

THE WILSON MIRROR.

"Our Aim will be, the People's Right Maintain,
Unawed by Power, and Unbribed by Gain."

VOL. VI.

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NO. 29.

PRETTY PICTURES.

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN SCENES
CONTRASTED.

By a Former Resident of Wilson—An
Accomplished, Brilliant, Cultured,
Delightful Writer, Who Dips Her
Roseate Brush in the Gorgeous Dye
Pots of Richest Beauty, and Paints
With Exquisite Colorings Many
Glorious Scenes of Interest.

MY DEAR MIRROR:—Your recent wel-
come appearance bearing press eulogies of
your gifted editor very pleasantly recalled
memories of the past when the lyric stage
yielded honors to the youthful actor.

I doubt if Bulwer ever gave more pleas-
ure to personators of his charming drama
than to the shortlived Thespian corps of
Wilson. While recently floating along the
shores of Como there was no memory
more vivid than that amateur rendition of
the Lady of Lyons. I realized also that
Claude did not exaggerate its beauty in
painting his chateau en Espagne. He
could have drawn it stronger and yet be
truthful. For I do not think he includes
the distant setting of the snow capped
peaks while every tropical fruit, flower and
fragrance adorn its steep shores and jewel-
like islets. We also saw birds in marble
halls, but do not think they could have be-
longed to Claude's aviary. However haz-
ardous it may be to locate that air castle,
I firmly believe the author must have re-
ceived his inspiration at the exquisite spot
of Bellaggio, meaning beautiful lake.

Nothing but the frightful propinquity of
Italy's scourge and the intense heat of
August could have driven us from this
fairly like spot. Yet no shores can tell
more interesting history than those of
Como. It has long been and must ever be
the pleasure retreat of royalty and of what
is more noble, the beaux-esprits. The place
is still to be seen where the younger Pliny
lived, and the beautiful palace of the un-
fortunate Queen Charlotte is now used as
a hotel. Light and graceful villas of marble,
yellow and white stucco thickly dot the
vine-clad shores, and many of these are
decorated with a highly colored Virgin and
Child, while others belonging to a less re-
ligious occupants have caricatures of hu-
man beings painted on the wall spaces.

These decorations did not increase our re-
verence for the wonderful Italian art instinct
and fame who believes in physical influence
over art would doubtless attribute these
vagaries to the proximity of the beautiful
Alpine snow. Every mercurial descent
must necessarily nip the budding art ideas.

We have had much pleasure this sum-
mer in comparing our own Appalachian
range with the Alps that are so fresh in
memory. Many tourists give the prefer-
ence to the White Mountains, on account
of the wide valleys, the atmosphere, and
the more extended views from the lower
peaks. All these are necessary and de-
lightful, yet nothing can equal the dazzling
white snow peaks that extend twice as far
up into the blue sky as the loftiest of the
Alleghanies, while the eternal glittering
seas of ice reach from the summits far
down into the loveliest of green valleys—
the white and the green blending in a weird
and harmonious beauty.

The lakes set like jewels among the
Alpine peaks form a most attractive feature
that is not formed in the heart of the
White Mountains. Comparatively there is
almost a dearth of water scenes in this
region. Two tiny cascades are found in
the Crawford Notch whose fall extends
over a thousand feet, but they are so nar-
row that one has been appropriately named
the "Ribbon." Harriet Martineau pro-
nounced Franconia Notch to be the most
exquisite mountain scenery that she had
ever seen. This most exquisite region
furnishes many interesting features. Ap-
proaching from Franconia Valley the
really grand Lafayette range extends
north and south, and the ascent to the
Notch begins at the village of Franconia.

After an ascent of four hundred feet that
requires a four miles drive, you arrive at
the best kept hotel in the mountains, as
well as the most picturesquely situated—
the Profile House. This is at the entrance
to the Notch and stands in the narrow de-
file between Lafayette and Cannon Moun-
tains. From there a few minutes' walk
will bring you to the majestic "Old Man,"
whose firm set profile stands out like a
silhouette against the sky nearly two
thousand feet above the small lake at its
base. The lake is not two small for a fair
exercise of the oars, the fly and the rod.

All day long it is the scene of a busy, rest-
less throng of rowers. Six miles further
is that queer freak of nature, the Flame,
that is the Mecca of thousands of summer
pilgrims. All this must be seen and not
spoiled by misleading adjectives in word-
painting, so I drop the curtain and come
on to Saratoga.

