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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TERMS:

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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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No advertisements, HOWEVER SMALL, will be considered LESS THAN A SQUARE.

POETICAL.

If we were called on to find more exquisite poetry than this, we shouldn't know where to look for it:

From the Louisville Journal.

TO "FANNIE" ON RECEIVING HER DAGUERREOTYPE.

Blessings upon thee, cousin, for thy gift,
The shadow of thy sweet and radiant face,
Which ne'er has lost the seat of angelhood
Stamped on thy baby brow, I scarce have words
To say how much I love thee. On my lip
The utterance dies, and in my throbbing heart
Flutter the gold-winged thoughts to burst their chains.
Oh, were their fetters broken, they would float
Back to the dreamy past. The spring-time flowers
Were cradled in their incense when my heart
First caught a breath of love-perfume from thine,
And the blue mists of Indian summer lay
On every hill-top ere within thy home,
I met the sunlight of thy gentle smile.
Thou'rt very beautiful! Thy white brow gleams,
Beneath its coronal of dark brown hair,
With Phidian loveliness and the full wreath
Of thy curved lip is eloquent with love.

Blessings upon thee! Ah, if this wild soul
May ever sing above the radiant stars,
Then it will find a word to speak its pure
And deep affection—on this earth it ne'er
Can find a voice. Ere many years pass by
Perchance, in some dim twilight, thou, sweet friend,
Wilt hear its trembling anthem, and wilt feel
A spirit's kiss upon thy gentle brow.

Blessings upon thee, lovely, loving one!
Would that, this even, I might seek thy side,
And clasp thy hands, like snow white petted doves,
Within my own. Oh, earth-caged angel would
That I might wander out with thee beneath
The purple arch of midnight and the stars
To cool these feverish pulses. It may be
That the "not yet" which destiny has stamped,
In iron characters upon my soul,
Will be a "never"—that Elysium's fields
Of asphodel will woo me to their rest,
Ere the sweet blossoms of this southern clime
Again may crown a blue-eyed April day.
But, cousin, love goes through the gates of death,
And bears its memories to the "spirit-land."
And naught can e'er unlink the golden chain
Whose mesmer spell has bound my soul to thine!

LAURA LORRIMER.

Bellefonte, Ala.

DER VIDDER.—Zat pooty little vidder, vat ve doshent vish to name, is sthill leiben on ze leetle sdreet, a doing shuss te zeme. Das glerks apoudt der korners, sometimes goes down to see how der terlin leetle vitchy ees, and ask'er how she pe. Dais loves her ver, goot lager, dais loves her leetle sthore, dais loves her leetle paby, but dais loves der vidder more. To dalk mit zat zweet vidder, ven she hands der larger round, vill make das shap zat does it, pe happy we'll pe pound—dat ish if we can well believe das glerks vat trinks der peer—who coes in dare for nothin elsh, put simply vur to see her.

A Quaker lately popped the question to a fair Quakeress, as follows; "Hum—yea and verily, Penelope, the spirit urgeth and moveth me wonderfully to beseech thee to cleave unto me flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone," hum—truly, Obadiah, thou hast wisely said, inasmuch as it is written that it is not good for a man to be alone, lo! and behold, I will sojourn with thee."

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN EXPLOSION ON THE OHIO RIVER—A SINGULAR RENCONTRE.

On the first day of March, ten years ago the new palatial and powerful steamboat "Siren" floated away from her wharf at Cincinnati, bound for the port of New Orleans, and carrying a gay crowd of passengers, who had been attracted by the splendor of her appearance and the renown of her speed, safety and luxurious accommodation. As she moved off, walking the sunny waters so truely like a thing of life, a smiling throng stood on the hurricane deck waving their handkerchiefs to friends on the shore, and everything, even the very air, seemed eloquent of hope and happiness.

The multitude consisted of the usual miscellaneous characters to be found on Western vessels. There might be seen in close proximity thriving merchants with their staid ledger-like look, politicians with sculptured courtesy in every feature, mere pleasure seekers in easy attitudes, and a sprinkling of black whiskered gentry, whose restless eyes, over dress, and profusion of jewels betrayed their acquaintance with the history of the four queens. Besides these a number of coarse featured genuine specimens of the backwoods haunted the fore parts of the cabin in the neighborhood of the bar.

Nor were the angelic sex unrepresented in their end of the hall. Every description of beauty might be studied there as in a picture gallery—the blue eyed and bright haired belle of the North, the dazzling daughters of Kentucky, and the charming creole with languid air and face like the love-light of a dream. All on board seemed joyous in their particular ways. No doubt, darkened the general festivity, and almost every one appeared to have companions or friends for social converse and the interchange of civilities.

