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"LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIMST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S."

VOL. 10.

WILSON, N. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 30, 1880

NUMBER 14

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Poetry.

Sowing the Tares.

A prisoner in the penitentiary, at Baltimore, who heard Mr. Moody's remarks one Sunday, retired after the discourse to a cell and soon emerged with verses hastily written, in the meantime, which had been suggested by the discourse, and handed them to Mr. Moody, who, in the afternoon, had them read at Maryland Institute as follows:

Sowing the tares when it might have been wheat,
Plucking the bud of life's wreath all complete
The night shuts down amid darkness and fears,
While we are so cruelly sowing the tares.

Sowing the tares of malice and spite,
Words of black import—Plutonian night;
We might have sowed roses amid life's sad cares,
But we turned from their beauty to sowing the tares.

Sowing the tares—how dark the black sin,
Mingling a curse with life's sweetest hymn;
Heeding no anguish, no piteous prayers
While we were so cruelly sowing the tares.

Sowing the tares to bring sorrow down
That rob of its jewels life's fairest crown;
Turning to silver the once golden hairs
That grew whiter and whiter as we sowed the tares.

Sowing the tares under cover of night,
When we might have sowed joys cherry and bright,
Oh! heart turn to God, with repentance and prayers,
And plead for forgiveness for sowing the tares.

TABERNACLE SERMONS.

Discourse of Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, on Sunday Morning, April 13.

Mistakes About the South Corrected.

"Give me a blessing for thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water."—Judges, i. 15.

Caleb's daughter had been married to General Othniel, and she had received from her father as a wedding gift a farm at the South in a sunny and warm region. She asked the further gift of some springs of water near by so that her farm might be properly irrigated, the water brought down through tunnels and aqueducts.

"Give me a blessing for thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water."

This nation can say that God has given us a south land, and it is a magnificent reach of country; but it especially needs to be irrigated from the fountains of divine mercy, and this nation ought to offer the prayer most devoutly. "Give us a blessing; for Thou hast given us a south land; give also springs of water."

To most engagements in nine of the Southern States, and to catch a glimpse of the Southern springtime, and to see how these regions are recovering from the desolations of war, I started a few weeks ago southward, equipped with my mind full of questions, and hungry for information on all social and political, moral and religious subjects.

Among other things, I had a grave in Georgia to visit, the grave of my uncle Rev. Dr. Samuel K. Talmage for twenty years the president of Oglethorpe University. "After walking among the ruins of that institution, from which many men went forth to bless the earth, which institution was slain by the war, I went to see his last resting-place. When the war opened his heart broke, and he lay down to rest near the scene of his eminent usefulness, his grave covered with a monument adorned by own name, and the suggestive Scripture passage.—"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace." He was one of those contemporary ministers of the South, who, after eloquent words for God, and earnest service are resting from their labors; Dr. James H. Thornwell—his biography

by Dr. Palmer a holy enchantment—and Dr. Smythe, and Dr. Duncan, and Dr. Pearce, and many others.—But my mission was not with the dead, but with the living, I went southward with no partisan predilections. I had no prejudices. I was resolved on coming back to report what I saw, whether it might meet with general favor or the condemnation of one or both sections. I had no political record to guard or look after, since most of my ministry has been passed since the war closed. My admiration for the Democratic and Republican parties as mere parties is so small that it would take McAllister's most powerful magnifying-glass to see anything! American politics are rotten, and that party steals the most which has the most chance! At the South all the doors of information seemed to be open. I talked with high and low, with Governors of States and waster carriers, lawyers, clergymen, doctors, judges of courts, and I found that there had been a persistent and in some cases, most outrageous misrepresentation of the feeling at the South by some correspondents of some of our Northern secular and religious newspapers, and by overbearing and dishonest men, who, going from the North to the South, behaved there in a way that excited no friendliness. I found out that if a man behaves well at the South he will be treated well. There is no more need of a severe Governmental espionage in Charleston and Atlanta and Augusta than in New York and Brooklyn. The feeling at the South to-day has been so misrepresented that I shall devote this morning's sermon to the correction of the misapprehensions, and to the overthrow, so far as I may be able, of some of the slanders.