The season has closed in this Paris of
America, for it became too cold a week
ago to sit on the piazza. Piazza life and
Saratoga are inseparable, and ladies clad in
gossamer laces will sit on the piazza of the
States or Union even though the coquet-
tish chill has reached the cerebral base of
her spinal column, and tearful eyes and
an itching nose have signaled the fatal
epidemic—the bad cold. The races are
over, there is no more music in the air,
nor a garden party in view, so the Saratoga
belle must play lawn tennis, ride horse back
or hunt for autumn leaves to keep up her
circulation at this season of the year.

The grand pageant of equipages is daily
diminishing on Broadway. The cottagers
are enjoying themselves, and with their
palace like homes it would be strange if
they did not. North Broadway and Union
streets are architecturally fair rivals of
Newport's avenues. Here the early Eng-
lish styles of architecture are most elabo-
rately treated and prevail. It is to be hoped
however, that our future architecture is
not to be so hopelessly entangled in such a
threatening confusion of porticoes, Eliza-
bethian windows, towers and gables, as a
few specimens here would lead us to ex-
pect. The grand old elms of Saratoga re-
mind us of those of Wilson. Here they
are often covered with the brilliant Vir-
ginia creeper that extends to the bough
and festoons them in a very artistic man-
ner. The favorite drive is through Wood-
lawn Park, the extensive domains of
Judge Hilton's summer home. We sup-
pose the stately found there must have
belonged to Mr. A. T. Stewart's embryonic
virtuoso period. It would be interesting
as well as amusing if that were true.

For the benefit of those who pin their
faith to Congress water it is necessary to
tell them that it has ceased to flow as it
ought. It is growing decrepid and has
taken unto itself a fresh water spring that
makes it entirely too weak for the Antis.
The latter are now found daily at the
sparkling Hathorn and that is not stronger
than it ought to be. The people who fre-
quent Saratoga are its chief attractions.

A few days since we were regaled with
a sight of Thakore Sahib, the Indian prince
lately lionized in Newport. His dingy
copper face with its close shaved woolly
beard, to a Southern eye did not compare
favorably with some of our African deni-
zons. His white turban was the only fea-
ture of dress that distinguished him from
other Americans.

In season here the Spanish and German
languages are more heard than the Eng-
lish. The foreign air really recalls the
brilliant Paris, which always represents a
congress of nations.

The recent Republican State Con-
vention was not entirely satisfactory in its
nominations. Probably it thought the
nominees would be good ones to bear the
defeat.

Next week the Democratic State Con-
vention meets here and it is to be hoped
that Blaine will be again repulsed by an-
other Democratic victory in the Empire
State even if they are only minor offices to
be filled.

This has become such a political base
that Levi P. Morton has moved his resi-
dence here in order to get a controlling in-
fluence.

Many North Carolinians are daily seen
on the streets, and there was one at a spring
the other day who had evidently never
been so "fur" from home before. He said
"a lady down in North Caliny had told
him he'd see sights up here." He was
making himself at home.

With best wishes for your prosperity, I
cease my gossip. R.

His Mark.

How doth the little mosquito
Improve the midnight dark,
To leave on forehead and on limb,
His sanguinary mark?

How skillfully he plies his bill,
How neat he makes attacks;
Then stores himself in parts unseen,
And dodges all the whacks.

The Presidential Party.

President Cleveland left Washington City
last week for his Southern and Western
trip receiving an ovation all along the
route.

A MIXTURE.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS EUPHONI-
OUSLY ELUCIDATED.

Numerous Newsy Notes and Many
Merry Morsels Paragraphically
Packed and Pithily Pointed.

—Wisdoms makes opportunities.
—Those who look for evil find it,
—Man's thought last longer than man's
deed.

—A uistake is one thing and a blunder
another.

—A woman of the period is the female
typesetter.

—The editor's motto—The write man in
the write place.

—We judge, in this world, not by inten-
tion, but by result.

—As a rule the people who save are the
people who thrive.

—Henry M. Stanley was heard from as
late as 23d of June.

—Genius is so rare that it must impress
one when one meets it.

—Samuel J. Randall is the ablest assist-
ant Republican now in Congress.

—Senator Voorhees says there is no di-
vision in the Indiana Democracy. Good.

—There is nothing so valuable, and yet
so cheap, as civility; you can almost buy
land with it.

—A man may transgress as truly by hold-
ing his tongue as by speaking unadvisedly
with his lips.

—Two more passengers of the plague-
stricken steamer Alesia, died of the cholera
at New York.

—There was frost in Virginia Saturday
night, and there are fears of great loss in
the tobacco crop.

—The new clerk who had worked as a
type-sticker, inadvertently cried "copy!"
instead of "cash!"

—The foreman of the composing-room
says that making up the paper is a mere
matter of "form."

—Gen. Pryor and Capt. Black are confi-
dent that a writ of error will be granted in
the anarchist case.

