

# The Pee Dee Herald.

"IDEA IS A SHADOW THAT DEPARTETH, SPEECH IS FLEETING AS THE WIND—READING IS AN UNREMEMBERED PASTIME; BUT A WRITING IS ETERNAL."—TUPPER.

Vol. 1.

CHERAW, S. C., TUESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 9, 1856.

No. 14.

W. L. T. PRINCE. J. R. MALLOY.  
**PRINCE & 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.

Advertisements inserted monthly or quarterly,  
\$1 per square; semi-monthly, 75 cents per  
square.  
The following deductions will be made in  
favor of standing advertisements:

One square, for three months,	\$4 50
" " " " six " "	7 50
" " " " one year,	10 00
Two squares, for three months,	7 50
" " " " six " "	13 00
" " " " one year,	18 00
Three squares, for three months,	11 00
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" " " " one year,	25 00
Four squares, for three months,	14 00
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" " " " one year,	35 00
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All advertisements for less than three months  
cash, others must be paid for monthly.  
If the number of insertions is not specified,  
in writing, advertisements will be continued  
until ordered out, and charged accordingly.  
No advertisement, however small, will be  
considered less than a square.

## JOB PRINTING,

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

## A ROBBER IN THE PEDDLER'S CART.

A western peddler, who had sold out  
his load and was on his way home gives  
the following incident of his journey. The  
tale commences with the discovery of Mr.  
Dick Hardhead, the robber, snugly stowed  
away in his wagon. He said:

"I had entered the woods, and had  
gone about a half a mile when my wagon  
wheels settled with a bump and a jerk  
into a deep hole. I uttered an exclamation  
of astonishment: but that was not all.  
I heard another exclamation from another  
source!

What could it be? I looked quickly  
around, but could see nothing. Yet I  
knew the sound that I heard was very close  
to me. As the hind wheels came up, I  
felt something besides the jerk of the  
hole. I heard something tumble about  
from one side to the other of my wagon,  
and I could almost feel the jar occasioned  
by the movement. It was simply a man  
in my cart! I knew this on the instant.  
Of course I felt puzzled. At first I imag-  
ined some poor fellow had taken this  
method to obtain a ride: but I soon gave  
this up, for I knew any decent man would  
have asked me for a ride. My next idea  
was that somebody had got in to sleep;  
but this passed away as soon as it came,  
for no man would have broken into my  
cart for that purpose. And that thought  
opened my eyes. Whoever was in there  
had broken in.

My next thought was of Mr. Dick Hard-  
head. He had heard me say that my load  
was all sold out, and of course he supposed  
I had some money with me. In this  
he was right, for I had over two thousand  
dollars. I also thought that he had meant  
to leave the cart when he supposed I had  
reached a safe place, and then either  
creep over and shoot me, or knock me  
down. All this passed through my mind  
by the time I had got a rod from the hole.

Now, I never make it a point to brag  
of myself, but I have seen a great deal of  
the world, and I am pretty cool and clear-  
headed under difficulty. In a very few  
moments my resolution was formed. My  
horse was now deep in the mud, and I  
knew I could slip off without noise. So I  
drew my revolver—I never travel in that  
country without one—I drew this, and  
having twined the reins about the whip  
stock, I carefully slipped down into the  
mud, and as the cart passed on I went  
behind it and examined the trap.

The door of the cart lets down and is  
fastened by a hasp, which slips over a  
staple, and is then secured by a padlock.  
The padlock was gone, and the hasp was  
scraped in its place by a bit of pine—so  
that a slight force from within could break  
it. My wheel wrench hung on the side  
of the cart, and I quickly took it off and  
slipped it into the staple—the iron handle  
just slipping down.

Now I had him. My cart was almost  
new; made in a stout frame of white oak,  
and made on purpose for hard usage. I  
did not believe any ordinary man could  
break out. I got on my cart as noiselessly  
as I got off, and then urged my horse, still  
keeping my pistol handy. I knew that at  
the distance of half a mile further I should  
come to a good hard road, and so my horse  
was allowed to pick his way through the  
mud. About ten minutes after this I  
heard a motion in the cart, followed by a  
grinding noise, as though some heavy  
force were being applied to the door; I  
said nothing, but the idea struck me that  
the villain might judge where I sat and  
shoot up through the top of the cart at me,  
so I sat down on the foot board.

