# The Jee Dee Herald. 

toea is a shadow that departeth, speech is fleetling as the wind-reading is an unremembered pastime; but a "riting is eternal."-Tuprb.
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THE LOVER AND THE HUBB.

## In his "Dream Life" Ik. Marrei , he kikethes in a pleasuat vein, and with th have ever gained the laughtor

## married man.

"You grow unusunily" á ulathe and kind; you are earnest in your search of friendx;
you shake hands with your ofice boy, as if
he were your seocond cousin. You joke he were your second cousin. You joke
obeerflily with the stout washer woman;
arof give hor a shilling over change. ant insist upon her keeping

oxoopt when drivi
with you upon some ohilly crasens of bee
ho has no wife-whereupon you think him
very miserable man; and give him "You think all the editorials in the
moraing papers are remarkably well writien Youether upon your side or upon another
Yon think the vook suarket has an very
cheorful look - wit Erie Eo which you are a large bolder-down to seventy five.
You wonder why you nover admired
Mr Hemans before, or Stoddart, or auy of the
"You give a pleasant twyl to your fin. She ant mot sc loud as to be overheard -
She is mine-she is mine!" "You wooder if Prank ever loved Nelly one half as well us you love Madge? You
foel quite sure he never did. You cap hardly conceive howit is, that Madze not been seized before now by scarcs
anamored men, and borae off, like the Foman in Romish history. Yo ehuekle over your fature, like a boy who
hase foupd a gaines in cropint for sixpee
Oes. thinking of the time when yon will tuke her hand, and olip the ring upon her finger
and ropeat afsar the olergy
 boat it, you think!
"Through all, your heart cleaves highteet inaage of the beloved Madze as light eleaves to day. The weeke leap
witk a bound, and the mpouthe ooly grow
long when you approaeh that day which
 armonds are are


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 It wns well known by the trayellersed. on
this road that it wus impoasible to vet a
full

$\qquad$Yankee; who mong the passengers was a
aoulde dot her the valle of his io bewhin they learned how.. "Breakfastcady, gonts," said the landlord, as the
stacen drave up to the door.-. "Take aAttre performing thene nbiationes; they
all proceeded to the dininy roon and emythough Hez took hist time. Seareoly bade hey tasted their coffee, when they heard
the unwelome sound of the horn, and the nght grumbling passengers, pay their fify
igher "All aboard, gents?" inquired the land. Proceeding to the dining ronn, the ho
 "Wal, , Thint, zoot othing to sag "agin
:" druwls out Hes. "Can't wail
"Dow whi


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## THE MODEL DELEGATE. A traveller, with a porter behind him, oringing his luggage, prosented him. of at the prinipipal hotel of Baden, cudapplied for a roon. It was at the

 ad applied for a room. It was at thecrowded height of the season, and not
a cupbourd in the house was nooceupied
This is a little too much. said the

Taken by force to the polioe offioe, and
examined before the judge, his name and examined before the judge, his name, and
profension were demanded, he reflused to
apeak, whereupon the officer proceeded to peak, whereupon the ođicer prooeded to
xamine bis passport sad papers, when
he warlike traveller was disoovered to bo From From the German of Krummache
DEATH AND BLEEP. In brothorly embrace walked the Angel
Stiecop aud tho Angel of Deazh upon Karth.
It was evening. They laid the nselves Fwas erening. They laid the kselves
wn poon a hill not far froro the dwelling
yen. A melanoholy silence previled nd, and the chimes of the evening.bell St... and gilent, ng was their custom, sat amilarity, and soon the shades of night Thea arose the Angel of Sleep from his asod the iovisible grains of slu umber. The ovening breeze wafted them to the quiet
deelling of the tired husbandman, infoldiag in sweet sleep the inmates of the rural
cotage-from the old man on the staf,
dota forget thoir pain; the mourners thair srief the;the poor their oare. All eyes closed.
His task aceornplished, the benevolent
Ancel of Sleep inid himself asain by side of his krave brother. "When Aurora "wakes," exclaimed he, with innocont joy,
"ueco praise we as their friend and beope factor. Oh : what happiness, noseen and
secretly to confer such benefita? How blessed are we to be the invisible messen gers of the Good Spirit! How benutifal
is our silent calling!' se spake the friendly Angel of Slumber
The Anzel of Death sat with still deep. er melanotholy on his braw, and a tee such as inortals shed, appeared in his large
dark eyes. "Alas!"' said he, "I may not likn thee. rejoice in the cheerful thankn, of
mankiad; they call me upon the earth their eneruy, and joy-killer., "pon the earth their Angel of Slauber, ""and will not the good tran, at his awakening, recognize in thee his friend and benefactor, and grasefully
bless thee in his jog? bless thee in his joy? Are we not broth
erg, and ministero of one Pathar ?", As he spake, the eyes of the Desth Angel
beazined with plensure, and again did the bozaned with plensure, and again did the
two friendly Genii cordially einbrace each
other.
$\qquad$
WORK.
No product of the viaeyard, or field, or will farnish a welomene repast to one art, sits in listless idleness, on a doway oushion half the day. It is by labor that man
couprehends the existence of Deity, and the beauty and utility of his works, -to
adorn the earth and bring forth its proadorn the earth and bring forth its pro-
fuctive power, and to expand the human mind and body.
Every person in society sbould produco,
physically or mentally, as much for society its full enjoyment. No father can traies mit to bis son the right of being useless to his fellow creatures. The man who earns not his bread, but eata tasat of idlo. concerned, leading a life of doubffol mor anity. A moral and intelleotual being
alisains to disdains to lead a lifif of uaseluasnoss, for
rich or poor, strong or weak, every idf rich or poor, strong or weak, evory, idlo
member of society is either a knave or a fool. Even at tho risk of being antiqua
ted, we casmot help quoting the following benatifal extract
"Why, man of idleness, labor rookod you in the orndle, and has nourished your
pamperod life; withoat it the woven silks pamperod upeo withoar bek would be in the
and wool apon your baek men silk worn's nest, and the fleeoes ia the
shepherd's fold. Por the meene the shepherd's fold. Por the meanest thing
that mininters to human wat, save the
air of heaven, man is indebted to toil sad ar or heaven, man
even the air, by
broath with labor.

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { breath with labor. } \\
& \text { It is only the dronen who toil not, who } \\
& \text { infest the hive of aotivity like naseses of }
\end{aligned}
$$

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\begin{aligned}
& \text { infest the hive of aotivity like masees of } \\
& \text { corraption and deoay. The lords of the }
\end{aligned}
$$

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\begin{aligned}
& \text { oartio aro working man, who oan build up } \\
& \text { or east down at their will, and who rotors } \\
& \text { the eneer of the "soot handed," by point } \\
& \text { ing to their trophies, where ever art, }
\end{aligned}
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