

is Southern Home:
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The Southern Home.

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devoted to the vindication of the truth of Southern History, to the preservation of Southern Characteristics, to the development of Southern Resources, under the changed relations of the Labor System, and the advancement of Southern Interests in Agriculture, Mining, Manufacturing and the Mechanic Arts.

TERMS: \$3.00 per annum, in advance. Remittances in every case must be by check, P. O. Order, or Registered Letter.

R. Nisbet & Bro.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
GROCERS, CONFECTIONERS,
AND
TOY MERCHANTS.

Trade Street, Charlotte, N. C.
We would inform our friends and generally our public that one of the firm has just returned from New York, with a full line of the following Merchandise, bought expressly for the Jobbing and Retail Trade:

High School.
NEWTON, N. C.
THE ELEVENTH SESSION will commence on the first Monday of January, 1871.

SCHOOL NOTICE.
The Trustees of the School at Alexandria, in Meckleburg county, will commence the Second Monday in January, 1871, and continue during the year.

Bingham School,
MEBANEVILLE, N. C.
The Spring Term of 1871 opens January 3d.

MERCHANT TAILORING
AND
GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS.
The undersigned would respectfully inform the public that they are now receiving one of the largest and best assorted Stock of GOODS FOR MEN'S WEAR

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods
in every variety.

J. S. PHILLIPS
W. H. TREZEVANT.

Poetry.

I WILL PRAISE THEE.

CAROLINE FRY.
For what shall I praise thee, my God, and my King?
For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring?
Shall I praise thee for pleasure, for health, or for ease?
For the sunshine of youth, for the garden of peace?
Shall I praise thee for flowers that bloomed on my breast,
For joys in prospective, and pleasures possessed?
For the spirits that brightened my days of delight?
For the slumbers that sat on my pillow by night?
For this should I thank thee: but if only for this,
I should leave half untold, the donation of bliss:
I thank thee for sickness, for sorrow, for care,
For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish I share,
For nights of anxiety, watchings, and tears,
A present of pain, a prospective of fears:
I thank thee, I bless thee, my King and my God,
For the good and the evil thy hand hath bestowed—
The flowers were sweet, but their fragrance is flown,
They yielded no fruit, they are withered and gone!
The thorn, it was poignant, but precious to me,
'Twas the message of mercy, it led me to thee!

Selected Story.

Perfectly Heartless.

"Pretty! yes, rather pretty, but perfectly heartless!" said old Mrs. Holmes to Dr. Stanley, with whom she was conversing at a large, brilliant party. "Heartless! with that sensitive mouth, and those eyes so full of expression," said the gentlemen, misusingly. "I don't admire her style of beauty at all. She looks like a wax doll, and her heartlessness is proverbial. Since her uncle left her so wealthy, she has had lovers by the score, and she flirts with every one. Why, look at her now!" Dr. Stanley's eyes followed the direction in which the lady waved her fan, and rested on the central figure of a group around the piano. It was a lady young and fair, with a tall, exceedingly graceful figure, pure, Greek features, and large blue eyes. Her hair was short, but the soft fall curls made a lovely frame for the fair face. Her dress was of dark lace, ornamented with flowers and dark green leaves. She was conversing quietly with a knot of gentlemen, and Dr. Stanley sauntered over to the group.

"Miss Marston," said one gentleman, "what has become of Harold Graham?" Her hand swept over the ivory keys of the grand piano, in the measure of a brilliant waltz, when another of the group, supposing that Miss Marston did not hear the question, said: "Perhaps he has committed suicide." "It is three weeks since he disappeared," said another. "Ah! I hope not," said Miss Marston, "we want his tenor for our next musical soiree. It would be too provoking for him to commit suicide." "Mrs. Holmes was right," thought Dr. Stanley; "she is perfectly heartless. Poor Harold!" He turned from the piano, but stopped as the full, rich voice broke out into song. Miss Marston was singing Schubert's "last greeting," and into the mournful words she poured such wailing energy and deep pathos, group after group in the large rooms ceased their gay converse to listen to the music. "Can she sing so without heart or feeling?" muttered the doctor, again drawing nearer to the place. "Ettie," said a young lady, as the last note of the song died away. "Ettie, do play a polka now." A contemptuous smile quivered for a moment on Ettie Marston's lips; then nodding good naturedly, she dashed off into a lively polka, which soon melted the group round the piano into merry dancers, and Dr. Stanley with the rest. The next morning Miss Marston sat in her room writing a letter. Peep over her shoulder at one sentence: "All hollow and heartless! Miriam, you blame me for flirting; you are not here to see how they follow me merely for my money. Not one true heart amongst all of them. There was one—" "A knock at the door interrupted her. "Come in!" and a woman enters with a large basket of washing. "Good morning," said Ettie, pleasantly. "How is Terrence, this morning?" "Oh, Miss, it's beautiful he is to day. Sure, marm, I'm sorry ye had to wait so long for the wash." "Never mind that. How could you wash, with that poor fellow so sick?" "Sure, Miss, it's many one expects their clothes, sick or well; and isn't Terrence sitting up the day playing with the toys ye sent him, and Pat that I kept from school a minding him?" "How many pieces, Mary?" said Ettie, taking out her purse. "Oh, Miss, you don't owe Mary Ginniss a cent. There's the money ye left to pay the doctor with, and the wood ye sent, and prates and milk, and the money ye gave me last week; sure, Miss,

Cleanings.

