

# THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

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## POETRY.

### THE ELEVATING AND ENNOBLING.

And Lifts the Thoughts to Higher  
and Purer and Sweeter Scenes.

We love poetry. We love it for its softening and refining influences, its elevated thought and tender pathos. It is and ever has been the great civilizer of man. Long before letters were invented, or music as in the story of Orpheus, claimed the passions, or painting caught the fleeting visions, poetry trembled from the lips of the wandering bard and softened the heart of the rude barbarian. The giant angels of Hebrew song first told us in majestic verse of God's wondrous love. The poet has passed through the unfolding veil of futurity and for humanity's sake has written our names on the brow of eternity. He has wandered with the Peri through the bowers of nature, moved with the suns and spheres through space, watched the rosy light of Aurora, viewed the gorgeous cloud pictures, wrapped himself in the sunset draperies of eve, walked 'mid worlds of golden fire, and rising still higher, has opened the gates of the celestial city and floated back to earth on the melodies of his song. The poet, as if by divine right, has ever held the golden keys to the enchanted chambers of knowledge. Dante, Tasso, Milton. What an immortal triumph! Dante, the first great poet of the Reformation, depicted in language unequalled for music and power the corruptions of the papal hierarchy and told of the hope and redemption for man in his Divina Commedia. Tasso, the flower of chivalry, saw two great armies marching across the planes of Palestine, the one fighting under the Cross and for the recovery of the Saviour's sepulchre. How grandly he describes the scene and how proudly he waves his banner over "Jerusalem Delivered." Milton, the great, high priest of song, tells in deep organ tones of entrance of sin in the world "with all our woe, and loss of Eden." He tells of "Paradise Lost," and then standing of the ramparts of time flings his lyre into eternity and makes Heaven echo with the music of Paradise regained. These three were of the Christian order. We now describe another trio totally different—and so grand, yet, perhaps not as brilliant. Byron, Burns and our own Poe. Byron, deformed by nature was robbed of domestic happiness. It has been said that he makes us war against ourselves and our fellows, and that he lives in cloud, as darkness rolls away we see the summits of the loftiest peak upon earth. Burns, the plough boy poet, the great author of the Cotter's Saturday Night, he who crowned with undying glory the barren heaths and winding loches beyond the Tweed, yet whose glory, like Cleopatra's pearl, was dissolved in dissipation. Poe, poor, dissolute but brilliant! How sad, how short his life! Whatever be his fate in the great unknown, we know that this fame will ever be carried across the ocean of time on the dusky wings of the Raven. False religionists, chattering monkeys, drivelling idiots, exclaim in tones of pretended piety that however brilliant these men were they are numbered with the lost and the damned. We believe it not. God's mercy is unbounded. He tempers the winds to the shorn lambs, and perhaps these men who have done so much for civilization, refinement and virtue, will not be forever barred from the gates of Heaven. We believe that these men who started such a grand chorus on earth will at last, be called to the celestial choir that chants the eternal symphonies sublime.

### The Difference.

A robber met a coal dealer on a lonely road and stopped him. "Your money or your life," said the robber. "Who are you?" asked the coal dealer. "I'm a highwayman," replied the man. "Good enough," continued the coal dealer; "I'm a low-weight-man. Shake. We should be friends." And they were.

### At The Ball.

Her face was fare  
Beyond compare,  
Her manner haughtiness supreme;  
I thought, and yet  
I can't forget,  
That things are rarely what they seem.  
Three words she spoke,  
Which like the stroke  
Of a som, in fragrance rent my dream.  
"You dance?" I said,  
She turned her head,  
And smiling, answered, "I should scream."

### The Old Mother.

Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered snowy flakes on her brow, plowed deep furrows on her cheeks, but is she not sweet and beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrunken, but those are the lips which have kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheeks, and they are the sweetest lips in the world; the eye is dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance that can never fade. Ah, yes, she is a dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but, feeble as she is, she will go further and reach down lower for you than any other person on earth. You cannot enter a prison whose bars can keep her out. You cannot mount a scaffold too high for her to reach that she cannot kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love when the world shall despise and forsake you; when it leaves you by the wayside to perish unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you in her arms and carry you home and tell you of all your virtues until you almost forget your soul is disfigured by vices. Love her tenderly, and cheer the declining years with holy devotion, for there is no one else as true and as good as mother, and you will realize this some day when you stand, as we have done, at her grave in Maplewood.

