

The Bee 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.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETORS.

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FROM THE N. C. WHIG.
TO THE PEOPLE OF NORTH CAROLINA

We call the attention not only of our own citizens, but of the State generally, to the following Letter from Lieut. Beard, of the Kansas Militia. Mr. Beard is known to many of our citizens as he resided in Charlotte at the time he volunteered to go to Kansas with the South Carolina Company, and may therefore be relied on. Should this Col. White attempt to impose himself upon the people of this State, we hope he may meet with the reception he deserves. Our brethren of the press will perhaps do good service by inserting the letter:

FOR THE NORTH CAROLINA WHIG.
COLUMBIA, S. C., Feb. 5, 1857.

EDITOR WHIG.—Sir: By allowing my letter a space in your columns it may save some of your citizens, if not of Charlotte, the may of North Carolina, from being grossly imposed upon. A person calling himself Col. J. W. White, a Border Ruffian, from Missouri and claiming to be acting by the authority of the citizens of Missouri and of Kansas Territory, to procure contributions as he states for our suffering friends in Kansas, and by those recommendations is traversing the Southern States, raising money which our liberal citizens are disposed to contribute.

I would not for a moment endeavor to restrain the people of North Carolina from giving us their aid, to enable us to maintain our honor and our equal rights in that territory, for the cause is justly worthy of their most liberal contributions; but when I am fully convinced that an imposition is about being practiced upon you, it is my duty as an advocate of our common cause to give you proper warning. It is necessary that I should inform you that no man or men, have power to give lectures through the South and solicit money for the benefit of the Southern cause in Kansas, without they come fully prepared to furnish the proper recommendations and credentials when called for—thus you will perceive that it will be a very easy matter for the so-called Col. J. W. White, to prove himself innocent of the accusation brought against him, by myself. Simply by handing over his recommendations, and credentials, which must be endorsed by the Executive Committee or by some Colony or Association.—There is not the least particle of doubt but that this Col. White is the same person, who canvassed the States of Georgia and Alabama last spring and summer, and who never did remit one dollar of the large amount that he raised to the gentlemen of the Executive Committee in Missouri; besides he carried a company of emigrants into the upper part of Georgia or Alabama, I do not now remember which, and there deserted them without a dollar to proceed on their journey to Kansas, or to return to their homes.

Col. White, as far as I have been able to learn, has given two lectures in this State, one at Orangeburg, and the other in the town of Cheraw, at both places he received money. I should like to know the reason why he did not come to this city as he stated, when he left Orangeburg. No doubt he was afraid to lecture in this city for fear some returned Volunteer from Kansas would know and expose him; neither has he visited Charleston or any other large city, but has with trouble gone around it. This alone is suspicious in itself, and I believe him to be beyond any doubt an impostor and swindler, and the citizens of your State would do well to beware of him; when heard from here he was on his way to Wadesboro.

At a meeting of Southern Emigrants held in Westport, Mo., the following named gentlemen were appointed delegates,

to receive money in North Carolina, viz: J. C. Fulton, J. H. Planner, A. Nixon, Owen Kennan and J. W. Kelly, the first four are residents of your State, of Wilmington, and the latter is an agent to be sent from the territory; by this you will see that arrangements have already been made to receive such money as your citizens may feel disposed to contribute.

Should Col. White visit your town and lecture and your citizens are willing to aid our cause, let them appoint a committee of their own to receive the money, and forward it by check to any of the gentlemen, belonging to the Executive Committee, who will by return mail send their receipt for the same. The following gentlemen compose that committee: Col. A. G. Boone and Alexander Myers, of Westport, Mo., Col. Anderson, of Lexington, Mo., Gen. Stringfellow, Atchinson, Kansas Territory, and W. Russell, Esq., of Leavenworth City, K. T.

As the delegate to South Carolina I conscientiously believe that it is my duty in the absence of your own delegates, to put you on your guard against imposition, for our suffering friends in Kansas needs all the money that we can spare them: therefore, do not let us waste our means by giving it to men who have not the power or right to receive it. Should your citizens take my advice and compel White to furnish his credentials, they will see for themselves that he is an impostor, and I hope will give him the just treatment that he deserves. I have written to gentlemen in the different parts of Georgia and Alabama also to the Executive Committee and by return mail they will endorse all that I have written; and endeavor to get this fellow into the clutches of the Law. Sir I am entirely responsible for all that I have written and will hold myself in readiness to meet any opposition that may occur from the exposure of this Col. J. W. White.