Measure of Scripture Figures.

It is a favorite theory of those who reject the doctrine of endless future punishment, that orthodox Churches have greatly receded from the ground they formerly occupied on this subject; that whereas they formerly understood the expressions in the Bible referring to future punishment in a literal sense, they have now come to dismiss this opinion, and that in yielding this, they have yielded much of the awfulness that was formerly ascribed to hell. This claim is partly true and partly false. It is probably true that, to a great extent, the views formerly held in reference to the literal interpretation of those passages in the New Testament describing hell as a place of fire burning with brimstone—a place of weeping, and gnashing of teeth—a place where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched, have been modified, so that now the Christian Church generally look upon these expressions as figurative. A few may still cling to the literal interpretation, yet the number who hold to this view is quite limited, and embraces very few of our scholars. But those are greatly mistaken who suppose that in yielding up the literal interpretation of these passages, the real measurement of hell is at all lessened. On the contrary, in yielding the literal and accepting the figurative signification of these passages, the true conception of hell becomes, if possible, more terrible still. Let us study the philosophy of the figures of the Bible. A figure, as used in the Bible, has two essential points; that which the figure represents is something like the figure in kind and degree, the degree of the reality being always in excess of the figure. In other words, the figure in degree never reaches up to the reality. A consideration of the figures of the Bible in such instances as we know beyond doubt the true measure of their significance, will show this. The sacrifices of beasts under the Jewish law, were figures representing the reality of Christ's suffering and death. In kind, the figure agreed with the reality in several respects. In the figure, the animal taken was an innocent; also the animal died from violence, instead of a natural death, &c., in all of which there was an agreement in kind with the reality. But when the degree is sought, the figure is found to fall greatly short of the reality. The death of the beast in the figure represented suffering, and how far short in degree were the sufferings of the beast in the figure, compared with the suffering of Christ in the reality. What in degree were the sufferings of the beast when compared with the sufferings of Christ in the garden and on the cross. In this case the figure falls far short of the reality. Again, take the bread and wine of the Sacrament. These are a figure looking back to the sufferings of Christ, even as the figure of the sacrificial beast looked forward. But how greatly does the reality of Christ's flesh and blood reach beyond the figure. Or take the figure which Nathan used to represent the cruel sin of David. The figure represents a man as having lost a ewe lamb, whose value was but a trifle, but the reality was the loss of a wife. How much more then the reality than the figure. And the same holds true throughout the Bible in every instance wherein we know surely what the reality is. With this fact before us, how great the mistake to think that the sufferings of hell are lessened, provided we shall believe that the expressions used in the Bible to describe them are understood figuratively, rather than literally. The very opposite is true. If these terms are not to be understood literally, then we are forced to the conclusion that the figure falls far short of the reality in degree. If this be so, how terrible the conception we are to form of the dreadfulness of hell. Look at some of the figures: "There the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." Near to Jerusalem was a deep valley where Ahab practiced certain heathen rites. In order to prevent this place from ever being used thus, King Josiah set it apart as a place of pollution. Dead animals and the filth of the city were cast there to be either burned or consumed by worms. It thus became one of the most abhorrent places imaginable, never to be thought of without loathing and shuddering, and the thought of one dwelling there in the midst of that awful filth, would have been to a Jew worse than death itself. Christ uses this terrible figure to represent hell; that as this place was the receptacle of physical filth, even so, hell is to be the receptacle of the most loathsome moral filth, disgusting beyond description to everything holy; therefore the real hell of the figure must be far worse than the figure. The figure that Christ draws of hell in the description of the rich man burning in flames, and begging in vain for so much water as might be to the tip of Lazarus' finger, is another instance. This would be fearful enough as a reality, how much worse must be that reality? Suffocating in the smoke of brimstone is bad enough as a reality: what must the reality then be, if this is but a figure? But really the most fearful figure drawn in the Bible to describe hell and awaken in us an awful dread of it, is where the Revelator speaks of the "wrath of the Lamb." Christ is in the Bible called a lion. To have spoken of the anger of God toward the sinner under the figure of the wrath of a lion, would have been something one would have thought sufficiently startling, for a lion may be easily roused to anger, and his wrath is terrible. But the wrath of a lamb! Scarcely any provocation seems sufficient to awaken its anger. Tear its limbs from its body,

Real Characters.

