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JAMES W. LANCASTER, Attorney-at-Law, WILSON, N. C. Office in the Court House. Practices in all the courts (except the Superior Court of Wilson county) and will give prompt attention to business entrusted to him in Wilson and adjoining counties.

WILSON COLLEGIATE SEMINARY (FOR YOUNG LADIES.) Wilson, N. C. Best talent employed in all departments. Situation unusually healthy. Board, per session of 20 weeks, including fuel, lights and furnished room, \$20.00. Other charges moderate.

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FOR SALE. A very desirable residence in town, near the railroad, conveniently situated, can be bought low and on time. I will loan half of the purchase money taking first mortgage on the property.

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Manufacturers of Carriages, Buggies, Carts, Wagons, Harness, and all kinds of riding vehicles. Which will be sold at the lowest possible figures. We have now on hand a nice and select stock of work.

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, DECEMBER 10, 1880.

NUMBER 46

NORFOLK CAPS. SAM. HODGES. H. HODGES. HODGES & HODGES WHOLESALE DEALERS IN Hats and Caps AND Ladies Trimmed Goods, 49 COMMERCE ST., NORFOLK, VA. sep24-tf

House Established 1870. JONES, LEE & CO. (Successors to SAVAGE, JONES & LEE.) Cotton Factors & COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 28 Rothery's Wharf, NORFOLK, VA.

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Wedding and Engagement Rings, always on hand, engraving free of charge. Watches and jewelry repaired and warranted. Send your orders to me and they will be promptly filled. A. C. FREEMAN. sep23-

KNABE The most popular piano in the South. For nearly forty-one years these instruments have maintained their reputation for durability, cleanness and sweetness of tone. This piano now being manufactured by this well known firm are equal to any made in the world. They are sold as low as any first class piano and fully warranted for five years. Send for catalogue and terms to S. A. STEVENS & CO., NORFOLK, VA. AGENTS FOR KNABE & CO., FOR EASTERN NORTH CAROLINA. aug20-'80-1y.

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Wooten & Stevens, FURNITURE DEALERS AND Undertakers, WILSON, N. C. We have on hand a large and well selected stock of Parlor and Chamber Furniture and are constantly receiving additions thereto.

Our Fireside JONATHAN NILES AND HIS FIFE. In his youth, Jonathan Niles was a musician of the Revolutionary army. In 1778, while the American army was encamped at Tappan, on the Hudson, Gen. Lafayette had command of the advance, his particular duty being to guard the water-front, and in order that any attempt on the part of the enemy at surprise, might be guarded

THE DEAD GOVERNOR. James Douglass Williams was born in Pickaway county, Ohio, January 16, 1808. His parents were of Scotch-Irish blood on one side and Welsh-English on the other, a combination which accounted for the marked physical strength and mental qualities of the man. His ancestors come to this country about the middle of the eighteenth century, and engaged in agriculture. George Williams, the father of the late governor, settled in Ohio in an early day in the history of that state and thence he removed to Indiana locating in Knox county, where the home of the governor has always been. Young Williams enjoyed but meager facilities for education and social training, so that he grew up to be the plain, blunt, honest, hard-headed, hard-fisted farmer, and as such maintained himself in whatever position he has occupied. The father of Governor Williams died in 1828, leaving a family of six children. James being the oldest, upon him devolved the larger share of the care for the family, which burden he bore until 1831, when he was married to Miss Nancy Hoffman, the daughter of a neighboring farmer. Purchasing a quarter section of wild land the young couple began life which continued uninterrupted until a few months since when Mrs. Williams died, after a protracted illness. In the course of his long life as a farmer Governor Williams had succeeded in putting under cultivation a farm of over 2,000 acres, which is now one of the best pieces of farm property in southern Indiana.

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Poetry.

The Old Birch Switch That Hung on the Wall. How dear to my heart are the school days of childhood. When no care nor contraction my spirit knew; The orchards I robbed, our larks in the wildwood. The schoolhouse and grove where the birch switches grew; The row of mud pies with toe marks imprinted; How they rush to my sight at fond memory's call; The old cider mill with droughts never stinted, And the switch that hung high on the old schoolhouse wall. How the youngsters assembled in terror oft trembled, As that hide-cutting switch came down from the wall.

