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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THE PEE DEE HERALD is published every TUESDAY, at $2 per year, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

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

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MISCELLANEOUS.

FANCY TALES FOR MONEY AND AMUSEMENT.

The world has come to a singular pass in regard to its reading. The change in this respect, in the reading provided for the people, within the last twenty years, has been marked, as can well be imagined The Christian family, then, would have no more permitted the kind of reading which is now popular among almost all classes, than they would have allowed a person infected with some dreadful disease an association with their household. Novels, fancy tales, disgusting recitals, polluting reminiscences, the merest balderdash, written, too, many times by persons professing morality and respectable position, are now read and relished by our children, even with the consent of pious and church-going parents. We have not been surprised, when we have considered the amount and character of the stuff thrown off from a prolific press, and seized with avidity by the public, that the general taste and sentiment should have become so vitiated and corrupt. The result of this innovating and demoralizing tendency is already too apparent. The more substantial and improving kind of reading, that which relates to the practical duties and high responsibilities of life, with that, also, which directs thought and feeling to their eternal destiny, has passed into an almost secondary consideration in the formation of character, and in the estimate of life's true position

This is particularly true in regard to the youth of the country. Other publications and books may be read, and the truths which they contain may be considered with something like soberness of purpose; but still the novel, whether it be one of the common sham moral tales, the improving every day life delineations, or some other form of disguise sought to deceive the public, is, after all, the passion of vast multitudes of the reading class of our people. We need not seek even to present evidence for this opinion. There is scarcely a family which is not visited by what is termed the light reading of the day It is sold and bought every where, and is presented in every imaginable style and decoration to catch the attention. But while this is so, and while immense mischief must grow out of what is termed the common literature of the country, its fancy tales, published for money and amusement, we are glad to recognize a counteracting element as seen in the multitudinous issue of moral and religious books and other publications, by the various denominations, designed to seize on the young mind before it becomes entirely alienated from good and wholesome reading. This we esteem as a God-send to the age, and the bright star of promise to the rising generation! We appeal to the Christian public, to pious families, to moral and intelligent men and women, to infuse this salutary and life-giving influence into the minds of their children before their tastes are corrupted, and their young hearts poisoned, and their moral habits become estranged from all which is substantial and honoring in human progress.—*Buffalo Christian Advocate.*

THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

Besides the countless varieties of the fucus, the bottom of the sea is overgrown with the curled, deep purple leaves of the sea lettuce, with a large porous lichens, and many-branched, hollow algae, full of life and motion in their rosy little bladders, thickly set with ever-moving tiny arms.

These plants form submarine forests, growing one into another, in apparently lawless order: here interlacing their branches, there forming bowers and long avenues; at one time thriving abundantly, till he thicket seems impenetrable; then again leaving large openings between wold and wold, where smaller plants form a beautiful pink turf. There a thousand hues and tinges shine and glitter in each changing light. In the indulgence of their luxurious growth, the fuci especially seem to gratify every whim and freak. Creeping close to the ground, or sending long stretching arms, crowned with waving plumes, up to the blessed light of heaven. they form pale green sea groves,, when there is neither moon or star; or rise up near or to the surface, to be transcendently rich and gorgeous in brightest green, gold, and purple. And through this dreamlike scene, playing in all the colors of the rainbow, and deep under the hollow, briny ocean, there sail and chase each other merrily gaily-painted mollusces, and bright shining fishes. Snails of every shape creep slowly along the stems, while huge, greyhaired seals hang with their enormous tusks on large, tall trees. There is the gigantic Dugong, the siren of the ancients, the side long shark with his leaden eyes, the thick haired sea leopard, and the sluggish turtle.

Look how these strange, ill-shapen forms which ever keep their dreamless sleep far down in the gloomy deep, stir themselves from time to time! See how they drive each other from their rich pastures, how they seem to awaken in storms, rising like islands from beneath, and snorting through the angry spray! Perhaps they gaze peacefully in the unbroken cool of the ocean's deep bed. when lo! a hungry shark comes slyly, silently around that grove; its glassy eyes shine ghost like with a yellow sheen, and seek their prey. The sea dog first becomes aware of his dreaded enemy, and seeks refuge in the thickest recesses of the fucus forest. In an instant the whole scene changes. The oyster closes its shell with a clap, and throws itself into the deep below; the turtle conceals head and feet under her impenetrable armour, and sinks slowly downward; the playful little fish disappear in the branches of the marocystis; lobsters hide under the thick, clumsily shapen roots, and the young walrus alone turns boldly round, and faces the intruder with sharp-pointed teeth, The shark seeks to gain his unprotected side. The battle commences; both seek the forest: their fins become entangled in the closely interwoven branches, at last the more agile shark succeeds in wounding his adversary's side. Despairing of life, the bleeding walrus tries to conceal his agony in the woods, but blinded by pain and blood, he fastens himself among the branches, and soon falls an easy prey to the shark, who greedily devours him.