I am, Sir, with respect, your most obedient servant. My address is
W. F. BEARD,
Lieut. K. T. Militia, Columbia, S. C.

Miscellaneous.

THE DOCTOR'S BRIDE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

"Two Doctors meet with strange adventures," once said to me a distinguished physician, with whom I was on terms of intimacy.

"I have often thought," I replied, "that the secret history of some of your profession if written in detail would make a work of thrilling interest."

"I don't know that I exactly agree with you in regard to detail, rejoined my friend: there is a great deal that is common place, and therefore not worthy of being recorded; but grant us the privilege of your novelist, to select our characters and scenes and work them into a kind of plot, with a view of striking deaconment, and I doubt not many of us could give you a romance in real life, comprising only what we have seen, which would equal, if not surpass, anything you ever met in the way of fiction. By the by; I believe I never told you of the most strange and romantic adventure of my life?"

"You never told me of any of your adventures, Doctor, I replied; but if you have a story to tell you will find me an eager listener."

Very well, as I have a few minutes to spare, I will tell you one more widely romantic, more incredibly remarkable, if I may so speak, than you probably ever found in a work of fiction."

"I am all attention."

"Twenty-five years ago, pursued the Doctor, I entered the Medical College of F.—as a student. I was then quite young, inexperienced, and inclined to be timid and sentimental; and well do I remember the horror I experienced when one of the senior students, under pretense of showing me the beauties of the institution suddenly thrust me into the dissecting room of long dead bodies, and instantly closed the door upon me; nor do I forget how my screams of terror and prayers of release from that awful place made me the laughing stock of my older companions."

Ridicule is a hard thing to bear; the coward becomes brave to escape it, and he brave man fears it more than he would a belching cannon. I suffered it till I could stand it no longer; and wrought up to a pitch of desperation, I demanded to know what I might do to redeem my character and gain an honorable footing among my fellow students.

"I will tell you," said one, his eyes sparkling with mischief; if you will go at the midnight hour and dig up a subject, and take it to your room and remain alone with it till morning, we will let you off and never say another word about your womanly fright."

I shuddered. It was a fearful alternative, but it seemed less terrible to suffer all the horrors that might be concentrated into a single night; than to hear day after day the jeers of my companions.

"Where shall I go? and when?" was my timid inquiry; and the very thought of such an adventure made my blood run cold.

"To the Eastern Cemetery, to-night, at twelve o'clock," replied my tormentor, fixing his keen black eyes upon me, and allowing his thin lips to curl with contempt. "But what is the use of asking such a coward as you to perform such a manly feat?" he added derisively.

His words stung me to the quick; and without further reflection, and scarcely aware of what I was saying, I rejoined boldly:

"I am no coward, sir, as I will prove to you by performing what you call a manly feat."

"You will go?" he asked quickly.

"I will."

"Bravely said, my lad," he rejoined in a tone of approval, and exchanging his expression of contempt for one of surprise and admiration. "Do this, Morris, and the first man that insults you afterwards makes an enemy of me!"

"Again I felt a cold shudder pass thro' my frame at the thought of what was before me; but I had accepted the challenge in the presence of witnesses—for this conversation occurred as we were leaving the hall, after listening to an evening lecture—and I was resolved to make my word good should it even cost me my life; in fact I knew I could not do otherwise now, without the risk of being driven in disgrace from the college."

I should here observe that in those days there were few professional resurrectionists; and as it was absolutely necessary to have subjects for dissection, the unpleasant business of procuring them devolved upon the students, who in consequence watched every funeral eagerly, and calculated the chances of cheating the sexton of his charge and the grave of its victim.

There had been a funeral that day of a poor orphan girl, who had been followed to the grave by a few friends; and this was considered a favorable chance for the party whose turn it was to procure the next subject, as the graves of the poor and friendless were never watched with the same keen vigilance as those of the rich and influential. Still it was no trifling risk to attempt to exhume the bodies of the poorest and humblest—for not unfrequently persons were found on the watch even over these; and only the year before one student had been mortally wounded by a rifle ball; and another a month or two subsequently had been rendered a cripple for life by the same means.

