"IDEA IS A SHADOW, THAT[illegible]

Herald.

[illegible] THE PASTIME, BUT A WEFTING IS ETERNAL.—Byron.

VOL. 1. CHERAW, S[illegible] 1857. NO. 42.

W. J. B. PRINCE. E. B. MALLOY.

PRINCE & MALLOY,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS:

The Pee Dee Herald is published every Tuesday, at $2 per year, strictly in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Of fifteen lines or less, which is a square, will be inserted at one dollar, for a single insertion—to square continued, twenty-five cents for the first, and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion. Renewal or change twenty cents per square.

Advertisements inserted monthly or quarterly—one dollar per square; semi-monthly, seventy-five cents per square.

The following deductions will be made in favor of standing advertisements:

One square, for three months,	$4 50
do for six months,	7 50
do for one year,	10 00
Two squares, for three months,	7 50
do for six do	13 00
do for one year,	18 00
Three squares, for three months,	11 00
do for six do	18 00
do for one year,	25 00
Four squares, for three months,	14 00
do for six do	22 00
do for one year,	35 00
One quarter, for one year,	40 00

Yearly contracts, and business Cards, $ 00 per annum.

All advertisements for less than three months CASH, unless they be PAID FOR AS RECEIVED.

Every variation of insertions from [illegible] effect, in writing or otherwise, will be considered as ordered out, and CHARGED ACCORDINGLY.

No advertisements, whatever nature, will be [illegible] without a specific [illegible].

Miscellaneous.

THE HIGHLAND HERDSMAN.

"The summer's dawn's reflected hue
To purple clothed Loch Katrine blue;
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kissed the slumbering seas,
Just ruffled the trees,
And tinged the lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled, but dimpled not for joy."

LADY OF THE LAKE.

It was summer when we reached the Highlands. Three hours riding from Stirling brought us to the borders of that sylvan lake of which the Scottish bard has given such inimitable descriptions. Having spent an hour on its calm, sunny waters, our party landed and proceeded to Loch Lomond; some in carriages, while others preferred to walk through the country which was once the abode of those proud mountaineers, the Macgregors. Along the pastoral slopes and mountainous ridges of Bevanne, I descried the wild goats cropping the fresh herbage, while here and there, along the base of the ravine, half hid by the foliage of the oak and the birch, stood the hamlets of the Highland shepherds. From the lips of those simple herdsmen the stranger may gather, if he choose, many incidents of local and traditionary interest, and which serve also to throw light on the ethnographical history of the people. The following narrative shows the truth of the remark applied by a German author to the Scotchman: "He is as grave as a spaniard, as sly as a fox, and as slippery as an eel."

Several years ago a brave, hardy Highlander, whom we will call Duncan, left his home among the glens and hills of Argyleshire with a large herd of cattle, destined for the summer fields and more fertile meadows of Yorkshire.

With his uniform success, he soon disposed of his stock to the English graziers and with a well settled purse he started on his return. He had nearly reached the confines of Scotland, when, quietly walking along the highway, accompanied by his faithful dog, he was overtaken by an Englishman, well dressed and of pleasing appearance. He drew near Duncan, and familiarly accosted him. "Well, my good fellow, whither are you bound? You are a herdsman, I see."

"Yes, from Argyleshire, sir."

"And do you not fear to travel alone, with wallet well filled, I do not, with English gold?"

"Not quite alone," the brave Highlander replied, drawing his dirk, "for there is a real Scotch blade that never failed me yet; and here, too, is as fine a dog as ever roamed Highlands or Lowlands."

"A noble fellow indeed, but is that really a true Scotch blade?" inquired the gentleman, as he approached still nearer, to examine it.

"Sare man, it is take it in your hand," said the unsuspecting drover, as he gave it to the stranger, who, as he walked along examined its curious workmanship with apparently great interest. Watching his opportunity, the gentlemanly highwayman plunged the dagger into the neck of the dog beside him, and at the same instant sprang upon the astonished Duncan, threw him on the ground, and planting his knee upon his breast, held him firmly by the throat.

"Now," cried the robber, "give me your money, or I'll take both your money and your life," adding with cruel sarcasm, "you see, how even a Highlander may be outwitted."

