The Southern Home:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY D. H. HILL,

CHARLOTTE, N. C., 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 to the advancement of Southern Interests in Agriculture, Mining, Manufacturing and the Mechanic Arts.

In addition to the contributions from the old corps of writers of "THE LAND WE thorough men of Science, and of Practical Farmers, Miners, Machinists, &c.

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CHARLOTTE, N. C., A full supply of Coffins and Caskets constantly on hand, ready for use. jan 6, '73-1y

TO TAX-PAYERS.

All who owe BARRINGER & WOLFE

are requested to come forward and settle We have been patient. We cannot wait any longer as the old business must be settled up. Call at once. We desire to settle up with Nov. 4. BARRINGER & WOLFE.

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30,000 Paper Bags 30 Dozen Noiseless Slates A large and varied Stock of Writing Paper, Emerson's Clips and Files, and many other goods which we are offering at fair prices. Oct 14 TIDDY & BRO

Houthern

VOL. 3.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., MONDAY, MARCH 31, 1873.

NO. 165.

L. W. SANDERS.

J. E. OATES.

W. C. BLACKWOOD.

DAILY ARRIVING & IN STORE.

The following Guanos will be sold either having now the largest circulation of any for Cash or on Time, with approved security.

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The NAVASSA is manufactured in Wilmington, N. C., by an association of Southern usiness men and planters of known responsibility. We could adduce strong HOME estimony as to is efficacy and value as a manure.

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SANDERS, OATES & CO.,

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Jan 20, '73-1y]

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AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

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FIRST DEPARTMENT—FANCY GROCERIES.

Soaps, Candles, Candy, Starch, Soda, Raisins, Oysters, Sugar, Coffee, Teas, Spices, Prize Candies, Brandy Peaches, &c., &c. Purchased direct from the Manufacturers with the view of supplying the WHOLESALE TRADE.

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ion to our COMMISSION and STORAGE business, to which we pay close personal FOURTH DEPARTMENT—PHOSPHATES. We are Agents for ZELL'S and other SUPER PHOSPHATES, the most reliable arti cle on the market. Certificates from reliable farmers furnished on application. We are also Agents for GILHAM'S CELEBRATED TOBBACCO FERTILIZER.

FIFTH DEPARTMENT—LEAF TOBACCO WAREHOUSE We have complied with the Revenue Law, and are now ready to receive Leaf Tobacco which we will buy or sell on commission. Our Warehouse fees are less than the same

at Richmond or Danville, and the best prices in those markets always obtained. Our Large and Commodious Hall will be finished and opened to the public about the We thank a generous public for the liberal patronage which has heretofore been bestowed upon us, and we hope that through strict attention to business, and selling our goods at low figures, we may merit a continuance of their favor.

R. M MILLER & SONS. January 11, 1873.

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In order to make room for a A HEAVY SPRING STOCK.

we will sell all our

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Your attention is particularly invited to our Stock of

FINE DRESS GOODS. SHAWLS. FLANNELS, CASSIMERES,

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WHICH WE WILL SELL VERY LOW McMURRAY & DAVIS.



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J. T. BUTLER, Jeweler and Optician, is sole agent for Charlotte, N. C., from whom they can only be obtained. No peddlers employed.

The great demand for these Spectacles has induced unscrupulous dealers to palm off an inferior and spurious article for the "Diamond." Great care should be taken to see that the trade most (which

should be taken to see that the trade mark (which

is protected by American Letters Patent) is stamped on every pair.

MY STOCK CONSISTS OF FINE GOLD and SILVER WATCHES JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, SILVER AND PLATED WARE, SPECTACLES, &c., And everything usually kept in a first class Jewelry Store. Call and examine my stock and prices JOHN T. BUTLER,

Tryon Street. Oct. 17, 1871. LAND DEEDS .- A lot just printed and for sale at this Office.

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MY PRICES ARE MUCH LOWER.

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Next the Express Office.

Jan I, '73 1y

For the Southern Home. UTAH.

After the manner of a very doleful Moorish balls

BRIGHAM YOUNG rides up and down Through his salty, one-horse town, Deep in thought and dark in frown. From his harem unto those Of his neighbors, on he goes, Cursing both his luck and foes. Tidings unto Brigham tell Of a very heavy swell, Of a mighty infidel, Coming down, on mischief bent; Coming, with the dire intent To work him woe, incontinent; Because of women, and because He had broken all the laws

Of Gods and men and bachelors. Coming with his kin-in-law, Down, with all the dogs of war, On ye harems of Utah. Brigham Young his sword he drew, And the messenger he slew (Privately) and scalped him too, And upon that caitiff's back Fixed this legend with a tack, "Compliments of Capt. Jack!" Straight he to his temple came, Straight he to the vestal flame Fed by virgins of the same. "What shall be the issue, tell, Of this very heavy swell? Answer, Utah's Oracle! Him, betwixt a sneeze and choke,

Him ye Oracle, y'spoke! "That these heathen may relent, Be your choicest treasure sent To ye gentile presi DENT!" "Never fight while you can treat!