I must, however, mention an exception to the remark. There was a gentleman of fine form and strikingly handsome countenance, with brilliant gay eyes, and a high, white, intellectual forehead, who had no acquaintances, and, indeed, did not appear to desire any, as he continued to walk the hurricane deck in a state of profound and somewhat mournful abstraction, long after everybody else had gone below. He was dressed in a suit of costly black cloth, entirely without ornaments, and wore a piece of crape round his hat as a token of recent bereavement. Several of the curious had noticed the stranger when he came on board and saw him register his name as "Captain M. Thomas, of Texas," but some of the inquisitive parties happened to be old Texans themselves, and they all concurred in the declaration that they had never heard of such a man in the territory illuminated by the lone star, and one or two suggested that he must be an impostor.

At length, the dinner bell sounded, and the handsome captain descended to the cabin; but he found all the seats at the upper end of the board occupied, and was turning to retire, when the head waiter interposed, and conducted him to the lower part of the table, where he discovered a vacant chair among the ladies. A brief and involuntary glance showed that he was on the verge of a constellation of radiant faces; but they all seemed to have society and protection in companion, of the strong gender, save only one.

She was a girl some eighteen years of age, robed in deep mourning; and whether it might be this circumstance, exciting sympathy by calling to mind his own sorrow, or the peculiar charms of her person, which fascinated his soul, Captain Thomas did not attempt, on the instant, to determine; but he felt an immediate and almost magical interest in the sad visage shining from the opposite seat.

It is true he did not at first think her very beautiful. Her form and features, though exquisitely symmetrical, looked too small and childlike for such a poetical epithet; for the term *little* might be applied to her as a whole and apparently in every part. Her face, bust, bosom, hands feet, were all little, save a pair of large almond shaped eyes, dark as night, and curtained by long raven lashes, which gave them a soft, dreamy expression; while the rich black hair and golden warmth of her Southern complexion furnished a striking resemblance to the favorite portrait of the immortal Titian.

The captain could not remove his gaze from the *unique* visage before him. Had he seen that face somewhere in his wanderings in Italy or the sunny Orient? He thought so; but misty memory, revolving the vague shadows of the past, could fix on no definite time or place for identity, and he discarded the illusion as the image of a dream.

Presently she raised her dark eyes, and, slightly starting, scrutinized his countenance in her turn, with signs of strange emotion, and then, faintly blushing, withdrew her glance, and soon returned to the parlor. But Captain Thomas sought in vain to banish from his mind that one look luminous as lightning, which had flashed through his brain when their eyes met.—It appeared like both a recognition from the past and a revelation of the future, and yet he could not imagine what was the charm that so wonderfully moved him. It could not be love, or even admiration, for he had often beheld more beautiful features without so much as an additional heart throb, but none had ever inspired him such deep interest and so earnest a desire for an introduction.

Led by this sudden and unaccountable impulse, he seated himself near the folding doors at the entrance to the ladies' cabin, and covering his curiosity under the pretext of reading some book, he watched the fair unknown with stealthy glances. He perceived that while others were laughing, chatting, and making new acquaintances, she remained absorbed in sad reflection. No one addressed her, and, as he thought, many eyes glanced at her with looks of undisguised scorn and contempt.

Nor was he mistaken in this involuntary conjecture; for as she not only travelled without an escort or a companion, but had come on board alone just as the steamer was about to start, the *elite* of the female passengers set her down at once as a doubtful character, to be studiously shunned, or insulted if she displayed the least presumption of a claim to courtesy or equality. She observed the general state of offensive feeling, and it seemed to irritate as well as pain her.

However, an opportunity soon presented itself for ample and most justifiable revenge. Several ladies in succession took their places at the piano, but none of them did much credit to themselves as artists. After they had all finished their grating discords, the dark eyed girl assumed the vacant seat, and played without an apparent effort a wild bewitching, and very difficult air with such consumate success as to astonish and enrapture every unprejudiced mind.

She then began another of greater simplicity and the most tender pathos, and at the same time sung the words—a touching requiem for the dead—with such effect as to draw tears like rain drops from a score of eyes. Her voice, at once loud, clear and inexpressibly sweet, lingered on the ear, and wandered at will through all the flying notes in the scale of harmony, as a nightingale had been imprisoned in her silver throat, or a viewless seraph hovered on her lips! Politicians, merchants, and even whiskered gamblers, bounced from their chairs, and swarmed towards the door of the drawing room, entranced by the magical melody.

But the brows of the scornful females around her only grew the blacker with envy and mortification, and one of them urged her lover to insult the girl by an impertinent question. Accordingly, the gentleman, who boasted, beside his gaudy dress, a suit of fiery red hair, advanced, and said with a mock obeisance—"May I be permitted to inquire, Miss, if you are a professional singer?"

