The Wilson Advance.

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

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FRIDAY..... JUNE 18, 1880

Poetry.

"Can't Get Anything to do."

"Work? if you can't get a dollar take a half; if you can't take a quarter."—*Gov. Wise.*

Man alive, here! don't sit moping,
There is work enough to do,
If you can't 'get into business,"
Get an axe—there's wood to hew.

If you can't be banker, broker,
Well, be something else, that's all,
If you can't write or lecture,
Here's a wedge and there' a maul.

If you cannot preach a sermon,
Try and live one which is best,
You will find no scripture warrant
For your "mute inglorious rest."

If you have not learned to labor,
Educate yourself—that's all;
Take a spade go to ditching,
Better this than nothing at all.

Learn to earn your bread by labor,
If you never have before;
"I can't find anything to do!"
Pray do do not say it any more.

JUD BROWNIN'S ACCOUNT

OF RUBENSTEIN'S PIANO PLAYING.

BY DR. GEO. W. BAGBY.

"Jud., they say you heard Rubenstein play when you were in New York."

'I did in the cool.'

'Well, tell us about it."

'What! me? I might's well tell you about the creation of the world."

'Come, now; no mock modesty. Go ahead.'

'Well, sir, he had the blamedest, biggest, cattycornieredest pianner you ever laid eyes on; somethin' like a distracted billiard-table on three legs. The lid was heisted, and mighty well it was. If it hadn't been, he'd atore the intire insides clean out, and scattered 'em to the four winds of the heavens.'

'Played well, did he?'

'You bet he did; but don't interrup' me. When he first set down he 'peared to keer mighty little 'bout playing', and wishit he hadn' come.—He tweedle-leedle'd a little on the trible, and twoodle-oodle-oodle'd some on the base—jest foolin' and boxin the thing's jaws for bein' in his way. And I says to a man settin' next to me, s' I, 'what sort of fool playin' is that?' And he says, 'Heish!' But presently his hands commenced chasin one 'nother up and down the keys, like a passel of rats scamperin' through the garret very swift. Parts of it was sweet, though, and reminded me of a sugar-squirrel turnin' the wheel of a candy cage.

'Now,' I says to my neighbor, 'he's showin' off. He thinks he's a doin' of it, but he ain't got no idee, no plan of nothin'. If he'd play me up a tune of some kind or other, I'd——'

'But my neighbor says, 'Heish!' very impatien'.

'I was just about to git up and go home, bein' tired of that foolishness, when I heard a little bird waking up away off in the woods and calling sleepy-like to his mate, I looked up and see that Ruben was beginnin' to take some interest in his business, and I set down agin. The music began to make pictures for me faster than you could shake a stick, to tell tales like the story-books, and to start all sorts of feelings—it jest toted me like I was a child wherever it pleased and showed me all kind o' things that is and things that isn't and couldn't never be. It was the peep o' day. The light come faint from the East, the breeze blowed gentle and fresh, some more in the trees near the house, and all begun singin' together. People begun to stir, and the gal opened the shutters. Just then the first beam of the sun fell upon the blossoms, a leetle more and it techt the roses on the bushes, and the next thing it was broad day; the sun fairly blazed; the birds sang like they' split their little throats; all the leaves was movin', and flashin' diamonds of dew, and the whole wide world was bright and happy as a king. Seemed to me like there was a good breakfast in every house in the land, and not a sick child or woman anywhere. It was a fine mornin'.

'And I says to my neighbor, 'that's music, that is.'

'But he glar'd at me like he'd like to cut my throat.