Of course I knew that my unexpected  
passenger was a villain, for he must have  
been awake ever since we started, and  
nothing in the world but absolute villainy  
would have caused him to remain quiet so  
long, and then start up in this particular  
place. The thumping and pushing grew  
louder and louder, and pretty soon I heard  
a human voice.

"Let me out of this," he cried, and he  
yelled pretty loud.

I lifted up my head so as to make him  
think my seat was in its usual place, and  
asked him what he was doing there.

"Let me out and I will tell you," he  
replied.

"Tell me what you are in there for,"  
said I.

"I got in here to sleep on your rags,"  
he answered.

"How did you get in?" I asked.

"Let me out; or I will shoot you through  
the head," he yelled.

Just at that moment my horse's feet  
struck the hard road, and the rest of the  
road to Jackson would be good going.  
The distance was twelve miles. I slipped  
back on the foot board and took the whip,  
I had the same horse then I have now—a  
tall, stout, powerful bay mare—and you  
may believe there is some go in her. At  
any rate she struck into a gallop that even  
astonished me. She had received a good  
mess of oats, the air was cool, and she felt  
like going. In fifteen minutes we cleared  
the woods, and away we went at a keen  
jump. The chap kept yelling to be let  
out.

Finally he stopped, and in a few minutes  
came the report of a pistol—one—two—  
three—four, one right after the other, and  
I heard the balls whiz over my head. If  
I had been on my seat one of those  
balls, if not two of them, would have gone  
through me. I popped up my head again,  
and gave a tremendous yell, then a groan,  
and then I said—"O! God, save me! I'm  
a dead man!" Then I made a shuffling  
noise, as though I were falling off, and  
finally settled down on the foot board  
again. I now urged up the old mare by  
giving her an occasional poke with the  
butt of my whip stick, and she peoled it  
faster than ever.

The man called out to me twice more,  
pretty soon after this, and as he got no  
reply he made some tremendous endeavors  
to break the door open, and as this failed  
him, he made several attempts upon the  
top. But I had no fear of his doing any-  
thing there, for the top of the cart is  
framed in with dovetail and each sleeper  
bolted to the post with iron bolts. I had  
made it so that I could carry heavy loads  
there. By and by, after all else had failed,  
the scamp commenced to hollow whom to  
the horse, and kept it up till he became  
quite hoarse. All this time I kept perfectly  
quiet, holding the reins firmly and kept  
poking the beast with the stick.

We were not over an hour in going that  
drowsy village—not a bit of it. I hadn't  
much fear, perhaps I might tell the truth  
and say that I had none for I had a good  
pistol, and more than that, my prisoner  
was safe, yet I was glad when I came to  
the flour barrel factory that stands at the  
edge of Jackson village, and in ten minutes  
more, I hauled up in front of the tavern,  
and found a couple of men in the barn  
cleaning down some stage horses.  
"Willy, old fellow," says I, and got  
down and went round to the back of the  
wagon, "you have had a good ride, haven't  
you?"

"Who are you," he cried, and he kind  
o' swore a little, too, as he asked the ques-  
tion.

"I'm the man you tried to shoot," was  
the reply.

"Where am I? Let me out!" he yelled.

"Look here, we've come to a safe stop-  
ping place, and mind ye, my revolver is  
ready for ye the moment you show your-  
self. Now be quiet."

By this time the two ostlers had come  
up to see what was the matter, and I  
explained it all to them. After this I  
got one of them to run and root out the  
sheriff and tell him what I believed I'd  
got for him. The first streak of daylight  
was just coming up, and in half an hour  
it would be broad daylight. In less than  
that time the sheriff came, and two men  
with him. I told him the whole in a few  
words—exhibited the handbills I had for  
him, and then he made for the cart. He  
told the chap who he was, and if he  
made the least resistance, he was a dead  
man. Then I slipped the wrench out,  
and as I let the door down the fellow made  
a spring. I caught him by the ankle and  
he came down on his face, and in a mo-  
ment more the officers had him. It was  
now daylight and the moment I saw the  
chap I know him. He was marched off  
to the look up, and I told the sheriff I  
should remain in town all day.

After breakfast the sheriff came down  
to the tavern and told me that I had caught  
the very bird, and that if I would remain  
until the next morning, I should have the  
reward of two hundred dollars which had  
been offered.

