kept here almost without cost, and would be one of the most money-making branches of business a man could engage in. Any person with means sufficient to start any branch of trade could easily get rich here without doubt, and no one need be idle. There is a wide field for any enterprise, and all that is wanted is men and means, and men of the right kind of mettle, who are not frightened at trials.—Herald, County (N. Y.) American.

LIFE OF FREMONT.

Born in Charleston, and bearing of the war with England, immediately takes to arms; enrolls in the infantry.

Tears a cap resembling the British flag from his nurse's head; arrival of his mother to her aid; final triumph of the young knave.

Conquers his aunt in a grand battle.

Overthrows his grandmother.

Discovers the source of his nurse's lager beer.

Explores his grandmother's jam and preserves cupboard.

Gets up his uncle's apple tree.

Chimbs the Rocky Mountains.

Captures a woolly horse.

Performs Othello to Benton's Brabantio.

Eats a horse, assisted by Haymond, Greedy, and Bennett.

Lies Oak George too sick to resist.

ENTRAVAGANCE AND COLLY.

A lady of New York, New Jersey, stepped into Tiffany's to purchase a silver ware establishment, in New York, the other day, and asked to see some bridal presents. She was asked whether she wished to purchase or hire, and was rather nettled at the latter proposition, until she was informed that the establishment let out a fine display of "presents" for a reasonable amount. She was astonished to understand that many of the tempting displays made in the mansions of folly, as presents from friends to the bride, had been hired, and that by a very small outlay of means for the occasion.

And this is but a sample of that hollow thing denominated fashionable life, which arranges itself up to desires which cannot be gratified, thus making life a contrast between mean puerilities and lavish display. We sometimes enter the saloons of gilded folly with a sensation of wonder at the gorgeous mirrors, the dazzling lights, the magnificent dresses, and luxurious entertainments, but it passes away in a moment, when we reflect that, in the great majority of cases, the whole is borrowed for the occasion. To-morrow the walls will be stripped of those rare pictures, the statuary will go back to the dealer, the silver plate will return to Tiffany & Young, and the family will pinch themselves for a twelve-month to provide means for another entertainment. Let none envy those who year after year, pass their life in this manner, unless to themselves and to the world around them. Better far the humble home, where each day kinder and gentler thoughts spring up, where age receives its proper respect, where love, with willing hand, renders lighter the duties of existence, and where competency surrounds itself with the comforts and elegancies of life. These what we possess is real and not fictitious. There we live within the range of filial duty, and take no part in the career of folly and dissipation, the end of which is bitterness and suffering. Let us check the first propensities of that false desire which would lead us to abandon the safe, and for the purpose of display, put on the tinsel and borrowed ornaments which must lower the self-respect of any among us. Let us hope at least, that in this city no borrowed bridal gifts may be displayed with ostentatious pride.—Newark Herald.

SILKS, BRANDY, AND CIGARS.

To those who have not examined the statistical returns published annually by the Government, the amount paid every year for luxuries will appear "fabulous"; but the figures do not lie, no matter who may doubt. We best of our ability to feed the world, and of the business we are doing in that way now, but few suppose that the silks, wines, and brandies, &c. are manufactured in our country, chiefly manufactured of silk—brought here for the adornment of republicans, and their wives and daughters, exceed in value, by eight millions of dollars, all the flour that we send abroad.

Yet such is the fact. In the year ending June 30th, 1850, we exported \$14,782,394 in flour, and imported \$22,470,311 in silks, leaving the balance we have above stated to be charged to the difference between the pride of Americans and the appetite of all the world besides.

Our cereals, particularly in the West, are the occasion of much national boasting. We measure them singly by miles square, and estimate their aggregate value in hundreds of millions; but the amount of this our national staple which we send abroad is overshadowed by the cost of the cigars with which we poison our breath and ruin our health. In the period we have named, our worth \$1,375,657 left our ports, and cigars worth \$9,311,985 were brought in.