All this was explained to me by a party of six or eight who accompanied me to my room—which was in a building belonging to the college, and rented by apartments to such of the students as preferred a bachelor's to regular boarding; and they took care to add several terrifying stories of ghosts and hobgoblins by way of calming my excited nerves; just as I have before observed old women stand around a weak, feverish patient and croak out their experienced in seeing awful sufferings and fatal terminations of just such maladies as the one with which their helpless victim was then afflicted.

"Is it expected that I shall go alone?" I inquired, in a tone that trembled in spite of me, while my knees almost knocked together and I felt as if my very lips were white.

"Well, no," replied Benson, my most dreaded tormentor; "it would be hardly fair to send you alone, for one individual could not succeed in getting the body from the grave quick enough; and you, a mere youth without experience, would fail altogether. No, we will go with you, some three or four of us, and help you dig up the corpse; but then you must take it on your back and bring it up to your room here, and spend the night alone with it!"

It was some relief to me to find I was to have company during the first part of my awful undertaking, but still I felt far from agreeable, I assure you; and chancing to look into the mirror, as the time drew near for setting out, I fairly started at beholding the ghastly object I saw reflected therein.

"Come, boys," said Benson, who was always by general consent the leader of whatever frolic, expedition or undertaking he was to have a hand in: "Come, boys, it is time to be on the move. A glorious night for us!" he added, throwing up the window and letting in a fierce gust of wind and rain; the very d— himself would hardly venture out in such a storm!"

He lit a dark lantern, threw on his long, heavy cloak, took up a spade and led the way down stairs; and the rest of us, three in number, threw on our cloaks also, took each a spade and followed him.

We took a roundabout course to avoid being seen by any citizen that might

chance to be stirring, and in something less than half an hour we reached the cemetery, scaled the wall without difficulty, and stealthily searched for the grave (till we found it in the pitchy darkness—the wind and rain sweeping past us with dismal howls and moans, that to me, trembling with terror, seemed to be unearthly wailings of the spirits of the damned.

"Here we are," whispered Benson to me as we at length stopped at a mound of fresh earth over which one of the party had stumbled. "Come, feel around, Morris, and strike in your spade, and let us see if you will make as good a hand at exhuming a dead body as you will some day at killing a live one with physic."

I did as directed, trembling in every limb, but the first spade full I threw up I started back with a yell of horror, that, on any other but a howling, stormy night, would have betrayed us. It appeared to me as if I had thrust my spade into a buried lake of fire—for the soft dirt was all aglow like living coals, and as I had fancied the moanings of the storm, the wailings of the tormented spirits, I now fancied I had uncovered a small portion of the bottomless pit itself.

"Fool!" hissed Benson, grasping my arm with the grip of a vice, as I stood leaning on my spade for support, my very teeth chattering with terror, "another yell like that and I'll make a subject of you! Are you not ashamed of yourself, to be scared out of your wits, if you ever had any, by a little phosphorescent earth? Don't you know it is often found in graveyards?"

His explanation reassured me, though I was now too weak from my fright to be of any assistance to the party, who all fell to with a will, secretly laughing at me, and soon reached the coffin. Splitting the lid with a hatchet, which had been brought for the purpose, they quickly lifted out the corpse, and then Benson and another of the party taking hold of it, one at the head and the other at the feet, they hurried it away, bidding me follow, and leaving the others to fill up the grave, that it might not be suspected that the body had been exhumed.

Having got the corpse safely over the wall of the cemetery, Benson now called upon me to perform my part of the horrible business.

"Here, you quaking simpleton," he said, "I want you to take this on your back and make the best of your way to your room, and remain alone with it all night. If you do this bravely, we will claim you as one of us to-morrow, and the first man that dares to say a word against your courage after that, shall find a foe in me. But hark you! if you make any blunder on the way and lose our prize, it will be better for you to quit this town before I set eyes on you again! Do you understand me?"

"Y-ye-ye-ye-yes!" I stammered with chattering teeth.

"Are you ready?"

"Y-ye-ye-yes," I gasped.

"Well, come here, where are you?" All this time it was so dark that I could see nothing but a faint line of white, which I knew to be the shrouded corpse; but I felt carefully round till I got hold of Benson, who told me to take off my cloak; and then rearing the cold dead body against my back, he began fixing its cold arms about my neck, bidding me take hold of them, and draw them well over and keep concealed, and be sure and not let go of them on any consideration whatever, as I valued my life.