'Presently the wind turned; it begun to thicken up, and a kind of grey mist come over things; I got low-sperited d'rectly. Then a sliver rain begun to fall. I could see the drops touch the ground; some flashed up like long pearl ear-rings, and the rest rolled away like round rubies. It was pretty, but melancholy. Then the pearls gathered themselves into long strands and necklaces, and then they melted into thin silver streams running between golden grovels, and then the steams joined each other at the bottom of the hill, and made a brook that flowed silent, except that you could kinder see the music, specially when the bushes on the banks moved as the music went along down the valley. I could smell the flowers in the meadow. But the sun didn't shine, nor the birds sing; it was a foggy day, but not cold. The most curious thing, though, was the little white angel boy, like you see in pictures, that run ahead of the music brook, and led it on and on, away out of the world, where no man ever was—I never was, certain. I could see that boy just as plain as I see you. Then the moonlight came, without any sunset, and shone on the graveyards, where some few ghosts lifted their hands and went over the wall, and betwen the black, sharp-top trees splendid marble houses rose up, with fine ladies in the lit-up windows, and men that loved 'em, but could never get a-nigh 'em, and played on guitars under the trees, and made me that miserable I could a-cried, because I wanted to love somebody I don't know who, better than the men with guiters did. Then the sun went down it got dark, the wind mooned and wept like a lost child for its dead mother and I could a got up then and thar and preached a better sermon than any I ever listened to. There wasn't a thing in the world left to live for, not a blame thing; and yet I didn't want the music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable than to be happy without being miserable. I couldn't understand it. I hung my head and pulled out my handkerchief, and blowed my nose loud to keep from cryin'. My eyes is weak anyway; I didn't want anybody to be gazing' at me a snivlin', and its nobody's business what I do with my nose. It's mine. But some several glared at me, mad as Tucker.

'Then, all of a sudden, old Ruben changed his tune. He ripped and he rar'd, he tipped and tar'd, he praced and he charged, like the grand entry at a circus. 'Peared to me that all the gas in the house was tured on at once, things got so bright, and I hilt up my head, ready to look any man in the face, and not afeared of nothin'. It was a circus, and a brass band, and a big ball, all goin' on at the same time. He lit into them keys like a thousand of brick; he give 'em no rest, day or night; he set every livin' jint in em a-goin'; and not bein' able to stand it no longer, I jumpt sprang onto my seat, and then jest hollered:

'Go it, my Rube!'

'Every blamed man, woman and child in the house riz on me and shouted, 'Put him out! put him out!'

'Put your great-grandmother's grey greenish cat into the middle of next month!' I says. 'Tech me if you dar! I paid my money, and you jest come a nigh me.'

'With that, some several p'licemen run up, and I had to simmer down.—But I would a'fit any fool that laid hands on me, for I was bound to hear Ruby out or die.

'He had changed his tune agin.—He hopt-light ladies and he tip-toed fine from eend to eend of the keyboard. He played soft, and low, and solemn. I heard the church-bells over the hills. The candles in heaven was lit. One by one I saw the stars rise. The great organ of eternity begun to play from the world's end to the world's end, and all the angles went to prayers. Then the music changed to water, full of feeling that couldn't be thought, much less told about, and begun to drop—drip, drop, drip, drop—clear and sweet, like tears of joy fallin' into a lake of glory. It was sweeter than that. It was as sweet as a sweetheart sweetenin' sweetness with white sugar mixt with powdered silver and seed diamons.—It was too sweet. I tell you the audience cheesred. Reuben he kinder bowed, like he wanted to say. 'Much obleeged, but I'd rather you wouldn't interrup' me.'