Him, betwixt two puffs of smoke,

So from hostile gentile feet, Heaven preserve your honor's seat!" Shook old Brigham's sides with glee, As his brindle BULL-PUP, he Caught and branded U.S.G. Caught and forwarded in state By ye Pull-man's palace, straight To Washington, and paid ye freight. Then was Peace and mild content At head-quarters, in ye tent Of ye gentile president. Also, unto saint and squaw, Peace! and not a word of war Betwixt Ulysses and Utah. And on the medal that they cast A bull-dog held this legend fast— "Security for all the past?" And "Satisfaction for the future," Upon the obverse of the pewter,
Winked with the wicked eye of UTAF
F. O. TICKNOR.

LOVE ON A LOG.

"Miss Becky Newton." "Well, sir."

"Will you marry me?"
"No, 1 won't."

"Very well; then don't, that's all." to be the last of it. She had felt this ers nearly brushing her face. proposal coming for nearly a month, but the scene she had anticipated was not at all like this. She had intended to refuse him, but it was to be done gracefully, and looking around her. could never be to him more than an ap- this freshet can carry you.' preciative and earnest friend. She had "How came you here?" any rhetorical-embellishments, and on be | which, I fear, is lost to him forever." cried with vexation.

"You will never have a better chance," he continued, after a pause, as he deliber- happened?" she asked. telegraph reports.

"A better chance to marry a young, ments." sex is only exceeded by his bravery in ed on my privacy, and while you slept I their defence." Fred was quoting from watched over you, like the sweet little his newspaper, but Miss Newton did not cherub that sits up aloft."

"And whose egotism is only exceeded she said, bridling. by his impudence," retorted the lady, sar "You shored aw "Before long," continued Fred, "you my waist."

will be out of the market. Your chances, Druggists and Apothecaries, you know, are getting slimmer every

hastily, and flushing to the temples. "I'll give you a final opportunity, Miss

Becky. Will you mar-"Not if you were the King of England," interrupted Miss Newton, throwing down her work. "I am not accustomed to such | "It is a hundred miles."

insults, sir. And so saying she passed to the house for such a distance is not to be neglected. and slammed the door behind her.

"She is never so handsome as when she is in a rage," thought Fred to himself, after she had gone, as he slowly, folded so. up his paper and replaced it in his pocknever win her in that way. But I'll have I'll have her, cost what it may !"

of the present, pacing nervously up and down the piazza, from the Fred Eckerson a man. of a few moments ago, receiving his disheart. The real difficulty in the way, as of inviting into this neighborhood. he more than half suspected, was not so much with himself as in his pocket. Becky Newton had an insuperable objec- we get out of this scrape, I shall write for did yesterday morning-I might answer tion to an empty wallet. The daughter her to come away." of a wealthy Louisiana planter, reared in luxury and the recipient of a weekly allowance of pin money sufficient to pay which will be convenient for me as long ly lost to view. Fred's whole bills for a month, she had no as I remain your father's guest. I can for one of less comfort and independence. you see." a neighboring planter of unusual aristo- Becky. cratic lineage had looked upon her with "I expect to marry her before long," covetous eyes. To be sure, he was old he replied.
and ugly, but he was rich, and in her "Marry her! Why you—you proposed present mercenary state of mind, Miss to me this morning widow slip by improved.

interview, and take the starch all out of she loved Fred Eckerson. Besides she her nice, clean pillow-shams by crying did not half believe him. herself into hysterics on the bed. It was The clumsy vessel floated on, now root

Fred Eckerson's wife after all.

such a man,-never!"

Mississippi, which flowed within five hun- appeared to be no escape from death, dred yards of the house, was at the time either by drowning in the darkness or by nearly at the height of its annual "spring exhaustion before daybreak. the sea, nearly filled its banks, and in not wholly a terror. She could hardly many places had broken through the think, if death must come, of any way in which was dashed along in the boiling she found herself enveloped in Fred's flood, rendering navigation wholly im- coat. possible. The waters were still rising, and the frequent crashes far and near told of the undermining power of the current, as sections of the sandy banks succumbed warm. You are freezing." trees which overhung the stream.