From the New York Sun.

List of the Members of the Grant Family now in Office.

- I. Ulysses Simpson Grant, President of the United States.
- II. Jesse Root Grant, President's father, Postmaster at Covington, Ky.
- III. Frederick Dent Grant, President's son, Cadet at West Point.
- IV. Orville L. Grant, President's brother, partner with the Collector of the Port at Chicago.
- V. Frederick T. Dent, President's father-in-law, Claimant of lands at Carondelet, Mo., secured by Wilson, Commissioner of Land Office.
- VI. Rev. M. J. Cramer, President's brother-in-law, Minister to Denmark.
- VII. Abel Batholomew Corbin, President's brother-in-law, negotiator of gold and real estate speculations with James Platt, Jr., and Jay Gould.
- VIII. Brexel Brigadier General F. T. Dent, President's brother-in-law, chief clerk at the Executive Mansion.
- IX. Judge Louis Dent, President's brother-in-law, Counsel for Claimants before the President. Fees estimated at \$40,000 a year.
- X. George W. Dent, President's brother-in-law, Appraiser of Customs, San Francisco.
- XI. John Dent, President's brother-in-law, only Indian Trader for New Mexico, under Indian Bureau; place worth \$100,000 a year.
- XII. Alexander Sharpe, President's brother-in-law, Marshal of the District of Columbia.
- XIII. James F. Casey, President's brother-in-law, Collector of the Port of New Orleans; place worth \$20,000 a year.
- XIV. James Longstreet, President's brother-in-law's cousin, Surveyor of the Port of New Orleans.
- XV. Silas Hudson, President's own cousin, Minister to Guatemala.
- XVI. George K. Lee, President's brother-in-law's cousin, Public Stores, New York; place worth \$100,000 a year.
- XVII. Orlando H. Ross, President's own cousin, Clerk in the Third Auditor's Office, Washington.
- XVIII. Dr. Addison Dent, President's brother-in-law's third cousin, Clerk in the Register's Office, Treasury Department, Washington.
- XIX. J. F. Simpson, President's own cousin, Second Lieutenant Twenty-Fifth Infantry.
- XX. John Simpson, President's own cousin, Second Lieutenant, Fourth Artillery.
- XXI. George B. Johnson, President's mother's second cousin, Assessor of Internal Revenue, Third District, Ohio.
- XXII. B. L. Wyman, President's cousin's husband, Postmaster of Newport, Kentucky.
- XXIII. Miss A. E. Magruder, President's brother-in-law's second cousin, Clerk in Gen. Spinner's Office, Treasury Department.

The same paper notes the salaries received by the above persons, which amount to \$874,000 a year. And the Rochester (New York) Union, copying the list, adds:

"One of the worst features of Grant's monstrous nepotism is not presented in the above list. It is the appointment by Grant of his brother-in-law, F. T. Dent, to the position of Lieutenant Colonel in the Second Artillery. Dent was an officer of infantry, but has been a sort of lackey at the White House since Grant's election, drawing double pay from the treasury. By the recent consolidation of the army his regiment was disbanded and he was consequently left without a place, and under the law he would be mustered out as a supernumerary officer. Now Grant arbitrarily makes him a Lieutenant Colonel of Artillery, thus placing him into a branch of the service in which he never served, over the heads of meritorious officers who have spent their lives in it, and to the entire displacement of some one officer of artillery who by right should be maintained in his position."

"I am too good a Republican to be a Radical; and I am too little of a Radical to be a sectional Democrat."

This is the manner of a gentleman defines his political position. To me it is an enigma which I am unable to solve. It may be plain to the gentleman himself, but it is undoubtedly a puzzle to others. I know not where to class him as one of those temporizers in this State who claim to be good Conservatives, but who are yet apologists for Radicalism; who wink at peculation in office because the speculators have money to spend; who never expose corruption in high places because it is "none of their business"; and who desire a third party, when there is not now room enough for two.

Will Journal.

One Benjamin Goodman, late Postmaster at Williamston, Martin county, was convicted last week in the U. S. Circuit Court, now in session in Raleigh, and sentenced to the penitentiary for fourteen years. The evidence was so plain that he confessed.

A Philadelphia saloon keeper has issued the following "time table," for the information of his patrons:

6 A. M. "Eye Opener," 7 "Appetizer," 8 "Digester," 9 "Big Breakfast," 11 "Stimulant," 12 M. "Anti-Laxative," 1 P. M. "Settler," 2 "A la Smyth," 3 "Cooler," 4 "Social Drink," 5 "Invigorator," 6 "Solid Straight," 7 "Chit-Chat," 8 "Fancy Smile," 9 "Entire Acts," 10 "Sparkler," 11 "Rouser," 12 M. "Night Cap."