Poor fellow, he was in a fix. His faithful dog had expired without a groan, and his trusty steel was now in the hand of his assailant. Incensed at the want of success, losing no possible opportunity, he ruthlessly came on his gold, and was suffered to rise, the highwayman still holding him [illegible] cast. "Well, fellow," said the crest-fallen Scotchman, "glad such a man as I, with such a dog, and with these good blades could have been robbed by an Englishman."

"Don't give yourself any uneasiness on that score, old fellow," retorted the other; "for you are not the first one of your countrymen that have made my acquaintance. Besides, I always give them a mark to remember me by." At the same time he drew out his sword and leading him to the stump of a decayed oak near by, bade him lay his hand thereon.

Now, the idea of losing this useful and important member, and especially by such an unnecessary and unscientific amputation, was peculiarly disagreeable to the worthy Scotchman. A bright thought just then suggested itself to his mind. Without saying a word he did as he was ordered, and very meekly placed his hand upon the stump, calmly awaiting the blow. The robber drew himself up to his full length, and lifting his sword high in the air, brought it down with a thundering stroke. But the cunning Highlander at that very instant, had slipped aside his hand, and while the enraged Englishman was vainly trying to withdraw the blade from the wood into which it had deeply penetrated, he rushed upon him and locking his sinewy arms about the robber's waist, hurled him down, and held him down, and held him with as fierce a grip as Roderick Dhu Fitz James at Coilantogle Ford.

"Now, sir, I have you, hold like one of No matter should [illegible] That Desperate grasp the frame can tame Through bars of brass and triple steel."

The brave Duncan soon had his foe completely in his power; but he would not take his life—He, however, securely bound him, took his purse, again in spite of the impotent threats and curses of the robber, and leaving him to the mercy of the nearest magistrate. There he informed the police where they might find a rogue that richly deserved the gallows.

It is unnecessary to add that the honest herdsman received ample justice, and the highwayman soon after suffered the punishment due his crimes.

THE JEALOUS DOG.

The following singular story is related by Judge Haliburton in his work entitled, Nature and Human Nature. We cannot readily question the credibility of a story thus authenticated:

Last summer my duties sent me to George's Island. I think it is for [illegible] know it. It is a small island situated in the centre of the harbor of Halifax, has a powerful battery on it, and barracks for the accommodation of troops. There was a company of my regiment stationed there at the time. I took this Newfoundland dog and a small terrier, called Tilt, in the boat with me. The latter was a very active little fellow that the General had given me a few weeks before. He was such an amusing little creature, that he soon became a universal favorite, and was suffered to come into the house, a privilege which was never granted to this gentleman, who paid no regard to the appearance of his coat, which was often wet and dirty, and who was therefore exploded.

The consequence was, Thunder was jealous, and would not associate with him and if he ever took any liberty, he turned upon him and punished him severely. This, however, he did not do in my presence, and he knew I would not suffer it, and therefore, when they both accompanied me to my walks, the big dog contented himself with treating the other with perfect indifference and contempt. Upon this occasion Thunder lay down in the boat and composed himself to sleep, while the little terrier, who was fat of life and animation, and appeared as if he did not know what it was to sleep, ran up and down and looked over the sides, trying to enjoy the thing uncommonly. He watched the motions of the men, as if he understood what was required of them, and we anxiously busied ourselves properly.

After having made my inspections, I returned to the boat for the purpose of proceeding to the town, when I missed the terrier. Thunder was there at my heels, and when I whistled for the other, wagged his tail and looked me in the face, as if he could say, never mind that foolish dog, I am here, and that's enough; so is there anything you want me to do?

After calling in vain, I went back to the barracks, and inquired of the men for Tilt, but no one appeared to have seen him or noticed his motions.

Being persuaded that the dog was in safety, I happened to ask the sentry if he knew where he was.

"Sir," said he, "he is buried in the beach."

Buried in the beach! said I, with great anger, who dared do it? "Why, sir, I buried him. That large dog did it. I saw him down to the [illegible] pretending to cross [illegible] him; and then returned [illegible] to chase him, and when [illegible] beach he throttled him in an instant, then scratching a hole with [illegible] buried him, covering him up with [illegible] After that he went into the water, with his paws washed his head and body, shook himself, and went up to the barracks. You will find the terrier just down there, sir.