The first misrepresentation in regard to the South I wish to correct is that the Southern people want to get back and have reinstated negro slavery. Why all the people are glad to get rid of it. The planters told me that they could culture their land now at less expense under the new system of labor than under the old. A planter who had a hundred and twenty slaves before the war said that there was so much care necessary in looking after so many slaves, and in looking after the aged who could not work and helpless colored childhood, that there was constant anxiety and vast expense and exhaustion. Now they have nothing to do but pay the wages when they are due, and each family looks after its own invalids and minors. Submit to the ballot-box of the Southern people to-day the question, "Shall negro slavery be reinstated?" and all the wards, and all the cities, and all the counties, and all the States would give thundering negative. They fought for the institution eighteen years ago, but now they congratulate themselves at the overthrow of the institution. God be thanked that North and South at last we have one sentiment on that subject and those Northern politicians who keep the subject of American slavery rolling on and rolling on are doing a thing as useless and inapt as it would be to make the Dorr rebellion of Rhode Island, or Aaron Burr's attempt at the overthrow of the United States Government a test for our fall elections. The whole subject of American slavery is dead and damned. I said to the planters: "How do these men work now under the new system?" and they replied: "They work well; we have no trouble; there was a good deal of trouble just after war closed, and a demoralization and disorganization consequent upon a change of things, but now they work most admirably, and they work far better than the Northern men who come here, because the climate seems better adapted to the colored people, who will on a summer day, at their nooning, go out and lie down to enjoy the sun." My friends, all this talk about the dragging of the rivers and the lakes of the South to haul ashore negroes murdered and hung in, while it may be believed by many at the North, is a falsehood so absurd it is hardly fit to mention in a religious assemblage. The white-people of the South feel their dependence on the dark people for the culture of their lands; the dark people feel their dependence on the white people for the payment of their wages. From what I have seen of the oppression of female clerks in some of the drygoods stores of the North, and from what I have seen of the oppression of some young men at the North on small salaries, which they must take or get nothing at all, I have come to the con-

clusion that there are more consideration and sympathy for colored labor at the South to-day than there are consideration and sympathy for some of the employes in some of the drygoods stores on Fulton avenue, Brooklyn; Broadway New York; Washington street, Boston; Chestnut street, Philadelphia. In all the land and in all the earth there are tyrannical employers, and their maltreatment of subordinates, white or black, deserves execration. But in the work of reformation let us begin at home.

Another impression in regard to the South that I wish to correct is, that they are antagonistic to having Northerners come down there and settle.—The whole impression given here at the North has been that if Northerners go down South they are kn-knuxed, kept out of society, or getting into society thrown out again, and in every way made uncomfortable. From the States where I visited the cry comes, and I bring it to-day in their name. "Send down your capitalists, send down your Northern farming-machines, come and buy our plantations, open stores, build cotton factories and rice mills—come by the hundreds,—by the thousands, by the millions, and come right away." I declare here that that is the sentiment of the South. Of course there is no more admiration at the South for Northern fools and Northern braggarts than there is here. If a man going South shall put his valise at the depot, then go up on the nearest plantation and say, by his manner or by words: "We have come down here to show you Southern people how to farm; we whipped you in the war, now we are going to whip you in agriculture; I am from Boston I am; that's the 'Hub,'" how much you look like a man I shot at South Mountain; I believe it was your brother; I marched right through here in the Fourteenth regiment of volunteers; I killed and quartered a heifer on your front stoop; what a poor, miserable race of people you Southerners are; didn't we give it to you? ha! ha!—such a man as that, to say the least will not make a favorable impression! And he will not be very soon elected as elder of one their churches, and if he should open a store he would not get many customers, and if such a man as that should get a free and rapid ride on that part of a fence which is most easily removed, and be set down without much reference to the desirability of the landing-place, you and I would not be protestants.—If a moral man go South, and he exercises just ordinary common sense, he will be welcome; he will be at home and coming from Brooklyn he will be just as well treated as though he came from Mobile. A Southern gentleman (in the audience) nods his head, as much as to say, "That's so." I could give many illustrations. I give one. There went from this church, seven or eight years ago, a member to reside in Charleston, S. C. He took no fortune. By mercantile assiduity he toiled on up. Was he received well? Was he treated well? Judge for yourselves, when I tell you that a few days ago, when his lifeless body was carried into the Episcopal church of Charleston where he was a vestryman, the members of the Board of Trade assembled in the church, the children and the patrons of orphan asylum of which he was director, and a great throng of the best citizens amid a wealth of floral and musical tribute that the Charleston Courier describes as making an occasion almost unparalleled in the history of private obsequies. Why, this side of heaven there is not a more hospitable people than the people of the South and I bring you from those States which I had the pleasure of visiting, I bring you to-day an invitation for immigration that way. The South is to rival the West as an opening field for American enterprise. Horace Greeley's advice of "Go West," is to have its aids in "Go South." The first avalanche of population that way will make their fortunes.