That knotty old switch in my mind is abiding. For oft, when returned with some wild truant band, I received with that switch a most merciless hiding. The toughest and sorest boy-nature could stand, Unlike the old bucket no-moss was adhering. No white pebbled bottom was touched when it fell, No pure sense of coolness e'er marked its appearing. But I marked each descent with a jump and a yell, Oh, I viewed it with loathing, for no un derclothing. Broke the force of those blows as so-swiftly they fell. I remember with trembling one grim little madam, Who taught me the rudiment, pot hooks and all, And who thought to expel all the sin left by Adam, By thrashing it out with that switch on the wall; I've been horsed o'er the knees of that maiden so human, With my back to the foe and my face to the floor, And I thought how fools prate of the soft touch of woman, For each touch drew a blister, each stroke wove a roar, In that day of fought switches and very thin breeches, When correction was pressed both behind and before.

I survived all the blows, and married the daughter Of that muscular schoolmarm whose blows fell like rain; Now her roughish grandchildren defy her with laughter, Their tricks she approves—mine she punished with pain, And thought I remember of no interceding. When she put in the klick with a switch or a rule, If a grandchild I spank there is a grand-mother pleading— 'Tis the "granny" who whaled me of old in the school, With her toughest of switches, her sharpest of switches, That startled a rogue like the kick of a mule.

How we boast of advance in the secrets of learning, How to cram the young heads we take infinite pains, And forget inward pains yield to blisters and burning, That the switch bath oft quickened both corners and brains. To four minor senses we're often appealing Each one to our aid, in correction we call, But that old bottom sense, the keen sense of feeling, No longer the rogue both persuade of appeal, Yet to quiet confusion or force a conclusion, There's a mission to-day for that switch on the wall.

A BOY'S THANKSGIVING. I believe a boy can be as thankful on Thanksgiving Day as a man, if he tries awfully hard. Some boys are too mean to try, and they generally die off in the spring. I'm thankful I ain't a girl. Girls can't slide down cellar doors, or hitch on, or throw snowballs worth a cent. They can't take bumps like boys, and if they roll off a sled and their mother find it out, they get boxed. I'm thankful that dad is still alive. When he dies I'll have to split the wood and build the fire. He is also very useful in clearing off the snow and thawing out the penstock. I'm thankful I'm not in the grave, where some boys are. Some have been taken and some left, and I'm glad I'm one of the left. It's about the only thing I ever did get left on. They say it don't hurt a boy any to die, but I don't want to try it. I'm not going to be thankful for

against, LaFayette issued orders that there should be no noise of any kind, by the troops, between the hours of tattoo and reveille. Our Jonathan was one of LaFayette's musicians, and his instrument the fife. He was a son of Connecticut, and he had a maimed and disabled brother who was a cunning artificer, and who among other quaint things, had made the fife upon which Jonathan played. It was so constructed that it could be blown to the shrill and ear-piercing notes that belong with the drum, or it could be so softly and sweetly breathed upon as to give forth notes like the gentle dulcimer. One evening Jonathan wandered down to the water's edge, and seated upon a rock gazed off upon the darkly flowing, star-gemmed flood. His thoughts were of his home and of the loved ones, and anon came memories of the old songs that had been wont to gladden the fireside. Unconsciously, he drew his fife from his bosom and placed it to his lips. In his mind, at the moment, was a sweet song, adapted from Mozart, which had been his mother's favorite. He knew not what he did. To him all things of the present were shut out, and he was again at home, sitting at his mother's feet—and the chasm was not broken until a rough blow upon the back recalled him to his senses. "Man! what are you doing? The General may be awake. If he should hear you—ah!" It was a sentinel; and even this guardian of the night afterward confessed that he had listened, entranced, to the ravishing music for a long time before he had thought of his duty to stop it. On the following morning an orderly came to the spot where Jonathan had been eating his breakfast and informed him that the General wanted to see him at headquarters. Poor Jonathan turned pale and trembled. He knew that LaFayette was very strict, and that in those perilous times even slight infractions of military orders were punished severely. As he rose to his feet the sentinel of the previous evening came up and whispered in his ear:—"If it should be about the music, Jonathan, don't you be alarmed. Not a soul save you and me knows anything about it. I can swear to that! So, do you just say it wasn't you. Stick to it, and you'll come out all right." Jonathan looked at the man pityingly. "What! my mother's son tell a lie like that? It would be the heaviest load I ever carried—heavier than I ever mean to carry, if I have my senses." He then went to the General's quarters—a tent pitched on a commanding site, overlooking the whole line he had to guard. LaFayette was pacing to and fro, sad and moody, as though his thoughts were unhappy. "Comrade, who are you?" "Jonathan Niles, General."

"Last evening I heard music down by the river's bank. Were you the musician?" "It was I, General, but I knew not what I did. I meant not to disobey your order. I sat and thought of home and my mother, and—" The General started at the sound of that word, and the shadow upon his face grew soft and ethereal. "Of your—MOTHER! And I thought of mine. It was a theme of Mozart's and was my mother's favorite. If you will be so kind, go bring your instrument and play for me that delightful strain here in my tent. It will do me good."

