

The Wilson Advance.

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

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM

VOLUME XXIII.

WILSON, WILSON COUNTY, N. C., MAY 25, 1893.

NUMBER 21.

CASH

Catches the Bargains!

This Week in the Back Store,

36 Pairs Slippers at 60c.

In the Corner Store

Fans, Fans, Fans, from 4c. to 98c., and a new lot of Cream and Tan Dress Goods.

In the Original Store

Just received: New Stationery, Corsets, and another lot of those Ladies Silk Umbrellas with fancy handles, at \$1.66.

You know we don't keep goods long in stock, so if you want any of the above named articles call early.

J. M. LEATH,

Manager.

Nash and Goldsboro Streets,

WILSON, N. C.

DR. W. S. ANDERSON,
Physician and Surgeon,
WILSON, N. C.
Office in Drug Store on Tarboro St.

DR. ALBERT ANDERSON,
Physician and Surgeon,
WILSON, N. C.
Office next door to the First National Bank.

DR. E. K. WRIGHT,
Surgeon Dentist,
WILSON, N. C.
Having permanently located in Wilson, I offer my professional services to the public.
Office in Central Hotel Building.

IF YOU WISH TO PURCHASE THE BEST

Pianos,

at the most reasonable prices, write to us for prices and catalogues. Our instruments are carefully selected and our guarantee is absolute.

Cabinet Organs.

We carry an immense stock and offer them at lowest prices. For particulars address:

E. VAN LAER,
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We refer to some of the most prominent families in Wilson. 10-27-31

LADIES.

The Handsome

And popular Shades of

RIBBONS AND FLOWERS

that we trim

Hats and Bonnets

with are of the very best quality and latest Shades.

WE CAN PLEASE YOU.

Misses Erskine & Hines

Under Briggs Hotel,

Wilson, N. C.

World's Columbian Exposition

Will be of value to the world by illustrating the improvements in the mechanical arts and eminent physicians will tell you that the progress in medicinal agents, has been of equal importance, and as a strengthening laxative that Syrup of Figs is far in advance of all others.

Ingenuity Too Good to Be Wasted.

He was a guest of the big hotel, and he was leaning against the nickel-in-the-slot machine that grinds out "Nancy Lee" and other once popular airs with wheezy accompaniments. Drumming idly on the machine, a happy thought struck him. He sidled into the bar and bought a drink with some ice water on the side and received two nickels change. Walking back to the machine, he slipped in one of the nickels, and the band played. It proved a diversion. The other nickel followed its companion, and another fantastic caprice followed.

Then he dropped his fingers on the glass and put a piece of ice in his mouth to cool his parched gullet. "Wonder if the blamed thing feels as dry as I do," he murmured and slipped a small piece of ice into the slot in a soft and sympathetic way that only can be assumed by a mandarin. The piece of ice slowly melted, adjusted itself to the aperture and disappeared in the regions below. Then came a watery gurgle, a spasmodic shiver, and the intestines of the machine began to work. The ice had melted to the weight of a nickel, and in a watery way came back the familiar strains of "A Life on the Ocean Wave."

That settled it. Back he went to the bar and called for ice water. He scooped out the ice and fed it to the machine. Lottie Collins was outdone in "Ta-ra-Boom," minus the kick. Next on the list was "We Won't Go Home Till Morning." He banked the slot for five more lachrymose airs before his key grew out, and then he went back and asked the barkeeper for more ice, got it and invited him out to have something with him. The pair fed the machine ice for nine solid hours, until the contents of the ice trust were exhausted. The machine responded with its customary until it got waterlogged and crept over to the leeward, with four feet of water in its hold, flying signal of distress. Then he gave up the ghost in the middle of "Throw Him Down, McCusky."—Chicago Times.

The Friendship of Two Men.

"There were never two senators who were truer or more devoted friends than Mr. Blaine and Justice Lamar," said Warren D. Hayes of Mississippi at the Southern local "republican" banquet. Blaine was the fire and spirit of northern Republicanism, and Lamar of southern aristocratic Democracy. They were in the house together immediately after the war, and their close association between them was the support of the southern members. It was Mr. Lamar to whom he went, and if Mr. Lamar desired the support of the Republicans he first enlisted the strength and influence of Mr. Blaine. I have heard it from Mr. Lamar's lips that Mr. Blaine was the truest sympathizer the south had during her darkest period.

