

## 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 Character, 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 Mechanical Arts.

In addition to the contributions from the corps of writers of "THE LAND WAS LOVE," the pages will be secured by thorough men of Science, and of Practical Farmers, Miners, Mechanists, &c.

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### Selected Story.

#### A Village Bar-Boom.

In 18—I was traveling from Ithaca to Buffalo, in New York State, intending to reach home in time to participate of the annual Thanksgiving dinner with old and loving friends at the old homestead. It was a bitter cold morning when we set out, and the roads were frozen hard, there having been considerable mud only a day or two before.

The first night we put in at Danville, and on the following morning when we awoke, I found that the earth was not only covered with snow, but that snow was falling fast. After an early breakfast we set out again on wheels, but at the end of eight miles we were forced to take runners, the snow clogging up so that the wheel would not run. When night came we found ourselves obliged to stop at a small village only twenty miles from where we set out in the morning.

A good supper was provided at the inn, and the place had the appearance of comfort. We had just sat down to supper when the wind began to blow furiously, and we could see by the dim light without that the snow was being whirled and driven about in a furious manner. There was a fire in the small sitting room, and thither we passengers, six or eight of us, adjourned. We sat there and conversed until near nine o'clock, and then I went into the bar room to smoke a cigar previous to retiring.

In the bar-room I found a dozen men were sitting, and smoking and drinking. (This was long before the introduction of the Maine laws.) Several of the company I judged to be teamsters; a rough, hardy, good-natured set, who were enjoying themselves hugely over a mug of flip. Then there were several whom I found to be a village of politicians and newsmongers, who made the bar-room a place of social evening meeting.

I had lighted my cigar and taken a seat near the fire, when I noticed a buffalo skin on one end of the settee, opposite to where I sat, and I was confident that there was a human being beneath it. I supposed it must be a table hand who had been at work hard, and was expected to be up most of the night, and was now getting a little sleep. I was looking at the buffalo and thus meditating, when I heard a low, deep, death-like groan come up from beneath it, and in a few moments more the robe was thrown upon the floor, and the man who had reposed beneath it came down upon the top of it, and there he lay for some moments like a dead man. I had just started up when four of the villagers hastened to his assistance. They lifted him to his feet and after considerable effort he managed to stand up.

"My God! what a thrill struck to my heart when I saw that face. It was one of noble feature; a brow high and amply developed, over which clustered a mass of dark glossy ringlets; the face beautifully proportioned, and each separate feature most exquisitely chiseled. But what an expression rested there now! The great dark eyes had a vacant, idiotic stare; the face was pale as death, and the lips looked dry and parched, and much discolored. His clothes were torn and soiled, and one of his hands bloody. He was surely not more than five and thirty, and his appearance would at once indicate a man of more than common abilities. But the demon had him, and had made him now something below the brute."

"How do you feel now, George?" asked one of the men who had gone to his assistance. "But he only groaned in reply, and was soon persuaded to lie down again, being told that he would soon feel better. As soon as he was on the settee once more, and had the buffalo over him, the men returned to their seats.

"Who is the chap?" asked one of the teamsters, looking toward the villagers who had been assisting the unfortunate man. "That's George Lockland," returned a stout honest-looking man. "Does he belong here?" "Yes. Didn't you never hear of him?" The teamster replied that he had not.

"Well," resumed the fat man, "it's too bad, I declare it is. Lockland might be one of the first men in the town if he'd a mind to; but you see he will drink, and the worst of it is, he makes a fool of himself. He started here as a lawyer, and a smart one he is too. Why, he can argue old Upton right out of his boots. But you see he's lost all of his customers now. They don't trust him with business, 'cause he ain't ever sure of doing it. He's got one of the beautiful little wives you ever saw, and one of the handsomest children. But poor things! I pity 'em. Then there's another thing; rum operates differently on him from what it does on most men. It doesn't show itself on the outside as it does on a most every body else, but it seems to eat him up inside. You see how pale he looks—well, he's always so when he's on one of these times. He don't eat nothing, and I don't suppose he'll put a bit of food into his stomach for a week to come."