And sure enough, there was the poor little fellow, quite dead, and yet appeared warm.

In the meantime, Thunder, who had watched our proceeding from a distance, as soon as he saw the body exhumed, felt as if there was a court martial, holding over himself, plunged into the harbor, and swam across to the town and hid himself for several days, until he thought the affair had blown over; and then approached me anxiously and cautiously, lest he should be apprehended and condemned. As I was unwilling to lose both my dogs, I was obliged to overlook it, and take him back to my confidence.

A SWEDISH TALE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BERGE.

In Falun, a mining town in Sweden, a hundred years or more ago, a young miner kissed his fair bride and said to her:

"On St. Lucia's day our love will be blessed by the priest's hand. Then we shall be husband and wife, and we will build us a little nest of our own.

"And peace and love shall dwell in it, and the beautiful bride with a sweet smile [illegible] art to all the ills and wickedness I would expose [illegible] to my gentle."

But when the priest, in the [illegible] banns in the church for the [illegible] time before St. Lucia's day, pronounced the words, "If now any one can show reason why these persons should not be united in the bonds of matrimony," death was at hand. The young man, on the night before, came to his bride's house next morning in his black garb, already [illegible] and. He tapped upon her window, and said good morning—but he never came back from the mine, and [illegible] that very morning a black carnation with a red border for the wedding day. This she had carefully kept until, never ceased to mourn or weep for him.

Meanwhile, time passed on; the Seven Years' War [illegible] Poland took place; America became free, the French revolution and the long wars began; Napoleon subdued Prussia, and the English bombarded Copenhagen. The husbandman sowed and reaped the miller ground, and the smith hammered, and the miners dug the veins of metal in their subterranean workshops. At the mines of Falun, in the year eighteen hundred and nine, a little before or after St. John's Day, were excavating an opening between two shafts, full three hundred ells below the ground, they dug from the rubbish and mud of water, the body of a young man, entirely saturated with iron-vitriol, but otherwise undecayed and unbloated—so that one could distinguish his features and age as well as if he had died only an hour before, or had fallen asleep for a little while at his work.

But when they had brought him out to the light of day, father, mother, friends and acquaintances, had been long dead; no one could identify the sleeping youth, or tell anything of his misfortune, till the aged woman, who was once the betrothed of that miner who had one day gone to the mine and never returned.—Gray and shrivelled, she came to the place, hobbling upon a crutch, and recognized her bridegroom, whom, more in joyful ecstasy than pain, she sunk down upon the beloved form. As soon as she had recovered from her agony, she exclaimed, "It is my betrothed, whom I have mourned for fifty years, and whom God now permits me once more to behold before I die. A tear before the wedding time, he went about the earth, and never returned."

All the bystanders were moved to see, as they beheld the former bride, a withered and feeble old woman, and the [illegible] still in the bloom of youth; [illegible] of the lapse of fifty years, her [illegible] awoke again. But he never opened his mouth to smile, nor his eyes to recognize and she, finally, as the only one belonging to him, and having a right to him had him carried to her little room, till a grave could be prepared in the churchyard. The next day, when all was ready, and the miners came to take him away, she opened a little drawer, and taking out the black silk cravat, tied it around his neck and then accompanied him to his [illegible] bed, as if it were their wedding day, and not the day of his burial. As she laid him in the grave in his church [illegible] she said: "Sleep on, my betrothed [illegible] I [illegible]

OUR NEW ORLEANS LETTER.

[illegible] New Orleans [illegible] commencing [illegible] Mercury and the [illegible] into two errors in a [illegible] to which we must call an attention [illegible] able and honest journal. The first [illegible] the Mercury has, in any sort, given sanction or approval to National Conventions, composed of men elected by popular assemblies, without authority of law. The Delta seems to imply, in its article, that after yielding assent to such Conventions, we have at length returned to our senses, and disavowed the right of such bodies to dictate the politics of the country. On the contrary, we have always boldly and earnestly opposed them, denied their legality, and insisted that their whole tendency was to place the Government in the hands of self-appointed wire-pullers and office-seekers. We have taken no position on this subject which we have had any occasion to modify, and the Delta is oblivious of our position last Spring.