"So strong was the love that Lamar bore toward the man from Maine that I know he rejoiced when Blaine secured the nomination for the presidency in 1884, and I know further that Mr. Lamar, as good a Democrat as he was, declined to vote at the November election of that year. I think that secretly in his heart he really wished, as between Cleveland and Blaine, the latter's election. I have heard it said also that when Lamar was fettered a cabinet position that he first sought the advice of Mr. Blaine before he accepted it. Their friendship was of the character that we see but few illustrations of during these days. And it seems to me that the Divine power especially shaped it so that both of their lives should go out within a few hours of each other."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Intermittent Drinking.

There would be little use in my describing what I believe to be the cause of the course of intermittent drinking unless I set forth my own experience as to the various methods in use to check or cure the disease. It may be asked, "Has not a man a will power, and can he not of his own volition abstain from what he knows to be simply self-destruction?" My answer, unhesitatingly, must be that a man who has once fairly fallen into the drink habit, whether constant or intermittent, has scarcely any will power while the fit is on him, and as I have said, each fit leaves his will feeble and less able to withstand the temptation of a sedative of which he has proved the power, and of which he is too prone to forget the danger.

The intermittent drinker as soon as he has abstained for a few weeks forgets the disastrous effects of his last attack. He believes himself as temperate and discreet a man as any of his friends who takes his pill bottle of claret at dinner and seldom takes more. He does not see why he should not do likewise. It is the hardest thing to convince an intermittent drunkard, who is able to abstain for a period, that he can never by any chance become a moderate drinker. Nevertheless the principle of his drinking is distinct from that of a moderate man.

If he tries to return to his two or three glasses of claret, he is absolutely certain to go on to his secret "nip" of brandy or whiskey, and his "nip" will increase, and he will find himself back again in the old road to ruin. The patient, if he really wants to be cured, must clearly make up his mind that it must be total abstinence or self-destruction—gradual, perhaps, but not the less sure.—National Review.

Two Plans.

Mrs. Rightem—If that Kansas lady wanted to go to the United States lady, why shouldn't she? Cannot the office seek the woman as well as seek the man?

Old Fogey—I do not think that's any improvement on the good old plan of having the office seek the man and the man seek the woman.—New York Weekly.

A fire at Saginaw, Mich., Saturday burned property valued at \$1,000,000.

POETRY.

THE CALM THAT COMES AT EVENING.

BY CY WARMAN.

There's a calm that comes at evening,
When the weary day is o'er,
That's as soothing as a lullaby
Our mothers sang of yore.
And though the day be dreary,
I can just forget it all,
In the calm that comes at evening
When the twilight shadows fall.

I can see my sweetheart's signal
From her waving window blinds,
I can feel her perfumed presence
Wafted to me on the winds;
When I hush my heart to hear her,
I can almost understand
Her sweet welcome in the wimple
Of the wind-wave from her hand.

When she laughs its like the music
Of the ripples on the rills,
And her breath is like the fragrance
Of the flowers that deck the hills;
And though the day be dreary,
I can just forget it all,
In the calm that comes at evening,
When the twilight shadows fall.

While Mr. T. J. Richey, of Altona, Mo., was traveling in Kansas he was taken violently ill with cholera morbus. He called at a drugstore to get some medicine and the druggist recommended Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy so highly he concluded to try it. The result was immediate relief, and a few doses cured him completely. It is made for bowel complaint and nothing else. It never fails. For sale by A. J. Hines.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

The institution of African slavery is so intimately connected with the history of Georgia and has been so clearly interwoven with her civilization that a brief account of its origin and growth and sudden abolition should be recorded. Not for crinination or exculpation, but that the truth of history may be vindicated. Facts—cold facts—are history, and they never blush to be narrated.

Until 1843, only fifty years ago, African bondage prevailed not only in many of the less civilized countries of Europe and South America, but in England, the foremost and most enlightened government in the world. Early in this century the slave trade became odious to all philanthropists, but slavery itself was not. The brutality with which the trade was conducted and the "horrors of the middle passage," as it was called, had awakened the pity of mankind, and by common consent the traffic in Africans and their transportation by their owners to the West Indies, to the sugar plantations, and to the colonies in Europe and the United States.

