

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.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETORS

TERMS:
The *Pee Dee Herald* is published every Tuesday, at \$2 per year, *in advance*.
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Miscellaneous.

TERRIBLE BALLOON ASCENSION
A correspondent of Porter's Spirit of the Times, furnishes the following particulars of a balloon ascension made with Mons. Godard, from Philadelphia, on the 1st of November last:

I was introduced to my fellow passengers (five in number,) and at 3 minutes past four the cords were cut, and we were off.

The day was cold for the season: the thermometer having been at 47 deg. when we took our departure, and the air had a very snowy feel. The clouds, which had been gradually gathering from morning, now began to assume a threatening aspect, and sure enough, in a few minutes we were in the midst of a furious whirlwind of sleet and snow. The wind whistled terribly through the cordage of the balloon, as we rushed with fearful rapidity through the blinding sleet, and the vacillation of our tenuous globe was so alarming, that we were obliged to cling with the grasp of desperation to the cords, to prevent our being pitched headlong into the abyss below.—Again we were tossed into an almost horizontal position, more so than at any previous time, and that was our salvation, for everything movable but ourselves fell out, and bags included, and we arose with a rush above the storm. But we had escaped one danger to encounter a more serious one. It was now intensely cold, and the wet snow, which had accumulated around and on the top of the balloon, became frozen in one solid sheet of ice, and its further contraction might seriously endanger the safety of the balloon. What was to be done?—Happily an idea struck Mons G., and quick as thought he clambered like a cat up the netting of the balloon, near its top, and with his cane (which fortunately had been secured to the ear) battered away manfully until the ice shell parted and fell in a mass upon us, burying us like an avalanche.—We all fell to work and in a few minutes the ear was cleared, and the balloon, relieved of its burthen, shot up again to a fearful height, during which time Mons G. lowered himself back to the ear in safety.

That we were at a higher point than ever man before attained, was plain from the great difficulty we experienced in breathing. Our ears tingled, and the very blood in our veins seemed to be forcing itself out of our ears, mouth and finger ends. To continue then much longer upward would be certain destruction. "Let us descend at once, Mons. Godard," we exclaimed. Upon this, Godard immediately pulled the valve rope, but horror! the valve was frozen fast, so hard that his utmost strength was insufficient to pull it open. To increase our horror, we were just mounting into another cloud, but fortunately this time of rain. Again we were at the mercy of the wind, and were carried hither and thither as before, but not with the same degree of severity, until we arose above it.

A second time the valve-rope was tried, but without success, and Mons G. was too much overcome to ascend the balloon a second time. Still our course was upward; but, strange to say, as we progressed we experienced less difficulty of breathing than when we must have been more than a mile nearer the earth, according to G.'s calculation.—though it was rather a hazardous one, for all his instruments, together with a demijohn of water, several bottles of wine, and a well-filled basket of lard, had fallen out when we encountered the snow storm.

Our balloon still continued to rise, and singular to relate, the higher we rose, the warmer it became. This was inexplicable and so totally opposite to all known theories, that we were struck with wonder.—Could it be that the earth's atmosphere ceased at a little lower point from where

we then were, and that we were encountering a stream of heat in the air, flowing, on the principle of the ocean gulf stream, through the sea?

It was a great regret with all of us, and Mons. G. in particular, that the instruments were gone, for with them we might have ascertained the different degrees of height, and given a valuable suggestion towards the solving of this wonderful problem.

The heat had now become so oppressive that we were obliged to divest ourselves of our overcoats, which so short a time before were buttoned up close around our ears, and we feared, should it become much hotter, it might cause a too sudden expansion of the balloon. Night, too, was beginning to fold in her wings upon us.

"We must descend," said Mons. G. "I will climb up and cut a hole in one side of the balloon, if the valve will not now open; and be pulled for a third time at the rope when, thanks be to Heaven, it yielded! Up there in the vast heavens, fifty thousand feet away from all we held dear upon earth, we gave a shout of joy, and began to descend, slowly at first, and then with increasing rapidity. Again we were compelled to buffet the wind, as we passed through a dense cloud, which drenched us to the skin, and to bear the most intense cold and pressure of the lungs; but thanks to our decision, it was of short duration, and we were soon blessed with the sight of earth. Oh, what a world of joy it was to me! Language cannot describe my feelings at that moment.