### The Sarcastic Woman.

Have you ever met the sarcastic young woman? No! You will find her everywhere that the ice grows luxuriantly. She is a cross between a tartar and a tarantula. She is a pest. The giddy girl, the lackadaisical miss are not ornaments whose loss would cause the world grief, but they can be tolerated. The sarcastic maiden should be suppressed by law. The school is growing. Nobody likes the sarcastic girl; everybody fears, and many hate her. Her stock in trade may originally have been satire, but has long ago degenerated into impudence, and with the degeneration has slipped away her ability to see the difference between what was and what is—between satire and impudence. She has been fostered in the family circle, and generally stays there. She began with mild criticisms of her friends, and ends lampooning them. Now she has none, and caricatures her acquaintances. Her parents applauded her early efforts, and she retaliates by staying on their hands. The family thinks her brilliant, young men avoid her, and what the world knows as a sour old maid is generally thus created.

### Remarkable Discovery.

It may not be generally known that some very remarkable discoveries have been made in this State which tend to prove a state of something like civilization ages ago. One of these discoveries is of recent date and is located at Chronly, on the line of the Charlotte and Columbia railroad. It consists of the walls of a building one hundred by sixty feet, built of well burnt brick. As far back as 1780 a wall of rock was discovered in Rowan county and it has been traced for several miles. Since the latter war a wall has been discovered in Halifax county, and another was recently discovered in the vicinity of Asheville. All of these walls are under ground. The foundation of Hope Mills factory in Cumberland county, near Fayetteville, is partly built of sandstone rock which once formed the "Indian Walls," a solid structure found in a creek in the vicinity of the factory. The discovery at Chronly will be thoroughly investigated.

### GENTLY ROCKING.

On the porch a maid is sitting,  
Gently rocking;  
And he watched the rhythmic flitting  
Of her stocking.

On the porch together sitting,  
Interlocking,  
Sweetest foolishness committing,  
Gently rocking.

In the year the lady's knitting  
Him a stocking,  
And he's by the cradle sitting,  
Gently rocking.

### The Seats at the Circus.

"The seats at the circus are getting narrower every year," remarked a young lady the other evening. "When I was told where to sit down there was not a sign of a seat anywhere, only the laps of two gentlemen."

"Did you sit down?"

"Why, of course," and there was a lapse in the conversation.

## A MIXTURE.

### EDITORIAL ETCHINGS EUPHONIOUSLY ELUCIDATED.

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

—Conscience is the pulse of reason.  
—In search of change—a begging tramp.  
—We cannot sing the new song with the old tongue.  
—Make children love you if you wish them to obey you.  
—You will never have a friend if you must have one without failings.  
—War is anticipated in the Spring between Russia and the allied powers.  
—The infant, as well as the politician, is generally "in the hands of his friends."  
—Life is not all sunshine for the tramp. There is a good deal of dish water thrown in.

—Another Indian outbreak is reported in Arizona; it is whooping cough this time.

—A woman's scorn is not to be trifled with. Especially when you step on it in a crowd.

—The pen is mightier than the sword, but an argument from either is likely to be very pointed.

—Intense cold weather with heavy snows is reported from the West and Northwest.

—A reception will be given to the President and other distinguished Democrats in New York early in January.

—Col. F. D. Grant's friends are actively at work to secure his appointment as quarantine commissioner at New York.

Cornelius Vanderbilt has \$75,000,000 of assets, and he wants to make it more just as badly as he did when he had but \$10,000.

—"I thought you took an unusual interest in my welfare," remarked an unsuccessful lover. "No, indeed," she replied; "only farewell."

—A man will do almost anything to increase the happiness of the woman he loves except to leave her when she wants to get rid of him.

—Col. Higginson has written a paper on a new kind of bonds—the "New England vagabonds." They are coupon bonds—cut off from society.

The critic who said "this rare little volume is well done" may have known what he was talking about, but we don't believe he knows what he said.

—The messenger boy that went to Europe has returned. He could not walk, but had to come on the boat, which explains the quick time he made.

