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Poetry.

BESIDE THE SEA.

BY MARY AINGE DE VERE.

Beside the sea one summer day
Three merry children were at play,
The great warm sun was singing low,
The waves were beating to and fro,
And silvery shells and pebbles white
Lay glittering in the rosy light.
Around the rocks, like ribbons hung,
The pretty fringing sea-moss clung,
And green sea-grasses gently swayed
With every throb the ripples made;
And like a snow-field, smooth and wide,
The beach sloped down to meet the tide.
Ah me! that hour was passed sweet—
Afar from town and crowded street,
To look across the ocean's space,
And feel the rough wind on my face;
To hear the ripple's measured song,
The children's voices, fresh and strong,
Half drowning on the eager breeze
The old, old music of the seas!
O merry hearts! O voices glad!
The sad sea is no longer sad.
A charm is lent to rock and wave
More fair than nature ever gave,
The while your joyance echoes so,
And light young footsteps come and go.
Dear happy hearted children three,
At play beside the summer sea!
—Christian Union

Selected Story.

ONLY A COUNTRY GIRL.

BY JAMES LESTER.

"You are mistaken; I had rather die than marry a mere country girl."
"But, Fred, suppose she was intelligent, full of natural poetry, tender-hearted, graceful, unspoiled by admiration, a guileless, simple, loving creature?"
"O," said Fred, laughing, "choice selection of virtue and grace. Country beauties are always sweet, and so are country cows. No, I tell you if she was as lovely as an angel, with the best sense in the world, still if unskilled in literature and music, with no soul above chains, and knitting needles, I would not marry her for a fortune."
"Ha, ha!" laughed Helen Irving. Hidden by the trunk of a tree, she sat reading within a few feet of the geologist.
In another moment the young lady came in sight. Fred's face crimsoned, and he whispered in visible trepidation, "do you think she heard me?"
"No," rejoined the other audibly, "she has not even looked from her book. You are safe."
Leaning on one white arm, the old oak tree in the back-ground, flowers strewed around her, she sat quite at ease apparently unconscious that the two handsome young men were near her.
Approaching with a low bow, upon which his mirror had set the stamp of faultless elegance, Frederic Lane took the liberty of asking if the young lady would inform him where Mr. Irving lived.
With an innocent smile the young lady looked up. "Mr. Irving, the only one living in the village, is my father," she said rising in a graceful and charming manner. "The large house on high ground, half hidden by trees and thick shrubbery, there is where we live."
Fred replied with a very graceful bow.
"Tell your father that I will do myself the honor to call on him to-

morrow. He will remember me—Frederic Lane, at your service."
"Yes sir, I will tell him," said Helen, tucking her sleeves around her pretty arms, and making rather a formal courtesy. Then, catching up her books and gathering the scattered flowers she hurried home.
"Now, father, mother, aunt and sis," exclaimed the merry girl, bounding into the room where the family were at supper, so sure as you and I live, that Mr. Lane you spoke so much about is in the village. He will call here to-morrow, the finest specimen of a city beau, as of course, he will be, all sentiment, faultless in kid and dickey, important and self absurd as one of the kind can possibly be.— Promise me, all of you, that you will not lip one word about music, reading and writing in his presence, because I have a plan. Father will be quiet and ask no questions. I will give you that work-box you have coveted so long."
"Why, on that condition, I'll be as still as a mouse, but what's the reason?"
"Oh, that's my own business," said Helen, dancing out of the room.
Helen sat at the open window, where roses thrust their blushing buds, making both shade and sweet fragrance. The canary overhead burst forth every moment in wild snatches of glorious music. Helen was at work on long blue stockings, nearly finished, and her fingers flew like snow birds.
"You knit most admirably; are you fond of it?"
"Yes, quite, I like it better than anything else—that is, I mean I can churn well."
"And do you read much?"
Fred's glance had traveled from the corner of his eyes to every table, shelf and corner, in search of books and papers, but not a page, yellow or red, repaid his search.
"Oh, yes," said Helen, with a sanctified air.
"What books? permit me to ask."
"I read the Bible a good deal," she said gravely.
"Is that all?"
"All! of course not—yet what do you not find in the Bible? History, poetry, eloquence, romance, the most thrilling pathos," blushing and recollecting herself, she added in a manner as childish as it had before been dignified: "As for other books; let me see what I have got in my library; there's the Primer, counting on her fingers, Second Class Reader, Robinson Crusoe, Nursery Tales, two or three elements of something, Biography of some person or other, Mother's Magazine, and King William III. There, isn't that a good assortment?"
Fred smiled.
"Perhaps I do not know as much as those who have been to school more," she added, as it disappointed at the mute rejoinder; "but in making bread, churning butter, and keeping house, I am not to be out done."
The young man felt more in pity than in love, but his visits did not always result so. He began to feel a magnetic attraction, and he mainly attributed it to Helen's beauty; but the truth is, her sweetness and artless character, engaging manner and disposition, quite won the city bred aristocrat, Fred Lane. There was a freshness about everything she said or did. She perplexed as well as delighted him.
Often, as he wondering how some homely expression would be received in society, some beautiful sentiment would suddenly drop