—Col. Inseggoll thinks that Mr. Harlan,
of Iowa, will be the republican candidate
for the Presidency.

—Ten ministers in the Virginia Confer-
ence have died this year. The last was
Rev. E. N. S. Blogg.

—The criminal courts of Philadelphia
are unable to keep pace with the accumu-
lation of indictments.

—Never wait for a thing to turn up. Go
and turn it up yourself. It takes less time,
and it is surer to be done.

—Ben Butler is fighting a judgment
against him in favor of the National Sol-
diers' Home at Mogus, Me.

—Perpetual pushing and assurance put a
difficulty out of countenance and make a
seeming impossibility give way.

—The Louisville Courier-Journal says
that in the death of Gen. William Preston,
the last of the Cavaliers departed.

—A young man on a bet took twenty-
two drinks of whisky at Dayton, O. He
died after swallowing the last drink.

—A drunken fool at Vicksburg defaced
the monument that marks the site of the
interview between Pemberton and Grant.

—The strongest of us will be nothing but
a memory to our friends by and by, the
better we live the sweeter that memory
will be.

—"Oh, to be an editor who doesn't have
to set type," is the plaint of one of our
country exchanges. Probably he wanted
to go fishing.

—"There are plenty of openings for poets
of real genius," said a writer. That is
true. This office, for instance, has several
windows and doors.

—Prof. E. M. Potgat writes to the Ra-
leigh Recorder that there are but 36 Baptist
Churches in the entire State of Maryland
outside of Baltimore.

—At Petersburg R. P. Barham and W.
N. Evans, charged with libel on Mayor
Garrett, were sent on the grand jury and
released on \$500 bail.

—"What does 'prominent' mean, father?"
—"Prominent," my son, is the title applied
by the reporter to the citizen who allows
himself to be interviewed."

—The Tories have succeeded in convict-
ing O'Brien; but free speech will go on in

Ireland. The conviction of a thousand
leaders cannot crush the purpose of a whole
people whose sufferings have made each
of them a leader.

—There were 27,844 immigrants landed
at Castle Garden during the month of July,
their total number being greater by 3,410
than the immigration last year.

—There are conflicting rumors as to Mr.
Davis' health and the probability of his
being present at the Macon Fair. The
editor of the Telegraph, however, says he
will be on hand.

—"Well, Harry, what are you doing now
a days?" "Writing for the press." "Thank-
less sort of work, ain't it?" "Bless your
heart, no. 'Bout everything I write is 're-
turned with thanks.'"

—A man escaped from a Rhode Island
jail by making a rope of newspapers twisted
together. Newspapers have got many a
scoundrel into jail, but they are not often
used to get scoundrels out.

—The Dakota Bell has gone up the hu-
morous flume. It was too bright for the
Territory where the tornado takes half the
product of the soil and the land speculator
has a mortgage on the rest.

—Foreman (to country editor)—Do you
want the Rev. Mr. Goodman's sermon,
'Feed My Lambs,' to go on the editorial
page?" Editor (absentmindedly)—"No.
Run it in the 'Agricultural Department.'"

—The Confederate Soldiers' Home at
Richmond has 125 inmates. It is main-
tained by contributions chiefly from people
of that city. It is proposed that each
Southern city shall erect a memorial col-
lege.

—It is said that 700,000 persons visited
Philadelphia during the Centennial cele-
bration. There must have been a grand
revival and awakening in the sleepy hotels
and boarding houses of the Centennial
City.

—The inmates of the Minnesota penitenti-
ary are going to start a paper. If the
sentences in its leading articles are as long
as those of the inmates, or suspicion will be
aroused that Senator Evarts is the editor
of the sheet.

—Grand Mastes Workman Powderly
drinks water only. He abjures liquor of
all sort, as he does also coffee, tea and
milk. If all of his followers would adopt
his course in reference to strong drink pov-
erty would indeed be abolished.

—Sombdy sent a poem to a Western
journal, beginning: "Old friend, compan-
ion of my youth, a bumper to the brim."
But when the compositor tortured "bumper"
into "bummer" there was a roar in the
office, and the editor was obliged to wear
crutches for two weeks.

—A Tennessee country editor who went
off for his summer vacation left the follow-
ing notice on his office door: "Will be
gone for several days and have left matters
in charge of office by. People who wish
to pay subscriptions will see our wife.
Those who have complaints to make will
please go to the devil."

—They say "Our Zeb" has taken to fid-
dling so as to while away the hours of soli-
tude in his rustic home at the foot of the
Great Black Mountain. If the report be
true, we will venture to say that the Sen-
ator will soon be able to out fiddle anybody
in the mountain region. That is the only
way he knows how to do.