"How long has he been so?" asked the teamster. "Why he's been that way for some time now. I suppose that sort of eat him going in the fashion. And as for this drunk, I should say he'd been on it a fortnight. He's got down now as low as he can get and live, and I guess he'll get sober in a day or two.

"But where does he get his liquor?" asked his questioner. "You must ask Mike Fingal that question," was the other's answer. "All eyes turned upon the landlord who now stood behind the bar. He was evidently troubled at this turn, and moved uneasily upon his high stool. "Mike Fingal," spoke the teamster, "do you sell that man rum?" "That was already on my head—or my cap rather—and I went out with the rest. All went but the landlord and his wretched customer who occupied the settee. It was some moments before I could see at all, the snow came driving into my face so; but I soon managed to turn my head and then went on.

"How d'ye mean?" "Why how long both ways? How long since he took to drink, and how long he's been drunk now?" "Well he took a drunk more or less ever since he came from college; but it's about a year that he's been down hard at it. Ye see folks began to find out how slack he was in his business, and they wouldn't give him a job of any consequence. I suppose that sort of eat him going in the fashion. And as for this drunk, I should say he'd been on it a fortnight. He's got down now as low as he can get and live, and I guess he'll get sober in a day or two.

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The wind, as it came sweeping out through the stable, piled up a huge bank of snow across the street, and in this bank we found a female with a child in her arms. She seemed faint and frozen, but yet she clung to her child. The man who carried her lantern held it up to her face. The features were half covered with snow, but the momentary glare of the lantern was sufficient to reveal to me a face of more than ordinary beauty. "Heaven!" uttered the man, as he lowered the lantern, and caught the woman in his arms.

"The child was quickly taken, and ere many minutes were back in the bar-room with our landlord. The two were taken to the fire and the snow brushed from them. "Who's them?" asked the host. "Only Kate Lockland and her child," answered the fat man. "What d'ye bring 'em in here for?" the host uttered angrily. "Why didn't ye take 'em to your own house, Jim Drake?" "O, my own house is too far."

The host was coming around the bar and his eye was flashing with mingled shame and anger, but before he got fairly around, the stout and burly teamster who had said so much, started up. "Mike Fingal," he uttered, in tones such as only a man somewhat of his own physical power can command. "Don't ye put a finger on that woman. Don't ye do it. If ye do, I'll crush ye as I would a pizen spider!"

Fingal looked at the speaker in the eye for a moment, and then muttering something about a man having a right to his property in his own house, he slunk a few yards to his bar again. "I now turned my attention to the woman and her child. The former was surely not yet thirty years of age, and she was truly a beautiful woman—only she was pale and thin, and the eyes were swollen. She trembled fearfully, and I could see her bosom heave as she tried to choke the sob that came from her throat. The child was about four years old. She clung close to her mother, and seemed frightened into a forgetfulness of her cold fingers and feet.

"Kate Lockland, what in Heaven's name are ye doin' out this night?" asked Jim Drake. "O, I was trying to find my own house. Jim Drake, for I knew you'd give me shelter. But I got lost in the snow. I wouldn't have cried out before this place, but my poor child did. Jim Drake, have you mercy on George? Oh, God, have mercy on him! Poor dear George! He don't know we are freezing, starting in our own house. No fuel—no wood—no—no—no." She stopped and burst into tears, and in a moment more George Lockland leaped to his feet.

"Who called me?" he cried, gazing wildly around. "Kate sprang up instinctively, but ere she reached her husband she stopped. The man saw her, and for a white second riveted to the spot. Soon he gazed around the scene about him, and gradually a look of intelligence relieved the utter blank of his hitherto pale and maniac face.

"No fuel! no food!" he whispered, gazing upon his wife. "Starving! God have mercy! where was it said those words? Where am I?" "George, George," cried the wife, now rushing forward and flinging her arms around her husband's neck. "Don't you know me here, sir?" "Kate! no fire! there's fire!" "Aye, George Lockland," said Jim Drake, now starting up; "this ain't your own home. Don't you know where you are?"