"Oh! the torturing horror I experienced as I mechanically followed his directions! Tongue could not describe it!"

"At length having adjusted the corpse so that it might be out of sight comparative ease, he threw my long black cloak over it and over my arms, and fastened it with a cord about my neck, and then inquired:

"Now, Morris, do you think you can find the way to your room?"

"I-I do don't know," I gasped, feeling as if I should sink to the earth at the first step.

"Well, you cannot lose your way if you go straight ahead," he replied. "Keep in the middle of this street or road, and I will take you to college green, and then you are all right. Come, push on before your burden grows too heavy; the distance is only a good half mile!"

I set forward, with trembling nerves, expecting to sink to the ground at every step; but gradually my terror, instead of weakening gave me strength; and I was soon on the run—splashing through mud and water, with the storm howling about me in fury, and the cold corpse, as I fancied, clinging to me like a hideous vampire.

"How I reached my room I do not know—but probably by a sort of instinct, for I only remember of my brain being in a wild feverish whirl, with ghastly phantasms all about me, as one sometimes sees them in a

dyspeptic dream.

"But reach my room I did with my dead burden on my back; and I was afterwards told that I made wonderful time; for Benson and his fellow students, fearing the loss of their subject—which on account of the difficulty of getting subjects was very valuable—followed close behind me, and were obliged to run at the top of their speed to keep me within hailing distance.

"The first I remember after getting to my room, was the finding myself awake in bed, with dim consciousness of something horrible having happened—though what, for some minutes, I could not for the life of me recollect. Gradually, however, the truth dawned upon me; and then I felt a cold perspiration start from every pore, at the thought that perhaps I was occupying a room alone with a corpse. The room was not dark; there were a few embers in the grate which threw out a ruddy light; and fearfully raising my head, I glanced quickly and timidly around.

"And there—there on the floor against the right hand wall, but a few feet from me—sure enough, lay the cold still corpse robed in its white shroud, with a gleam of firelight resting upon its ghastly face, which to my excited fancy seemed to move. Did it move? I was gazing upon it, thrilling and fascinated with an indescribable terror, when, as sure as I see you now, I saw the lids of the eyes unclose, and saw its breast heave, and heard a low stifled moan.

"Great God!" I shrieked and fell back in a swoon.

"How long I lay unconscious I do not know; but when I came to, myself again, it is a marvel to me that in my excited state I did not lose my senses altogether, and become the tenant of a mad-house; for there—right before me—standing up in its white shroud—with its eyes wide open and staring upon me, and its features thin, hollow and death-hued—was the corpse I had brought from the cemetery.

"In God's name, avunt!" I gasped. "Go back to your grave, and rest in peace! I will never disturb you again!"

"The large hollow eyes looked more wildly upon me—the head moved—the lips parted—and a voice in a somewhat sepulchral tone said:

"Where am I? Who are you? Which world am I in? Am I living or am I dead?"

"You were dead," I gasped, sitting up in bed and feeling as if my brain would burst with a pressure of unspeakable horror; "you were dead and buried, and I was one of the guilty wretches who this night disturbed you in your peaceful rest. But go back, poor ghost, in Heaven's name, and no mortal power shall ever induce me to come nigh you again! Oh! I feel faint!" said the corpse gradually sinking down upon the floor, with a groan. "Where am I? Oh, where am I?"

"Great God!" I shouted, as the startling truth suddenly flashed upon me, "perhaps this poor girl was buried alive and is now living!"

"I bounded from the bed and grasped a hand of the prostrate body. It was not warm, but it was not cold. I put my trembling fingers upon the pulse—Did it beat? as was it the pulse in my fingers? I thrust my hand upon the heart. It was warm—there was life there. The breast heaved; she breathed; but the eyes were closed and the features had the look of death. Still it was a living body—or else I myself was insane.

I sprang to the door, tore it open, and shouted for help.

"Quick! quick!" cried I; "the dead is alive! the dead is alive!"

Several of the students sleeping in adjoining rooms came hurrying into mine, thinking I had gone mad with terror; as some of them had heard my voice before, and all knew to what a fearful ordeal I had been subjected.

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed one, in a tone of sympathy; I predicted this."

"It is too bad," said another; "it was too much for his nervous system!"

"I am not mad," returned I, comprehending their suspicions; but the corpse is alive—listen and see!"

