

The Southern Home

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY D. H. HILL, CHARLOTTE, N. C. Devoted to the vindication of the truth of Southern History...

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: One copy, one year, in advance, \$2.50 Five copies, one year, 11.25 Ten copies, one year, 20.00

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STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA. MECKLENBURG COUNTY, in the Superior Court. The Farmers' Saving Bank, Plaintiffs, vs. W. H. H. Houston and J. P. Houston, Defts.

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Selected Story.

OUT OF WORK.

"It's no use, Maria, I have tried every where." "But you are not going to give up, Peter?" "Give up! How can I help it? Within four days I have been to every book bindery in the city, and not a bit of work can I get."

"What else can you try?" "Why anything that you can do." "Yes, I've tried other things. I have been to more than a dozen of my friends, and offered to help them if they would hire me."

"And what did you mean to do for them?" "I offered either to post their accounts, or make out bills, or attend to the counter." Mrs. Stanwood smiled as her husband thus spoke.

"What makes you smile?" he asked. "To think that you should have imagined that you should find work in such a place. But how is Mark Leeds?" "He is worse than I am."

"How so?" "He has nothing in his house to eat." "A shudder crept over his wife's frame now." "Why do you tremble, wife?" "Because when we shall have eaten our breakfast to-morrow morning, we shall have nothing."

"What?" cried Peter Stanwood, half starting from his chair. "Do you mean that?" "I do." "But our flour?" "All gone. I baked the last this afternoon."

"But we have pork?" "You ate the last this noon." "Then, we must starve!" groaned the stricken man, starting across the room. Peter Stanwood was a book binder by trade, and had now been out of employment about a month.

"I'll make one more trial," muttered Peter despairingly. "But you must go prepared to do anything." "Anything reasonable, Maria." "What do you call reasonable?" "Why—anything decent."

She felt inclined to smile, but the matter was too serious for that, and a cloud passed over her face. She knew her husband's disposition, and she felt sure he would find no work. She knew that he would not lower him in the social scale, as he had done one or twice expressed it.

However, she knew it would be of no use to say anything to him now, and so she left the matter pass. On the following morning, the last bit of food in the house was put on the table. Stanwood could hardly realize that he was penniless and without food.

For years he had been gay, thoughtless and fortunate, making the most of the present, forgetting the past, and letting the future take care of itself. Yet the truth was naked and clear: and when he left the house he said, "Something must be done."

No sooner had her husband gone, than Mrs. Stanwood put on her bonnet and shawl. Her oldest child was a girl eleven years old, and her youngest four—she asked her next door neighbor if she would take care of her children until noon. These children were known to be good and quiet, and they were taken over there. Mrs. Stanwood looked up her house and went away again. She came home in the evening before her husband, carrying a very heavy basket on her arm.

"Well, Peter," she asked, after her husband had entered and sat down, "What luck?" "Nothing! nothing!" he groaned. "I made out to get dinner with an old chum, but could find no work."

"And where have you looked to-day?" "Oh, everywhere! I've been to a hundred places, but it's the same story in every place. It's nothing but one eternal 'no'—no! I'm just sick and tired of it."

"What have you offered to do?" "Why, I even went so far as to tend a liquor store down town." "The wife smiled." "Now, what shall we do?" uttered Peter spasmodically.

to that date. I told him I did the business because you were away hunting up work." "So he's got your gold watch?" "No, he wouldn't take it. He said if I would be responsible for the rent, he would let it rest."

"Then we've got a roof to cover us, and food for to-morrow. But what next? What a curse those hard times are!" "Don't despair, Peter, for we shall not starve. I've got work enough engaged to keep us alive."

"Ah, what is that?" "Why, Mr. Snow has engaged me to carry small packages, baskets, bundles, and so forth, to his rich customers. He has had to give up one of his horses."

"What do you mean, Maria?" "Just what I say. When Mr. Snow came home to dinner, I was there, and asked him if he ever had light articles which he wished to send around to his customers. Never mind that, he said—'He did happen to want just such work done, though he had meant to call upon me this morning to lounge about the market. He promised to give me all the work he could, and I'm to be there in good season in the morning.'"

