

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

VOL. 10.

WILSON, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 21, 1880

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FRIDAY, MAY 21, 1880



Poetry.

Sleep.

[John G. Saxe has written a good many funny poems in his day, but nothing for genuine wit and humor to surpass his "Sleep."]

"So Sancho Panza said, and so say I; And bless him also that he didn't keep His great discovery to himself, or try To make it—as the lucky fellow might—A close monopoly by "patent right!"

Yes, bless the man who first invented sleep— I really can't avoid the iteration— But blast the man with curses loud and deep, Whate'er the rascal's name, or age, or station, Who first invented, and went round advising: That artificial cut-off—"early rising!"

"Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,"

Observes some solemn, sentimental owl; Maxims like these are very cheaply said; But ere you make yourself a fool or fowl Pray first inquire about their rise on fall, And whether larks have any beds at all!

"The time for honest folks to be abed" Is in the morning, if I reason right; And he who cannot keep his precious head Upon his pillow till it's fairly light, As up to knavery—or else he drinks,

Thompson, who sung about the "seasons," said

It was a glorious thing to rise in season, But then he said—lying—in his bed— At ten o'clock A. M.—the very reason He wrote so charmingly—the simple fact is His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.

'Tis doubtless well to be sometime awake

Awake to duty and awake to truth— But when, alas! a nice review we take Of our best deeds and days we find, in sooth, The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep

Are those we passed in childhood, or—in sleep.

'Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile For the soft visions of the gentle night! And free at last from mortal care and guile.

To live as only in the angels' sight— In sleep's sweet realm easily shut in, Where at the worst we only dream of sin.

So let us sleep, and give the Maker praise, Like 'the lad who, when his father thought To clip his morning nap by' hackneyed phrase

Of vagrant worm by early songster caught Cried—"Serve'd him right! It's not at all surprising, The worm was punished, sir, for early rising."

FENELLA'S STEP FATHER.

"Hello!" said Ralph Redfern. He was sitting at his summer morning breakfast-table, opening his letters—and at the exclamation, his young wife looked quickly up from her place behind the steaming coffee pot.

"Oh, Ralph!" cried she, "is it from your father?"

He nodded, still intent, with frowning brows, on the contents of the folded sheet of note paper. Fenella came around and leaned over his shoulder—a lovely little vision of autumn-gold hair gray, long lashed eyes and pink cheeks.

"What does he say, Ralph?" she asked, scarcely above her breath. "Oh, do tell me quick!"

"He says," returned Redfern, gloomy, "that I have been a fool!"

"So you have, Ralph, dear," said Mrs. Redfern, pursing up her scarlet strawberry of a mouth.

"And he furthermore adds that, as I have made my bed, so I must lie on it."

"A self-evident fact!" added Fenella. "And he declines to see or acknowledge you, my dear, so there is the end of all our dreams and aspirations. Don't look sad, little," he subjoined,

seeing the shadow creep over his wife's young face. "We have each other yet!"

"I believe that, Ralph," said Fenella giving her husband's shoulder an affectionate little squeeze; but I can't forgive myself for estranging you from your folks."

"A man shall leave his father and his mother and cleave unto his wife," quoted Mr. Redfern.

But Fenella shook the little rings of auburn-gold that clustered around her forehead.

"Yes, I know that," said she. "But it don't say a man shall quarrel with his father because of his wife! It's all my fault, Ralph!"

"Now, Fenny, that is nonsense! If you insist on taking such a distorted view of the matter as this, I shall take you out West with me."

"But I won't be taken," nodded Mrs. Redfern, her eyes sparkling willfully through their misty veil of tears. "A pretty way of economizing that would be, wouldn't it? No indeed; I shall stay here, and cut out the lambrequins and make the chintz covers for our little cottage when we go to house-keeping, and study up the cookery-book, and coax Mrs. Haddon to let me try new recipes, down in her kitchen."

And after all, it's only three months you are to be gone. Three months will soon pass, you know."