I found my goods all safe, paid the ex-  
press agent for bringing them from Indi-  
anapolis, and then went to work to stow  
them away in my cart. The bullet holes  
were found in the top of my vehicle just  
as I expected. They were in a line about  
five inches apart, and had I been where  
I usually sat, two of them would have hit  
me somewhere about the small of the back  
and passed upward, for they were sent  
with a heavy charge of powder and his  
pistol was a heavy one.

On the next morning the sheriff called  
upon me and paid me the two hundred  
dollars in gold, for he had made himself  
sure that he had got the villain. I af-  
terwards found a letter in the post office  
at Portsmouth for me, from the sheriff of  
Hancock county, and he informed me that  
Mr. Dick Hardhead is in prison for life."

## SYMPTOMS OF FIRST LOVE.

When you find Master Jack suddenly  
refuse one morning to play marbles forever  
—be sure that Master Jack is seized with  
his first love.

When you find in Master Jack's bed  
room sundry greasy looking bottles with a  
yellow bear in a blue forest on the label—  
which, (the label, not the bear,) informs  
you that the contents of the bottle is an  
unguent, which makes the "moustaches  
grow—you may be sure Master Jack is  
seized with his first love.

If you find Master Jack no longer pays  
the attention to the solids of the dinner,  
which he was wont to do, and there is no  
other cause, be sure it is an attack of his  
first love that occasions it.

If Jack becomes satirical and alludes in  
scornful terms to the world, be sure Jack's  
first love has just sprouted.

If you find a pocket edition of Byron  
anywhere about Jack's Aches, be sure  
Jack's far gone in his first love.

If you find a pair of patent leathers com-  
ing home from your shoemaker's one Satur-  
day afternoon, and can't remember order-  
ing them, and they don't fit anybody but  
Jack—don't blame him. First love's re-  
sponsible.

If you see Jack's finger ends rather inky,  
and scraps of an Aesop's anywhere round,  
be assured that first love has caused the  
spilling of some good stationary.

Finally, if Jack is suffering from first  
love, don't be too hard on the poor fellow,  
and above all, don't read the complaint  
with too strong remedies, for it is serious,  
and Jack strikes out from parental au-  
thority. First love is like the whorling  
conch—we must all have it, and it is best  
to catch it young.—N. K. Hymouse.

## INTERESTING VARIETIES.

EARLY RISING.—Dr. Wilson Phillip, in  
his "Treatise on Indigestion," says:—"Al-  
though it is of consequence to the debilitated  
to get early to bed, there are few things  
more hurtful to them than remaining in it  
too long. Getting up an hour or two ear-  
lier often gives a degree of vigor which  
nothing else can procure. For those who  
are not much debilitated and sleep well, the  
best rule is to get out of bed soon af-  
ter waking in the morning. This, at first,  
may appear too early, for the debilitated  
require more sleep than the healthy; but  
rising early will gradually prolong the sleep  
on the succeeding night, till the quantity  
the patient enjoys is equal to his demand  
for it. Lying late is not only hurtful, by  
the relaxation it occasions, but also by occupy-  
ing that part of the day at which exercise  
is most beneficial."

KINDNESS ITS OWN REWARD.—Good  
and friendly conduct may meet with an  
unworthy, with an ungrateful return, but  
the absence of gratitude on the part of  
the receiver cannot destroy the self appro-  
bation which recompense the giver. And we  
may scatter the seeds of courtesy and kind-  
ness around us at little expense. Some of  
them will inevitably fall on good ground,  
and grow up into benevolence in the minds  
of others, and all of them will bear fruit of  
happiness in the bosom whence they spring.  
Once blest are all the virtues always;  
twice blest sometimes.

INDUSTRY.—All exertion is in itself de-  
lightful, and active amusement seldom tires  
us. Helvetius owns that he could hardly  
listen to a concert for two hours, though he  
could play on an instrument all day long.  
In all pursuits, efforts, it must not be for-  
gotten, are as indispensable as desires.  
The globe is not to be circumnavigated by  
one wind. We should never do nothing.  
"It is better to wear out than to rust out,"  
says Bishop Cumberland. "There will be  
time enough for repose in the grave," said  
Arnaud to Nicole. In truth, the proper  
rest for man is change of occupation."

[Richard Sharp.