Again the poor man gazed about him, and a fearful shudder convulsed his frame, and his hands involuntarily closed over his eyes. I knew that the truth had burst upon him. "O, sir," whispered the wife, catching Drake convulsively by the arm, "take us away from here, sir."

"No fuel! no food!" he groaned. "O, sir," whispered the wife, catching Drake convulsively by the arm, "take us away from here, sir."

"No, no. It's only a little way to your house. I shall do here."

"Will you go home with me, George?" Jim asked of the husband. "Anywhere!" gasped the poor man. "O, God! no fuel! no food! Kate! Are you hurt?"

But the wife could not speak, and as soon as possible the fat old villager had the lantern in readiness and half a dozen went to help him. "Come," he said, "lead George one of you. You take Kate—you are stouter than I—and I'll take the little one."

This last was spoken to a stout teamster, and he took the wife in his arms as though she had been an infant. "It's only a few steps," said Drake, as he started to go. "I'll send your lantern back, Mike Fingal."

And with this the party left the bar-room. I went to the window, and saw them wading off through the deep snow, and when they were out of sight, I turned away. The host came to and began to explain things; but I was sick enough already, and with an aching head I left the room.

On the following day, I came down to breakfast later than usual, for I slept but little through that night. About nine o'clock the driver came in and told us the stage would be ready in five minutes. I went to the bar-room for a cigar. Jim Drake had just come in to bring back the old cloak they had wrapped around the child the night before.

"What will you have this morning, Jim?" I heard the landlord ask; as he set out the tumbler. "Nothing," returned the fat man, emphatically. "I'm done, Mike Fingal. I am done with the stuff. I'll drink no more of it. I wouldn't have come now only poor Lockland and his sweet little wife was hanging around his neck. They were cryin' so I couldn't stand it, and had to clear out. O, it's dreadful, Mike Fingal. You don't know what them poor things have suffered! But they shan't have my example any more."

"All ready," shouted the driver, and I was forced to leave. The wind had gone down; the air was sharp and bracing, and slowly we waded away from the village. I reached Buffalo two days later than I expected to when I started, and having transacted my business there, I went to Mississippi, and so on down to New Orleans. Four years afterward I had occasion to travel that same road again. The bar was still open, but Michael Fingal had gone away. I walked out after dinner, and soon came across a neatly painted office, over the door of which I read: George Lockland, attorney and counsellor at law. In less than five minutes afterward I saw a little, good natured man coming to meet me whom I once recognized as Jim Drake. As he came up, I said: "Excuse me, sir, but I wish to know how Mr. Lockland is getting on now?"

"Squire Lockland you mean?" he answered with a proud look. "You know them?" "I did once," said I. "Then you should know, sir. He was just about as low as a man can be. Did you ever know the Squire's wife?" "I have seen her," I replied. "I saw Drake did not recognize her now. Ah, it was a great change for her. That's their child—that little girl coming this way. Ain't that a picture for ye?"

I looked and saw a bright eyed, sunny-haired girl of eight summers, coming from the street, and she came to where we stood, and put up her arms. "Uncle Drake," she called the old man, and while he was kissing her, and chatting with her, I moved on. I looked back once more on that happy beauteous face just to contrast it with the pale frightened features I had seen on that night in the bar-room.

### EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

BRUSSELS, 1874.

Messrs Editors Southern Home: To-day I have been over the fields of Waterloo, and quite all along the lines, and nearly the whole land is covered with a rich waving grain. How different it must have been on the evening of June 18th, 1815, when Blucher came up with his Prussians on the right of the French line of battle, and Napoleon made the desperate effort with his Imperial Guards on Wellington's center.

The old house and walls of Hougoumont still stand, and I suppose some of the old walls are still in the orchard where so many French fell, but the woods they came through beyond the house and orchard are entirely gone, as also the woods behind and the right wing of the allied army, and the whole land is covered with heavy grain. The road which Napoleon built, leading from Brussels to the French frontier, and which passed along behind the right wing and reserves of the allied army, is now lined on both sides with tall poplars. I built the Napoleon which while waiting, I built the British army would have done. I know that the British army would have done. I know that the British army would have done.