"What a brave little Fenella you are!" Ralph Redfern said, smiling, in spite of his father's letter—the letter that disinherited him.

But Fenella's flower-like face was very grave when Ralph had started on his long Western journey, and she was all alone.

"It's all my doing," said the young wife to herself. I never should have allowed myself to marry him, unless, I was quite certain that his father was willing. And now his prospects are blighted, and his allowance cut off and only poor little me left to recompense him for all this trouble! Oh, dear, dear, when young people fall in love, what fools they do make of themselves! I won't let his entire future be sacrificed in this sort of way. I'll set matters straight, if it costs me my whole life to do it!"

Mrs. Redfern looked very resolute indeed.

Old Georgius Redfern was sitting in his bank sanctum one day, about a week after Ralph and Fenella had kissed each other adieu, on the steps of Mrs. Haddon's cheap boarding-house, in Harlem. He was a tall grim old gentleman, with a fringe of silver hair around his bald pate, sharp set eyes, that seemed to look through and through you, as if you turned to transparent glass beneath their light-blue glare, and diamond studs glistening in his linen—altogether the sort of an old gentleman to be regarded with distant awe and rigid respect.

Mr. Redfern's bank clerk was despondently afraid of him, and even his brother directors were in the habit of paying scrupulous regard to his opinion upon matters and things in general.

"A lady to see me?" said Mr. Redfern. "And upon this particular morning, of all others, when I am especially busy! Did you tell her I was engaged Simmonds?"

"Yes, sir, I did," responded Simmonds, a little red-haired clerk, with a deep bass voice. "But she says her business is very particular."

"You're sure she isn't a book agent?" She has no carpet-bag. Mr. Redfern and she don't look like that sort of thing, said Simmonds, depreciatingly.

"Nor a collector of subscriptions toward a new chapel, or a charitable object?"

"Well, really, sir," retorted the puzzled Simmonds, "I can't say; but she hasn't that appearance."

"Then show her in, and be done with it!" said Mr. Georgius Redfern. "Confound these women! one can't shake 'em off any more than if they were leeches!"

The door of ground glass, set in multiple of waxed walnut, slid back as noiselessly as if it moved on velvet, and a tall, lovely girl, dressed in plain gray silk, with a drooping-willow plume on her hat, glided in.

Instinctively Mr. Redfern rose and bowed—manhood's instinctive tribute to sweet youth and feminine grace.

"This is no book agent or wore-out subscription hawk," he told himself, as he moved forward an easy-chair, and courteously asked:

"What can I do for you this morning, madam?"

"I called to speak to you about your son, Mr. Redfern," said Fenella, valiantly, although her heart was giving a series of jumps into her throat.

"Indeed I, said he, coolly. 'Yes,' said Fenella. 'I am his wife!'

Mr. Redfern bowed, still more icily. "Do not for a moment suppose," added Fenella, drawing herself up, "that I have come here to plead for myself. I never once thought of that! It is for him. You are angry with him for marrying me? You are resolved to disown him?"

"I am," said Mr. Redfern, coldly. "But you mustn't!" breathlessly burst out Fenella. I love him too well, Mr. Redfern, to allow him to be ruined for my sake! Restore him to your favor, receive him back once more into the place in your heart from which I have unwittingly ousted him, and I will give up all claim to him!"

"Do you mean that you will leave him?" uttered Georgius Redfern.

"I do!"

"Humph!" sneered Mr. Redfern. "And this is a love match!"

"You mistake me, sir," said Fenella, proudly. "It is because I am unwilling to blight his whole future."

"And I suppose you have come here to bargain for a maintenance?"

"No," said Fenella, coloring at the implied taunt. "I will not accept a cent from you. I supported myself before I married him, and I can again."

"And how will you do it?"

"I can sew, or I can teach, or I can open a boarding-house. But my whereabouts must be strictly concealed from Ralph, in any event."

"Humph!" grunted Georgius Redfern the steel blue eyes still transfixing his daughter-in-law. "And you would give up your husband and go into exile just to restore my boy to my favor again?"