The barrels of stiffs, and the resulting barrels of beef, people never tire of talking of. They see in them a large part of the material with which we claim we can fill the map of all civilized mankind. Our merchants who are in that line watch the foreign markets with great solicitude, and gauge their prices by signals from the other side of the water. But of beef, tallow, hides, and horns, &c., we sold for other countries only \$2,213,551 in the last commercial year, and during that time we bought brandy to the amount of \$3,241,408.—Chicago Tribune.

IS RELIGION BEAUTIFUL?

Always! In the child, the maiden, the mother, religion shines with a holy, benign beauty of its own, which nothing on earth can mar. Never was the female character perfect without the faith of steady piety. Beauty, intellect, wealth! They are like petals, dark on the brightest day, unless religion shows her own beams around them so gently and so sweetly, as to give them a soft, ethereal, and angelic light.

Religion is very beautiful, in health, or sickness, in wealth or poverty. We can never enter the sick chamber of the aged and soft music seems to float on the air, and the burden of their song is (to me) as holy.

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through their smiles, glorious and exalted. Not above the clouds for earth clouds some never between them, and the truly pious souls; not beneath the clouds, for above these is heaven, opening through a broad vista of exceeding beauty.

Is religion beautiful? We answer, all its consolation and deformity where religion is not.

OUR MEANS OF DEFENCE.

The question sometimes arises, whether, in case of a collision between England and the United States, (which we are gratified to see, is not at all likely to occur,) America could "stand her hand" with whom she has twice already had a quarrel which resulted in blows. The London Post states, in a boasting strain, that in the event of a war between the two countries, the English Government could throw fifty or even a hundred thousand men into Canada, and she would suppose, who credited the bombast of this announcement, that "the British navy could lay every town and city on our coast under contribution in forty-eight hours, while sweeping from the ocean our little navy would be but the work of a day."

Let us see how the matter stands on our side of the line—what our means of defence against this colossal, who would span the earth with his huge legs. The number of fighting men in this nation, or rather the number who would fight in a just cause, and for the honor and freedom of their country, between the ages of twenty and forty five, all of whom are more or less accustomed to the use of war-like implements, and know something of military tactics, may be seen by the following table, which we copy from the Halling Gazette, and which, the editor says, has been prepared with great care by those familiar with accurate statistics.

FIGHTING MEN IN THIS COUNTRY.

Table with 2 columns: State, Number of fighting men. Includes New England States, Southern States, Middle States, Pacific States, and Territories.

Table with 2 columns: State, Total population. Includes New England States, Southern States, Middle States, Pacific States, and Territories.

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An army of more than one million of men (an odd that paper, better soldiers than ever paraded before the eyes of any European monarch would voluntarily buckle on their armor for the defence of their country from foreign aggression, one fourth of which could sweep Canada like a bonfire, against all the force England could concentrate to oppose. Such a force could not only be raised, but it could be provisioned for any length of time, so great are the resources of this country. How idle then for the British press to cajole their people with the idea that the subjugation of America would be but a kind of holiday work for their arms! We do not mean to speak disparagingly of European soldiers, when we say that an American army with military experience would surpass any that Europe could produce.

They would carry into the conflict all the courage and enthusiasm of the crusades, and a hardihood and power of endurance peculiar to Americans, together with a practical sagacity and sound sense which would soon make a soldier fit for a General. Our advice, then, to the noisy boosters of the British press, would be a cultivation of a spirit of conciliation rather than hatred and strife, and to our own people, to cultivate the arts of peace, so lovely and congenial to our institutions, but while so doing never to lose sight of our means of defence; that we may always be ready to resist aggression from any quarter, and thus perpetuate the admiration of our Republican institutions, felt and expressed all over the civilized world.—Portland (Me.) Argus.

An elderly gentleman, traveling in a stage, was amused by a constant fire of words kept up between two ladies. One of the ladies inquired if the conversation didn't make his head ache? He replied—Well, no madam—I have been married upwards of twenty-eight years!

Pa. said a little urubin to deacon N. have poor folks got any wool? "Certainly my child, why do you ask such a question?" "Cause I hear folks say Parson P. never goes to see any body but the rich members of the church." "Go to bed, child!"