'He stopt a minute or two to fetch breath. Then he got mad. He run his fingers through his har, he shoved up his sleeves, he opened his coat tails a leetle further, he drug up his stool, he leaned over, and, sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapt her face, he boxed her jaws he pulled her nose, he pinced her ears, and he scratched her cheeks till she fairly yelled. He knocket her down and he stompt on her shameful. She belewed like a bull, she bleated like a calf, she howled like a hound, she squeeled like a pig, she shricked like a rat, and then he wouldn't let her up. He run a quarter-stretch down the low-grounds of the base, till he got clean into the bowels of the earth, and you heard thunder galloping after thunder through the hollows and caves of perdition; and then he fox-chased his right hand with his left, till he got away out of the trible into the clouds, whar the notes was finer than pints of cambric needles, and you couldn't hear nothin' but the shadders of 'em. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He for'ard-two'd, he crossed over first lady, he balanced to pards, he chassade right and left, back to your places, he all hands'd aroun' ladies to the right, promenade all, in and out, here and thar, back and forth up and down, perpetual motion, double and twisted and tied and turned and tacked and tangled into forty-'leven thousand double bow-knots. By jings! it was a mixtery. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go.—He fetched up his right wing, he fetcht up his centre, he fetcht up his reserves. He fired by file, he fired by platoons, by company, by regiments, and by brigades. He opened his cannon, siege-guns down thar, Napoleons here, twelve-pounders yonder, big guns, little guns, middle-sized guns, round shot, shells, shrapnels grape, canisters, mortars, mines and magazines, every livin' battery and bomb a-goin' at the same time. The house trimbled, the lights danced, the walls shuk, the floor come up, the ceilin' come down, the sky split, the ground rockt; heaven and earth, creation, sweet potatoes, Moses, ninepences, glory, ten-penny nails, my Mary Ann, hallelujah, sweet Cæsar in a simmontree, Jeroosal'm, Tump Thompson in a tumbler-cart, roodle-oodle-oodle-oodle-oodle-oodle — ruddle-uddle-uddle-uddle—raddle-addle-addle-addle-addle—riddle-iddle-iddle-iddle— reetle-eetle-eetle-eetle-eetle-eetle—p r-r-r-r-lang! p r-r-r-lang! per lang! per plang! p r r-r lang per lang! per plang! p-r-r-r-r-r-r-lang! Bang!

With that bang! he lifted himself bodily into the air, and he come down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows, and his nose, striking every single, solitary key on that pianner at the same time. The thing busted, and went off into seventeen hundered and fifty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-two hemi-demi-semi-quivers, and I knew no mo'.

'When I come to I were under ground about twenty foot, in a place they call Oyster Bay, treatin' a Yankee that I never laid eyes on before, and never expect to agin. Day was a'breakin' by the time I got to the St. Nicholas Hotel, and I pledge you my word I didn't know my name. The man asked me the number of my room and I told him, 'Hot whiskey on the half shell for two!' I pintedly did.'

Advice to Young Men.

The Hon. William E. Dodge, in his recent lecture on "Old New York," or New York as it was fifty years ago, when he was a young man of twenty-five years, gave the following financial advice to young men:

"All young men should aim to save something even at the expense of a limited wardrobe and many little things they think necessary. If there were none but young men here, I would say that from the first year when I entered a store, with a salary of fifty dollars, to my last year when, as a salesman, I received for those days very large pay, I never failed to save a part; and when I started in business, those savings and my experience were all my capital."

The advice here given, illustrated by such an excellent example, is worth its weight in gold to any one who practices upon it. Almost every one who is in the working condition can make his expenses less than his income. If the latter be small he can so cut down the former as to leave a small surplus each year. If, on the other hand, his income be large, he can make a larger saving, without any meanness or sacrifice of decent appearances. What he thus saves by not expending it is his capital; and if he saves something each year, then with each year his capital increases. This course, pursued for twenty or forty years, will make any man moderately rich and some men very rich, unless the mishaps of business shall sweep away the accumulation.

One difficulty with many young men in the outset of life is that they do not understand the art of practical economy. They spend too much in little foolish and unnecessary wants; and sometimes in doubtful, if not immoral ways. They waste their earnings, and live faster and better than they can afford to live. They keep themselves poor, and contract habits that will keep them poor forever, unless they are radically changed. They refuse to forego present pleasure, in order to secure a much greater future good.—The result is that, no matter how long they live or how much they receive, they consume all they earn, and, as to any accumulation by saving, end each year just where they began it.—The moment they lose their working power, either by sickness or age, they become objects of charity. They have nothing to fall back upon for their own support or that of those who are dependent upon them.