"Yes," said Fenella, resolutely; I would.

"Why didn't you think of this before you married him?"

"Because I was too blinded by love and folly to see the harm I was working Ralph," answered the young girl, with humility.

"My dear," said old Georgius Redfern, holding out both hands, come here and kiss me. You are a noble little girl! But I shall make no such bargain with you."

Fenella's countenance fell.

"Do you suppose I am a fiend incarnate?" roared out the old gentleman, getting up and beginning to pace the circumscribed limits of the office floor. No, no! not quite so bad as that—When Ralph got married, I suppose you were a sly little fortune-hunter, or some designing minx who had entrapped him into matrimony. I see now, that you are a noble, disinterested girl, worthy of the love of any man."

"Then you will pardon him, if I will go away and never trouble you?" cried Fenella, radiantly.

"No, I won't!"

"Mr. Redfern!" she gasped.

"I'll pardon him only on condition of his bringing you here to live with me," said Father-in-law Redfern; taking Fenella's flushed face between his hands. "You love him, and you love him for himself alone, and that is quite enough for me. Now don't let's have any more talk about it—Write to Ralph. Tell him to come back to New York. My carriage will be at the door directly, and it will take you home—to my home and yours. There you will stay until he returns—and ever after, I hope."

Through nights of weary vigil and tears, little Fenella had brought herself to give up all for Ralph's sake. And, in giving all she had gained all.

"I declare, Fenella, said Ralph Redfern, some three or four months subsequently, "you can do what you please with my father. He is your most devoted slave!"

"I know it," said Fenella, brightly. "And wasn't it foolish of me ever to be afraid of him?"

At a town out west, the other day, the Good Templars gave a picnic to which none but members of the order were invited. During the day one of the sisters fainted, and loud calls were made for a restorative, when a dozen bottles of whiskey were presented to supply the need.

In struggling to make a dull-brained boy understand what conscience was, a teacher finally asked, "What makes you uncomfortable after you have done something wrong?" "Father's leather strap," feelingly replied the boy.

"Dixie" and the "Star-Spangled Banner."

AN EPISODE OF THE GRAND BOUQUET AT CINCINNATI.

But there was a long delay, while the people in the balconies waited wearily, or arose and passed out, and it was fully midnight before any one was permitted to come to the front and address the noisy and dispersing crowd.

Before this there had occurred a grand and thrilling episode. The great orchestra, under the puissant baton of Michael Band, struck up the stirring old air of "Dixie," with its soul thrilling associations and memories. For a moment there was a lull. The old soldiers of the South looked at each other, and the vast throng was struck the emotions of the gallant Southerners overcome them, and almost simultaneously they sprang to their feet more than a thousand strong, and the old Southern battle cry made the lofty arches ring again. Side by side with them stood the Northern hosts and cheered with them. Again and again the men of the South broke forth as the gay measures woke their enthusiasm, and the strains of the orchestra were fairly drowned by their united voices.

A prominent gentleman of Cincinnati, and a famous soldier, turned to Governor Marks, of Tennessee, and said: "That is the old rebel yell!"

"Yes," was the reply, and now, hear it raised for the Stars and Stripes, for just then the orchestra struck up that grand and patriotic air. The scene that followed is indescribable. Such one was never witnessed before. As the little orchestra poured forth the grand old strains of,

"The star-spangled banner,
Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave."

the organ burst forth in glorious unison with all its magnificent power, and the vast audience arose as one man, and one old Union cheer blended with the old rebel yell to the notes of the national air for the first time since the dark and bloody years on the great civil war. Men who had faced each other on many a crimson battle-field under the stars and stripes and under the stars and bars clasped hands and waved their handkerchiefs until the great level of the hall was like a white sea. All the sound of the orchestra and organ was lost in the exultant shouts of reconciliation and common patriotism, and the great wave of enthusiasm swept over the vast glowing concourse and carried everything before it. It was a scene never to be forgotten by those who participated, a moment that was cardinal in the history of the great republic.