Her dark eyes flashed lightning as she surveyed the insolent fop in contemptuous silence, and at the moment every spectator could perceive that she was transcendently beautiful.

"I suppose," continued the red-headed monster, "that you must be a professional singer, or a strolling artist of some sort, and therefore thought to mise a collection for your benefit, as that kind of creatures will do anything for money!" And he burst into a derisive laugh, in which his female friends joined.

The lips of the girl turned mortally pale and trembled with agitation. A crimson light shot from her burning black eyes, as she exclaimed in tones of concentrated shame and bitterness:

"Is it the fashion on this boat to insult ladies who chance to travel without protection? I had fancied that no gentleman would either offer or permit such impertinence!"

"I intended no offence," the red-haired ruffian began to apologize; but at the same instant a finger tapped his shoulder, and a strange voice hissed in his ear—"Let me see you on the hurricane deck!"

He turned and met the piercing grey eyes of Captain Thomas, and bowed a haughty and defiant acquiescence. As the two left the cabin several bystanders whispered the stranger—"For your life have no difficulty with that man! It is George Rayburn, of Arkansas—the most fearful duellist in the world!"

In a few moments the parties gained the hurricane deck, while all the male passengers followed eagerly to witness the expected stormy scene. The ruffian Rayburn walked up till his face almost touched that of his unknown foe, and, uttering an opprobrious epithet, demanded, with a smile of murderous meaning—"Fool and scoundrel what have you to say?"

"Nothing," replied Thomas, and coolly knocked the other down.

Rayburn rose with a cry awful as the yell of some wild beast, and attempted to draw his pistol. But the enemy moved too quick for him, snatched the weapon from his hand, hurled it into the river, and again measured his length on the floor.

With blood running in streams from his nose, the bully sprang to his feet, and vociferated in accents nearly inarticulate with rage—"Sir, you shall give me mortal satisfaction for this."

"I propose to do no less," was the tranquil answer.

"Here—now—this very minute!" roared Rayburn, grinding his teeth and foaming at the mouth.

"Whenever and wherever you like," responded Thomas, in the same careless manner.

"Not so fast, gentlemen," remarked the commander of the steamer, with a stern countenance; "I will permit no hostile interviews on my vessel, and so you must wait till we stop to wood."

"I am in no hurry," said Captain Thomas, with a smile, and the duellist himself was forced to yield. When the supposed Texan returned to the cabin, his eyes, immediately sought the unintentional cause of his sudden quarrel. She was seated near the door of the drawing room, white and quivering with apparent fear, while the light of her dark orbs looked dim with tears. As soon as he approached, she beckoned him to a chair beside her, and addressed him in imploring accents: "Stranger, I am not ungrateful for your bravery and kindness in the defence of a friendless girl; but I entreat you not to throw away your life in a combat with that dreadful man. I have heard of him often, and know that his aim is death!"

"The challenge has been passed and accepted, and, of course I cannot now decline without eternal disgrace," was his proud answer.

"You and myself are now orphans, and without a relation in the wide world," she murmured, in accents sweetly tender as an angel's whisper by the pillow of a dying saint. "Let me be your sister, and as such I pray you not to fight that monster! I will speak to the captain of the boat, and have him put on shore!"

In the meantime, George Rayburn, having solaced himself by numerous fiery potations at the bar, sat down to a game of four-handed poker, and soon became absorbing in the chances of the play. Being in a desperate mood, he staked enormous sums on every suite of cards he received, and a strange freak of fortune smiling upon him for hours, he reckoned his winnings by thousands.

At length he proposed that each gambler of the party should risk his entire capital on the feat of cutting the highest card in the pack, and this being assented to, he commenced shuffling the pieces of painted paper; but at the moment the bell rang, and the boat stopped to wood. Instantly, Rayburn threw down the cards, and cried, in a voice of thunder! "Come, Captain Thomas, the signal has sounded for your death or mine!"

His foe sprang to his feet for the purpose of going on shore; but Emily Girardin, the dark-eyed girl, clung to his arm, and prayed him to decline the bully's challenge.

"Oh! accursed code of the duellist!" she exclaimed, with startling emphasis; "what infernal fascination lives in thy bloody laws—a charm of hell that no heroism has power to resist! Well have I a right to hate thee!"

"Have you personally suffered from a particular occurrence of the kind in your own family?" inquired Thomas, kindly.

"Oh, God!" how much!" she murmured, through her tears. "My father fell on that fatal field; and last year, my only brother had a bosom friend. They differed on the race track about some trifle, the lie passed between them; both were high spirited, they fought on the spot, forgave each other when too late, and died in each other's arms!"