"Well, this is a pretty go. My wife turned butcher's boy! You will not do any such thing!" "And why not?" "Because—because—"

"Say because it will lower me in the social scale." "Well, so it will." "Then it is more honorable to lie still and starve, and see one's children starve, too, than to earn honest bread by honest work?" I tell you, Peter, if you cannot find work, I will go with you. I have not been without bread to-night, had I not found work to-day. You know that all kinds of light, agreeable business in seized upon by those who have particular friends, and engaged for them. At such a time as this, it is not for us to consider what kind of work we will do, so long as it is honest. Oh give me the liberty of living upon my own deserts and the independence to be governed by my own convictions of right."

"But, my wife, only think you carrying our butcher's stuff. Why, I would sooner do it myself." "If you will go," said the wife with a smile, "I will stay at home and take care of the children."

It was hard for Peter Stanwood, but the more he thought upon the matter, the more he saw the justice and right of the path into which his wife had led him. Before he went to bed he promised that he would go to the butcher's next morning.

And Peter Stanwood went upon his new business. Mr. Snow greeted him warmly, praised his faithful wife, and then him off with two baskets, one to Mrs. Smith's and the other to a Mrs. Dixall's. Thus the new carrier worked all day, and when it came night he had earned 37 cents. It had been a day of trial, but to one sneered at him, and all his acquaintances whom he met greeted him the same as usual. He was far happier now than he was when he went home the night before, for he was independent.

On the next day he earned over a dollar; and thus he continued to work for a week, at the end of which he had five dollars and seventy-five cents in his pocket besides having paid for all the food for his family, save some few pieces of meat Snow had given them. Saturday evening he met Mark Leeds, another bidder, who had been discharged with himself. Leeds looked careworn and rusty.

"How goes it?" asked Peter. "Don't ask me," groaned Mark. "My family are half starved." "But can't you find anything to do?" "Nothing." "Have you tried?" "Everywhere; but it's no use. I have pawned all my clothes to save those I have on. I've been to the bindery to-day, and what do you suppose he offered me?"

"What was it?" "Why I offered to let me do his hand-carting! He just turned off his nigger for drunkenness, and offered me the place! The old curmudgeon! I had a good mind to pitch him into the hand cart, and run him to the—"

"Well," said Peter, "if I had been in your place I should have taken up with the offer." Mark mentioned the name of the same individual again. "Why," resumed Peter, "I have been doing the work of a butcher's boy for a whole week."

Mark was incredulous, but his companion convinced him, and then they separated, one going home happy and contented and the other going away from home to find some sort of excitement in which to drown his misery.

One day Peter had a basket of provisions to carry to Mr. W., his former employer. He took the load upon his arm, and just as he was entering the yard of the customer, he met Mr. W. "Ah, Stanwood is this you?" asked his old employer, kindly.

"Yes, sir." "What are you up to now?" "I'm a butcher boy, sir." "A what?" "You see I've brought provisions for you, sir. I'm a regular butcher boy."

day a heavy job came in, and Peter Stanwood had steady work. He was happy more happy than ever, for he had learned two things: first, what a noble wife he had; and second, how much reason for good he held within his own energies.

Our simple picture has two points to its moral. One is, no man can be lowered by any kind of honest labor. The second, while you are enjoying the fruits of the present, forget not to provide for the future; for no man is so secure but that the day may come when he will want the squanderings of the past.

GEN. JACKSON'S BIRTH-PLACE.

MONROE, N. C., May 25, 1869. MESSRS. EDITORS: Will you permit me once more, and for the last time on this subject, to reply to the communication of Mr. James H. James. What Mr. James relates of Simon Kenton's statement, that he knew Andrew Jackson in 1779, and of his then being with Dr. Walker, in Kentucky, and was then "as old as Kenton," who says he born about "1755," is simply absurd.

It is well known that Jackson never left the Waxhaw settlement until after the invasion of South Carolina by Cornwallis in 1780 and 1781. It was in 1780 he received the wound on his hand by a British officer for refusing to black his boots. It was then also that he was taken prisoner at Camden, South Carolina, a youth only thirteen or fourteen years of age. Besides this, I think the line between North Carolina and Virginia was not run in 1779. There was a commission to Judge Henderson and others to run said line, but a difficulty arose as to the true latitude of 36° 30', and the commission was closed. At all events, Dr. Walker was not one of the commissioners. There, Judge Henderson, Orondates Davis, John Williams, James Kerr and William Bailey Smith. (See Wheeler's North Carolina, page 103, volume 1st.) He (Kenton) may have seen some other Jackson, or may have mistaken 1789 for 1779.