ANCIENT WHEAT.

Two years ago, a scientific gentleman, in making archeological researches, in some of the ancient tombs in the South of France, found imbedded with some preserved bodies a species of wheat not now in existence. It was a habit in the days of the first Gallic kings to place in the coffin of embalmed persons a certain quantity of wheat. Some of this wheat was sown, and the gentleman was astonished to see sprout forth from sixteen to twenty stalks from a grain. As they grew, the stalks became angular and much stronger and more vigorous than the common wheat. When the grain formed, it was found that there were on an average twenty more grains in a head than in the ordinary wheat A considerable quantity of this ancient Gallic or Roman wheat was sown last Fall on the Government farm at Rambouillet, and great reports are arriving of its productiveness. The ordinary wheat of France is I suspect, only the degeneration of this ancient wheat, diminished in vigor and productiveness by the centuries of reproduction through which it has passed. This discovery will take us back through fourteen centuries, for our seed wheat, and will put France suddenly in possession of one eighth more agricultural wealth than she possessed before the discovery! At least, these are the expectations built upon it, and it is to be hoped that they will be realized.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

INDIRECT SUICIDE.

"1. Wearing thin shoes and cotton stockings on damp nights, and in cool, rainy weather. Wearing insufficient clothing, and especially upon the limbs and extremities.

"2. Leading a life of enfeebling, stupid laziness, and keeping the mind in an unnatural state of excitement by reading trashy novels. Going to theatres, parties and balls in all sorts of weather, in the thinnest possible dress. Dancing till in a complete perspiration, and then going home without sufficient over garments, through the cool, damp air.

"3. Sleeping on feather beds in seven-by-nine bedrooms, without ventillation at the top of the windows, and especially with two or more persons in the same small, unventillated bedroom.

"4. Surfeiting on hot and very stimulating dinners. Eating in a hurry, without half masticating the food, and eating heartily before going to bed every night, when the mind and body are exhausted by the toils of the day and the excitement of the evening.

"5. Beginning in childhood on tea and coffee, and going from one step to another through chewing and smoking tobacco, and drinking intoxicating liquors By personal abuse, and physical and mental excesses of every description.

"6. Marrying in haste and getting an uncongenial companion, and living the remainder of life in mental dissatisfaction. Cultivating jealousies and domestic broils, and being always in a mental ferment.

"7. Keeping children quiet by giving paregoric and cordials, by teaching them to suck candy, and by supplying them with raisins, nuts, and rich cake. When they are sick, by giving them mercury, tartar-emetic, and arsenic, under the mistaken notion that they are medicines and not irritant poisons.

"8. Allowing the love of gain to absorb our minds, so as to leave no time to attend to our health. Following an unhealthy occupation because money can be made by it.

"9 Tempting the appetite with bitters and niceties when the stomach says No, and by forcing food into it when nature does not demand and even rejects it.—Gormandizing between meals.

"10. Contriving to keep in a continual worry about something or nothing.—Giving way to fits of anger.

"11. Being irregular in all our habits of sleeping and eating. Going to bed at midnight and getting up at noon. Eating too much, too many kinds of food, and that which is too highly seasoned.

"12. Neglecting to take proper care of ourselves, and not apply for medical advice when disease first appears. Taking celebrated quack medicines to a degree of making a drug shop of the body.

"The above causes produce more sickness, suffering and death than all epidemics, malaria and contagion, combined with war, pestilence, and famine. Nearly all who have attained to old age have been remarkable for equanimity of temper, correct habits of diet, drink and rest—for temperance, cheerfulness, and morality. Physical punishment is sure to visit the transgressor of nature's laws. All commit suicide, and cut off many years of their natural life who do not observe the means of preventing disease and of preserving health.

