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VOL. 10.

WILSON, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 14, 1880

NUMBER 16

PROFESSIONAL.
D. B. F. ARRINGTON,
SURGEON DENTIST.
GOLDSBORO, N. C.
Will visit Wilson regularly every month
from 4th Monday to Saturday inclusive.
Office at Briggs House. Feb 20/81

D. R. W. JOYNER,
SURGEON DENTIST
Has permanently located in Wilson, N. C.
All operations will be neatly and care-
fully performed on reasonable terms, as reason-
able as possible. Teeth extracted without
pain. Office Tobacco street next door to
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D. E. L. HUNTER,
SURGEON DENTIST.
ENFIELD, N. C.
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spectfully solicits the continuance of his former
practice. Oct 25/79

JAMES W. LANCASTER,
Attorney-at-Law,
WILSON, N. C.
Office in the Court House.
Practices in all the courts (except the
inferior court of Wilson county) and will
give prompt attention to business entrusted
to him in Wilson and adjoining counties.

G. W. BLOUNT,
Attorney-at-Law,
Office Public Square, next of Court
House.
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J. K. TILLERY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Rocky Mount, N. C.
Will practice in Nash, Edgecombe and
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Special attention given to collections in
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Monday in September to first Thursday in
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Manufacturer of all kinds of
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The best \$10, castor, and \$1.00 clock
ever sold. American watches at the lowest
prices. Solid silver spoons, forks &c.,
cheaper than ever. Your orders are so-
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Oct 30th '79-81

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tree guards, wire cloth, sieves, fanlages,
cages, sand and coal screens, iron Beds,
chairs, settees, &c. sep 26 12m

The Wilson Advance.

FRIDAY, MAY 14, 1880



Poetry.

Country Girls.

Up early in the morning,
Just at the peep of day,
Straining the milk in the dairy,
Turning the cows away—
Sweeping the floor in the kitchen,
Making the beds up-stairs,
Washing the breakfast dishes,
Dusting the parlor chairs.
Brushing the crumbs from the pantry,
Hunting for eggs in the barn,
Cleaning the turnips for dinner,
Spinning the stocking yarn,
Spreading the whitening linen,
Down on the bushes below,
Ransacking every meadow,
Where the red strawberries grow.
Searching the "fixings" for Sunday,
Churning the snowy cream,
Rinsing the pails and strainer,
Down in the running stream—
Feeding the geese and turkeys,
Making the pumpkin pies,
Joggling the little one's cradle,
Driving away the flies.
Grace in every motion,
Music in every tone,
Beauty in form and feature,
Thousands might covet to own—
Checks that rival spring roses,
Teeth the whitest of pearls;
One of these country maids is worth
A score of your city girls.

HORRORS OF EXPLOSIONS.

Three Hundred Pounds of Mangled Human Flesh and Bones Collected Together in one Heap.

The recital of terrible results of the giant power explosion near Berkeley, on Friday, produced a profound sensation in the community, and notwithstanding the bad road and difficulties attending a trip to the scene of the disaster, hundreds of people from this city and Oakland yesterday wended their way to the locality where the calamity occurred. A visit to the spot convinced those who went there that such a scene of disaster and ruin could not be fully described in the darkness and gloom which prevailed on Friday night. Yesterday the reporter of the "Chronicle" paid another visit to the ground and gained additional facts. Within ten feet of the building destroyed was a magazine built of brick. With walls twenty inches in thickness, and covered with iron. The explosion had rent by walls asunder and thrown a portion of them down while the roof was raised up and then fell back into the ruins. There is stored here about 6,000 pounds of giant powder cartridges and it seems wonderful that they also did not explode. To the westward of this point were almost wholly demolished. One of these was similar in construction to the one destroyed, being made of 2x6-inch scantlings, firmly bolted together, and having end walls of brick 20 inches thick. It was used for preparing glycerine used in the manufacture of cartridges. The wood work of this structure was destroyed, and walls thrown down. Further on were some glycerine and acid tanks, inclosed in wooden structures, two in number, both of which were torn to pieces.