The advice of Mr. Dodge, reduced to practice, would give to life a very different show in the way of results. The advice embraces the principle of thrift by economy; and economy consists in spending less than one earns, and as much less as is practicable, by throwing overboard imaginary wants and supplying only those that are real. If one is poor, which is the condition in which most persons must start life, then so much the greater reason why he should start with the saving principle in the very outset. By saving he will learn to save. It will become his habit to do so, and under ordinary circustances, he will accumulate enough in a series of years to make himself entirely comfortable, needing no man's charity to support a single want. We advise all men to act upon this excellent theory,

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

Young man, be earnest and honestt and the world will giv yu kredit for all yu are worth; if they don't call on me and I will fix things for yu.

The man who sets traps for others is sure, sooner or later, to git kaught himself.

The kruelty and ferocity ov the human harte reaches its highest point ov horror only amung the civilized races.

The best medisin for the rumatiz iz to thank the Lord it ain't the gout.

After we have well baited and set out traps, then iz the time to "watch and pray."

True dignity adds strength to karakter, but the world haz plenty ov dignified phools in it.

If we would compare ourselfs with ourselfs, insted ov with others, we should be more happy than we are.

It would simply be honesty for us to admit that we hav stumbled onto more results than we hav ever reached in enny other way.

I hav seen plenty ov people who had more than they knu what to do with, but never hav seen one but what wanted sumthing more.

Young man, az strange az it may seem to yu, yu kan't learn ennything new or very good bi hearing yourself talk, but bi listening to others yu may.

Learning cums from books; wisdum iz in the air.

I look upon a collektion ov politicians just az I do upon so menny vagrants and beggars.

The man who kan be idle and not beckum viscious hazn't got karakter enuff to be very wicked, eanyhow.

Experience iz a skool where a man learns (if he learns anything) what a big phool he haz been.

What I write iz for the common mind, not the skoller; if I kan reach the common mind I kan reach the hi-toned at my leizure.

If a woman haz mutch karakter she iz all karakter.

THE BALD-HEADED MAN.

And the boy Whose Youthful Mind Craved Information to Feed Upon.

The other day a lady, accompanied by her son, a very small boy, boarded a train at Little Rock. The woman had a careworn expression hanging over her face like a tattered veil, and many of the rapid questions asked by the boy were answered by unconscious sighs.

'Ma,' said the boy, 'that man's like a baby, ain't he?' pointing to a bald-headed man sitting just in front of them.

'Hush.'

'Why must I hush?'

After a moment's silence:

'Ma, what's the matter with that man's head?'

'Hush, I tell you. He's bald.'

'What's bald?'

'His head hasn't any hair on it.'

'Did it come off?'

'I guess so.'

'Will mine come off?'

'Some time, maybe.'

'Then I'll be bald, won't I?'

'Yes.'

'Will you dare?'

'Don't ask so many questions.'

After another silence the boy exclaimed:

'Ma, look at that fly on that man's head.'

'If you don't hush I'll whip you when we get home.'

'Look! There's another fly. Look at 'em fight; look at 'em!'

'Madam,' said the man, putting aside a newspaper and looking around 'what's the matter with that young hyena?'

The woman blushed, stammered out something, and attempted to smooth back the boy's hair.

'One fly, two flies, three flies,' said boy innocently, following with his eyes a basket of oranges carried by the newsboy

'Here, you young hedge-hog,' said the bald-headed man, 'if you don't hush, I'll have conductor to put you off the train.'

The poor woman, not knowing what else to do, boxed the boy's ears and then gave him an orange to keep him from crying.

'Ma, have I got red marks on my head?

'I'll skip you again, if you don't hush."

'Mister,' said the boy, after a short silence, 'does it hurt to be bald-headed?'

'Youngster,' said the man, 'if you'll keep quiet, I'll give you a quarter.'

The boy promised, and the money was payed over.

The man took up his paper and resumed his readin.

'This is my bald-headed money,' said the boy. 'When I get bald-headed I'm going to give boys money. Mister have all bald-head men got money?'

The annoyed man threw down the paper, arose and exclaimed:

'Madam, hereafter when you travel leave that young gorilla at home.—Hitherto I always thought that the old prophet was very cruel for calling the she bears to kill children for making sport of his head, but now I am forced to believe he did a Christian act. If your boy had been in the crowd he would have died first. If I can't find another seat on this train I'll ride on the cowcatcher rather than remain here.'