SLEEP.—There is no better description  
given of the approach of sleep than that  
which we find in one of Leigh Hunt's pa-  
ers in the *Indicator*:—"It is a delicious  
moment, certainly, that of being well nest-  
led in bed, and feeling that you shall sleep  
gently to sleep. The good is to come—not  
past; the limbs have been just tired enough  
to render the remaining in one posture de-  
lightful; the labor of the day is done. A  
gentle failure of the perceptions comes  
creeping over one; the spirit of conscious-  
ness disengages itself more and more with  
slow and lulling degrees, like a mother  
detaching her hand from that of her sleep-  
ing child; the mind seems to have a balmy  
lid closed over it, like the eye—'tis closing  
—'tis more closing—'tis closed. The mys-  
terious spirit has gone to take its airy  
rounds."

## A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

A short time ago a scene took place in  
the Champs Elysees, almost unrivalled  
in the annals of romance. The tenor,  
Borsari, who has had a most magnificent  
success, and in Italy in particular, has  
taken advantage of a *conge* to visit Paris.  
One evening he was walking under the  
trees in the Champs Elysees, near the  
Seine, when he caught sight of an old  
man, neatly dressed, dragging forth from  
an old fiddle some faint sounds, to which  
none listened. Borsari started, struck his  
hand upon his forehead to collect his  
thoughts, and then, leaving the ladies,  
rushed up to the poor musician.

"Ecco mi—'tis me!" said he, in a ring-  
ing voice.

The old man raised his head in aston-  
ishment.  
"Don't you recognize me, Giacomo? I  
am Borsari, your pupil—he to whom you  
opened a musical career—he who owes  
to you his reputation and his fortune?"

"Borsari!" said the violinist. "Ah!  
now I remember. You have fulfilled my  
prediction—you have collected gold and  
fame. I am pleased at it in the midst of  
my misfortune."

"My poor master! what has reduced you  
to this extremity?"

Then the old man told his story. He  
had become an impresario. He had, at  
the head of a troop of singers, gone through  
the isles of Greece; but misfortune had  
every where been his fate. After a mi-  
raculous escape from shipwreck, he got an  
attack of paralysis. Incompletely cured,  
he came to Paris to an old pupil—a lady  
—who was kind to him, but who suddenly  
died in childbirth. Giacomo then went  
into the orchestra of a little theatre; but  
at last reduced to the last extremity, he  
came to play in the Champs Elysees.

While the old man spoke, Borsari was  
feeling his pockets. All he found was a  
couple of pounds. Suddenly he took a  
bold resolution.

"Giacomo, do you recollect the great  
air of 'La Calomania?'"

"Yes."

"Can you execute the accompaniment?"

"Somehow."

"Begin."

At once, in a ringing, splendid voice,  
Borsari commenced this magnificent piece.  
A crowd collected—the singing *cafes* were  
deserted, carriages drew up, and a fash-  
ionable audience descended from them.  
At the sight of such an audience, the old  
man roused himself; his bow, directed by  
a firm hand, drew forth delicious sounds.  
The audience were struck with admir-  
ation, and the setting sun seemed to trans-  
port every one to Italy. When he ended,  
the tenor took round his hat. No one  
refused. Gold poured in as well as silver;  
and when he had emptied his own purse  
amongst the heap of gold, he gave it to  
the old man, exclaiming:

"Giacomo, this is on account. I shall  
see you again."

## A HUSBANDS SOLILOQUY.

"Oh, it is not much matter, I shall be  
back in a few days. I have nothing par-  
ticular to say. It is no use writing just  
to tell her I am well." This was a hus-  
band's soliloquy.

My dear sir, have you lived with her  
so long, and not learned that "your smile  
is dearer to her than the light of heaven?"  
If you will sit down and say: "Dearest  
I am well and will soon be back again,"  
it would be more than any word to support  
her—more than any staff to comfort her.  
Your affection is more than meat to her,  
your presence more than raiment. She  
is alone now. She has felt so secure when  
you were there, she has slept so sweetly  
by your side, that you cannot know how  
she starts at every sound when you are  
absent; how timidly she moves about,  
feeling in every nerve that she is without  
protection.—You are strong, and know  
not what it is to rely upon another, but  
she has never learned to rely upon herself.  
Remember, you have taught her that this  
clinging Dependence, this love and  
trust, are the beauty and glory of woman.  
This is what attracted you. This was  
what you professed to love her for. When  
you cease to love her, she will die, but  
though she does not yet doubt it, the  
sweetest of all incense is to hear it from  
your lips. "No letter," you have been  
absent three days; and she soliloquizes  
too. "He is busy. He is well certainly,  
or he would let me know, I shall hear  
to-morrow."