The reporter saw a number of men and boys, searching the hill-sides, the ruins and adjacent marsh-land and bay shore, picking up pieces of flesh that had been torn from the men killed, and putting them into bags or pieces of matting and in boxes. At 10 o'clock the coroner took to Oakland about 300 pounds of pieces of human flesh and bones. The nearest semblance to humanity found was the body of a Chinaman, minus the head and one leg and a portion of the lower part of the left side. Strange to say, nearly all the pig-tails of the Chinamen killed were found uninjured. Some of them had pieces of the skin of the skull attached, but nothing like a human skull or even a piece of one. The remnants were assorted

by Mr. Spear, assistant to Coroner Hamilton, who tried to arrange the various pieces in form of bodies; but after finding only three feet to a hundred pieces of flesh and bone, he was compelled to forego his work, and simply laid them out on a board. At the works yesterday a piece of the horse blown away was found on the marsh 300 yards from where he was standing when the explosion took place, and his tail was found half that distance in an opposite direction. The little boy, Mink, resided in San Francisco, and had only come in the works at noon of Friday. One of the Germans was married and leaves a wife and three children living in San Francisco.

The poor woman with her children was at the scene yesterday, and her wild expressions of grief at her bereavement and her desolate condition moved all hearts. Among the pieces of flesh picked up the reporter noticed an ear, a thumb, a finger, or a foot, and flesh all seemed partially burned. Dupuis was a friend of Mr. Lambert who was killed, and the latter had a relative of the same name living at the three-mile house, on the San Pablo road. Dupuis was at the three-mile house at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and after treating several persons changed a twenty dollar piece, at the same time showing Mr. Lambert about \$500 in gold coin. He then stated that he was going to the power works to see the other Lambert, and he arrived there about ten minutes before the explosion. A portion of his coat was found yesterday. The owners of the works seem strangely apathetic in regard to the whole affair, as they had no men at work yesterday, where they should have been, searching the debris and taking out the huge pile of earth which has fallen into the ruins, and under which may be buried the remains of some of the victims. During the afternoon a piece of a man's coat was found about half a mile from the scene of the explosion, which contained a blank book, showing that it belonged to Joseph Dupuis, and that he had about \$1,900 on deposit in an Oakland bank. Part of the body of a white man was found in the water near the shore, and Coroner Hamilton thinks it can be identified, as about one-half of the face remains, though the body has no legs or arms. It is supposed now to be the body of Dupuis. An inquest will be held on the scene of the catastrophe on Monday.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Grace in every motion,
Music in every tone,
Beauty in form and feature,
Thousands might covet to own—
Checks that rival spring roses,
Teeth the whitest of pearls;
One of these country maids is worth
A score of your city girls.

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The Witty Witness.
The reader has, perhaps, been under the galling examinations of some impudent, smooth-tongued lawyer. If so, he can heartily appreciate the following. It occurred in a divorce suit in one of our city courts.

A witness for the defense was called. He was a young man, flashily dressed, but his features had a sharp, shrewd expression.

The counsel for the plaintiff examined him thus:
What do you know about this case?
I don't know much.
You don't eh? What did you come here for?

Because I couldn't help it.
What's your occupation?
I have no particular occupation.

You have not, eh? Well, how do you work for—what kind of business are you engaged in?

Well if you must know, I work for Street & Walker; my business is to hunt for pleasure.

Now, here, young man. Don't you attempt to be witty or make any impudent remarks. You say you have no occupation, and that you loaf around doing nothing. I suppose you are one of the light-fingered gentry eh?

Well, ah yes; I am a thief.
Oh you are, eh? I thought so the moment I saw you. I can always tell an honest man the moment I see him. Now sir what do you mean by coming here to testify—do you think honest men will believe you?

Yes, I do. I have sworn to tell the truth, but I did not tell you what kind of a thief I am. I'm a thief of a peculiar kind, a second Macawber, waiting for something to turn up. Procrastination is the thief of time, and as I am a procrastinator, I am therefore a thief of time, do you see?