Treasurer Jenkins in his report to the N. C. Legislature shows that he paid, on account of the militia \$74,742.70, besides \$890 to the Adjutant General. His disbursements for all purposes since his last report amount to \$3,454,214.10.

Horace Greeley styles Jim Fisk as an "obese and expensive incubus who breeds bediamonded and barlot beggars, upon the corpse of the railroad from which he pressed the life." And this of a man who wears a sword! O. Horace of the lion heart, thy courage is sublime!

The Author of "Sweet Home."

As I sit in my garret here in Washington, watching the course of great men, and the destiny of party; I most often with strange contradictions in this eventful life. The most remarkable was that of John Howard Payne, author of "Sweet Home." I knew him personally. He occupied the rooms under me for some time, and his conversation was so captivating that I often spent whole days in his apartments. He was an applicant for office at the time—Consul at Tunis—from which he had been removed.

What a sad thing it was to see the poet subjected to all the humiliations of office-seeking. Of an evening we would walk along the street. Once in awhile we would see some family circle so happy, and forming so beautiful a group, that he would stop, and then pass silently on.

On such occasions he would give a history of his wanderings, his trials, and all the cares incident to his sensitive nature and poverty. "How often," said he, once, "have I been in the heart of Paris, Berlin and London, or some other city, and heard persons singing, or the hand organ playing 'Sweet Home,' without a shilling to buy the next meal, or a place to lay my head. Yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood." My country has turned me ruthlessly from office, and in old age I have to submit to humiliation for bread.

"Thus would he complain of his hapless lot. His only wish was to die in a foreign land, to be buried by strangers, and sleep in obscurity.

I met him one day looking unusually sad. "Have you got your consulate?" said I.

"Yes, and I leave in a week for Tunis; I shall never return."

The last expression was not political faith. Far from it. Poor Payne! his wish was realized; he died at Tunis. Whether his remains were brought to this country I know not, they should be, and if none others would do it, let the homeless throughout the world give a penny for an inscription like the following:

HERE LIES
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE,
The Author of "Sweet Home."
A wanderer in life, he, whose songs were sung in every tongue,
and found an echo in every heart,
NEVER HAD A HOME.
HE DIED
In a Foreign Land.

Cotton Raising in India.

The latest official statistics of the cotton trade of India show that the exports from the Bombay Presidency in 1868 amounted to 1,294,291 bales, exceeding those of 1867, which was a figure which Nathan used to represent the cruel sin of David. The figure represents a man as having lost a ewe lamb, whose value was but a trifle, but the reality was the loss of a wife. How much more then the reality than the figure. And the same holds true throughout the Bible in every instance wherein we know surely what the reality is. With this fact before us, how great the mistake to think that the sufferings of hell are lessened, provided we shall believe that the expressions used in the Bible to describe them are understood figuratively, rather than literally. The very opposite is true. If these terms are not to be understood literally, then we are forced to the conclusion that the figure falls far short of the reality in degree. If this be so, how terrible the conception we are to form of the dreadfulness of hell. Look at some of the figures: "There the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." Near to Jerusalem was a deep valley where Ahab practiced certain heathen rites. In order to prevent this place from ever being used thus, King Josiah set it apart as a place of pollution. Dead animals and the filth of the city were cast there to be either burned or consumed by worms. It thus became one of the most abhorrent places imaginable, never to be thought of without loathing and shuddering, and the thought of one dwelling there in the midst of that awful filth, would have been to a Jew worse than death itself. Christ uses this terrible figure to represent hell; that as this place was the receptacle of physical filth, even so, hell is to be the receptacle of the most loathsome moral filth, disgusting beyond description to everything holy; therefore the real hell of the figure must be far worse than the figure. The figure that Christ draws of hell in the description of the rich man burning in flames, and begging in vain for so much water as might be to the tip of Lazarus' finger, is another instance. This would be fearful enough as a reality, how much worse must be that reality? Suffocating in the smoke of brimstone is bad enough as a reality: what must the reality then be, if this is but a figure? But really the most fearful figure drawn in the Bible to describe hell and awaken in us an awful dread of it, is where the Revelator speaks of the "wrath of the Lamb." Christ is in the Bible called a lion. To have spoken of the anger of God toward the sinner under the figure of the wrath of a lion, would have been something one would have thought sufficiently startling, for a lion may be easily roused to anger, and his wrath is terrible. But the wrath of a lamb! Scarcely any provocation seems sufficient to awaken its anger. Tear its limbs from its body,