

REMEMBER!
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THE WILSON ADVANCE

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

VOLUME 19.

WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, OCT. 17, 1889.

NUMBER 38

FOR ALL KINDS OF
--JOB WORK--
SEND YOUR ORDERS
--TO THIS OFFICE--

BILL ARP'S LETTER

THE RACE QUESTION AT LENGTH.

After all the South is the Place for the Negro and Here he Must Stay.

What would we do if we had the negro to write and talk about? The newspapers and magazines are discussing the race problem and doing their best to solve it. The pondering thought at home by the fireside, all this shedding light and leading knowledge and promoting the way for whatever may happen. But still there is something done not likely to be done. It is too big a thing to be hurried by anything that man can do. By slow and sure degrees it will work itself out, and I reckon we had better let it alone for awhile and watch the workings of manifest destiny. I think that General Stephen D. Lee's brief reply to Mr. Grady on the subject is the most sensible thing that has been said or written. He is not alarmed about the situation and he lives in a negro country. The appeal to Pharaoh sounds well and is the result of thought and research, but in this age theories are rarely accepted aside by facts. We breathe on the war and some of our preachers said that if we didn't whip the fight they would lose faith in the providence of God. We theorized about making cotton and said that the white man couldn't make it, and the free negro wouldn't. Pharaoh says: "No two dissimilar races ever lived together in peace." When the fact is the whites and the blacks have been living together in peace here at the south for a century. The last 25 years the negro has been a free man and we are living in peace and contentment as much as could be expected—in fact more peace than there is between labor and capital in the white race. He says there would have been immigration to the south long ago if the negro had not been here. Then we ought to thank the good Lord for protecting us from the anarchists and communists and the seum and parsons of Europe. We don't in this country have any of those white immigrants who are afraid of the negro. If the negro has done us no other good, he has secured us a good law-abiding homogeneous patriotic population. He has some bad traits but we don't want to swap him for trash. His virtues are too much magnified by the north, and so are his faults by the south. As a race they are kind-hearted, generous, docile, good-natured, and, at the same time, wasteful, careless—concerned for to-day, unconcerned for to-morrow, and have more religion than piety, more fear than conscience. Bishop Galton said in his great sermon at the tabernacle that Sam Houston was once traveling over Texas in a diligence, and two robbers stopped the coach and robbed him and his companions of their money and watches, and, worst of all, took their lunch of biscuit and sausage and one of them unrolled it, and greedily bit off a half of a sausage, when the other said: "Don't you eat that, you heathen heretic—didn't I tell you this morning that to day was Good Friday, and you won't eat any meat." He had religion than piety, and so with most of the negroes. A little stealing does not conflict with their religion. If you have one thing in common with his contract. We all recognize that eight dollars a month means eight dollars and praiseworthy. The law persecutes a man who commits a crime, but there is not a bit of malice in a negro's heart when he pilfers from you. He loves you all the better for having something that he can't steal. It takes it upon the idea that you have got to spare and won't miss it, and he wants it—that is all.

Another mistake that Pharaoh makes is in arraigning somebody, for ever bringing the negroes here from Africa. We believe that it was a good thing and wisely designed by the providence. What would the negro have been left in Africa. About thirty years ago there was a cargo of negroes secretly landed on our coast just below Savannah, and they were sold and distributed among our farmers. I saw some of them at Colonel Mott's in Columbia. They were working in his garden or trying to do it. They couldn't speak a word of English and had been blinded by signs. They didn't want their meat cooked, but boiled it with the blood. But they were docile, and soon learned to talk and got reconciled to wearing clothes and eating like white folks. They were pined away or grieved for their kindred or their country. They made excellent servants, and I have no doubt but that their children are now well behaved and civilized citizens. I have long ruminated over this and my faith is that our

northern brethren ought to send there and get some more and civilize them as we have done. There is a broad field for philanthropy. Why don't those northern negro preachers, who kicked up such a dust at Indianapolis the other day, go over there and begin the missionary work. If the other great nations had done as much for the negro as the south has done Africa would be civilized. But then there is another serious question which Pharaoh's advanced sheets have discussed. If the negro is sent and colonized, will he remain civilized, or will he relapse into barbarism like they have in Haiti and San Domingo. If history and observation prove anything, they prove that close contact with the more advanced and dependent upon him is absolutely necessary for the prosperity and happiness of the negro. I don't mean slavery nor serfdom, but I mean a dependent association. Thousands of them are in that condition now and they are the best and the happiest of their race. They are at work every day and earn their daily bread and give no trouble. Our colored townsmen, Gassett, struck the key note in a card to the Constitution. Let the negro go to work and attend to his business and he will have no trouble with the white race. It is idleness that is making all the fuss.