THIRST IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

The use of snow when persons are thirsty does not by any means allay the insatiable desire for water; on the contrary, it appears to be increased in proportion to the quantity used and the frequency with which it is put into the mouth. For example, a person walking along feels intensely thirsty, and he looks down with coveting eyes; but his good sense and firm resolution are not to be overcome so easily, and he withdraws the open hand that was to grasp the delicious morsel and conveys it into his parching mouth. He has several miles of a journey to accomplish, and his thirst is every moment increasing; he is perspiring profusely, and feels quite hot and oppressed. At length his good resolution staggers, and he partakes of the smallest particle, which produces a most exhilarating effect; in less than ten minutes he tastes again and again, always increasing the quantity; and in half an hour he has a gum-stick of condensed snow, which he masticates with avidity, and replaces with assiduity the moment that it is melted away. But his thirst is not allayed in the slightest degree; he is as hot as ever and still perspires; his mouth is in flames, and he is driven to the necessity of quenching them with snow, which adds fuel to the fire. The melting snow ceases to please the palate, and feels like red hot coals, which, like a fire-eater, he shifts about with his tongue, and swallows without the addition of saliva. He is in despair; but habit has taken the place of his reasoning faculties, and he moves on with languid steps, lamenting the severe fate which forces him to persist in a practice which in an unguarded moment he allowed to begin. I believe the true cause of such intense thirst is the extreme dryness of the air, when the temperature is low.

THE MORNING STARS.

I had occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston; and for this purpose rose at two o' clock in the morning. Every thing around was wrapped in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene, midsummer's night, the sky was without a cloud, the winds were whist. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral lustre but little affected by her presence. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the Pleiades, just above the horizon, shed their sweet influence in the East; Lyra sparkled near the Zenith; Andromeda veiled her newly-discovered glories from the naked eye in the South; the steady pointers, far beneath the pole, looked meekly up from the depths of the North to their Sovereign.

Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the West and North remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels hidden from mortal eyes shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the East began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radience, till at length we reached the Blue Hills; a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of flowers and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds, the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his course.

I do not wonder at the superstition of the ancient Magians, who, in the morning of the world, went up to the hill tops of Central Asia, and, ignorant of the true God, adored the most glorious work of his hand. But I am filled with amazement, when I am told that in this enlightened age, and in the heart of the Christian world, there are persons who can witness this daily manifestation of the power and wisdom of the Creator, and yet say in their hearts, "There is no God."—*Hon. Edward Everett*

——An Irishman was in the very intellectual occupation of sucking raw eggs and reading a newspaper. By some mischance he contrived to bolt a live chicken. The poor bird chirped as it went down his throat and he very coolly replied, "Be the powers, my young friend, you spoke too late."

I NEVER GOSSIP.

Oh no, I never gossip! I have enough to do to take care of of my business without talking about the affairs of others, Mrs. Smith. Why, there's Mrs. Crooker, she deals in scandal by the wholesale; it does seem to me as though that woman's tongue must be almost worn out; but no danger of that. If everybody was like me there wouldn't be much trouble in the world. Oh no, I never gossip. But did you know that Miss Elliot had got a new silk dress Mrs. Smith? You didn't! I do say it's a real brocade; I say it myself I do say it's shameful for her to be so extravagant; I mean to give her a piece of my mind, Mrs. Smith? You believe her uncle gave it to her? Well, I don't care if he did; why, it's only two months since her father failed, and now, to see her dash out in this style its a burning shame. I suppose she thinks she's going to catch young Lawyer Stanhope, but I guess she'll find herself mistaken; he's got more sense than to be caught by her, if she has got a brocade silk dress.

And there's the upstart dressmaker, Kate Manley, setting her cap for the doctor's son the impertinence of some people is perfectly astonishing. I don't think she's any better than she ought to be, for my own part; I never did like her, with her mild soft look, when any one's around; my word for it, she can look cross enough when there ain't, then she says she's only seventeen! Goodness knows she's as old as my Arabella Lucretia, and she's—well, I won't say how old, but she's more'n seventeen, and I ain't ashamed to say so either; but I guess Dr May's son will have more discretion than to think of marrying her.

Some folks call her handsome? well I don't; she ain't half so good looking as my daughter Jane; then the way she does up her hair in such flyaway curls; and, if you believe it, Mrs. Smith, she actually had the impudence to tell me that she couldn't make them straight as my Maria Jane's. Impertinence! if she'd let curling papers and curling irons alone, I'd risk but what her hair would be as straight as anybody's.

