



The Wilson Advance.

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

VOL. 10.

WILSON, N. C., FRIDAY, JULY 2, 1880

NUMBER 23

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Bingham School, MEBANESVILLE, N. C.

ESTABLISHED IN 1793.
Is now Pre-eminent among Southern Boarding Schools for boys in age, numbers and area of patronage. The 173rd Session begins July 29th. For catalogue, giving full particulars, Address, MA. R. BINGHAM, Sup't.

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FRIDAY, JULY 2, 1880



Poetry.

"I Mark only the Sunny Hours."

As the sunlight glows and glimmers,
Through the shadows of the trees,
As some harmonies are wafted
By the storm, and in the breeze,
As some blossoms smile in beauty,
By each rough and rugged way,
Thus the joys of life are given
With each earth-revolving day.

Seldom is the way so briar-grown,
But some blossoms meet the view;
Seldom is the sky so darkened
But some light is gleaming through;
Seldom is the heart so burdened,
That it has no rest of bliss;
Let us eul the best and brightest,
In life as brief as this.

Let us of the sun-dial learn,
But to "mark the sunny hours;"
Pass with care the thorns and briars,
Seeking for the humblest flowers,
And when shadows gather round us,
Drape our joys with a shroud,
May we trust the sacred promise,
"There is light beyond the cloud."

A SOUTHERN ROMANCE.

During the late war, about the year 1863, a well-to-do family, consisting of husband, wife and a child, a daughter of about four years of age, settled in Walker county, Ala. They stated that on account of the operations of the two armies on the North Carolina coast, where they resided, they were forced to seek a home elsewhere, and when they started from their North Carolina home Texas was their destination, but upon reaching Walker county in that State, they found it to be a retired, peaceable and prosperous community, and hence they concluded to settle down there. In addition to the family—John H. Reynolds, wife and daughter, as already stated—there were several slaves. Among the latter was a handsome quadroon young woman, who was the maid of all work for the family. She was kindly treated, however, and most of her time was occupied in caring for Mrs. Reynolds who was an invalid.

After the war closed Dr. Reynolds concluded to remain in Walker county, as he had secured a good farm and was in fair circumstances, considering the losses entailed upon Southern men. When Mr. Reynolds lived in North Carolina one of his warmest and truest friends was a neighbor by the name of Henry Horton, who was also a farmer well to do, and possessing traits which render neighbors much attached. The great desire of Reynolds was to induce his old friend and neighbor to sell out his possessions in North Carolina and remove to Walker county to assume the same relations he occupied in former days. Reynolds addressed many warm, gushing letters to Horton, describing the beauties, the riches and bright prospects of Walker county. There was a farm near him that would suit Horton exactly, and if the latter did not have enough money to purchase it, Reynolds would assist him. Finally Horton yielded to the importunities of his old friend, and sold out his property in North Carolina, and with his wife and son removed to Walker county, where he purchased a farm a short distance from where Reynolds resided. Being thus settled down once more as neighbors and friends, things went smoothly and prosperity smiled upon the two houses. Mark Horton, the son, and Jessie Reynolds, the daughter, went to school together in the neighboring village and as the years wore on they grew up to manhood and womanhood fondly attached to each other, a fact which gave the greatest satisfaction to Reynolds. His wife had died about the time the war closed and his daughter, being his only child retained all his affection, and he lavished upon her every luxury that her heart could wish. The quadroon woman remained with the family, while the other slaves scattered and found new homes when the war brought their freedom.