But there is enough thoughtful conservatism in the thinking and action of both races—to keep down any conflict. Such negroes as Taylor and Turner and Price and Gassett, will control their race for peace and the best interest of all concerned. If the time comes for them to go it will be because Providence has willed it. I said this to Mrs. Arp while she was sewing some buttons on the boy's garments, and she wouldn't ready for them to go yet. She don't Sicily Mimms to go, nor Aunt Angela Peacock, for when she can get one of them she can get the other, and Angela makes the best silver cakes in the world, and Sicily is the best all-round in the world and just good quiet and gives her no trouble. A big-mouth dry man came to the back door for a trunk this morning and walked big into the kitchen and took his tobacco out of his mouth and took a drink out of the kitchen dipper and Mrs. Arp saw him just in time and used language on him—language that was active and interjections. I'll bet he don't come here any more. Mrs. Sicily Mimms says it's just such independent niggers as he, what gets up all the fuss. The other night my wife and I were coming home from church and overtook a dude darkey, who had the arm clutch on his right, and they crept along as if they were afraid of a half a mile per hour, and the sidewalk was very narrow with a deep ditch on one side, and they wouldn't let us nor turn out, but spread themselves out in an aggravated way and we had to creep along until we got to a cross street and my wife says it isn't her so much as the preaching didn't do her any good. There are some lazy, trifling impudent negroes about and they ought to be vagranted, and there are some white folks who seem to think that it is ungentlemanly to work. The funniest thing is to see these educated negroes going about with fans in their hands and umbrellas raised on a cloudy day when there is neither sunshine nor showers. They are trying to imitate the white folks and just do a little—that's all. A negro girl is as fond of finery as an Indian is of beads. She will pick cotton all the week in the sun and strut round under a parasol on Sunday. She will wear a fashionable hat and high heel shoes and black stockings if she has to wash a month to get them. That's after the white folks too excepting the bad taste of the stockings for the women do tell me that there there ought to be a pleasing contrast between the color of the skin and the color of the stockings, but as that is a matter that don't concern me, I have no opinion.

But I like the negro. I was raised with him and know him and know how to get along with him, and I have no fears of trouble if Sherman & Co., will let us alone. They haven't as many big signs to answer for as the white race, for money is as at the bottom of most all iniquity, and as the negro of most not get much of that much for it. He doesn't do as much as steel and get into the chain-gang, but he is a very generous stealer. I have known him to steal watermelons from Nabor Freeman and bring them to my cabin and get my children to go out and help eat them. John Thomas would steal a melon for Carl in a minute, for in the first place he loved Carl but he was the best negro I ever saw except my Tip. Tippecano, who was named for old General Harrison, and the president ought to do some-

FOR THE FARM.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO THE TILLERS OF THE SOIL.

Original, Borrowed, Stolen and Communicated Articles on Farming.

PROGRESS OF BEET SUGAR.

Already more than half the world's sugar is derived from European beet root. Science, chemistry, and mechanical skill have been combined to transfer the habit of a prime necessity of life from the tropics, where only it was supposed it could be produced, into the northern latitudes. Science has shown the way to prepare the soil for it, has overcome all the mechanical problems necessary to the raising of the sugar, made its cultivation profitable, and given employment to tens of thousands of wage earners, and all this within the last twenty years. The future of this great industry seems almost boundless in its possibilities.—Chicago Tribune.

NO HARM TO TRY IT.

An exchange very pertinent says that every paper in the State should publish the fact that burnt corn is a sure cure for hog cholera, and add:

It was first discovered by the burning of a pile of corn belonging to a distillery at Peoria, Ill. It was thrown to the hogs, and eaten by them. Before that time a hog had been dying each day with cholera, but the disease immediately disappeared. It is so simple a remedy that it can easily be tried.

The ravages of hog cholera are simply dreadful, inflicting untold loss on the farmer. We do not know that the evil is so great at present, but a few years ago there were sections of this county in which the farmers, in despair, had almost entirely ceased trying to raise hogs.

TO TELL THE AGE OF CATTLE.

A heifer has no rings on her horns until she is two years of age, and one is added each year thereafter. On can, therefore, tell the age of a cow with tolerable accuracy by counting the rings on her horns and adding two to the number. The bull has no rings, as a rule, until he is five years old. To tell his age after that period add five to the number of rings. The best way to tell the age is by the teeth, which is of course the only way with polled cattle. What are called the milk teeth gradually disappear in front. At the end of three years, the second pair of permanent teeth are well grown, at four years the third pair, and at five the fourth and last pair have appeared, and at this time the central pair are full size. At seven years the dark line, caused by the wearing of the teeth, appears on all of them, and on the central pair a circular mark. At eight years this circular mark appears on all of them and at nine years the central pair begins to shrink, and the third to elevate. After this period the age can only be determined by the degree of shrinkage generally. At fifteen years the teeth are nearly all gone.—O. J. Farmer.

A Tough World.

A little girl asked her mother the following questions one day:

"Mamma if I get married will I have a husband like other men?"

"Yes, dear."

"And if I don't get married will I have to be an old maid?"

"Yes."

"Then it is a tough world for us women, ain't it?"

Paid Him in His Own Coin.

The story is told by a Boston newspaper of a country parson who, with that tact that distinguishes some parsons, said to the local tailor: "When I want a good coat I go to Boston."