like a pearl from her lips, as remarkable for originality as for brilliancy.
"If I should fall into the snare," thought he. "I can educate her; it will be worth trying."
It is useless to combat the tender passion; so at last he fell at Helen's feet, figuratively speaking and confessed his love for her.
"I care not, Helen, only be mine," was his invariable answer to her declaration of unworthiness, "how you would appear in society."
They were married; had returned from their wedding tour, as yet, at the expiration of their honeymoon, Fred was more in love, than ever. At a grand entertainment given by the relatives of the bridegroom. Helen looked still more beautiful. Her husband did not insist that she should depart from simplicity, and indeed in the absence of all jewelry in her simple white robe she was by far the most lovely creature in the room.
As she entered the great saloon blazing with light, her heart faltered.
"Shall I love him as dearly," she asked herself, "if I find he is ashamed of me? I can't bear the thought; but should he overcome all conventional notion, then I have a husband to be honored, and he shall be proud of his wife."
How she watched him he presented her to one another.
"Simple," whispered a magnificent girl resplendent with diamonds, as she curled up her lips, and passed by. The observation escaped neither Helen nor her husband. She looked at him. He drew her closer to his side. Many in that brilliant gathering pitied poor Fred, and wondered how he had martyred himself on the shrine of ignorant rusticity.
The young bride stood near her husband, talking in a low tone, when a new comer appeared. She was a beautiful, slightly-formed creature, with haughty features.— Ill-concealed scorn lurked in the brilliant eyes whenever she glanced at Helen. Once she had held sway over the heart of Fred, and hearing whom he had married, she fancied her time had come.
"Do you suppose she knows anything?" whispered a low voice.
Helen's eyes sparkled; her face flashed indignantly. "He has gone at a distance with a friend."
"Do you play, Mrs. Lane?" asked the haughty belle. There was a mocking tone in her voice.
"A little," answered Helen, her cheeks blushing.
"And sing?"
"A little," was the half reply.
"Then do us a favor," exclaimed Miss Somers, looking askance at her companions. "Come, I myself will lead you to the piano."
"Hark! whose masterly touch? Instantly was the half spoken sentence arrested; the cold ear and head was turned in listening surprise. "Such melody! such breath! deep and vigorous tones! who is she? She plays like an angel!"
"Who can she—?"
She turned from the piano, and the unknown was his wife.
How well she talks! Who would have thought it! He has found a treasure," was whispered all around the room.
"Tell me," said he, when they were alone, "what does this mean? I feel like one awakened from a dream."
"Only a country girl," said Helen, then folded in her husband's arms, she added, "I am that little rustic that you had rather die than wed."

BURNING OF BROOKLYN THEATRE.

Miss Kate Claxton's Account of the Fire.

[From N. Y. Times.]