But what was that wide expanse that broke upon our astonished vision!—Father of mercy! it was the ocean! Had we been saved from the almost instantaneous death of falling through the air to meet the more lingering one of being drowned? It was a dreadful moment of trial, but hope did not entirely desert us. We were directly over the sea, though fortunately but a short distance from land. We could see the white sandy beach and hear the breakers roaring distinctly. Down, down we came, till within about three hundred feet of the water, when Mons. G. started us by singing out, "Off with your hats, boots, and overcoats, and over with them—quick!" We obeyed in a twinkling, and the balloon, thus relieved, remained for a moment stationary; then, a light breeze from seaward having sprung up, we were gently and safely wafted o'er the land and descended directly alongside of the light house at Abasco Inlet. Thus ends my first voyage in a balloon, and my last too.

A HOT DOSE.

In the pleasant little village of Haddonfield, N. J., some years ago, there resided an old fellow who was familiarly known in the village and country round as "Old Joe." He had no particular occupation—nor any particular location. He ate where he could find a lodging place. He was a hardy old fellow, and occasionally made a few shillings by cutting wood or working in the field. Joe was a regular old toper, and Jersey lightning had no more effect on his insides than so much water. Old Joe was never known to love anything but whiskey, and he did love that. He generally made his headquarters at the lower tavern. There were two taverns in the village, at the time of which we write. He would sleep and doze away the afternoon on an old bench in one corner of the bar room, but was always awake when there was any drinking a going on. He said he could never sleep when he heard the jingling of glasses and the gurgling sound of old rye and applejack. When he was not asked to drink he would slip to the bar and drain the glasses of the few drops left in them. One afternoon, Dr. Bolus, the village physician, was in the tavern, mixing up a preparation. He placed a tumbler half full of *aqua fortis* on the bar, and turned around to mix up some other ingredients. A few moments after he had occasion to use the poisonous drug, when he found, to his dismay, that the tumbler had been drained to the last drop.

"Mr. Wiggins exclaimed the doctor, in surprise, to the landlord, 'what has become of that *aqua fortis* I put on the bar a few moments ago?'"
"I don't know," replied the landlord, "unless old Joe sipped in and drank it."

In this suspicion they were both confirmed, for the hostler said he had seen old Joe swallow the late draught. The doctor knowing that he must certainly die after such a dose, instituted a search at once. After some hours spent in looking throughout the barn, outhouses, and woods, for three or four miles around the village, he was abandoned to his fate. It was a cold night, and as the village toppers assembled around the blazing hickory fire in the bar room, nothing was thought of or talked of but the unfortunate end of poor Old Joe. With all his faults, the greatest of which was his drinking propensities, Old Joe

was quite a favorite among the women and children, and some of the old toppers hung their heads ominously, while a tear was seen to twinkle down their bloated cheeks. Some four days had elapsed, and nothing having been heard from Old Joe, they all came to the conclusion that he was a goner. The Doctor, about this time had occasion to visit a patient some eight miles distant; what was his surprise, when about five miles from the village, to see Old Joe in front of a farmer's house, splitting wood.

"Why, Joe," said the Doctor, riding up to the fence, "I thought you was dead and buried before this."

"Why, what made you think that, Doctor?" leaning on his axe-handle.

"Did you drink that dose I left on old Wiggins' bar, a few days since?"

"Yes, replied Joe, half ashamed to own it.

"Do you know what it was?" asked the Doctor.

"No!" returned Joe.

"Why it was *aqua fortis*—enough to kill a dozen men."

"Well, now, Doctor, do you know that I thought there was something queer about that darned stuff, for after I drank it, every time I blowed my nose I burnt a hole in my pocket-handkerchief."

Jimicks says that when he was in love, he felt as if he were being hung, and had a cat in his hat and a reek of humble bees under his waistcoat. Jimicks knows the symptoms.

Juliana says that she felt—oh, my!—as if she were in a bower of moonbeams, sinking in a bath of effulgent honey beneath a blaze of balsam stars, to the tune of slow music.

IMPORTANCE OF A WITNESS

A Cincinnati paper tells a pretty good story of a Frenchman and his jealous spouse at one of the hotels of that city.—The lady indulged herself continually, as soon as closeted with her mispronouncing husband, in hysterical upbraiding for his imaginary delinquencies in ogling the ladies a table, and at last things grew so at the bad that the following denouncement transpired.—The lady led off, as usual, with much emphasis:

Monsieur, however, had reached the culminating point of human endurance, and he responded in a vehement outburst of broken English, interlarded with French expletives, until the fair one seized his case of razors in an apparently desperate determination to commit suicide.