"That is the place. By the way do you ever go to church?"

"Yes. Where? Well, when I want to hear a good sermon I go to Boston. That's the place."

The A. B. C. of Love.

Many a man has never even begun to learn the alphabet of a mother's love until he has taken sickness, or lost his property, or was forsaken by his friends, or was in some sort of trouble; then, beholding the constancy of his mother's affection for him, he began to pick out the letters, and by the first time in his life spells the word love.

The Signal Service officer on Pike's Peak said to a correspondent the other day: "Sometimes, standing at this window with my telescope, I can see twenty miles away, the men sitting in their shirt sleeves sipping iced drinks to keep cool, the ladies walking about in white summer robes. I lower the glass. The summer scene is gone. Green trees, animal life, men and women fade away like creatures in a dream, and I am the only living thing in a world of eternal snow and ice and silence."

A man in Chicago committed suicide because when he asked his betrothed to set the day for their wedding, the coy maiden answering affirmatively, said: "When the Cronin in jury is completed."

Circumstances do not make men; they discover them.

GORDON AND LONGSTREET.

A Meeting Between the Lieutenants of Lee and Jackson.

Yesterday while I was at the Capitol Governor Gordon came in. In his inimitable style he began greeting friends. In the midst of it all another form came in view; the hair was white, the eyes dim, the right arm trembling with age and wounds.

"Why, general," said Gordon, "I am glad to see you!"

Gordon and Longstreet! They were standing hand clasped in hand. Lee's old war horse and Stonewall Jackson's worthy successor standing heart to heart; the old 1st and 2d corps ones more side by side. No politics there. No Democracy, no Republicanism—only two soldiers. Their voices sounded less distinct than usual—like the soft murmur of summer seas. Tears, too, clouded their vision. Other eyes also grew dim, for those two represented, in the most tragic hour, the Wilderness and Lee's army. Back again came the scene. The night of May 5, 1864, has passed, and from the "darkling woods" came the sharp crack of the skirmisher's rifle, groans, dying prayers. Each army waited for the morrow. Longstreet at Gordonsville, twenty miles away; Hill hard pressed; Ewell only holding his own; 40,000 grays, 100,000 blues; Longstreet not yet up.

What of the morrow? Down the line of Hill and Ewell's troops is heard the cry: "Pass word along that Longstreet is here!" From the tangled depths of the Wilderness a mighty shout goes up, the word is freely and reverently back: "Longstreet is here!" Grand old 1st army corps, brave old Longstreet, we may differ in politics, but Second Manassas is yours, the Wilderness is yours, and amid the gathering gloom of life's fading years, we dare do you justice!—Brunswick (Ga.) Times.

Is Consumption Incurable?

Read the following: Mr. U. H. Morris, Newark Ark., says: "Was down with Abscess of Lung, and friends and physicians pronounced me an incurable Consumption. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and new on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the best medicine ever made. Jesse Middleward, Decatur, Ohio says: 'Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption I would have died of Lung Trouble. Was given up by doctors and went to church. Oh yes! Try it. Sample bottle free at A. W. Rowland's Drug Store."

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SAM JONES.

THE GREAT REVIVALIST AT DURHAM.

His Has the Town in a "Sting," Factories, Stores and Schools all Close to Hear Him.

For several years we have been very anxious to hear Sam Jones preach. We had read reports of his sermons and sayings; we had read and heard of the almost insupportable burden of sin which he never did any damage never paid any dividends into heaven. Stagnation, he repeated, was the next best thing to damnation.

He was once riding on a Southern railroad on which the train made sixteen miles an hour. He complained to the conductor of the extreme slowness of the train. He promptly told in reply that there had never been an accident on that road. "Yes," said Mr. Jones, "and you never paid the stockholders a dividend." It is that way in religion. These slow quiet preachers who never did any damage never paid any dividends into heaven. Stagnation, he repeated, was the next best thing to damnation.

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NEWSY NOTES.

Picked up Mrs And There And Freywhere.

The ball to be given complimentary to Miss Winnie Davis, the daughter of Hon. Jefferson Davis, during the Fayetteville, sentiment will be a most brilliant and elaborate affair.

The largest grape we ever saw was shown by Mr. Warren, of Riverside Nursery, last Thursday. It was of the James variety and measured 4 1/2 inches circumference.—Greenville Reflector.

In the old Liberty prison in Chicago a stack of muskets were leaning against a pillar where one of them was discharged with a loud report. There was no one near it at the time. The load must have been in the musket at least 25 years.

"Bill" Flin, the drummer evangelist, held a meeting in Kingston that lasted last week. It resulted in 150 conversions, 67 of which were already joined the churches. A Young Men's Christian Association was organized and given promise of much good.

On the 8th inst., the citizens of Bell's Ferry, Pitt county, met and held a meeting and adopted resolutions making the authorities that the proposed railroad from Greenville to Kingston be built by Bell's Ferry. The meeting was a large and enthusiastic one.

Two young men, at a wedding near Petham, by way of a joke, gave the bridegroom a cake on which crossed all had been dropped.