to look at the river. She dried her tears, spiration from his brow. and putting on her hat, slipped out by the back door to avoid Fred, and soon found herself at the foot of a huge cotton-wood tree on the bank below the house. Throwing herself upon the grass, and lulled by the bubbling of the rapid my neck, for I'm going to take mine flood beneath her, she soon fell fast asleep. away." Had she possessed any power of foreseeing the future, it would have been the last not only threw her arms quickly around thing she would have done, for although his neck, but she laid her head upon his it was very pleasant dropping asleep breast, without the slighest hesitation. there in the shade, with the soft sun-light In the darkness Fred did not know that flittering through the leaves overhead, the she imprinted a kiss upon his shirt bosom. awakening was not at all to her mind. A terrible crash made chaos of her dreams; for your dear life!" the ground slipped from beneath her; the The log had been gradually nearing the tall cotton-wood toppled and fell; and shore for some time, and it now shot sud-Miss Becky Newton found herelf sudden- denly under a large sycamore which ly immersed in the cold flood, with her overhung the bank and trailed its branchmouth full of muddy water. In a mo- es in the brown flood. Quick as thought ment more, somebody's arms was around Fred seized the limb above his head, Mr. Fred Eckerson drew away his her and she felt herself lifted up and and pulled with all his might. The head hair, and putting his feet upon the piaz- placed somewhere in the sunshine, though long course of the cottonwood was check-

"Well!"

"Well!"

his most eager entreaties. She was to plied Fred, "and you are in the fork of a shape with such a quick rebound that two have told him that though respecting his cottonwood tree and you are voyaging travelers were very nearly precipitated manly worth and upright character, she toward the Gulf of Mexico just as fast as into the stream again. Fred, half sup-

intended to shed a few tears, perhaps, as "In the same conveyance with yourself, ties that would have done no discredit to he knelt writhing in an agony of suppli- Miss Beck. In fact, you and I and the Blondin, and in a moment more both had cation at her feet. But instead he had tree all came together, to say nothing of reached the ground in safety. asked her the simple question, without a portion of your fathers's plantation,

ing answered had plunged at once into Beeky was silent. She was thinking, his newspaper, as though he had merely not of the accident or the perilous posiinquired the time of day. She could have tion, but of her appearance when she was lying asleep on the grass.

"How long were you there before this ately turned over the sheet to find the "As long as you were. I was up in the tree when you came."

said, coloring,-"a spy upon my movegood-looking man, whose gallantry to the "Nonsense!" he replied. "You intrud-

"Thank you for the service, I'm sure,"

"You snored awfully."

"Then put yours around my neck." "Indeed I will do no such thing." "You will fall into the river if you do

"It won't be a great while before you Becky was silent for several moments, of the long ride were taken without a reare ineligible. You will grow old and, while their unwieldy craft whirled along mark from either. It was Becky who the current, rolling from side to side and "Such rudeness to a lady, sir, is mon- threatening every instant to turn comstrous!" exclaimed Miss Newton, rising pletely over and tip them off. At last she

> "What are we to do?" "I think, now that I am started, I shall go on to New Orleans," he replied. "To New Orleans," exclaimed Becky. "Yes, and the chances for a free passage

You can go ashore if you prefer." She burst into tears.

"You are cruel," she said, "to treat me "Cruel!" exclaimed Fred, drawing her et. "I was a fool to goad her so. I shall closer to him, quickly,-"cruel to you?" There was no help for it, and she her," he exclaimed, aloud. "By Heaven, again relapsed into silence, quite content, apparently, to remain in Fred's arms, and Very different was the Fred Eckerson evincing now no disposition to rebel.

"I want to go to New Orleans," con-Those wanting Goods in my line, will do missal from the woman he loved, with tinued Fred, and after a pause, "because well to examine my stock before trying the such calm and importurbable exterior. there is a young lady of my acquaintance For he loved Becky Newton with all his residing there, whom I have an intention

> "If we don't go to New Orleans, and if "I shall obtain board for her in St. Jean,

Becky was silent again. It is a matter of some doubt whether, had Fred at that moment, sitting astride that cotton-wood log with his fest in the water and his arm around her waist, proposed to her a sec-ond time, she would have accepted him or not. To be sure a marvelous change had come over Becky's feelings since her tumble into the river. She felt just then that one strong arm like that which supported her was worth a thousand old and decrepid planters, and she recognized the fact that a man who could talk ac coolly and unconcernedly in a situation of such extreme peril, was one of no ordinary courage. But she was not yet quite pre-But alas for human nature! If Becky pared to give up her golden dreams. The really was so indifferent to Fred Eckerdross was not quite washed out of her son, why did she run up stairs after that soul, and she did not yet know how much