Seizing her arm with one hand, he pulled the bell-rope violently with the other, a summons which was speedily answered, for the waiters, whose organs of inquisitiveness are usual well developed, had been religiously listening outside of the door, to what was going on within. As soon, however, as one entered the chamber, our gallant Frenchman relinquished his hold of the lady's arm.

"Ah, ah! Madame," hissed he between his teeth, "you shall cut your throat, oh? *tres bien*, ver goot, now you cut your throat so quick as you like. *Mais* I has von keetle witness as you cut him yourself. Ah, ah, *ma chere mere*; you want out your throat, cut him right away."

THE FORGED WILL.

A thrilling scene in court, related by Samuel Warren, F. R. S., Author of the *Diary of a late Physician*, *Ten Thousand a Year*, &c., to a gentleman of this City, as having occurred in his own practice.

A few years since, a man of high respectability was tried in England on a charge of forging a will, in which it was discovered he had an indirect interest to a large amount. Mr. Warren was the associate prosecuting attorney, and the case was tried before Lord Denman.

The prisoner being arraigned and the formalities gone through with, the prosecutor, placing his thumb upon the seal, held up the will and demanded of the prisoner if he had seen the testator sign that instrument, to which he promptly answered, he had.

"And did you sign it at his request as subscribing witness?"

"I did."

"Was it sealed with red or black wax?"

"With red wax."

"Did you see him seal it with red wax?"

"I did."

"Where was the testator when he signed and sealed this will?"

"In his bed."

"Pray how long a piece of wax did he use?"

"About three or four inches long."

"Who gave the testator this piece of wax?"

"I did."

"Where did you get it?"

"From the drawer of his desk."

"How did he light this piece of wax?"

"With a candle."

"Where did that piece of candle come from?"

"I got it out of a cupboard in his room."

"How long was that piece of candle?"

"Perhaps four or five inches long."

"Who lit that piece of candle?"

"I lit it."

"With what?"

"With a match."

"Where did you get that match?"

"On the mantle-shelf in the room."

Here Warren paused, and fixed his large deep blue eyes upon the prisoner, he held the will up above his head, his thumb still resting upon the seal, and said in a solemn, measured tone:

"Now sir, upon your solemn oath, you saw the testator sign that will—he signed it in his bed—at his request you signed it, as a subscribing witness—you saw him seal it—it was with red wax he sealed it—a piece of wax, two, three or four inches long—he lit that wax with a piece of candle which you procured for him from a cupboard—you lit that candle by a match which you found on the mantle shelf?"

"I did."

"Once more, sir—upon your solemn oath, you did!"

"I did!"

"My Lord—it's A WAPER!"

A PRACTICAL SCHOOLMASTER.

We once heard of a committee's interfering with and turning out a schoolmaster, for committing enormities, in the way of illustrating his lessons. It appears that he had enlisted the minds of the pupils in Natural Philosophy, and tried to get some apparatus, but he was told to do the teaching and leave the nonsense. But nothing daunted, he got some apparatus himself and told the boys if they would bring a mouse or two the next day, he would show them the effects of nitrogen upon them. The next day came the committee, to prove him, because, forsooth, the boys, in their eagerness to learn, had been up all night trying to catch mice for their master, and disturbing the house! He promised to do better, but when he came to Astronomy he committed an atrocious crime, for being deficient of an Orrery, he took the biggest boy in the school, and placing him in the middle for the Sun, told him to turn round slow on his axis as the Sun; he then placed a little fellow for Mercury; next to him a girl for Venus; then a representation of the Earth; then a fiery little fellow for Mars, and so on, till he got all the planetary system arranged, and explained to each how fast he was to turn on his heel as he went round his orbit. Then, giving the signal, the Sun commenced revolving; away went the whole team of planets around him, each boy keeping in his proper distance from the center, trotting with the proper velocity in his orbit and whirling around in due proportion as he performed his revolution. It must have been a rare sight, and a lesson which the boys retained; for do you think, my dear Sir, that John, who presented Mercury, would ever forget that he had an easy time walking round the rubber in the center; while Will, who represented Herschell, must have been out of breath in scampering around his orbit?