It is a national absurdity that such a large proportion of the cotton of the South, at great expense, should be sent North in order to be transferred into useful fabrics. The few factories at the South are the pioneers of innumerable spindles which are soon to begin the hum of the grand march on the banks of the Savannah and the Appalachicola, and the Tombigbee. There is Georgia, with its 58,000 square miles: there is Alabama, with its 50,722 square miles; there is South Carolina, with its 34,000 square miles; there is North Carolina, with its 50,704

square miles, and other States, not ten per cent. of their resources yet developed. When will our overcrowded population in these Northern cities take the wings of the morning and fly to those regions where they may have room to turn around, and plenty of place to take a full breath and expand, and the masters of their own corn-fields, their own rice swamps, their own cotton plantations, their own lumber forests? Land to be had there from \$1 to \$20 an acre. Travel from here to that region \$15, if you are not too particular about the way you go.—Afraid of the heat? Why, the thermometer in New York every summer rises to a higher point than in Georgia or North Carolina, although in those States the heat is more protracted. Afraid of the fever? The death-rate in Georgia just equals the death-rate in Michigan. The death rate in Georgia, according to the number of the population, is less than the death rate in Connecticut and Maine. Going either West or South you will probably have one acclimating attack. It will only be a different style of shake! There is no more need that England, Ireland and Scotland want room or bread. I rejoice that there is such a vast population coming from foreign lands here—21,568 people arriving in New York last month, March, to make their residence in this country. And, let me tell you, many of them the very best people of Europe. What do I mean by "best"? I mean industrious and moral. Five thousand people last Tuesday in and around Castle Garden waiting for transportation. While you put on extra trains to carry them West over the Pennsylvania and the Erie and the New York Central, put on extra trains on the Baltimore and Ohio, and all the great routes to Charleston and Atlanta and Chattanooga, that they may go South. Vast opportunities opening. Stop cursing the South, and stop lying about the South, and go South and test the cordiality of their welcome, and their resources of mine and plantation and forest. Why, my friends, that is the way this national difficulty is to be settled. Tens of thousands of young men from the North, moral young men, intelligent young men from the North, are to go South and make their residence there, and they will invite the daughters of the South to help to build houses amid the magnolias and orange groves, and their children will be half North and half South, half South Carolina and half Vermont, half Georgia and half New York, and then to divide the country you will have to divide the children with some such sword as Solpmon sarcastically proposed for the division of a contested child, and the Northern father will say to the Southern: "Come, my dear, let us put our political feud to sleep in this cradle!" The statements so long rampant at the North that Southern people do not want moral and industrious people to come from the North to the South—I brand that statement as a falsehood gotten up and kept up for base political purposes.