The bald-headed man is gone,' said the boy, and the woman leaned back and blew a tired sigh from her lips.

The Wise Advocate.

'My learned brother,' says the court, kindly but significantly, to a young lawyer who is about to sum up his first case—'my learned brother will observe that it is near dinner-time, and that brevity is the soul of summing up.'

'May it please your Honor, I will not long detain you. I am right; my learned friend opposite is wrong; you are a good Judge.' Judgment in his client's favor, with costs.

Sure, said Pat, rubbing his head with delight at the prospect of a present from his employer, I always mane to do my duty. I believe you, replied the employer, and therefore I shall make you a present of all that you have stolen from me during the year. I thank your honor, Pat retorted, and may all your friends and acquaintances treat you as liberally.

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The Press and its Functions.

Mr. Webster, in a most remarkable speech delivered at Worcester, Massachusetts, wherein he exhorted the people against executive usurpation, uses the following striking language with reference to the exercise of mastery over the free press of the country by executive patronage. He said:

"In all popular governments a free press is the most important of all agents and instruments. It not only expresses public opinion, but, to a very great degree, it contributes to form that opinion. It is an engine for good or evil, as it may be directed but an engine of which nothing can resist the force. The conductors of the press in popular governments occupy a place in the social and political system of the very highest consequence. They wear the character of public instructors. Their daily labors bear directly on the intelligence, the morals, the taste and the public spirit of the country. Not only are they journalists, recording political occurrences, but they discuss principles, they comment on measures, they canvass characters, they hold a power over the reputation, the feelings, the happiness of individuals.

"The public ear is always open to their addresses, the public sympathy easily made responsive to their sentiments.

"It is, indeed, sir a distinction of high honor, that theirs is the only profession expressly protected and guarded by constitutional enactments. Their employment soars so high, in its general consequences it is so intimately connected with the public happiness, that its security is provided for by the fundamental law. While it acts in a manner worthy of this distinction, the press is a fountain of light and a source of gladdening warmth. It instructs the public mind and animates the spirit of patriotism. Its loud voice suppresses everything which would raise itself against the public liberty; and its blasting rebuke causes incipient despotism to perish in the bud.

"But remember, sir, that these are the attributes of a free press only.—And is a press that is purchased or pensioned more free than a press that is fettered? Can the people look for truths to partial sources, whether rendered partial through fear or through favor? Why shall not a manacled press be trusted with the maintenance and defense of popular rights? Because it is supposed to be under the influence of a power which may prove greater than the love of truth. Such a press may scorn abuse in government, or be silent. It may fear to speak."

A Pleasant Affair.

A man went into a printing office out west the other day who had the unmistakable imprint of a backwoodsman, and inquiring for the editor, pulled up a chair and sat down.

'I've come,' said he, 'to git you to print a notice of a funeral what we'uns had outen our way.'

'All right,' was the answer, 'what do you want published?'

'I jist writ down a few notes here what I'll read to you'un while you put 'em in shape. Jim Smith died of the fever—last week—bein' much respected—in the naborhood—a large and respectable audience turned out'—

[We began to suspect that the old fellow had got hold of a press notice to some entertainment.]

—'to witness the performance. The eulogy was spoke by the Rev. Snyde, ker—who performed his part to perfection, bringing tears to the eyes of many, and when he retired was greeted with an n kore'—

The old man hesitated at that word for a moment and then said: 'I don't know as how that's right or not, but Sally said 'twas a good word anyhow and so I put it down. Then go on an' say somethin' consolin' about the last of arth, an' I tho't as how you'd better wind up semethin' like this: There was an immense crowd present, the affair passed off pleasantly and every one seemed to enjoy themselves.'

It is amusing to observe how the testimony of experts differs. In a trial just ended, some experts were called in to detect the handwriting in certain documents. "It is clearly A's handwriting," said the first. "No," said the second, "it is B's." "Gentlemen, you are both wrong," said the third, "I have proved clearly that it is C's." And so the public know precisely as much about it as it knew before. What a wonderful thing professional knowledge is!