But the boys did not forget the lesson, neither did the master; they danced, but he paid the piper! for horrified, the committee dismissed him at once; he had been teaching, for aught they knew, the dance of the Turkish dervishes.

THE BORDER ENCOUNTER.

Joe Logston was a powerful fellow, of six foot three in his stockings, and proportionately stout and muscular. Fear was a word he knew not the meaning of, and to fight was his pastime, particularly if his scalp was the prize he fought for. On one occasion he was mounted on his poney, which was leisurely picking his way along the trail, with his head down half asleep, while his rider was enjoying a feast on some wild grapes which he had picked as he came along—not dreaming of any danger until he heard the crack of two rifles on either side of the path. One ball struck Logston, grazing the skin above the breast bone, but without doing any material damage. The other passed through his horse, just behind the saddle, killing him. In an instant of time Logston found himself on his feet, grasping his trusty rifle, and looking for his foe.—He might easily have been swept by running, as the guns of the Indians were empty, and they could not pretend to compete with him in speed. But Logston was no one of that sort. He boasted that he never left a battle field without taking his mark.

One of the savages sprang into the path and made at him; but he dodged; that his opponent was prepared for him, he sprang again. Logston, knowing that there were two Indians, looked about him, and discovered between a couple of saplings,

engaged in reloading his piece. The trees were scarcely large enough to shield his person, and in pushing down the ball he exposed his hips; and Logston drew a bead and fired, and struck him in the exposed part. Now that his rifle was empty the big Indian, who had first made his appearance, rushed forward, feeling sure of his prey. Logston, however, stood calmly awaiting the Savage, with his rifle clubbed and his feet braced for a powerful blow. Perceiving this, his foe halted within ten paces, and with all the vigorous force of a vigorous arm, threw his tomahawk, but Logston equally quick in his movements, dodged it, suffering a slight cut on his left shoulder as it passed, and then rushed in. The Indian darted into the bushes and successfully dodged the blows made at his head by the now enraged hunter, who, becoming mad at the failure of his successive efforts, gathered all his strength for the final blow which the cunning savage dodged as before, and the rifle, which by this time had become reduced to the simple barrel, struck a tree and flew out of Logston's hand into the bushes.

The Indian sprang to his feet and confronted him. Both empty handed, they stood for a moment, for the blood was flowing freely from the wound in Logston's breast, and the Indian supposing him more seriously wounded than he really was, and thinking to take advantage of his weakness closed with him intending to throw him, in this, however, he reckoned without his host, for he found himself at full length on his back, with Logston on top. Springing from under him, they were both on their feet again—and again closed.—This time the savage was more weary, but the same result followed, and he was again beneath his opponent. But having the advantage of being naked to the breech cloth and oiled from head to foot, he could slip out from under the hunter and resume an erect position. Six different times was he thrown with the same success; but neither seemed to have the advantage. By this time they had, in their struggles and contortions, returned to the open path, and Logston concluded to change his tactics. He was becoming sensibly weaker from loss of blood, while on the other hand the savage seemed to lose none of his strength from the many falls he had. Closing again in a close hug they fell as before, but this time instead of endeavoring to keep his antagonist down, he sprang at once to his feet again, and as the Indian came up he dealt him a blow between the eyes which felled him like an ox, at the same time falling with all his weight upon the body he grasped him by the throat with a grip like a vice intending to strangle him. He found, however, that the savage was trying to disengage his knife which was in his belt. But he was too quick for him; for seizing it, with one powerful blow drove it into the belt in the Indian's hand.

Springing to his feet, Logston now beheld the other red skin, and looked around to discover him. He still lay with his back broken by the ball, where he had fallen; and having his piece loaded, he was trying to raise himself up to fire it. Concluding that he had enough of fighting for exercise, and knowing that the savage could not make his escape, the hunter took his way to the fort.

He presented truly an awful sight when he reached there—his clothes being torn nearly off from his person, and covered with blood and dirt from his head to his feet. A party started for the battle ground, where they discovered the body of the big Indian and the corpse of the second, with his own knife thrust into his heart and his hand still grasping it to show that he came to his death by his own hand.