Another wrong impression in regard to the South that I want to correct is that that the people there are antagonistic to the United States Government. Those people submitted to the settlement of the sword certain questions, and now they are submissive to the decision. There is no fight in them. We talk about the fire-eaters of the South. If they eat fire, they have a private platter of coals in a private room. I sat at many of their tables, and I saw no such style of diet. Neither could I find a spoon or a fork or a knife that seemed to have been used in eating fire. Why, sirs, they are the most placid people you ever saw. Some of them, their property all gone, at forty or sixty years of age starting life, with one arm and one foot and one eye, the missing members sacrificed in battle. It is simply miraculous and the work of the Lord Almighty that those people are as amiable and as cheerful as they are and it is dastardly mean in us to keep speaking of them as waspish, and acrid, and saturnine, and malevolent. I have traveled as much as most people have in this and other lands, and I am yet to find a more affable, more delicately sympathetic, more whole-souled people than the people of the South. The people of South are loyal to-day, and if a foreign foe should try to set its foot on this country by way of intimidation or conquest, I believe the forces of McClellan and Beauregard, Bragg and Geary, Grant and Lee,

would come shoulder to shoulder, the blue and the gray, and the guns of Forts Hamilton and Pickens and Sumter would join in one great chorus of thunder and flame. The fact is that in this country we have had a big family fight, and if a neighbor should come in and try to interfere, you know what the result would be. Husband and wife in contest, the one with a cane, and the other with a broomstick—let an intermeddler come in and he gets all the advantage of both cane and broomstick! I have sometimes thought that the North and South will never understand each other until the approach of a common enemy makes a common cause. God forbid that that day should come. But if foreign despots think there is in our Government no cohesion, no centripetal force, they have only to test it. Instead of the thirteen original colonies, we own from ocean to ocean; but that is no sign of lack of governmental grip. By steam and electricity the Government is under more speed and easy control now than it was at the start. At the foundation of the Government it took an official document two weeks to cross the country; now it takes two minutes. San Francisco and Galveston and Des Moines are to-day nearer Washington than Richmond was then. There never has been a day of more thorough consolidation and unity than now. Would that the people all appreciated it. You see the whole impression of my Southern journey was one of encouragement. The great masses of the people are right. If half a dozen politicians at the North and half a dozen politicians at the South would only consent to die, there would be no more sectional acrimony. You see it is a mere case for undertakers! If they will bury out of sight these few demagogues we will pay all the expense of catalogue and epitaph, and of a brass band to play the "Rogue's March!" In time, under God, this will all be settled. The generation that follows us will not share in the antipathies and the belligerent spirit of their ancestors, and they will stand in amazement at the state of things which made the national cemeteries at Murfreesboro and Gettysburg and Richmond an awful possibility.

Week before last I took a carriage and wound up Lookout Mountain. [Up, up, up!] Standing there on the tip-top rock, I saw five States of the Union. Scene stupendous and overwhelming! One almost is disposed to take off his hat in the presence of what seems to be the grandest prospect on this continent. There is Missionary Ridge, the beach against which the red billows of Federal and Confederate courage surged and broke.—There are the Blue Mountains of North and South Carolina. With strain of vision, there is Kentucky, there is Virginia. At our feet Chattanooga and Chickamauga, the promontion of which proper names will thrill ages to come with thoughts of valor and desperation and agony. Looking each way and any way from the top of that mountain, earthworks, earthworks—the beautiful Tennessee winding through the valley, making letter 'S' after letter 'S', as if that letter stood for shame, that brothers should have gone into massacre with each other, while God and nations looked on. I have stood on Mount Washington, and on the Sierra Nevada, and on the Alps, but I never saw so far as from the top of Lookout Mountain. Why, sirs, I looked back seventeen years, and I saw rolling up the side of that mountain the smoke of Hooker's storming party, while the foundations of eternal rock quaked with the cannonade. Four years of internecide strife seemed to come back, and without any chronological order I saw the events: Norfolk Navy-yard on fire; Fort Sumpter on fire; Charleston on fire; Chambersburg on fire; Columbia, South Carolina, on fire; Richmond on fire. And I saw Ellsworth fall, and Lyon fall, and McPherson fall, and Bishop Polk fall, and Stonewall Jackson fall. And I saw hundreds of grave trenches afterwards cut into two great gashes across the land, one for the dead men of the North, the other for the dead men of the South. And my ear as well as my eye was quickened, and I heard the tramp, tramp of enlisting armies, and I heard the explosion of mines and gunpowder magazines, and the crash of fortification walls, and the "swamp angel," and the groan of dying bolts falling across the pulseless heart of other dying hosts; and I saw still further out, and I saw on the banks of the Penobscot, and the Oregon, and