The lawyer did not see, but the audience did, and they laughed heartily to think the lawyer had been so sadly taken in.

The lawyer drew himself up in a dignified manner, and angrily said to the witness:
You think you are very witty, clever young man don't you? You must not think that you can insult the court with impunity. I shall have you imprisoned for contempt of court if you do not answer me truthfully. Now, sir were you ever imprisoned?

The witness seemed unwilling to answer. The lawyer said, impatiently.
Answer me sir!

I was, said the witness, slowly and reluctantly.

Ah! you were, eh? I thought so. When and where, how long, and for what?

When I was a boy, about ten years old. Where?—in the cellar. How long?—one day. For what?—playing hooky.

Now, sir, no more of this tomfoolery, or you shall be imprisoned for contempt of court. Answer me truthfully, sir. Were you ever imprisoned for theft?

The witness hesitated.
I must have an answer.
I was, came slowly and reluctantly from the witness' lips.

The lawyer smiled maliciously, and said:
Ah! I thought so. Let us have a truthful account of it.

When I was a boy about eight years old I was very fond of pears, but having no money to buy any, I occasionally borrowed some from the orchard of a certain lawyer. Of course I intended to repay him, but one night he captured me, and put me in prison for debt.

Pray go on; quite interesting; the beginning of all thieves, forgers, and blackguards—robbing orchards very pleasant pastime for small boys. How many years did you stay in prison?

I was released the next day.
What! do you mean to say that the lawyer did not prosecute you. I don't believe that.

Exactly. He didn't prosecute, because he was caught that very night borrowing somebody's horse without permission and he was lynched.

The audience went in to roars of laughter. When silence was restored, the lawyer seemed to be satisfied with what he had learned of the witness' character, for his next question was:
Were you with the defendant in the army during the late war?

No, sir; I did not serve in the late war.
Oh, of course you didn't. Fighting for your country didn't agree with your constitution.

I deserve my country's gratitude, nevertheless, for I have, single-hand-

carried on for many years a painful and disastrous civil war on a small scale against my mother-in-law, and I have always had the satisfaction of coming off victorious. For this I deserve my country's gratitude.

You are just the kind of a man mothers-in-law ought to take care of.

On the contrary, my mother-in-law's great sorrow is that I am not a lawyer for then, says she, I would be a limb of the law, on whom she could lean for support and protection. She likes lawyers, because, she says, they resemble her in being so generous and ready to interfere and adjust other people's affairs.

The audience laughed heartily at the hit at the lawyer. He sarcastically said:
That will do; I have nothing more to ask. I don't want to waste any more time; your testimony is worthless and perjured.

The witness was seated on a chair four feet above the floor. He leaned forward, and looked down at the lawyer and said:
Sir, you are beneath me?

He then stepped down, amid the uproarious laughter of the audience.

The Philosopher's Stone.

The eccentric but brilliant John Randolph once rose suddenly up in his seat in the House of Representatives and screamed out at the top of his shrill voice:
"Mr. Speaker! I have discovered the philosopher's stone. It is—pay as you go!"

John Randolph dropped many rich gems from his mouth, but never a richer one than that.

"Pay as you go," and you need not dodge sheriffs and constables.

"Pay as you go," and you can walk the streets with an erect back and manly front, and you have no fear of those you meet. You can look any in the eye without flinching. You won't have to cross the highway to avoid a dun, or look intently into the shop windows to avoid seeing a creditor.

"Pay as you go," and you can snap your fingers at the world, and when you laugh it will be an hearty, honest one. It seems to us, sometimes, that we can tell the laugh of a poor debtor. He looks as though he was in doubt whether the laugh was not the property of his creditors, and was not included in articles "exempted from attachment." When he does succeed in getting out an abortion—he appears frightened and looks as though he would be pounced upon by a constable.

"Pay as you go," and you will meet smiling faces at home—happy, cherry cheeked children—a contented wife—cheerful hearts—stone.

John Randolph was right. It is the philosopher's stone.

Tammany Hall.