not all wrath, not all vexation, it was not first, now sideways, and now half suball pique. There was somewhere deep down in Becky Newton's heart, a feeling Their precarious hold became more unvery much like remorse. She was not certain as their frames became chilled by very sure she would not some day be the cold water, and every plunge of the sorry for what she had done. She had log threatened to cast them once more no doubt she could be very happy as into the river. In vain Fred endeavored to attract the attention of some one on "But then," she cried, growing hot with the other shore. The cottonwood rethe recollection, "I never could live with tained a course nearly in the middle of the stream, too far from either bank to When Fred Eckerson had walked off render their outcries of much avail. As some of his feelings on the piazza, he con. it grew dark their situation grew more cluded to take a look at the river. The and more hopeless, and to Becky there

rise." Its turbid waters, rushing toward Yet to die in this man's arms seemed levees and flooded the lower lands for which she would rather meet it. Was it many miles. A crevasse of this descrip- possible she loved him, and must needs tion had been made in the farther bank, be brought within the valley of the shadnearly opposite the house, and the New- ow before she could know her heart. ton mansion commanded a view of a vast | Had she loved all along? While she and glittering inland sea, not laid down was thinking about it, chilled by the on the maps. The main current of the night air, she fell asleep. When she stream bore upon its coffee-colored bosom | awoke the stars were out, but she was an enormous mass of floating timber, warm and comfortable. Raising her head,

"Fred !"

"Well!" "You have robbed yourself to keep me

and disappeared, carrying with them the "No I ain't. I took it off because it was so awful hot," and taking out his Now, it happened that by a curious handkerchief with his disengaged hand coincidence, Miss Newton also resolved he made a pretence of wiping the per-

> "How long have I been asleep?" "About three hours. We are drifting n shore now."

"Shall we be saved?" "I don't know. Put your arms around

"Hold fast now!" he cried. "Hold on.

za, unfolded a newspaper. Miss Becky precisely where, she was as yet too be-Newton bit her lip and went on with her wildered to know. Getting her eyes open over, its top became entangled in the sewing. She wondered if that was going at last, she found Fred Eckerson's whisk. sycamore, and a terrific cracking of limbs ensued. With a sudden spring Fred gained the projecting branch, dragging his clinging burden with him. In another "Where am I?" asked Becky, shivering instant the cottonwood bad broken away and continued its voyage down the river, She was to remain firm, notwithstanding "In the middle of the Mississippi," re- while the bent sycamore regained its porting, half dragging Becky, worked his way to the trunk by a series of gymnas-

"That's a business we are well out of," he said when he had regained his breath. Now where are we?"

He looked about. A light was glimmering from behind them, a short distance from where they stood. Becky could not walk without great pain, and Fred lifted her lightly in his arms and started for the house. It proved to be the dwelling of a small planter who was "A better chance for what?" she asked "You had no right to be there," she not lacking in hospitality. Here their wants were quickly attended to, and under the cheering influence of warmth and shelter, Becky was soon herself again.

They drove home the following day, Fred having procured the loan of the planter's horse and chaise for that purpose, promising to return them by Mr. Newton's servant the day after. The morning was bright and clear, and the "Mr. Eckerson, remove your arm from fragrance of the orange groves was in all the air. Becky, who had maintained almost utter silence since their escape from the cottonwood, was no less silent now. Fred himself did not appear particularly communicative, and many miles

"Fred!" she said.

"Fred?"

"Yes?"

"Yes." "You have saved my life, have you

"Happy to do it any day," he said, not knowing exactly what else to say. "I thank you very much."

"Quite welcome, I am sure." There was another long silence, broken only by the sound of the horse's hoof upon the road. Fred himself seemed to have lost some of his habitual ease, for he kept his whip in constant motion, and held the reins nervously.

"Are you going to write to that young lady in New Orleans?" "I s'pose so." "Had'nt you-better-try again-be-

fore you write?" He turned his eyes full upon her, and opened them wide.

"Try again? try what?" "I've been thinking through the night," said Becky, bending low to hide her face and carefully separating the fringe of her mantilla, "that-perhaps-if you asked me again the same question-that you

a little-different. "Becky's head went against Fred's shoulder and her face became immediate-

"You darling!" he exclaimed, "I never immediate idea of changing her situation ride over after breakfast every morning, intended to do otherwise. The young lady in New Orleans was wholly a myth. Besides, it had been intimated to her that "She is an intimate friend, then," said But when, may I ask, did you change

I have never changed it," she murmur-

ed. 'I have loved you all the time, but never knew it until last night." And to this day, when Mrs. Becky Ec-Becky Newton did not desire to allow Yes, but you refused me. I told you kerson is asked where it was that she fell such a chance of becoming a wealthy then you would never have another in love with her husband, she answers,