the Ohio, and the Hudson, and the Roanoke, and the Yazoo, and the Alabama, widowhood and orphanage and childlessness—some exhausted in grief and others stark mad, and I said: "Enough, enough have I seen into the past from the top of Lookout Mountain. O! God, show me the future." And standing there, it was revealed to me. And I looked out, and I saw great populations from the North moving South, and great populations from the South moving North, and I found that their footsteps obliterated the hoof-marks of the war-chargers. And I saw the angel of the Lord of Hosts standing in the national cemeteries, trumpet in hand, as much as to say, "I will wake these soldiers from their long encampment." And I looked and I saw such snowy harvests of cotton, and I such golden harvests of corn, as I had never imagined; and I found that the earthworks were down, and the gun-carriages were down, and the war-barricks were all down; and I saw the rivers winding through the valley, making letter 'S' after letter 'S'—no more 'S' for shame, but 'S' for salvation. And as I saw that all the weapons of war were turned into agricultural implements, I was alarmed, and I said, "Is this safe?" And standing there on the tip-top rock of Lookout Mountain, I was so near heaven that I heard two voices which some way slipped from the gate, and they sang: "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." And I recognized the two voices. They were the voices of two Christian soldiers who fell at Shiloh; the one a Federal, the other a Confederate. And they were brothers!

SHORT SPEECHES AND COURT CONEDRUMS.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF MEN DISTINGUISHED AND NOT DISTINGUISHED.

Mr. Webster was apt to overindulge himself at public dinners, but managed when called upon, to make a speech—if a brief one. At Rochester, New York, he once delighted the company with the following:

Men of Rochester! I am glad to see you! I am glad to see your noble city. Gentlemen, I saw your falls, which, I am told, are 150 feet high; that is a very interesting fact. Gentlemen, Rome had her Cæsar, her Scipio, her Brutus; but Rome, in her proudest days, never had a waterfall 150 feet high! Gentlemen, Greece had her Pericles, her Demosthenes, and her Socrates; but Greece, in her proudest days, never had a waterfall 150 feet high. Men of Rochester, go on! No people ever lost their liberty who had a waterfall 150 high!

On another occasion he finished up with:

"Gentlemen; there's the National debt—it should be paid. I'll pay it myself. How much is it?"

This was sufficient brief; but perhaps the shortest speech ever delivered in any legislative chamber was that of a member of the U. S. Congress who, having got out this sentence: "Mr Speaker: The generality of mankind are disposed to exercise opposition on the generality of mankind in general," was pulled down by his seat by a friend with the remark: "You'd better stop; you are coming out at the same hole you went in at."

Mr. Kendall, sometime Uncle Sam's Postmaster general, wanting some information as to the source of a river sent the following note to a village postmaster:

"Sir: This department desires to know how far the Tombigbee River runs up. Respectfully yours, &c."

By return mail came: "The Tombigbee does not run up at all; it runs down. Respectfully yours, &c."

Kendall, not appreciating his subordinate's humor, wrote again:

"Sir: Your appointment as postmaster revoked. You will turn over the funds &c. pertaining to your office, to your successor."

Not at all disturbed by his summary dismissal, the postmaster replied:

"Sir: The revenue of this office for the quarter ending September 30th has been ninety-five cents; its expenditures, same period, for tallow candles and twine \$1.05. I trust my successor is instructed to adjust the balance."

His superior officer was probably as much disgusted with his precise correspondence as the American editor, who writing to a Connecticut brother said: "Send full particulars of the flood (meaning an inundation at that place,) received for reply: 'You'll find them in Genesis.'"

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