—The New York Herald states that
General Roger A. Pryor has been offered
a retainer to argue an appeal for the Chi-
cago anarchists before the Supreme Court
of the United States, and it is understood
that he will argue the case on appeal in
Washington. General Pryor is quoted as
saying that the anarchists have a reasonable
chance.

—By the death of Ex-Senator Joseph
Cilley, of New Hampshire, Simon Camer-
on becomes the oldest surviving Ex-Senator.
He was born in 1799 and is followed
by Ex-Senator James Bradbury, of Maine,
born in 1805, Jefferson Davis, born in
1808, and Hannibal Hamlin, born in 1809.
Mr. Cameron served in the Senate with
Messrs. Cilley, Bradbury, Davis and
Hamlin.

—It is rumored in New York that Dr.
Charles Simmons has presented to the
trustees of the Tilden estate a bill for \$143,
000 for medical service and attendance on
Mr. Tilden. The doctor explains that he
visited Mr Tilden probably every day for
nearly eight years and that being on terms
of great intimacy with him it was natural
that a settlement should be deferred.

OLD NORTH STATE.

STILL IN THE FRONT RANKS OF
PROGRESS.

As Will be Seen From the Following
Very Gratifying Report of Her Pro-
gress and Prosperity.

The Chattanooga Tradesman, in its
quarterly review of the Southern industrial
situation, just published, shows a very
gratifying state of affairs. There has been
increased material growth in every section,
and what is of more interest to hereabouts,
North Carolina stands generally well up
near the head of the line in the march of
improvement. Thirty-three new factories
have been organized, for example, during
the three month, and of the number this
State is credited with 12, leading the next
largest State, Texas, by 5. Of 83 wood-
working establishments, exclusive of saw
mills, North Carolina has established 13;
Georgia 10; Virginia 3; Tennessee 9;
South Carolina but 1. Of 87 railroad com-
panies incorporated this State has had 6;
Virginia 3; Tennessee 10; South Carolina
1; Georgia 21. The general companies
formed are pretty evenly divided among
all the States. Five glass factories have
been organized, one in this State, and a
great diversity of other industries have
been formed, among these 48 flour and
grist mills, of which 14 were in North
Carolina. A remarkable development of
gold and silver mining is reported and
there has been considerable progress in the
work of iron making, more particularly in
Alabama and Tennessee. Moreover, the
rolling mills in Birmingham and Chatta-
nooga have orders for months ahead. The
consumption of cotton by Southern mills
has been increased, as we have already
shown, nearly five and a half per cent.
during the last twelve months and new
companies are being rapidly formed. Al-
together the situation appears very active
indeed, and it is not a little pleasant to ob-
serve that our own good old State in the
renewal of her youth she has of late years
indulged in no degree behind any of her
Southern States. In reality and solidity of
boom, indeed, we more than suspect that
she is entitled to first place among the
Southern sisterhood.

FROM FLORIDA.

A Graphic and Characteristic Letter.

Prof. Tucke, in a private letter, writes in
such pleasant wise regarding Wilson, and
with such interest about the land of his
present sojourn that we venture an extract,
as we believe it will be of interest to our
readers, in the hope that our appreciation
of his letter may prompt him to write one
for publication. He says:

"I suppose Wilson is not entirely 'dead
in the shell,' but flourishing in a moderate
way—not booming. I continue to say
what I have always said, that it is the most
respectable place between Weldon and
Wilmington. Wilson is a good place and
altogether I have found no better people
in any place I have seen during the thirty
years past, and I know human nature pretty
well. It has been summer here ever
since I arrived in January last, only a little
more so during July, August and Septem-
ber. July and August are called the rainy
season preeminently, and so it is
but occasionally we have showers now.
September and October are called the sick-
ly season, but we do not find it entirely so.
On one of the hottest days in August I had
a chill, but in two hours I was 'over it and
up.' I have to say that the depressing
effects of the climate here is due to the
low barometer mainly. I think the heat
does not range so high here as in many
places in North Carolina, but the sweat
just rolls out of a person, and scarcely
man, beast or 'nigger' can endure it."

RATHER BARBAROUS.

But Then, It Pleased His Loving
Wife.

"Is my shaving agreeable to you, sir?" a
loquacious barber asked a customer whom
he was flaying alive. "My wife would ad-
mire it very much," rather indefinitely re-
sponded the man under torture. "Ah,"
said the barber, with great complacency,
"ladies are excellent judges of their hus-
bands being well shaved. And you think
mine will suit, sir?" "No doubt of it in the
world. It was only this morning she be-
came angry because I told her I could not
afford to to buy her a fall bonnet and she
said I ought to be 'skinned alive.'" The
barber lost himself in reflection.