So, in like manner, the lady spoken of by John Chambers may have been mistaken in saying "she received Andrew Jackson in her own hands" as they "came over in the same ship to America." The parents of Andrew Jackson came to America in 1765, and Robert may have been born on the passage, and thus she might have been in error; for it is well known here that Andrew Jackson's father died before he was born.

Mr. James says, "if Mr. Walker seeks to prove that Kenton was mistaken about seeing Jackson in Kentucky in 1779, and living in North Carolina, these persons will be speaking of what they know thirty years ago, and they were either very young then or very old now." Some of them do yet live and remember those facts, and those who were not living have circumstances and facts well authenticated by persons recently deceased, as strong as positive proof, that he was then living in Waxhaw settlement, and those persons are not quite so old as the old lady spoken of by John Chambers as "living in 1840," who came over in the same vessel with Jackson's parents, and who said "she received Andrew in her arms at sea;" for if Jackson was as old as Kenton, says he, must have been born about 1755, and this mid-wife must have been at least twenty-five or thirty years old at that time, which would give her birth about 1725, and therefore in "1840," when she related this fact, or was then living in his (Chambers') neighborhood, she must have been one hundred and fifteen years of age.

And if (Andrew) "was born on the passage," which was in "1765," it shows that Kenton was mistaken as to his (Jackson's) "being twenty-four years old in 1779," and even then the old lady who "received him in her arms" must have been over one hundred years old in 1840. If her statement was true, and she was as old as she said, instead of Andrew; for it does not appear that she ever knew or saw Andrew or his family of Jackson afterwards. She then "must have been very young when that event took place" in 1755 or 1765, "or very old" in "1840," when it was asserted she "was living." She was an old inhabitant, at all events beyond "eighty," and certainly recollected things not in "the memory" of any other of the oldest inhabitants. Her vision too, must have improved with her age, and have been of those—

"Optics keen, it takes I ween, To see what was not to be seen." And must have been of the acuteness of Simon Kenton's, of Kentucky, who could discover in a youth of twelve years the grown man of "twenty-four," and who, with a magic power equal to the genius of the Arabian Nights, could see Robert and drew Jackson to Kentucky ten years before he was ever there, and whilst he was still in the Waxhaws at school and with his mother.

It just proves how sadly mistaken was this "old wife's" fable, and that garrulous old man Kenton. It is thus supposed that this was in 1789 instead of 1779, but his tale would assume an air of probability. And so also, if the old lady had "received in her own hands" Robert instead of "Andrew," it might be very probable.

As to the "accounts charged against Andrew Jackson," I did not state that he was charged in 1779, but that Robert introduced them as a circumstance to show that he was in North Carolina up to 1788, and he was then not twelve but twenty-one years of age; and I can see no reason why his accounts may not have been charged to him, though he was a minor. His parents were acting, and he had no guardian, and was acting for himself, and I presume accounts are charged against persons off at school and acting for themselves by merchants in every State in this Union, and always have been so.

Andrew Jackson was acting for himself in 1788; he was not acting near his father, as he was in 1779, but he introduced them as a circumstance to show that he was in North Carolina up to 1788, and he was then not twelve but twenty-one years of age; and I can see no reason why his accounts may not have been charged to him, though he was a minor. His parents were acting, and he had no guardian, and was acting for himself, and I presume accounts are charged against persons off at school and acting for themselves by merchants in every State in this Union, and always have been so.

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Kenton has evidently failed in his memory by one decade—just "missed one figure"—and the old lady just missed the right name, viz: one missed it in identity, the other in date; neither of which would be very improbable circumstances.

As to W. Marshall's statement about Jackson's reply to his father's question in 1817 as to his birthplace, that he "was born at sea," he (Anderson) seems to be so positive and circumstantial, and Mr. James' assertion that the statement of Mr. Anderson "cannot admit of a doubt," that I am inclined to think that Mr. Anderson's statement did have that confirmation as stated by Mr. Anderson, and did make that statement "that he was born at sea;" and it is equally undoubted that since that time General Jackson wrote a letter to Col. James H. Witherspoon, of Lancaster, South Carolina, about the time he was President, in reply to a similar inquiry from Col. Witherspoon; that he "was born at Crawford's, in South Carolina;" and also in his proclamation against South Carolina he styled them "fellow-citizens of my native State."