But, still the institution of slavery continued where it had been planted. It not only continued, but was encouraged as a moral agency of civilization until Wilberforce began the agitation of its abolition in England and her colonies in 1825. But the plant of this great reform was of slow growth, and emancipation was not accomplished until long after Wilberforce had died. In 1843, the slaves of England and all her colonies were emancipated, and their owners were paid \$300,000,000 for them out of the national treasury.

The sentiment of the people of the United States against slavery was more pronounced than it was in England, and the states began early to provide for immediate or gradual emancipation. Georgia was the first state to prohibit the slave trade with Africa, and she kept that prohibition inviolate while some of the northern states carried it on long after their own slaves were emancipated. There was to them no profit in slavery, but there was fabulous gains in the traffic. Hence, they gradually disposed of their own by sending them south, and in some instances the young of their slaves were given away. (Appleton's Cyclopaedia is authority for this.)

But the feeling in the states were generally averse to slavery and that feeling was for a time stronger at the south than at the north. The ordinance of 1787 that excluded the institution from the northwestern territories was supported by southern men. Pennsylvania provided for gradual emancipation, and as late as 1840 her slaves were not all free, and in some cases were sold for debt. (See Appleton.) Rhode Island and Connecticut had a few left in 1840; New York emancipated in 1827.

That the southern states did not emancipate was owing to a variety of circumstances. The climate was suited to the negro and he seemed to be contented and happy.

The masters had invested more of their money in them than had been done further north.

The invention of the cotton gin had suddenly stimulated the cultivation of cotton, for which the negro was peculiarly fitted, and the growth of rice, tobacco and sugar cane, was equally inviting to his labor.

But more than all these reasons was the fear that the slaves were in such fast increasing numbers as to put the commonwealth in peril if they were freed. They were still affected with the same race traits they had inherited from barbarian ancestors, and could not be controlled as freedmen or as citizens.

Still there was an intelligent and influential number of our people who favored gradual emancipation. This

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

sentiment was slowly but surely spreading. Joseph Henry Lumpkin, the chief justice of our supreme court, was outspoken as a co-worker with the gradual emancipation policy inaugurated and advocated by Henry Clay, of Kentucky, adopted by Georgia, but for the intolerance and bitterness with which the New England abolitionists waged their unceasing war upon the south. Our people resented their threatened domination and said, "If you let us alone we may do it, but you cannot drive us. We are penned up with these negroes and know where our safety lies."

William Lloyd Garrison, of Boston, founded the anti-slavery party in 1841. Arthur Tappan became its fourth president in 1833. They expended much money in magnifying and exaggerating the abuses of slavery. They declared that all laws of the government that recognized the slavery were utterly null and void. As their party grew stronger they became more aggressive, and in 1844 the free soil party openly avowed that their object was to affect a dissolution of union and to form a northern republic. They said that a union with slavery in it was a league with hell and a covenant with death. They were the first secessionists and remained so until the late civil war. The troops they furnished and the money they so freely contributed were not for the maintenance of the union, but to conquer the south and liberate the slaves. When Nathaniel Hawthorne was asked in 1861 if he was not in favor of the war he replied, "Yes, I suppose so, but really I don't see what we have to fight about." It seemed to him that the south had done just what New England desired her to do—that is to secede.

This desperate haste and intensified hostility on the part of New England towards the south is difficult to explain. It was only a few years since they had emancipated the slaves they had not sold. It was less than twenty years since England had emancipated hers, and neither Georgia nor her states were ready for the change.

Was it an earnest sympathy for the slaves or political hatred of their masters, or was it both? For as Judge Tourgee says in his "Fool's Errand," "The south had controlled the government for fifty years," and New England was jealous—jealous to expansion, and slavery was but the shibboleth that intensified their animosity. They made no war upon the slave trade, but rather winked at it, and enjoyed its rich returns. This is not an assertion but a fact that their own historians are to be believed. In 1820 Justice Story, the great jurist, charged the grand juries of his New England circuit in the following words:

"We have but too many undeniable proofs from unquestionable sources that the African slave trade is still carried on among us with all the implacable ferocity and insatiable rapacity of former times. Avarice has grown more subtle in its evasions of the law. It watches and seizes its prey with an appetite quickened rather than suppressed. American citizens are steeped up their very mouths in this iniquity."