They hurried into the room one after another; and the foremost, stooping down to what he supposed to be the corpse, put his hand upon it and instantly exclaimed:

"Quick! a light and some brandy—she lives!"

All now was bustle, confusion and excitement, one proposing one thing and another something else, and all speaking together. They placed her on the bed and gave her some brandy, when she again revived. I ran for a physician—one of the faculty—who came and tended upon her through the night, and by sunrise the next morning she was reported to be in a fair way of recovery.

"Now, what do you think of my story so far?" queried the Doctor, with a smile.

"Very remarkable," I replied, very remarkable indeed! But tell me, did the girl finally recover?"

"She did; and turned out to be a most beautiful creature, and only sweet seventeen."

"And I suppose she blessed the resurrectionists all the rest of her life!" I rejoined with a laugh.

"She certainly held one of them in kind remembrance, returned the doctor with a smile.

"What became of her, Doctor?"

"What should have become of her, according to the well known rules of poetic justice of your novel writers?" returned my friend with a peculiar smile.

"Why," said I laughing, "she should have turned out an heiress, and married you!"

"And that is exactly what she did!" rejoined the Doctor.

"Good heavens. You are jesting!"

"No, my friend, no, replied the Doctor in a faltering voice; "that night of horror only preceded the dawn of my happiness; for that girl, lovely Helen Leroy, in time became my wife and the mother of my two boys. She sleeps now in death, beneath the cold, cold sod," added the Doctor, in a tremulous tone, brushing away a tear from his eye; and no human resurrectionist shall ever raise her to life again!"

A STRANGE CASE.

In the flush times of Mississippi, twenty years ago, Richard S. Graves, its dashing Treasurer, perpetrated a magnificent rascality by embezzling the funds of the State. He escaped justice and sight of him was lost, until last summer, the memory of Graves was suddenly revived, by an unsuccessful attempt to bring him from Canada, where he has been residing for ten years past, under the extradition clause of the Ashburton treaty. He was arrested, and after an investigation before two judicial functionaries in Canada, it was decided that the Ashburton treaty did not meet his case, and he was accordingly discharged.

Recently Gov. McRae, of Mississippi, sent a special message to the Legislature embracing a letter from Canada from the defaulting treasurer. In his letter, he says:

"I have been near fourteen years an exile, living on this Siberia of America, exposed to this terrible climate, where the mercury often sinks to 40 degrees below zero, separated from all that is dear to me on earth. Surely this is sufficient punishment for all my previous acts. Even if I had been living in Russia, my offence would not have merited the punishment I have endured.

"You surely cannot, after fourteen years of punishment, when my head is silvered with trouble and age, when my children have grown up around me, unconscious of their father's misfortune, wish to degrade me any further.

"I have a wife, sir, born in the sunny South, whose relations reside in Madison county, who is most anxious to return to her native State. She nobly deserted her parents, her home, her all, to follow her husband into exile; her punishment has been greater than mine. She at least is innocent; but this has not prevented the climate from doing its worst upon her, and she is gradually sinking into grave. All she asks is to be permitted to return to her native State, Mississippi, to the sunny South, to die. This she cannot do unless her husband is free."

The Governor submits his proposition to the Legislature, and says that if it meets the approbation of that body he "shall interpose no objection."

The Vicksburg "Whig," referring to this case, says:

"In her unflinching devotion to her husband, she has beautifully exemplified the touching story of Ruth and Naomi, and no man worthy of the name can fail to sympathize with her. We well remember Mrs. Graves as we saw her a few days after her marriage. In the first flush of youth, the world was 'coucher de roses' to her, and we never saw a sunnier smile lighten the face of a bride, heard a more joyous laugh come ringing from the lips of youth and beauty. Alas! poor child, her dream of bliss was of short duration. A few months saw her husband branded with a felon's name, flying from the wronging laws he had outraged, and from that day to this she has shared his exile. Weary, weary years they have been to her! And in that cold and inhospitable clime where she has found a refuge and a home, how her heart has yearned for the sunny home where young years were cherished, none but the gods can know. For her sake, we say, let Graves come back. If he refused, the money he took from our Treasury, well and good; if he does not we still say well. But let him come—let his wife gaze once more on the home of her childhood, and when her eyes close in death, let her last look be upon the friends and the scenes of her youth."

If you would rise to the occasion, you would not stop to look at every one who says you are a poor fellow.