The International Review contains the following account of the well known New York political organization known as Tammany Hall: The Tammany Hall organization consists of three parts—first, the secret society known as the Tammany Society, or Columbian Order, which was founded in 1789, in the first month of Washington's administration, and was incorporated in 1805; which erected the building on the corner of Nassau and Frankfort streets, formerly known as Tammany Hall, and controls by lease the present hall on Fourteenth street; secondly, the General Committee and (Assembly) District Committees of the Tammany Hall Democracy, which are council of voters, and date, with many intermediate changes of detail, from 1822; thirdly, the voters, usually about 90,000 or two thirds of the entire vote of the city, who act in harmony with the committees, and constitute the Tammany Hall Democracy.

The Tammany society has passed, during its ninety years, through five important epochs of evolution, and is now in its sixth. From 1789 to 1880 it was antimonarchical and anti-foreign with Federalist officers and American Indian costumes, customs and regalia, cultivating a distaste for European mode of government by the sedulous substitution of certain fancied aboriginal customs. Its members discussed political questions after the Indian fashion around council fires, at which they smoked the traditional calumet, assisted, perhaps, by draughts of the traditional fire-water. In 1790 they received the Creek Indians on a visit which one of the Tammany sachems

had induced the Creek Chiefs to make to New York, in such perfect imitations of the native costume, and in such gorgeously savage feathers, moccasins, leggings, war-paint, war-clubs and tomahawks, that the Creeks set up a whoop of joyful recognition which the Tammany braves mistook for the Indian mode of saying grace before human carving, and scattered in a sudden panic. At this interview Secretary Jefferson, Chief Justice Jay, Gov. George Clinton, and Mayor Duane were present. The Creeks danced and sang the E-tho song; the Tammany grand sachem assured the Creek grand sachems that the spirit of Columbus and Tammany were then promeneading arm-in-arm through the Wigwag; the Sagamore of Tammany presented the chiefs with the calumet, who in return dubbed him by one of those musical Indian appellations which ought to be immortal—Tuliva Mico or chief of the White Town. In the evening the entire party attended the theatre together, and before they left the Creeks entered into a treaty with Washington, the beloved sachem of the Thirteen Fires.

An affecting Letter.

The following affecting and affectionate letter, was written by Miss Dora Ingram, a native of this State, about four hours before her death, which sad event occurred in Paris, Tenn., where she had been sent to attend the Female College there on the 16th of the past April. Her mother and a large number of friends in Anson, Richmond and other counties in this State, will read it with melancholy interest, and preserve it as a sacred memento of the "loved and lost" Dora:
"PARIS, TENN., April 16, 1870
DEAR SWEET MA:—I am dying— I will probably be dead in a few moments—but here I go, I must talk a little to the dear mother whom I love so dearly and whom I have so longed to see. How bright have the anticipations of the happy day when we would be reunited, and I have counted the weeks, and almost the hours, until June. But dear mother, that time will never come for me. God calls me, and I must obey the summons.—Can you not feel as I do, that "He doeth all things well?" Do not grieve for me, Mother, darling, but think of me as being at peace. My physician did not consider me dangerously ill until yesterday, or I should have summoned you to my bedside that I might have the satisfaction of seeing your dear face the last on earth. I know a mother's heart will say, "If I had been there, perhaps my child would not have died," but I wish to assure you that nothing could have been more tender and devoted than the nursing I have received during my illness; and even had I been at home with you, I could not have received more devoted care than has been constantly and unceasingly bestowed upon me by Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. King, Miss Lide, Dr. and Mrs. Caldwell and Mrs. Glascock. I love them all better than any one on earth except you and the others of my dear relatives, for they have been to me father, mother, brother and sisters, and I wish you to ever remember them for their love and kindness to me.— This is the fourth day of my illness, I was taken with pneumonia, which terminated in congestion of the lungs. I know it will comfort your heart to have the assurance from me that I am perfectly resigned to death, and feel satisfied that I will be accepted at the Throne of Grace. I feel that I will meet you in Heaven, and that very shortly I shall join my dear father there. Do not grieve for me, darling Mother, and you, my dear sister, but think of me as only gone before, to await you in my new home. Think of me as not lost, but gone before.— Dear little Helen, I wish I could see her once more, but Gods will it otherwise, and I must submit to His righteous decree. Tell her not to sorrow too deeply, but to meet me in Heaven. Dear Johnny, too, he wished me so much to be present at his college commencement. Give him my love and farewell. Tell him to be diligent in his studies, and win for himself an honorable name in his college and class. I have given directions about some little presents which I wish sent to you and Helep. I have dispatched to uncle Tommie to come, and I suppose he will be here directly. I must not close without speaking to you of Mr. Wood. Look upon him as my faithful teacher, and one of my best friends. He has been over kind