The second mistake of the Delta is, that something like general consent was given by South Carolina to the representation in the last Presidential Convention. There could not be a greater mistake. Not a twentieth part of the voters of South Carolina gave their approval or had a voice in this movement. In no place in this town was the issue Permitted to be made on the part of the conventionists, whether it should or should not be represented in the general National Convention. The invitations were in favor of representation in that body, and in not a single case were there evidences of approval sufficient to indicate a predominance of public favor on the side of the movement.

It is therefore no return, either of the Mercury or of South Carolina, to the assertion, that we speak contemptuously of political conventions got up by electioneering demagogues, and controlled by men whose sole object is personal advancement.

It is now the faith of our political life, and we are not likely, at this day, to change it. The whole system is evil, and its workings perpetually corrupt the public morals. And this is not so much that these conventions [illegible] have not often done so—as that they establish bad principles and that, in fact they institute a form of government unknown to the Constitution, and the mischiefs of which are impossible to every [illegible] authority. Government has, in fact, passed, under the system, a great mob, [illegible] accident, momentary and available popularity, a loud voice, plausible impudence, and servility to party, may at any time determine who shall be the man to direct the foreign and domestic concerns of the Confederacy. And no matter what choice they make, they are wholly irresponsible.—*Mercury.*

A NEW REMEDY.

A German who resides in Mill Creek township, while recently suffering from a pulmonary attack, sent for a physician who resides on College Hill. In a short time the doctor called on him, prescribing two bottles of [illegible] and receiving his fee of eight dollars, was told by the German, who disliked the site of the bill, that he need not come again.

The German, who, by the by, had heard the doctor's prescription very well, supposed he could get the oil and treat himself. The doctor saw no more of his patient for some time, but one day, riding past the residence of the German, he was pleased to see him out in the garden, digging lustily. The cure seemed such a proof of the virtues of cod liver oil, that he stopped to make more particular inquiries about it.

"You seem to be getting well," said he, addressing the German.

"Vaw, Ish well," responded the former sick man.

"You took as much oil as I told you?" inquired the doctor.

"Oh yaw, I gave [illegible] more as four gallons of de dog liver oil."

"The what?" said the astonished doctor.

"De dog liver oil dat you say I shall take. I have killed dose seven fat little dog I could catch, and de dog liver all have save me. It ish a great medicine, dat dog liver oil."

The doctor, he's selling to-day, but many [illegible] away, and dere is no more [illegible] dog liver consumption might be [illegible]

OUR FRANKLIN'S ONLY SON.

While the name of Dr. Franklin has been so prominently before the public of late, in connection with the celebration at Boston, it may not be uninteresting to give [illegible] account of his only son, William, a [illegible] little is known by the [illegible] I alike his father, [illegible] to generations is for the [illegible] ices he rendered his country [illegible] at need, this son was from [illegible] devoted loyalist. Before the [illegible] he held several civil [illegible] of importance. At the [illegible] the war he held the office [illegible] of New Jersey, which appointment he received in 1763. When [illegible] on the mother country [illegible] coming to a crisis, [illegible] his influence in favor of loyalty, and [illegible] strove to prevent the Legislative Assembly from sanctioning the proceedings of the General Congress at Philadelphia. These efforts, however, did little to stay the tide of popular sentiment in favor of resistance to tyranny, and soon involved him in difficulty. He was deposed by the Whigs to give place to William Livingston, and sent a prisoner to Connecticut, where he remained for two years in East Windsor, in the house of Capt. Ebenezer Grant, near where the Theological Seminary now stands. In 1778 he was exchanged, and soon after went to England. There he spent the remainder of his life, receiving a pension from the British Government for the losses he had sustained by his fidelity. He died in 1813, at the age of eighty-two.

As might be expected, his opposition to the cause of liberty so dear to the heart of his father, produced an estrangement between them. For years they had no intercourse. When, at last, the son wrote to his father on his reply Dr. Franklin says, "Nothing has ever happened to me that has so much [illegible] as to find myself deserted in my old age by my only son, and not only deserted, but to find him taking up arms against me in a cause wherein my good fame, fortune, and life, were all at stake." In his will also, he alludes to the part his son had acted. After making him some bequests, he adds: "The part he acted against me in the late war, which is of public notoriety, will account for my leaving him no more of an estate which he endeavored to deprive me of." The patriotism of the father stands forth all the brighter when contrasted with the desertion of the son.—*Newburyport Herald.*

"UNTIMELY DEAD."