Surely the honored projectors of the great enterprises, the successful completion of which was celebrated yesterday, and the patient, faithful workers upon the grand design, bided more wisely than they knew, and helped to accomplish ends far beyond and deeper than they dreamt of.

He was a Believer.

He wanted to join the church. After relating his experience about a change of heart, he was put through a course of catechism about his faith. His answers were generally orthodox. A brother happened to ask him if he believed in angels. "If I believe in anything I believe in angels. Got an angel at home myself, I believe—in. This morning she (that is, my angel) broke the blue dish over my head. Then she cried, poor thing, like as if her heart would break. She sobbed and said she was mighty sorry for it, that she broke the blue dish over my head. 'Oh, Jimmy,' she said, 'I wouldn't let her break the blue dish over your head if your head hadn't been so hard.' Put me down as a believer in angels. A holy groan went up to Heaven by the listening brethren, and they all extended the right hand of fellowship. He struck 'em there—they all had angels at home.

A mean man put sixteen hornets in a whiskey bottle and gave it to a Texas man, in the dark, to take a drink out of, and though the hornets got in their work as they went down, the Texan remarked that it wasn't real Texas whiskey, as it lacked fire.

An exchange asks: "What is nearest to the heart of the American citizen?" We would say his undershirt, or his chest-protector, if he wears one.

Senator Bayard.

A gentleman stepped into the business office of the American yesterday, and asked the privilege of looking at a copy of the Baltimore Sun. While waiting for the paper to be sent down from the exchange room his eye caught sight of a photograph of Senator Bayard suspended from the mailing clerk's counter. Well, he remarked, "I see you are not ashamed to hang up the picture of Mr. Bayard down this way. No, replied one of the office attendants, we hold Mr. Bayard in very high esteem. Another added: If Bayard resided in New York he would be the nominee of the Cincinnati convention.

To this, our visitor (who proved to be Mr. John Merryman, of Baltimore, at present a sojourner, together with his family, in this city,) made the following quite pertinent suggestion: We have tried New York now three times successively, without any very practical result. We tried Mr. Seymour, Mr. Greely and Mr. Tilden, and New York can hardly complain, after that, of being slighted, if we seek elsewhere. If we can't elect Mr. Bayard President of the United States it would be hardly worth while for us to try to elect any other Democrat. We can't find a pryer man in any party. You may search his record through and you will find no stain or blemish. Throughout his blameless and useful political life he has made no mistake at any time. They tried to make something out of a speech he made in 1861, but that was a speech in behalf of civil liberty and the rights which Americans in common should enjoy. I happen to know something about that, for I was one of the victims. The speech was an appeal for the release of a citizen arrested for the performance of a citizen's duty, as a member of the militia of Maryland, and I was that citizen.—Nashville American.

A Human Fiend.

A SEVENTEEN YEAR OLD GIRL MURDERED BY A DRUNKEN FATHER.

CHICAGO, May 9.—Last night James Tobin, a boss stevedore, murdered his own daughter. He went home partly intoxicated and turned his family out of the house during a heavy thunder storm, because his wife refused to go for beer for himself and friend who was with him. Subsequently his daughter Mollie, a girl seventeen years of age, ventured into the house and he sent her out with \$5 to buy a valise, saying that he was going to pack up his things and leave his family forever. She got the valise and returned, but neglected to provide a key. This enraged Tobin, and he tore the lock to pieces and ordered Mollie to return the valise and bring back the money. She went into an adjoining room, but he suspecting that she was not obeying his orders, followed, dragged her back by the hair and threw her violently upon the floor. He then jumped on her breast with his knees and began plounding her, she crying "Oh, father, do not kill me." When Tobin stopped maltreating his daughter a Mrs. Robinson, who resided in the house and had been calling for help, assisted Mollie into the next room, but the blood came frothing to her lips, and she died in a few minutes. Tobin was arrested and denied having killed his daughter, but Mrs. Robinson and his eight-year old son tell the same story of his brutal act.

A Novel Law Suit.