In the after years—even to his dying hour—the man loved to tell that story. Though he would never urge the truth upon any consideration of so mean a thing as the benefit that might result, yet he could not put away the thought that the sweetest and most blessed memory of all his soldier's experience might have been lost to him had he grasped at the opportunity to tell a lie, which, to some, might have seemed most opportune and profitable.

A BOSTON PAPER thus groups together some statistics of the kind which almost everybody might know, if any one took time to think of them: The entire population of the United States could stand in Boston. The entire population of 1,440,000,000 could stand on the island of Martha's Vineyard. The State of Massachusetts would in this way accommodate seventy times the population of the world. The entire population of the world, placed side by side, and allowing two feet to each person, would encircle the earth twenty times. The States of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, taken together, are as large as England. Kansas is as large as England and Scotland. Any one of the States of Georgia, Illinois, Iowa and North Carolina, is as large as England. Ireland is about the size of Maine. The entire population of the United States could be provided for in Texas, allowing each man, woman and child four acres of land. The entire population of the world could be provided for in the United States, allowing each person one and a half acres of land.

DON'T JUDGE. Don't judge a man by the clothes he wears for God made one and the tailor the other. Don't judge him by his family connection, for Cain belonged to a very good family. Don't judge him by his speech, for the parrot talks, and the tongue is but an instrument of sound. Don't judge a man by the house he lives in, for the lizard and the rat often inhabit the grandest structures. Don't judge him for his activity in church, for that is not infrequently inspired by hypocritical and selfish motives. Don't judge him by his like of display, for the long eared beast is the humblest of animals, but when aroused is terrible to behold. Don't take it for granted because he carries the contribution box he is liberal; he often pays the Lord in that way and keeps the currency.

"Where are you going?" said a young gentleman to an elderly one in a white cravat whom he overtook a few miles from Little Rock. "I am going to heaven, my son. I have been on my way for eighteen years." "Well, goodby, old fellow! If you have been traveling towards heaven for eighteen years, and got no nearer rizee Arkansas, I will take another route."

During the election a northern admirer of Randolph Tucker sent to him a check for \$2,500 to be used for his re-election to Congress. Tucker doubtless duly appreciated the kindness intended, but returned the money, saying he could not thus try to influence the honest voters of his district. Such a man of without the whole South is proud, and who is worthy of the highest honors the people can bestow!

ALL SORTS. Whoever is honest, generous, courteous and candid, is a gentleman, whether he be learned or unlearned, rich or poor. Alex. T. London, Esq., of Wilmington, has quit the practice of law, to take charge of a big steam saw mill at Florence, S. C. A little girl noticing the glittering gold filling in her aunt's front teeth, exclaimed, "Aunt Mary, I wish I had copper-tooth teeth like yours." The colored barber who was reported to have been elected to Congress from Arkansas turns out to be a myth. The report was only one of the humors of the election, and there will, it appears, be no "colored pusson" in Congress after all. If you want to study the immense variety of the human face you should bend your gaze upon the mobile countenance of a deaf and dumb man when he reaches under a plank-walk for a lost nickel and picks up a raw bumble bee by the stem. A six year old boy, living near Bridgeport, was questioned by his school teacher the other day as to his name. The boy said "he hadn't got none." But you must have some name, insisted the questioner; "what do they call you around home?" They call me a genuine jac kana," replied the little fellow with sincerity.

Among the replies to an advertisement of a music committee for "an encadidate as organist music teacher," etc., was the following one: "Gentlemen, I noticed your advertisement for an organist and music teacher either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years I offer you my services." The jury had decided that the man who had broken into Spilkins' house, and was caught in the act, was not guilty, the evidence being insufficient to convict, and the prisoner was acquitted. "I would like to have" the address of the innocent man," said Spilkins. "What for?" "Well, since he was paying me a friendly visit, I want to know where he lives so I can return the call."

"Henry is so practical!" said Mrs. Young-wife. "When mother went into the country last year Henry sent all her things after her the very next day. He said she might want them you know. And it's a kind of funny," she went on "mother did want them, for she has never come back to live with us since. Wasn't it queer?" A clergyman asked his Sunday school, "With what remarkable weapon did Sampson at one time slay a number of Philistines?" For a while there was no answer, and the clergyman, to assist the children a little commenced tapping his jaw with the tip of his finger, at the same time saying, "What's that?" Quick as thought, a little fellow innocently replied, "The jaw bone of an ass, sir."