"Man proposes and God disposes." Another thing that I saw on the face of the field from what it was on the day of battle, is the great mound (on which the British Lion stands) near what was Wellington's position in the center of the line of the allied army, and which was raised by the British army in position which was so furiously attacked by the Imperial Guards as Napoleon's great effort, before he was driven from the field. The material for raising that great mound was taken from the field to the left where Gordon was and where Lord Raglan lost a limb and to which Napoleon went with a portion of his Imperial Guards when they received their final repulse. That portion of the field is therefore lowered from what it was, and obstructs the mound except its top. It is said that Wellington on visiting the field after the mound had been built, remarked that they had spoiled his battle field and he did not care to visit it. The mound may be more lasting as a monument, but it would not have disgraced the same or obstructed the view, and might have stood through unknown ages. It is a beautiful sight to behold the heavy crops of rye, wheat and oats, all over the field. They are reaping the rye, and the wheat and oats are higher than you when shocked on and then upon the field. Their general mode of reaping in Belgium is different from what I have before seen, they have a kind of scutching blade in the right hand and a stick in the left, and take up the grain very thick upon the field. I saw one man do it in Italy I saw no grain shocked, when cut it is left in loose sheaves on the field till cured, when it is bound up and hauled off. That I have seen I came into Belgium.

"No, no. It's only a little way to your house. I shall do here."

"Will you go home with me, George?" Jim asked of the husband. "Anywhere!" gasped the poor man. "O, God! no fuel! no food! Kate! Are you hurt?"

Respectfully yours,  
A TRAVELER.

hauling milk, vegetables, &c. it was surprising what loads they pulled, in going up grade the party in charge would give them a shove. The practice of working dogs extends to this place.

On leaving Cologne for this place we turned our backs upon the Rhine, and soon left the plain of the Rhine, and passed through a beautiful belt of hills and valleys and fine fields of grain, with sometimes meadows and wooded hillsides. Passed through Duren, a manufacturing town, with many factories and villages in its vicinity. We next reached Aix La Chapelle, (population about 55,000) situated in a beautiful valley surrounded by hills. It has some handsome streets, but many of them are narrow and crooked, as those in old towns generally are. It would seem as if in ancient times each person had to build his house a little out of line with that of his adjoining neighbors.

About the middle of the afternoon we reached a beautiful valley surrounded by hills. It has some handsome streets, but many of them are narrow and crooked, as those in old towns generally are. It would seem as if in ancient times each person had to build his house a little out of line with that of his adjoining neighbors.

On his head was the crown he had worn during his life, in his right hand a sceptre, and a jeweled mantle over his shoulders. Otho removed all the valuables and closed the vault. Frederick Barbarossa in 1268 again opened it, and the body lying in state was found. It was the skull and some large bones, which they now have in the reliquary. They have the small and the great relics, the first can be seen at any time for a thaler, the latter are only shown every 7th year from the 4th to the 24th of July. They are said to consist of a cotton dress of the virgin (wonder if she was a Carthusian) the swaddling clothes of our Lord and the linen he wore round his loins on the cross. It seems to me that those things must have been miraculously multiplied, as some of them are found every where in such places, and all are the real thing. There are good hot baths in and about the town; I tried one of them to rid me of the dust and dirt of travel. The tall Lusberg rising up from the town is laid out in fine walks and drives from which a fine view of the town and valley is obtained. During our stay in town a great Catholic fair was going on and the Pope's colors were flying every where and there along the streets. We next passed on to Herenthal a Prussian custom house station, thence to Erviers, a Belgian station, where we got out and had our baggage overhauled rather disagreeable operation when closed packed up for traveling. I have however had but little trouble at the many stations I have passed, sometimes finding we were Americans we were allowed to pass right on, at some other stations they took us for English and Scotch party of 3 ladies and 2 men were traveling with us for some distance. The young ladies talked French and their values were thoroughly overhauled, every thing turned upside down. The father brought up the rear with two large trunks with their valuables, he shrugged his shoulders and told them in broad Scotch he did not understand them; and they passed him and their trunks without opening them.