and considerate—not only anxious for my advancement in my studies, but also solicitous about my health. And now dear mother, with a sweet lingering kiss of love, I must bid farewell looking forward to the time of our blessed re-union, where partings are no more. These are my dying words; treasure them as such, for the memory of
Your loving daughter,
DORA.

A PRETTY GIRL AT AUCTION.

How Grandfather Ackley Reprimanded the Rising Generation.
"Grandfather" Ackley, of the village of Watkins, N. Y., had rather a novel experience recently while "ferrying off" a vendue in the town of Hector, near Reynoldsville. After disposing of the articles on the sale list there was a lull in business, and the crowd was getting impatient waiting for "Grandfather" to "come down" or rather to announce the close of the state when a pretty, plump, rosy girl asked him to offer her to the highest bidder. "Grandfather," being of a modest, retiring disposition, seemed reluctant, but the girl insisted, so he proceeded to "cry" her off. The first bid was offered by a timid young man with a pianissimo voice, who weakly offered \$75, a bald-headed man went him fifty better, and the bidding went along lively until \$2,000 was offered.— At this juncture the girl's father went a thousand better and Grandfather closed the bid to that gentleman.— Grandfather looked the crowd of young men over, and, raising himself up in dignified way, proceeded to address them in the following manner:—"Gentlemen I am surprised, may more deeply mortified, to think that you should let such a prize slip through your hands for such a paltry sum.— Why, do you know that this young lady would, if married, get up in the morning and make a fire without jarring the floor enough to wake her lord and master up; and, furthermore, if I were as young as some of you, I would swim the whole length of Seneca Lake, climb a liberty pole, throw the pole away and climb up fifty feet further than lose the opportunity you fellows have." It is needless to say the assemblage roared with laughter.

The Women of Egypt.

They not only allowed to go out of doors as we are, and many of them never get beyond the walls of their houses. The cows sleep in the same huts with the people. These huts are made of mud without windows, and the doors so small that the wonder is how the people get in. They do not wash their babies till they are a year old, because it is considered unlucky to do so. They rarely comb their hair from month to month. Their chief meal is a sunset; the rest of the time they eat a piece of bread when they are hungry. They never use plates or knives or forks. All sit around the table on the floor. Bread is their daily food and each family makes for itself, as it is a kind of disgrace to buy "street bread." The women clean the corn and carry it on their heads to mill. It is made into thin, small cakes, stuck against the side of an oven, and baked in less than one minute. A hundred loaves are not too many for a family of four in a week. Travelers are expected usually to eat three loaves apiece. They make butter in a strange way. A goatskin half filled with milk is hung on a peg, and then a woman, taking hold of a long string tied to it, jerks it to and fro till the butter comes.— Then she drains it but never washes or salts it. Their favorite dish is rice cooked with this butter.

The Gentleman who Wins.

If you speak the right word at the right time; if you are careful to leave people with a good impression; if you do not trespass upon the rights of others as well as yourself; if you do not put yourself unduly forward; if you do not forget the courtesies; if you long to your position, you will be sure to accomplish more than you are quite others fail to. This is life which is not to the swiftest, it is where the race the strong. It is for the battle to people for. It is where you make honors for that you are unselfish and this is what society is looking for in men, and it is astonishing how much success and usefulness who possess these qualities of good breeding. It is almost the turning point of success in a man's life.