These two different assertions being wholly inconsistent, and especially with each other clearly proving that Jackson was in error and knew nothing about his true birthplace. And therefore, as I have established the fact of his birthplace at the house of George McKemie, (or as it is usually spelled McKemie), in North Carolina, by those who were present at the time of his birth, who had the best opportunity of knowing the facts they relate, and who were most likely to be correct, they being all his nearest relatives and closest neighbors, who knew him well then and for long years afterwards, viz: his own aunt, Mrs. Sarah Leeds, who presented her sister, Mrs. Jackson, of Andrew; and Mrs. Sally Leeds, the cousin of Jackson and daughter of Mrs. Leslie, who was raised with him; of Mrs. Mollie Cowser, who lived in him; of the place where he was born at that time, and up to the time Jackson was elected President of the United States; of Mrs. McWhorter, who was a close neighbor, and present at his birth; and her son, George, who saw Jackson next day, and was afterwards a schoolmate of his for many years, and who died in 1840—all these facts and circumstances identify the man, the time, and the place, and ought to satisfy any candid mind beyond all reasonable doubt. I think the evidence I have adduced will satisfy all such.

What I have written is to establish truth, and I now beg pardon of you, Messrs. Editors, and of the public, for trespassing so long upon your patience. I think I shall not feel slighted if this is not published.

Very respectfully,
SAMUEL H. WALKER.

National Intelligencer, June 9, 1859.

Elections to Come Off. Oct. 13.—Election of Congressmen in Indiana, Iowa and Nebraska. Oct. 14.—Election of Congressmen in Georgia. Oct. 22.—Election of Congressmen in West Virginia. Nov. 2.—Election of Congressmen and State-officers in Louisiana. Nov. 3.—Election of Congressmen only in Rhode Island, Arkansas, Florida, Maryland, Minnesota, Mississippi, Virginia, Wisconsin and Texas; election of both Congressmen and State officers in Massachusetts, Alabama, Delaware, Illinois, Kansas, Michigan, Missouri, New York, New Jersey, Nevada, Pennsylvania, South Carolina and Tennessee.

HOME AGAIN.—Henry Ward Beecher returned to Plymouth church last evening. His recollection, an account of which appears elsewhere, must be gratifying to all who believe in him, and who really see true religion in the worship of sentiment. Plymouth church deserves credit for the persistency with which she sustains her pastor, although, we are apt to fear, her members have not lost their disposition to worship Mr. Beecher rather than Jesus Christ. Whatever comes Mr. Beecher need no longer feel that he is on the "ragged edge," but standing on the rock of Plymouth affections. It is pleasant to see some people who believe in some one, and Mr. Beecher should feel that he is honored among men—at least, as men now go in modern Christianity.—N. Y. Herald.

OHIO CONSTITUTION.—The official canvass of the vote on the Ohio Constitution at the recent election shows that the majority against the new Constitution is 147,284, and the majority against liquor license 6,286. The Cincinnati Gazette says the great body of the temperance people oppose license upon principle, and order to guard against the contingency of the adoption of the license clause, they generally voted against the Constitution, and adds: "Whatever may be said upon this point, we are back under the Constitution of 1850, with 'no license' in the fundamental law, and anti-liquor laws on the statute books."

THE HOOSAC TUNNEL.—The 1st of November has been fixed as the date for running the first train through the Hoosac tunnel. The tunnel thus completed is four and a half miles long, and in comparison with it, the Box and Kiley tunnels, on English railways, and the huge excavations in the ridges of the South and West sink into insignificance. Boston, of course, anticipates that the tunnel will be the means of giving her a colossal export trade in grain, besides the advantages of cheap coal, and other New England towns are hopeful of receiving corresponding benefits.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.—There are now 940 associations in the Union, forty-eight of which have buildings valued at \$200,000, and fifty-six are accumulating funds amounting to \$500,000. There are seventy-eight general secretaries, employed by individual societies to give their time and efforts to this work.

Horace Maynard, better known as the great Narragansett, was nominated for Governor of Tennessee, by the Republican convention that met at Chattanooga. The convention passed to endorse the Civil Rights Bill. Yet Horace avows zealous advocacy of it.

At the beginning of the present year the Order of Jesuits numbered 9,104 members. Of these 2,803 live in France; 1,580 in Italy; 1,080 in England and English colonies; 1,588 are on missions and 2,706 in the United States.

The State of Mississippi, which did not owe a dollar in 1867, is now saddled with a debt of three millions and a half, and that is worse, has nothing to show for it.