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### COTTON WAREHOUSE.

We now have storage capacity for Three Thousand Bales of Cotton. Planters wishing to hold their crops, can obtain advances on same by depositing our Warehouse Receipts at the city Banks.

HATS, CAPS, and OVERCOATS, BUSINESS and DRESS SUITS, T. A. M. A. S., Shirts and Under-Clothing for Men and Boys.

Umbrellas, Gloves, Hosiery, Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs, &c. And a large line of other articles, which we will sell at the very lowest Cash Prices.

We return our thanks to our patrons for their kindness and liberality, in the past, and intend to merit its continuance. J. A. YOUNG & SON. Charlotte, N. C., Oct. 5, 1874.

Reader, If you intend to consult your interest you will call and examine our stock of Clothing before making your purchases. Our Stock is large and varied, and none shall be sold cheaper. J. A. YOUNG & SON. Oct 25

ALEXANDER & BLAND, DENTISTS. Office in Brown's Building, opposite the corner of Trade and College Streets. Office hours from 8 o'clock a.m. to 6 p.m. DR. M. A. BLAND, Dentist, can now be found at the office of Alexander & Bland, opposite the Charlotte Hotel. Oct 26

Cotton and Corn. Cotton ginned for the Twentieth part, and delivered anywhere in the city. Corn ground for mill, or taken in exchange for meal, bolted and unbolted. Cash paid for seed Cotton and Corn. CHARLOTTE CITY MILLS. Sept 28-14

Large Etn g House. MEALS at all hours. Our table will be supplied with the best market will afford Oysters, Fish and good coffee will be furnished with every meal during the season. W. N. PRATHER & CO. First door above the market house. Trade st., Charlotte, N. C. sept 14

John D. Lee, the Mormon who is believed to have been the leader of the band who in 1857, massacred a party of Arkansas emigrants at a place called Mountain Meadow, in Southern Utah, is now in the hands of the United States authorities and is to be brought to trial for his participation in that terrible outrage. The slaughter of these emigrants was ever committed on this continent. A train had started from Arkansas to cross the plains for California, which included the families of several Arkansians who had been fortunate in the California mines, together with some of their richer neighbors. The train numbered 146 men, women, and children, with about forty wagons and large herds of blooded stock. The emigrants were well armed, fully provided with supplies, and had with them about \$150,000 in gold. They arrived in Salt Lake City in the fall of the year, and were told by the Mormons that it was the only route, but that they would find a practicable pass by going through Southern Utah and crossing Southern Nevada to Los Angeles. They followed this advice, and when camped in the narrow valley called Mountain Meadow, 300 miles southeast from Salt Lake City, they were suddenly attacked, as they supposed by Indians. These they kept at bay for five days, and on the sixth a large band of white men approached from the direction of Cedar City, bearing a white flag, and it is said that these men were Mormons commanded by Lee. The story told and generally believed is that Lee intended to give up their arms under the pretext that he could not otherwise professing to guide them to a place of safety, treacherously fell upon them from the rear and murdered them all in cold blood with the exception of two little children seven years old and fourteen others between the ages of one and five. The report was then spread that the emigrants had been killed by Indians, and Gen. Sidney Johnston sent a detachment of troops to investigate the matter. The officer in command of this detachment found the bones of the missing emigrants; wolves had eaten the flesh. The children who had been saved were surrendered, and it was learned that their parents had been killed by whites instead of Indians. It is said that some of the Mormons who were with Lee made a confession to the same officer, but whether this is true or not, it is certain that it has always been believed that Lee was the leader of the murderous gang, though whether Brigham Young knew of or countenanced the massacre is a question upon which various opinions have been expressed. It is to be hoped that the arrest of Lee will be followed by a fair trial; that the whole matter will be brought to light, and that the just penalty of their crime.

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