When the time came for Jessie Reynolds to quit the village school

and finish her education at college, her father sought an interview with Mr. Horton, and lost no time in broaching the subject of the future marriage of Mark Horton and his daughter. He reminded the old man of the many years friendship that had existed between them, and how happy he would be to have the son of his dear friend and neighbor wed his only daughter, who had grown into a beautiful young lady, the belle of the country for miles around, the envy of all the young ladies thereabout, and the most popular girl to be found in the country. Mr. Horton liked Jessie, and so informed her father. But he thought both her and his son too young to enter into matrimony. He desired his son to make a mark in the world before marrying. It was finally agreed that Jessie should go to college for a year, and Mark should do the same. Upon their return, should they desire to marry, the parents then would interpose no objections. The young people were sent to college—one in Kentucky and one in New Jersey. When they returned from their collegiate studies they became infatuated with each other on sight. Three months thereafter there was a wedding at the Reynolds mansion, which proved to be one of the grandest affairs of the kind that had ever been witnessed in that section. The loving pair were made man and wife under the happiest and most promising auspices. Each was heir to a comfortable home and good income. All the neighbors thought that the match was the most appropriate they had known, and everybody predicted happiness and prosperity to the newly married pair. The father of Mark presented him a nice farm, and the father of Jessie had a splendid residence built for them. After a brilliant honeymoon, Mark Horton and his beautiful young wife concluded to settle down on the farm which had been given them, and Mark determined to adopt farming as his business. Here all went merry as a marriage bell. Prosperity smiled upon them, and in due time a son was born unto them, an event which was celebrated with great éclat, and which brought unusual joy to the parents. In the midst of all this happy condition of things the whole neighborhood was thrown in a state of utter confusion by the report that Mark Horton had separated from his wife, and that he had filed a bill for divorce, alleging that a fraud had been perpetrated upon him in the marriage; that his wife had negro blood in her vein; and therefore the marriage was null and void. There were hundreds of rumors some ridiculous, many malicious, and the remainder about as near the truth as is usual in such cases. The houses of Reynolds and Horton was in a flutter, and were closed to all outsiders. The case had just been decided, and the facts are as substantially as follows: During the early part of May last the quadroon woman, Lucy Shepherd, heretofore referred to, was taken quite ill and when it became apparent that she could not live but a few days, she secretly requested Dr. Blackman, the physician attending her, to inform Mark Horton that she had something of importance to communicate to him, and desired him to call and see her at once. Mr. Horton in response to this request, called about an hour after the request was made. The woman began by telling him that she had kept a secret locked in her breast for years, and now that she was going die she could no longer remain silent. She did not wish to go to her grave as a partner in a great fraud. She then informed Mr. Horton that his wife Jessie was her daughter, that she was the illegitimate child of Reynolds, and that the secret which had so long been kept was the cause of the death of Mr. Reynolds wife, who grieved herself into an early grave on account of the fraud which Reynolds was practicing in palming off Jessie as his legitimate daughter. The woman informed Mr. Horton that Jessie knew nothing of these facts; that she was perfectly ignorant and believed herself the legitimate daughter of Reynolds. She stated that Jessie was born in Wilmington, N. C., after Reynolds had married, and he notified his wife that she must adopt the child as her own and rear it as such. He threatened both his wife and the mother of the child with death should they divulge the facts. Mrs. Reynolds died broken hearted after years of grief and shame.

Mark Horton, after hearing the story of the quadroon woman, at once went to Reynolds, and confronted him with the facts. The latter did not deny the statement of the woman, but told Horton that he had better remain silent, as an exposure would bring shame on both families. But Horton belonged to an old-fashioned, high-bred family, and pride was the most characteristic. He notified Reynolds that he would send Jessie back to him with their child, and that he would at once apply for a divorce. He then went back to his home, called Jessie into a private apartment, and there told her the story of the quadroon woman, who was then dying as he repeated the words she spoke to him.

The wife was struck with terror and could not utter a word. She acted for a while as if bereft of her senses. When she became composed she found herself and child in her father's house. She at once became an object of pity and sympathy. She will see no one, and passes her time locked in her room with her child.

This exposure broke up the Horton family, the old man selling out and returning to North Carolina and, Mark having left a few days since for California—after the Court had declared the marriage void because of fraud. Reynolds is endeavoring to dispose of his property, intending also to leave the country. He is blamed by every body for the misery he has brought upon his unhappy daughter and the Hortons. He attempted to induce his daughter to contest the divorce suit but she was not in a condition to appear in court. The case brought together the largest crowd ever gathered in Walker county.

How Daniel Webster Cooked a Shad.

Shad have made their way up the river. The matter of planked shad is something historical. Daniel Webster was an artist in this line and prided himself greatly on his talents. His only rival was an aged slave, a character on the river, called Sam. There were those who declared Sam was the only one who knew how to cook planked shad, and others protested that the great statesman was supreme. It was arranged to have a contest, a trial for the championship, between old Sam and Mr. Webster.