But what do you think of the minister's wife, Mrs. Smith? You like her! well, all I can say, is you've got a very peculiar taste, why she's proud as Lucifer, been married a whole week, and hasn't been to see me yet. You presume she has't had time? I don't see what the minister wanted to go out of town to get him a wife for, any way; and then above all things to get that little girlish looking thing; why didn't he take one of his parishoners? There's my Arabella Lucretia would have made him a better wife than he's got now; then she's she's just about the right age for him. She is two years older than the minister! I should think it was a pity if I didn't know my own daughter's age, Mrs. Smith! if some folks would mind their own business as I do, I'd thank them!

[*Waverly Magazine.*

A GEORGIA STORY.

Twenty years ago it was the custom in north western Georgia, as indeed it was throughout the southwest, for dry goods dealers to keep a barrel of spirits in the back room, and to treat liberal customers to a glass whenever desired.

Fillens and Dewberry were such dealers in one of the small towns indicated, and they had for a customer a clever, rolloking old fellow, who drank whiskey in preference to water always, and whose wife was 'flesh of his flesh' in that particular. The old couple would come to town, trade quite freely; and freely imbibe the spirits in the back rooms of the dealers we have named.

On one occasion both the old man and old woman continued their potations inordinately, and as Fillens observed that his goods went better the drunker the old woman become, he pressed her to drink.

At last she refused unless he would sweeten it with a little more sugar. Fillens indulged her, and when the old people started for home late in the evening, the old man could scarcely mount his horse and the good wife had actually to be lifted and placed on the pillion behind him. Happily she leaned one way and her husband the other, so that the gravitating point was between them; and, as the sleepy to him instinctively, they passed out of the village safely.

Before reaching their home, however, they had to cross a small creek, and when the horse stepped in to drink, the old lady having reached unconciousness released her her hold and slid quietly into the stream below. Arriving home, the children inquired for 'mammy,' but the old man could only say that she had been on the critter and the critter hadn't kicked nary time, so he couldn't say where she must be, and threw himself stupid on the bed.

The girls and boys flew along the road the old man had come, yelling 'mammy!' mammy!' but of course, no mammy responded.

When they arrived at the creek, the oldest girl yelled 'there she is sitting down in the creek?'

And there she was seated comfortable in the water which came nearly up to her mouth. As she swayed back and forth, now yieding to the impetuosity of the stream, and now resisting it with some success the muddy fluid would occasionally wet her lips, and each time it did so she would faintly exclaim, with a grim effort to smile:

'Not a drap more, Mr. Fillens, 'thout it's sweetened.

A COURT SCENE.

Here is another of these Western court scenes which "we read about," as related by Jenny Nobs. It will do:

Judge B——, of Missouri was, in many respects, a remarkable man. He stood six feet two inches in his boots, and was as fond of a frolic as the most rattleing lad in the country. He could drink more liquor, "lift" a heavier "bag o' meal," and play a better game of "poker" than any man in his circuit. These admirable qualifications of course rendered him the most popular judge of the bench of his district. Yet he never lost his dignity while on his bench. There, he was stern haughty and dignified. The least approach to familiarity, while he was sitting in court, was always resented by a fine, and sometimes by imprisonment. Well, it happened one day, while he was holding court, that Mr. Dewzenbury, a rough looking but independent customer, came into the court room with his hat on his head. This the judge considered an indignity offered to the court, and forthwith ordered Mr. D. to take off his hat.

To this, Mr. Dewzenbury paid no attention, which being observed by his honor, he ordered the sheriff to "take the man's hat off"

"Take your hat off," cried the sheriff. Mr. Dewzenbury remained motionless, while the judge proceeded to business. At last raising his eyes, his honor again discovered the incorrigible standing with his hat upon his head.

"Sheriff!" cried the Court, "take that man's hat off."

The Sheriff approached and repeated the command of the Court.

"I'm bald," said Mr. D., "and can't comply."

"You can't!" exclaimed the judge, waxing angry, "then I fine you five dollars for contempt of Court."

"What's that you say, judge?" replied Mr. D., as he walked deliberately up to the judge's stand.

"I fine you five dollars, sir for contempt of Court."

"Very well," said Mr. D., as he carefully put his hand into his pocket, and pulled out a fifty cent piece. "Very well, here's the money," handing the judge the half dollar, "this squares us, judge. You owed me four dollars and a half when we quit playing poker last night, and this half makes us even."

The bar roared, the crowd smiled, and the judge pocketed his "change" without uttering a word.

PRINTING vs. PUBLISHING.

A young lady explained to a printer the distinction between printing and publishing; and at the conclusion of her remarks, by the way of illustration, she said: "you may print a kiss upon my cheek, but you must not publish it." In that case we had rather engage in the printing business than the publishing.

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