"When the act went up—the fifth act at the seventh tableau—I was lying on a pallet of straw, with Pierre (Mr. Murdoch) leaning over me. As the curtain rose I heard it whispered from the wings behind me: 'The theatre is on fire.' I listened again, almost dazed, and then recognized Miss Clevis' voice repeating: 'The theatre is on fire; look behind, for God's sake.' Still I did not awake to the peril. The information of the fire was whispered to all on the stage, but not one of us moved to go off. The play continued. The old woman, Pierre's mother (Mrs. Farren) rushed upon me, and in the savage manner necessary to the action caught hold of my hair and pulled it. As my head went back I glanced up to the canvas ceiling of the room in which we were playing, and then I saw little tongues of flame licking through the canopy. Mr. Murdoch, Mr. Studley, and Mrs. Farren saw them at the same time.— Then we heard a horrible roaring noise behind the scenery. This alarmed me more than the sight of the fire. Still none of us moved until the audience caught sight of the flames. When the cry of 'Fire' rang through the body of the theatre and the audience rose en masse we acted altogether without the slightest knowledge of one another's intentions. We four clasped hands and stood almost at the foot-lights, and cried out: 'We are between you and the fire; sit still; for God's sake, sit still.' The people in the front rows heard our appeal. I saw them seat themselves again, and noticed one lady pull the gentleman beside her down into his chair. The body of the house was not very well filled, but the gallery was crowded. I am convinced that our action prevented a panic, and enabled the people near the doors to get out without being pressed upon by those from the front seats. In this way, too, more persons got out without hurt than would have escaped if all the gallery people had crowded against the others at the doors. As soon as we saw the people getting out we turned to escape ourselves. Then we found we were hemmed in by fire. The flames raged above and around except on the side of the auditorium. We could see the red rafters above threatening to fall. I dashed down stairs and got under the stage.— There I met Miss Maude Harrison. She had gone to her room to some get some valuables. I cried to her: 'Let those things go, and come on, for God's sake. We must go out the front way. The fire is gaining on us now. Look!' As I uttered this last exclamation I pointed to the ceiling of the floor of the stage. The flames were showing through, and we could mark their course along the cracks of the flooring. Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Farren and myself then dashed along the crooked passage-ways under the stage, and after some trouble gained the auditorium through a door. We had yet some distance to go; the fire followed us fast, and there was still a crowd of excited people to pass through. We got into the crowd and dashed along, heedless that now and again we felt that we trod upon a human being. Once I looked down and saw a human face horribly distorted and burned. Oh, my God, it was a fearful sight! I shall never forget it.— Afterward I saw the injured man taken out. He was horribly injured, and I think must be dead. As soon as we got into the street we dashed into the police station; there a gentleman loaned me his overcoat, and after a short stay at the station we walked around here."

BRIGHAM'S SUCCESSOR.

The Chosen Son of Brigham Young—A Latter-Day Saint with Wroldly Tendencies.

[San Francisco Chronicle.]

Brigham Young has finally defined his policy for the future of the Mormon Church in selecting for his first councillor the youngest son of his first family, John W. Young. This now-to-be-prominent young man is well known in this city, especially among capitalists. In personal appearance he is very attractive to the fair sex, and in his manner and habits he would pass anywhere as a man of the world who was pretty well satisfied with this terrestrial globe and in no hurry whatever to get off to the upper regions. Up to the building of the Pacific railroad "Young Johnny," as he was familiarly called, was an excellent Mormon, and gave early evidence of being a first class patriarch. He had hardly got through his teens when his eyes fell kindly upon a young saintess, and the baked meats of the marriage feast had hardly cooled before he fell desperately in love with another younger saintess, and married her also. The prophet thought Jonny should see a little more of the world before proceeding further in that line, and he was consequently sent to England on a tour of pleasure, in company with his brother "Briggy Junior." These two scions of the Mormon royalty traveled all over Europe, spending lavishly the funds of the poor, confidingly in Philadelphia, and to gratify her wishes the young man hastened to the City of Brotherly Love, and before he was twenty-four hours acquainted with his first wife's family he fell desperately in love with her cousin, who had only been recently married, but who was not happily mated. She accepted the invitation to visit Utah, the plains were soon travelled over, the cousin became converted, and in a few weeks after she was "Mrs. Johnny No. 3." Time passed rapidly, and No. 3 gains the ascendancy over the young man's heart. The first wife gains a divorce, and the second is put aside with an allowance. No. 3 is the lady who came frequently to San Francisco, and was received in our best society as Mrs. Young. With her the youngest son of the prophet drank deeply of the ways of the world, and was furiously captivated by its fashions. For seven years he has lived so little in Utah—preferring San Francisco and New York to the City of Saints—that he has been regarded as an apostate from the faith and thus, unexpectedly to everybody, he returned to Utah and the prophet, in utter disregard of the sentiments of the Mormon people places him next to his throne, and makes him by that act the next prophet of the Mormon Church. But it is probably expecting too much to look for a commotion among the Mormons over this sudden conversion of a splendid scapegrace into a full fledged prophet, seer and regulator.