First, Sam split the shad, seasoned them as he knew would most nearly suit Mr. Webster's taste, and laid them before the orator, done to a turn. "Really, Sam, this is the best planked shad I have ever eaten," quoth Daniel, and applause rang from Sam's adherents.

Next, Webster laid aside his toga and hovered around the fire, knife and salt-bag in hand, watching the shad that he prepared in the way he knew he would best suit Sam's taste. Sam ate three mouthfuls rapturously, and exclaimed: "Fore d Lor', Mr. Webster, I never have tasted planked shad before!" Webster yielded gracefully the palm to Sam, outdone by him in compliments as well as in cooking.

The First Man Who Ate a Crow.

The origin of the phrase "eating crow" is appropriately revived in these convention days. An old farmer on the Hudson, below Albany, took summer boarders to eke out the profit on the farm. He sold the best of his farm products, however, and often palmed off on his boarders "store" articles bought at a lower price. To their murmurs he replied: "I kin eat anything, I kin eat a crow." This remark was repeated so often that one of the guests finally shot a crow and got the cook to prepare it for dinner. Fearful, however, that the farmer might have stomach for even such a dish, the bird was liberally seasoned while cooking with Scotch snuff. The farmer was rather taken back when the dish was placed before him, but had too much pluck to give in beaten without a trial, and attacked the bird with the remark: "I jin do it." At the second bite he repeated, "I kin eat crow," and as he suddenly suspended the operation of cutting the third mouthful and began a retreat toward the door, he added, "but dang me if I hanker after it!"

The chap who grumbles so loudly when his wife asks him to put up the clothes line is generally the first one to rush upon the stage and be half an hour tying a female medium in the cabinet.

We cannot control the evil tongues of others, but a good life enables us to despise them.

THE NOMINATIONS.

What the New York Papers Say.

It is an undoubted and very great benefit to the country that the nomination of General Hancock makes impossible what, in the common political slang, is called a "bloody shirt campaign." The Democratic candidate was a soldier of the Union—one of the most zealous, uncompromising and brilliant generals of the war for the Union; he is a Northern man with purely Northern ideas; he fought in the bloodiest and most desperately contested series of battles in the war; he was always in the fore-front of the battle. If any republican stump orator shall pretend that the government cannot safely be trusted to General Hancock he will be laughed at.

Nor can it be said that Hancock would be a nose of wax in the hands of other men. He is a man of his own mind. His nomination enables the country to choose without prejudice, without sectional alarm, and to choose for itself between two lines of policy clearly marked out, very decidedly differing one from the other, and on which men may reasonably and sensibly disagree. The republican party stands for centralization, for a larger concentration of power in the hands of the Federal Government, for what is called the "paternal system;" and this view is fairly presented by their candidate. The democrats stand for decentralization, for local self-government, for a strict limitation of the Federal power according to the constitution. Hancock's civil record makes him one of the most distinguished representatives of this Democratic policy.

—New York Herald.

For the first time in a dozen years the Democratic party in the United States has given full evidence of returning sense. * * * If the campaign is conducted throughout with the wisdom manifested at its commencement, the chances are certainly three out of five, and we think five out of seven that the ticket will be elected.—Stants Zeitung.

The Cincinnati Convention is truly a landmark in the development of the Democratic party. The signs of the times are favorable to a brilliant victory of the party which has thus improved its ideas and purposes.—New York Times.

Is there a man who knows Gen. Hancock, even superficially, who can think without a scornful smile, of the possibility of his becoming the President of the United States? We shall be next invited to have faith in the latent capacity for statesmanship of a man whom the managers of his campaign must keep under lock and key if they would prevent him from making an ass of himself, and the admiration of a trustful community will, ere long, be directed to the chastened eloquence of the letter of acceptance of a candidate who could not have talked for ten minutes to the Convention which nominated him without convincing even them that they had placed at the head of their ticket a pretensions blockhead.

William H. English is just as certainly a man of decided ability as his associate on the ticket is the very essence of commonplace.—Journal of Commerce.