W. W. Story, the gifted son, in writing the biography of the father, says: "The fortunes of many men of prominence were secretly invested in this infamous traffic. Slavery itself had hardly disappeared in New England when the traffic took on new life and was winked at. A man might still have position in society and claim consideration as a gentleman, nay, as a Christian, while his ships were freighted with human cargoes and his commerce was in the blood and pain of his fellow creatures. This practice was abstractly inveighed against, but was secretly indulged in. The chances of great fortunes inflamed the cupidity of men in my fathers circuit. It is notorious that many large fortunes were the blood money of the slave trade, and owed their existence to the wretched cargoes, that survived the horrors of the middle passage. But this charge of my father to the grand juries of Massachusetts and Island seemed only to arouse the passions of those engaged in the traffic. The newspapers of the day publicly denounced my father and one paper in Boston declared that any judge who would deliver such a charge ought to be hurled from the bench."

And so the traffic went on unmolessted. The New York Evening Post stated that no less than eighty-five vessels left the port of New York in 1859 and 1860, built, manned and equipped in New England for the African slave trade, and that they brought away not less than thirty thousand slaves to Brazil and the south. But still there were no prosecutions. The navies of the world seemed to be asleep or perhaps the traffic was still winked at by the merchant ships that traversed the seas. Whether it has ceased since southern slavery was abolished is not known but a telegram to the Associated Press tells of a cargo that was recent-

ly wrecked off Madagascar coast. This much has been recorded to show to the youths of this generation that neither Georgia nor the south was responsible for slavery nor the traffic in them across the seas, for from 1776 down to the present, there was but a single attempt made by a southern man to introduce African slaves into a southern port, and that attempt was a failure. The little yacht called the "Wanderer," was seized and condemned and her officers punished with unrelenting vigor by a southern man, General Henry R. Jackson who was then assistant attorney general of the United States.

But, after all, slavery was really the provoking cause of the late unhappy war between the states. Georgia seceded from the union not because she desired to perpetuate slavery but rather because she could not maintain her rights under the constitution. She desired an outlet in the territories, an outlet for the negro for their rapid increase was alarming. She believed that it was perilous to emancipate and still more perilous to await results. Her white population who were not slave owners were rapidly emigrating to the west. The most thoughtful minds in Georgia and especially those advanced in years, saw and felt the peril of their situation—secession meant war and to remain in the union was to be imprisoned by the state lines with an inferior race that might become a terror. A few slaves had been manumitted and sent to Siberia, but the result was bad, very bad.

Major Waters, a wealthy planter of Gwinnett county, had by will manumitted thirty seven slaves and his executor delivered them in Savannah to the colonization society. They were well provided with clothing and each with \$100 in gold and sent to Seberia free of charge. Thirty of them died within twelve months—the remaining seven escaped from their exile and found passage in a merchant vessel to Philadelphia. From there they made their return to Georgia through the friendly aid of Howell Cobb and Alex H. Stephens, who furnished them with the means of coming home. The case is fully reported in one of the earlier volumes of our supreme court reports, for the will of Major Waters was attacked by his heirs.

But the common people of the south, the yeomanry, the toilers, were no lovers of the negro. They realized that he was in their way. The masters owned the best of the land and had the best stock and the best houses and tools and vehicles, while the toilers had to take what they could get—no wonder they were jealous of the institution.

And yet these men poor and struggling for a livelihood in the mountains of north Georgia or down in the piney woods, did not hesitate to shoulder their rifles and hurry to their country's call. "My country—right or wrong" was their motto. Only one seventh of the taxpayers of the state were owners of slaves in 1860 and not more than one soldier in ten was interested in slavery. In fact, some counties in north Georgia sent more soldiers to the field than there were slaves in the county.

Surely these men were not fighting for slavery or its perpetuation. They fought as their forefathers did who rested a little tax on tea when not one in a thousand drank it. The common idea was that "them fellers up north had been kicking at us a long time and if old Joe Brown and Bob Toombs and Howell Cobb said it was time to cut loose from 'em and fight then it was all right and they were ready."

But anti slavery was not a predominant sentiment up north outside of New England. The cry of the west and of most of the north was "the union—it must be preserved." General Grant, whom the north idolized and honored, was himself a slave owner and lived off of their hire in St. Louis until freedom came. Some of Mrs. Lincoln's kindred in Kentucky were slave owners and her brother served as a staff officer in the confederate army. Mr. Lincoln himself declared that he only signed the emancipation proclamation as a war measure to suppress the rebellion as it was called and to save the union.