"What was your brother's name?" asked the young man, with pale lips, in a voice almost suffocated by unutterable emotion.

"Eugene Girardin."

"And you are his sister Emily—once the child that I played with so fondly in the bright days of my boyhood before I wandered from home and friends?" he said seizing her fairy finger with a convulsive clasp.

She gazed in his face with a bewildered look, and gasped: "Can it be possible? Yes, you must indeed be Morton Thomas, the brother of my brother's murdered friend?"

"The same," faltered the other, weeping in spite of the utmost exertions to master his feelings.

"Come," shouted the desperado, with a diabolical laugh; "come or I will shoot you down by the side of your paramour!" and he drew a revolver and took two steps towards his adversary.

But a more appalling enemy than man met him by the way. He stood immediately above the mighty boilers, where the steam-devil, for several minutes, had been hissing ominously. Suddenly then there came a low, indescribable moan, like that of some imprisoned fiend—it was the fiend of fire struggling to get free—and then a dull sullen roar, or rather a crash; and the front of the cabin was shivered as if torn to pieces by a thunder bolt! Both boilers had exploded at once, and killing every person in that part of the vessel, while those in the ladies' cabin escaped without injury.

Morton Thomas and Emily Girardin embarked the next day on another boat for the Crescent City, and were eventually wedded.

WESTERN ANNOYANCES.

Judge J———, who has recently returned from a tour in the West, relates an anecdote illustrating the horrors to which travellers in that region are exposed. In his passage to one of the rivers, he fell in company with a talkative lady and a gentleman, to whom he was relating some of his suffering from mosquitoes.

"Husband," said the lady, to the gentleman owning that title, "you had better tell the gentleman about the man we met—" in Iowa."

The hint was taken, and "husband" proceeded to say that, "in their travels farther West, they made acquaintance of a stalwart, quizzing, western boosier, one of the genus who could whip his weight in wildcats; but who possessed a fund of quiet humor. On one occasion, they had stopped at a hotel in the interior, not of the most inviting appearance. They were shown to their rooms, the boosier at one end, and the lady and gentleman at the other, of a long hall. About midnight the drowsy couple were startled by a report of firearms, proceeding from the end of the hall occupied by their travelling companion. Both started up in the bed and began to speculate upon the probable cause of his untimely alarm, when they heard a rushing of feet and confusion of voices in the hall. On going to the door, the gentleman found the whole household, headed by the landlord, rushing in the direction of the report. His curiosity led him to join this midnight procession and he arrived with the rest, in front of the boosier's door. The landlord tried the latch, but found it fast, whereupon, in a loud voice, he demanded instant admission.

"What do you want?" roared a voice within.

"Want to come in!" replied the landlord.

"Can't do it!" was the response from within. "It's my room, and I'm in bed can't come in."

Let me in!" shouted the landlord, in a louder tone, at the same time shaking the door violently, "or I'll break the door down!"

"Hold on!" rejoined the voice within; I'll open the door."

The door was soon opened, when in rushed the party, expecting to see the floor covered with blood. What was their surprise to find every thing in proper place, and the boosier calm and unconcerned. A revolver was lying carelessly upon the bed.

"Who fired that pistol in my house?" the landlord.

"I did!" was the reply.

"Why?" asked the landlord.

The boosier stepped to the bed, and throwing open the covering, said:

"Look here! Do you see that?"

The attention of the party was at once directed to the point indicated, and there, over the whole surface of the sheet, bedbugs were scampering in every direction, like a flock of sheep frightened by a dog. The landlord was chagrined and puzzled, and looked to his lodger for an explanation.

"These," began the boosier, straightening himself up to his full height, and gesticulating with his right hand in grandiloquent style, "these are my friends; I have settled an acquaintance with them, and we live on friendly terms; but on the window sill there, just outside, you will find two infernal big fellows that I couldn't do anything with, and so I just put a bullet through them. But it's all right now, it's all understood between me and my friends, and we shall get along well enough now."

It is needless to add, that the landlord returned to his own bed, much crest fallen, while the spectators indulged a hearty laugh.

AN EXTRAORDINARY MAN.

Jas. McDondald was brought before the Mayor this morning, on the charge of intruding himself in the house of Dr. Thatcher, at the corner of Church and Cumberland streets, and refusing to go when requested. He stated that he was sick and went there to see the doctor for some medicine; and it was supposed that he was under the influence of liquor at the time. When asked what he had to say in explanation of his conduct, he replied he had much to say, and proceeded to give a brief account of his life, from which we gathered the following particulars.

He has been a [illegible] pensioner. Was born in [illegible] now in September, 17[illegible] the war of [illegible] my in 180[illegible] and served [illegible] Bonaparte [illegible] the battles of [illegible] and Talavera [illegible]