In an hour of excitement and passion another Democratic Convention has missed all chance of victory. Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock is a reputable and gallant soldier of the United States Army, and will make just about such a candidate as General Winfield Scott did.—New York Tribune.

The nominations yesterday made by the Democratic party at Cincinnati carry with them the guarantee and the prophecy of a great political victory in the single fact that they were really made by the Democratic party. * * * It has already been said mockingly, that his nomination is "a setting of the old rebel yell to the music of the Union." How great a thing it will be for this nation if his election shall enable its people to say this in thankful seriousness, and to renounce, as firmly as if they had never been separated, the indestructible States of this indissoluble Union; if a Northern soldier shall be able to complete for the whole North and the whole South in 1881 the work which he began in 1867, by recognizing and defending the indestructible statehood of Louisiana and of Texas.—New York World.

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personal liberty, which lie at the foundation of our Democratic institutions. No one has ever presented these principles in a clearer or more comprehensive manner than he. * * * He is a straightforward, outspoken, sincere man. What he says he means; what he means he does. * * * The record of Mr. English is clear and honest, and his nomination not only takes nothing from the great popular strength of the ticket, but adds to it.

We are confident that these are the candidates who will be elected in November; and who will be duly inaugurated on the Fourth of March, 1881.—New York Sun.

The nomination of Winfield Scott Hancock as his competitor for the highest civil trust of the world, by the spontaneous acclaim of a united Democracy, forecasts a contest that under even the most favorable circumstances for Garfield must be doubtful in its issue, and that gives more than even promise of a sweeping Hancock victory in every doubtful Northern State. It was a nomination that made itself.

* * * There is but one sentiment among the delegates and throughout the dispassionate men of all parties, even in the home of Garfield, and that accepts Hancock as the strongest candidate the convention could have chosen. It is not doubted either by Democrats or Republicans, that Garfield will carry Ohio over Hancock and that he would have carried the State against any competitor. We put down Pennsylvania as quite as certain for Hancock as Ohio is for Garfield. The really doubtful States of the contest will be Indiana, Illinois, Nevada, California and Oregon, with not more than one chance in a dozen for the Republicans in Indiana and about like chances for the Democrats in Illinois and the Pacific States. Looking dispassionately over the field at this early stage of the conflict, the indications point strongly to a Democratic President, a Democratic Senate and a Democratic House on the 4th of March, 1881.—From the Philadelphia Times.

In some respect the nomination is a strong one. Hancock was too brave and patriotic a soldier to be challenged for fidelity to the Union. In the analysis of his character not a trace of "Copperheadism" can be found. Some of the questions which have served the Republicans well are henceforth obsolete.—From the New York Evening Post.

"I am unfortunately compelled, if I say nothing, to say that the Democrats have stopped blundering and have made a strong ticket. The ticket is the strongest selection, in my opinion the Democrats could have made. It will require all we can do to elect our ticket. It is a square issue between the two parties. Each party is represented in its Presidential nominee by a Union soldier, both distinguished for bravery and loyalty. I think there will be a solid South in this fight. There may be individuals who may attempt to weaken him by bringing up the history of the execution of Mrs. Suratt, but it won't amount to much. He simply did his duty there as he does it everywhere."—Thurlow Weed in the New York Times.

Hancock's Sayings.

EXTRACTS FROM HIS DISCOURSE THAT SHOW WHAT KIND OF MAN HE IS.

The true and proper use of the military power, besides defending the national honor against foreign nations, is to uphold the laws and civil government and to secure to every person residing among us the enjoyment of life, liberty and property.

The right of trial by jury, the habeas corpus, the liberty of the press, the freedom of speech, the natural right of persons and the rights of property must be preserved.

Tell General Meade that the troops under my command have repulsed the assault of the enemy, who are now flying in all directions in my front.

Power may destroy the forms, but it cannot destroy the principles of justice. These live in spite even of the sword.

The great principles of American liberty still are the lawful inheritance of this people and ever should be. Armed insurrections or forcible resistance to the law will be instantly repressed by arms.

Nothing can intimidate me from doing what I believe to be honest and right. Arbitrary power has no existence here.