But she is sad. She does not know the  
cause. She would not for a thousand  
worlds acknowledge that she feared you  
loved her less, but there is an incubus  
upon her spirits. She has written every  
day, almost every hour; not because it  
was her duty, not because you expected it,  
or requested it; but because she could not  
help it. Her heart was full to overflowing.  
Every breath was some expression of her  
gushing love. You cannot love. You  
cannot love her as she loves you, but you  
can manifest the love you hate.

Write—tell her you have not prospered  
in business, that you are sick, aye, that  
you are imprisoned; but add that your  
love fails not, and would that you could  
be there to see how the heart lightens, and  
the face brightens. Tell her that though  
absent, your heart is still with her, and  
she will shrink from no trial and fear  
no danger.—*Missis Myrtle.*

## DIVISIBILITY OF MATTER.

Divisibility is susceptibility of being  
divided. To the divisibility of matter there  
is no known limit, nor can we conceive of  
anything so small that it is not made up  
of two halves or four quarters. It is indeed  
true that our senses are quite limited in  
their operation, and that we cannot perceive  
or take cognizance, by means of our senses,  
of many objects of the existence of which  
we are convinced without their immediate  
or direct testimony.

Sir Isaac Newton has shown that the  
thickest part of a soap bubble does not  
exceed the two millionth part of an inch.  
The Microscopic observations of Ehrenberg  
have proved that there are many species of  
little creatures called infusoria, so small  
that millions of them collected in a single  
mass would not exceed the bulk of a grain  
of sand, and thousands of them might swim  
side by side through the eye of a small  
needle. In the slate formations in Bohemia  
these little creatures are found in a fossil  
state, so small that it would require a  
hundred and eighty-seven millions of  
them to weigh a single grain.

A single thread of a spider's web has  
been found to be composed of six thousand  
filaments.

A single grain of gold may be hammered  
by a gold-beater until it will cover fifty  
square inches; each square inch may be  
divided into two hundred strips; and each  
strip into two hundred parts. One of these  
parts is only one two-millionth part of a  
grain of gold, and yet may be seen with  
the naked eye.

The particles which escape from odoriferous  
objects also afford instances of extreme  
divisibility.

[Parker's Philosophy.]

## PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE; "GIVE THE PAROLE."

A laughable illustration of practice fol-  
lowing theory; and precept carried immedi-  
ately into example, occurred a few nights  
since in one of the royal dockyards. The  
Superintendent—a mild, but serious dis-  
ciplinarian, who is admitted to be thor-  
oughly acquainted with the most insignifi-  
cant details of his noble and gallant pro-  
fession, from the duties of the energetic  
boatswain to those of the dignified com-  
mander-in-chief—was briskly passing a sen-  
tinel, on his way to his official residence,  
when he turned upon the starwart guardian  
of the royal establishment, and demanded  
the reason why he did not challenge him.  
In vain the sentry declared that he knew  
him to be the Superintendent; he was em-  
phatically told his duty was to challenge  
every one who approached him, and warn-  
ing with excitement, the gallant Superin-  
tendent exclaimed, "Challenge all! Chal-  
lenge me, sir." "Well, then," said the  
sentry, lowering his musket, and  
bringing it to the charge, "I do challenge  
you; give the parole, sir," and the hasty  
Superintendent having, in the course of his  
practical instruction, allowed the parole to  
slip his memory, was forthwith made a  
prisoner, and driven into the sentry-box.  
So situated, the worth preceptor was soon  
allowed another opportunity of estimating  
the effect of his teaching. A policeman  
passing demanded why the sentry had im-  
prisoned the gentleman. "You foolish fel-  
low," said he, "why, it is the Superinten-  
dent;" but the only reply from the sentry  
was the vociferous demand, "Give the pa-  
role." The policeman, deeming his uni-  
form to be a sufficient authority for passing  
the sentry, had also forgotten to learn the  
parole, and he, too, was ordered into the  
sentry-box, from which he and his fellow-  
guished fellow prisoner were only rescued  
when the sentry was relieved from his post.

[G. Service Gazette.]

It is said that at the celebration of the  
Fourth of July, in Birmingham, the Hon.  
Daniel S. Dickinson, the president of the  
day, introduced the following toast:

"The Women of the Revolution—Mothers  
of men and patriots: The women of  
to-day—Help! Help! Help! Hurray!"

There are four things which it looks  
very awkward for a woman to do, namely,  
to whistle, throw stones at a cow, run  
a race, or climb a wooden fence.