When Demson P. got into a bad position, he was very expert at crawling out of it. Though too quick tempered, he was one of the best deacons in the world. He would not, in a sober moment, utter an oath, or anything like one, for his weight in ciders. At the close of a rainy day, he was milking upon a knoll, in his barn yard, on one side of which was a dirty slough, and on the other was an old buck, that, in consideration of his usually quiet disposition, was allowed to rove with the cows. The Deacon was piously humming "Old Hundred," and had just finished the line, ending with "exalted high," when the rain, obeying a sudden impulse to be aggressive, gave him a blow from behind that sent him up a short distance, only to fall directly in the slough where the dirty water was deep enough to give him a thorough immersion. As he crawled out, and before he rose from his hands and knees, he looked over his shoulder at the rain, and then vociferated—"You devilish old ones!" but on looking round and seeing one of his neighbors at the barn looking at him, he added in the same breath—"If I may be allowed to use the expression."

PALEY.

When Paley first went to Cambridge he fell into a society far richer than himself, to whom his talents and conviviality made him an acceptable companion, and he was in a fair way for ruin. One morning one of these comrades came into his bed-room before he was up, and he, as usual, thought it was to propose some plan of pleasure for the day. His friend, however said—"Paley, I have not slept a wink this night for thinking of you I am, as you know heir to such a fortune, and whether I ever look in a look at Cambridge or not, does not signify one farthing. But this is not the case with you; you have only your abilities to look to, and no man has better, if you do but make the proper use of them. But if you go on in this way you are ruined; and from this time forward I am determined not to associate with you, for your own sake. You know I like your company, and it is a great sacrifice to give it up; but give it up I will, as a matter of conscience." Paley lay in bed the whole day, ruminating upon this. In the evening he rose and took his tea, ordered his bed-maker to make his fire over night, and call him at five in the morning; and from that day forward rose always at that hour, went out first wrangler, and became the fortunate man he was. This he related to his intimate friend, Mr. Sheepshanks; from him it came to Broome, and he told it to me this evening, October 6th 1808. —Southey

ARREST OF SUPPOSED ABOLITIONISTS.

Third Sergeant Thomas Price, of the Mounted Police, arrested in this city last evening, in the vicinity of Drayton street, an individual named James Marshall, who was delivering an abolition speech. From his appearance it was supposed that many imitations of Southern red-eye fired up his Northern feelings, and he undertook the responsibility of giving to a few little sappers his opinions of Southern institutions. They were very much amused at him, and when he was arrested gave three hearty cheers at his success in getting lodgings at the Police Barracks. Another gentleman of the same stripe was also arrested in the vicinity of the market and was looked up. They will be quietly sent from the city to their Northern homes, and should be thankful each at having escaped a coat of tar and feathers.—Savannah Georgian.

STARTLING DISCLOSURES.

The trial of HUNTINGTON, for forgery, is still going on at New York, in the Court of General Sessions. The prosecution finished their portion of the case on Tuesday. Mr. BRYAN opened for the defence, and started at once with the plea of insanity. During Mr. BRYAN's address to the jury, he made use of some very strange language, and put forth the following astounding developments:

"Charles Belden knew Huntington's character and whole career. It was he who tempted Huntington to these forgeries, petted him, and smiled approval upon all his prodigality. Charles Belden has for a period of only five months established an account at the Bank of the Republic of five millions of dollars.

These forgeries thus fostered have amounted in all to \$20,000,000, an astounding sum; Belden induced Huntington to take into his employ one Banker, formerly an attaché of the Beldens and Harbicks, who was to act as spy.

He alleges that Belden knew of all these forgeries, and that the detection was purely accidental. Belden was known to be an accomplished gentleman, and at the same time the most avaricious grasping usurer among us. He became blinded in his cupidity, and the evil day came before he had perfected his plans for escape.

He was not yet through with Harbick. The idea that he would take no more than legal interest was an astounding absurdity.

There was only a half million out of the twenty millions of forged papers yet revealed. It was forged in the very chair which contained Robert Schuyler when he perpetrated his great mercenary forgeries.

The names of high and low were forged, and there was no attempt at imitation. The nearest resemblance in the whole mass was the poor imitation of Phelps, Dodge and Co.

VERDICT OF A NASSAU INQUIRER.—We do not describe darkies, but a Krauser, Jerry of New York, was on his body as he sat on a bench, now dead and gone before, as had been said on dead night before, and did on night of the 15th of January, 1856, come to his death by falling from a tree, what we had he was under a tree, and after that was washed out of the world, what we can be from the fact.