He repeatedly refused to take such a step though urged by the members of his cabinet to do so. General Fremont, in August, 1861, issued a military order that emancipated the slaves of rebels in Missouri. Mr. Lincoln promptly revoked this order. In May, 1862, General Hunter issued a similar order declaring all slaves in Georgia, South Carolina and Florida forever free. So soon as Mr. Lincoln heard of it he issued a proclamation declaring it void and in his letter to Horace Greely in August 1862, he said: "My paramount object is to save the union and not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the union without freeing any slave I would do it; if I could do it by freeing all the slaves I would do it, and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone I would do that." In the minds of both Lincoln and

Grant there was but little sentiment concerning slavery as an institution, but after emancipation they very naturally accepted all the honor that the north and English showered upon them and entered heartily into plans for the safe adjustment of the matters that this sudden enfranchisement involved.

Such my young friends were the causes and consequences of the institution of slavery in Georgia. For half a century it had proved a blessing because it had brought him from a savage state into that of semi-civilization and had elevated his posterity and given them a chance to live as human beings and to worship God as Christians—a blessing to the white race in clearing up the forests and advancing agriculture and in building our railroads. But as the years rolled on it seemed to be manifested that the institution had run its course and the time was near at hand when it would cease to be a blessing to either race.

Before the late war its doom was inevitable, for even had secession succeeded and slavery continued it could not have been maintained against the convictions of the unfriendly north and the nations that sympathized with her.

Why this wonderful change in the status of 4,000,000 of slaves had to be baptized in blood and in tears to make it a reality is known only to that Providence who doeth all things well. We might as well ask why Cain was permitted to kill Abel, or why Napoleon was permitted to ravage Europe and destroy millions of lives, and after all accomplish no good that we can see.

But the negro was safe during all the struggle. Whether he stayed or fled he was in no danger. He seemed to have no deed concerning his freedom or a continuation of his bondage. Thousands of them followed their young masters in the war—many of them were captured, but would not stay. "Gwine back to Dixie" was their song. Never to Dixie! mutual affection shown between master and servant; never such proof that in the main the master was kind and the servant loyal. During all these bloody years when our men were in the field and wives and mothers and daughters were unprotected at home not a single act of violence was heard from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. As General Jackson so beautifully said: "They deserve a monument that should reach the stars, and on it I would inscribe: 'To the loyalty of the slaves of the confederate states during the years 1862 '63 '64.'"

What a monument will be deserved by their children is the unsolved problem. They are still on probation. BILL ARP.

It is said that Lewis Morris will succeed Tennyson as Poet Laureate.

A Valuable Accomplishment.

Boy—"Is you Professor Knowall, th' m'ndreader?"
Mind Reader—"Yes, my son."
"Teach you? Hum! What do you want to learn m'ndreading for?"
"So I can begin talking about being tired before mamma starts to tellin' me to do something. She's always gettin' ahead of me."

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the liver and kidneys, will remove pimples, salt rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all malarial fevers. For cure of headache, constipation and indigestion try Electric Bitters. Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Price 50c. and \$1 per bottle at A. J. Hines' drug store.

A run in time saves the nine. He laughs best who is not "left." A rolling stone has no fixed on. It is never too late to resolve that you "won't go home till morning."

A friend in need is worth his feed. "Early to bed and early to rise," Is all right for farmers, but hardly our size.

Honesty is a good thing when applying for an insurance policy. "Due unto others" is the reason "they dun't unto" you. Never put off till to-morrow the laugh you can have to-day.

Trusts and Combinations.

Are unpoplar. But there is one form of trust against which no one has anything to say. That is the trust against which the public reproves in Hood's Sarsaparilla, and the best of it the trust is fully justified by the merit of the medicine. For, remember, Hood's Sarsaparilla cures.

The matter of the resignation of Mr. Talmage as pastor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle was settled Saturday. The creditors of the Tabernacle met its officers and agreed to settle their indebtedness at the rate of twenty three cents on the dollar. The entire debt of \$90,000 was then settled on this basis and the threatened resignation of Mr. Talmage was withdrawn.

It is inexcusable in persons to go to church, and disturb the public worship, or go to a public meeting and annoy the audience by unseemly exhibitions of themselves in coughing, when a few doses of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, that peerless remedy for cough and cold, will surely cure their cold. Try it.

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