Retribute Justice.

[From the Raleigh News.]

We learn that Kirk, the blood thirsty dog, whose record for infamy is so well known in North Carolina, is now almost a beggar in the streets of Washington City. He still occupies a subordinate position about some of the departments at the Capital, and not long since begged a North Carolina Democrat, whom he met in the streets of Washington, for the loan of the pitiful sum of \$1. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord," is a divine promise, which has been wonderfully fulfilled in this case.
A few Sundays ago we heard a preacher of the Gospel, who holds forth in Chemung County, make use of this vigorous comparison: "A hypocritical Christian can no more get into heaven than a raccoon can climb a stove-pipe with a tea kettle tied to his tail."

How Cheap Coffee, Teas and Liquors are Made.

A recent number of the *American Chemist* throws a melancholy light upon Centennial fluids, in particular.— The laboratory of Michigan University furnished the tests; the Ph. C.'s were the testers. The articles were bought at random of ordinary dealers. It is quite distressing to learn the facts concerning "Centennial Prize Coffee," also labeled "Pure Java," and further certifying that any one-pound package is liable to contain an order for a set of silver spoons. It was put under microscope, polariscope, spectroscope, and acids and alkalis of still greater scope. But not a particle of caffeine could be extracted. There was twenty-two per cent. of chicory. Also some bitter substance not recognized. Likewise silica, which is never present in coffee. Furthermore, peas and oats. A package of "Royal Java" brought out similar results; more chicory in proportion to peas and oats, but still no particle of the coffee berry. We neglected to say that each package of the Royal Java bore the chance of being one that contained an order for a clock. It was probably a clock with a very large escapement. At the risk of some monotony in the analyses we will pass on to No. 5. "Warranted Pure Government Java." Breathes there the man with soul so dead that Pure Government would have no attraction for him? But No. 5 was compounded of chicory, carrots and peas. Again "no caffeine." Is it ever thus when Pure Government is promised? Old ladies at the West are said to be strong in the belief that the tea that reaches them from the Atlantic ports is unnaturally weakened. It was among the chief incentives to the overland trade, that Chicago would get her tea direct, thus avoiding the suspicion that the leaves had done duty in New York teapots, and had then been dried and repacked. We are sorry for it, but two of the samples examined in Michigan will confirm the old lady's notion, one containing fifty-five and the other thirty per cent. of spent tea. Still another sample consisted in part of foreign leaves, with "stomates mostly on the under side," which must have been quite disgusting under the microscope. Equally abnormal were some of the stronger fluids. "Three Years Old Rye Whiskey," we are told, had a very pleasant odor and slightly astringent taste. The chemist found that these agreeable qualities were communicated by the extract of Tonka bean and the oil of bitter almonds. "Pure Imported Gin," wholesale price \$3.75 per gallon, was found to be flavored with, in addition to the oil of juniper, the oils of cubeb and turpentine. "Apple Brandy" had capaicum and acetic acid. "Pure Old Bourbon" of a dark amber color was flavored with burned dried peaches. Even cider was found to be "sophisticated," the chemists say, by the addition of spirits from grain.

A large paper balloon has just descended at a stone quarry in the upper part of New Jersey, having on it an inscription indicating that it was put aloft in the air by a business firm in London.

A Western paper has made an estimate that at least five thousand girls in that region of Uncle Sam's dominion have taken husbands this year for the only earthly reason that they were thereby enabled to visit the Centennial at somebody else's expense.

Mr. Jefferson Davis.

Hon. Jefferson Davis, who arrived in this city yesterday from Europe, will leave for Vicksburg this evening. He has by his trip to the mother land renewed his lease on life, is enjoying unusual good health, and looks and bears himself with all his wonted strength and vigor. After a few days spent in Vicksburg he will leave for New Orleans, his business headquarters.— *Vicksburg Appeal.*