Every day is written this little sentence—"died yesterday," so and so. Every day a flower is plucked from some sunny home; a breach made in some happy circle; a jewel stolen from treasury of love. Each day from the summer fields of life some harvester disappears—yea, every hour some sentinel falls from his post, and is thrown from the ramparts of time into the unknown waters of eternity. Even as we write, the funeral of one who "died yesterday" winds like a water shadow along the street.

"Died yesterday." Who died? Perhaps it was a gentle babe, sinless as an angel, pure as the sky, fair young—one whose laugh was as the gush of summer rills loitering in the bower of roses—whose little life was a perpetual litany, a daytime crowned with the passion of flowers that never fade. Or, perhaps it was a youth, hopeful, and generous—whose path was hemmed by flowers, with not a serpent lurking underneath—one whose soul panted for communion with the grass and good, and reached forth with earnest struggle for the guerdon in the distance. But that heart is still now, he died yesterday."

"Died yesterday." A young girl, pure as the [illegible] flowers that she had her forehead, was stricken down as she stood at the altar; and from the dim aisles of the temple she was borne to the garden of flowerets. A tall, browned man, girt with the [illegible] of victory, and at the day's close, under his own vine and fig tree, fell to dust even as the [illegible] upon his lips, and he, too, was laid where the cool fountains of the hamlet sleep." An angel patriarch, bowed with age and cares, even as he looked out upon the distant hills for the coming of the angel host, sank into a dreamless slumber, and on his door-post was written, "died yesterday."

"Died yesterday." Busy men, widows and children are passing away, and silently, to some graveyard, covered up, gone up on the dead. As often in the morn, we find some flower that bloomed sweetly in the sunset, has withered up in the night, even so, day by day, when we look from the [illegible] stations [illegible] we miss some brother soldier, whose [illegible] the reaper's sickle of the day has [illegible] from heaven upon our hearts.

Each day some pearl drops from the jewel thread of friendship—some tye [illegible]

THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH FORESHADOWED.—In Bailey's Dictionary, 1st edition of 1730—127 years ago—under the word "Londator" is the following foreshadowing of the Electric Telegraph:

"Some authors write, that by the help of the magnet [illegible] communicate their minds to a friend at a great distance; as suppose one to be at London, and the other at Paris, if each of them have a circular alphabet, like the dial plate of a clock, and a needle touched with one magnet, then at the same time that the needle at London was moved, that at Paris would move in like manner, provided each party had secret notes for dividing words, and the observation was made at a set hour, either of the day or of the night, and when one party would inform the other of any matter, he is to move the needle to those letters that will form the words, that will declare what he would have the other know, and the other move his, over in the like manner. This may be done [illegible]"

Abernethy was sent for by an innkeeper who had a quarrel with his wife who had scored his face with her nails so that the poor man was bleeding and much disfigured. Dr. Abernethy, admonishing the offender, said: "Madam, are you not ashamed of yourself to treat your husband thus—the husband, who is the head of all—your head Madam, insect?"

"Well, doctor," fiercely returned the virago, "and may I not scratch my own head?"

A Boston trader called at a country farm house, sometime ago, to buy cheese, but when he came to look at the lot he concluded not to take it, as it was so full of skippers. As he was going off, the farmer said to him:

"Look here, mister, how can I get my cheese down to Boston the cheapest?"

The trader took another look at it, and seeing more and more evidence of its being alive, replied:

"Well, let it be a day or two longer, and I guess *you can drive it right down.*"

A young colt being chased by a wild cow ran into a thicket, and not returning home till late, was asked by her mother where he had been——"Among widows, ma——" was the precocious reply of the little fellow.

A stupid fellow once being seen in a reflective attitude, standing down with his head between his legs, was asked the reason for which he replied he wanted to see how the pain in the back of his head looked.

"Sabina, was you busy in bus'ness?"—calls cousin Ewald.

"What business?"

"Sewing plaster."

"Why, you can ask my colored friend" [illegible] "he dat I darned dat old nigger's heart [illegible] more."

[illegible] your pains at the door [illegible] who [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] portion of [illegible] dinner.