Mr. Eddy gave Miss Hintzleman a fine set of jewelry, at Newbern, N. C., and she wore it for several weeks. Then he brought a suit to recover it, on the ground that he had simply lent it to her. She testified that, by the terms of a mutual agreement, she was to pay for the jewelry by kissing Mr. Eddy every morning for a hundred days. He called and got his kiss, on his way to work, every day for about a month. Then he grew bold, and wanted to take a hug as well as a kiss. There was no provision in the bargain for hugging, and she repulsed him, even restricting his kisses to a touch of his lips to her cheek. He thought he was being cheated, and hence his effort to recover.

Don't tell a lady you sweat. Inform her that you are being deprived of the saline and oleaginous fluids of your material substance through the excretories of your pellicid titicle, with a sensible consideration of moisture upon the superficial exterior.

Good Society.

Many parents who have sons and daughters growing up are anxious for them to get into good society. This is an honorable anxiety, if it interprets good society after some lofty fashion. Parents, your daughter is in good society when she is with girls who are sweet, and pure, and true hearted; who are not vain and frivolous; who think of something else besides dress, or flirting, or marriage; between whom and their parents there is confidence; who are useful as well as ornamental in the house; who cultivate their minds, and train their hands to skillful workmanship. If society of this sort is not to be had, then none at all is preferable to a worthless article. See to it that you impress this on your children, and above all that you do not encourage them to think that good society is a matter of fine clothes, or wealth or boasting to be somebody. As you value your child's soul guard her against the miserable counterfeit; and impress upon her that intelligence and simplicity, modesty and goodness, are the only legal coin. The same rule holds to boys as well as girls.—You would have these enter good society. Do not imagine that you have accomplished it when you have got them with a set of boys whose parents are wealthier than you, who dress better than you can afford to, and who pride themselves on their social position. Good society for boys is the society of boys who are honest and straightforward, and who have no bad habits, who are earnest and ambitious. They are not in a hurry to become men. They are not ambitious for the company of shallow, heartless women, old enough to be their mothers, and not envious of their friends, who fancy there is something grand in dulling all the edge of their heart's hope upon such jaded favorites. There is nothing sadder than to see either young men or young women priding themselves upon the society which they enjoy, when verily it was a Dead Sea apple that will choke them with its dust, when they see some generous juicy fruit to cool their lips and stay the hunger of their souls.

Marriage.

The foundation of every good government is the family. The best and most prosperous country is that which has the greatest number of happy families. The holiest institution among men is marriage. It has taken the race countless ages to come up to the condition of marriage. Without it there would be no civilization, no human advancement, no life worth living for. Life is a failure to any woman who has not secured the love and adoration of some great and magnificent man. Life is a mockery to any man, no matter whether he be mendicant or monarch, who has not won the heart of some worthy woman. Without love and marriage, all the priceless joys of this life would be as ashes on the lips of the children of men.

You had better be the emperor of one loving and tender heart, and she the empress of yours, than to be the king of the world. The man who has really won the love of one good woman in this world, it matters not though he die in the ditch a beggar, his life has been a success.

"There is a heathen book which says:—'Man is strength, woman is beauty; man is courage, woman is love.'" When the one man loves the one woman, and the one woman loves that one man, the very angels leave heaven and come and sit in that house and sing for joy.

Inidels and the Bible.

Hume used to go to church sometimes in Scotland. Collins insisted on his servants going to church, "that they might not rob or murder him." Voltaire built a church to God at Ferney. Mr. Huxley wants the Bible introduced into the boarding schools. Prof. Tyndall is indignant at being charged with hostility to religion; and Mr. Herbert Spencer leaves ample space for the "unknown and unknowable." The heart, like nature, "abhors a vacuum;" it craves for something beyond a negation, and, as long as the unknown is treated as 'unknown,' the craving is hard to satisfy.

No longer by the river do we wander as of yore to listen to the surging of the ripples on the shore. Gone are those days of gladness, of pleasure and of peace—she's been and gone, and married a sergeant of police.