—Among the amusements that seem to be dying out are jim-jams and roller skating. There is a distinction, but not much difference between the two.

—Duluth's new Congregational Church will have a stirway so citizen and strangers can climb up under the spire and see the city from the religious point of view.

—Uncle Sam's navy is not the only one subjected to ridicule. The Pall Mall Gazette calls John Bull's war ships "Our Crockery Bulwarks," they are so fragile.

—No, Ethel, when you hear of a young girl having made a good "match" it does not signify that she got something that will get up every morning and light the fire.

A dry goods clerk who has been receiving a weekly stipend of \$4.00, recently eloped with the daughter of a minister. Her father will be obliged to minister to him.

—A Kentucky negro made a rush in the night on what he thought was a calf. It turned out to be the back end of a mule, and the negro will always remember that it was.

—In order to get ahead of all contemporaries we here bid Mr. Shakespeare a long farewell. Here after it will be "oh fay," as they say in Chicago, to write "as Bacon truly said," etc.

—A little Burlington girl who dislikes arithmetic was asked to give the sum of nine cows and seven cows. "Fifteen," she replied. When informed that this was wrong, she petulantly exclaimed: "It doesn't make any difference if we only get the milk."

—A scientific exchange asks: "What is rotary motion?" Why, it is that experienced by a drunken man when lying flat on his back and clutching the sidewalk for fear he'd fall off.

—Girls who can play "Gospel Hymns" on the piano, with the windows open Sunday afternoon, are greatly wanted in the Western mining towns. At least they are not wanted here.

—"What did the Puritans come to this country for?" asked a Massachusetts teacher of his class. "To worship in their own way, and make other people do the same," was the reply.

—An egg shell is said to be strong enough to support a man's weight, but the man who puts half a dozen in his coat tail pocket and steps on a banana peel cannot be made to believe it.

—Nervous lady passenger (in the train, after passing a temporary bridge)—Thank goodness, we are now on terra firma! Facetious gentleman—Yes, ma'am—less terror and more firm.

—An exchange says: "A potato that weighed eleven pounds was raised by a man in Lawrence county, Ark." The Arkansas men must be "powerful weak" if this is considered a remarkable feat of strength.

—The best explanation of the phrase "between the two horns of a dilemma" is a boy on the top of an orchard wall, with dog patiently waiting him on one side and the owner of the premises, with a cowhide, on the other.

—"Did you ever," said one preacher to another, "stand at the door after your sermon and listen to what people said about it as they passed out?" The other replied: "I did once"—a pause and a sigh—"but I'll never do so again."

—Judge Martin, the reputed Texas cowboy, is in Congress and some newspaper man has set the story afloat that he was so green he blew out the gas. Texas is laughing over the report, and Martin is fairly "sizzing," he is so hot.

—"What did you marry my son for?" fiercely demanded an old gentleman of a clergyman who had just united his runaway scapegrace in the holy bonds. "Two dollars, sir," meekly replied the dominie, "to be charged to you."

—The chief event of the Christmas tide was the strike of some 4,700 employes of the Reading railroad. Happily it is now settled, the railroad making few if any concessions so far as appears. Still a settlement has been reached, and all right-thinking people will rejoice in the fact.

—Mr. W. W. Corcoran, the aged millionaire of Washington, celebrated his 89th birthday recently. His mind is perfectly clear and he is in fact represented in good physical health though he is somewhat weak in his legs from the effects of the paralytic stroke of last summer. He has given away seven million of dollars.

—The funeral of the late Hon. Daniel Manning, ex-secretary of the treasury, took place Tuesday afternoon in Albany. President Cleveland and all the members of the cabinet, except Secretaries Whitney and Endicott, attended it. The coffin was borne to the hearse by the foremen of the mechanical department of the Argus, Mr. Manning's paper.

—If taxation is not reduced the surplus for the next twelve months will amount to \$140,000,000. There is no sort of legitimate use for it. It robs and bleeds the people to that extent. It takes from the currency of the country that great sum and locks it in the vaults of the Treasury. Is not that stupid? It is that and much worse. It is a "crime."

—An old man named Dan Stillwill, of South Pittsburg, Tenn., froze to death Christmas night in a field near his home. He was returning from a business trip when darkness set in and a blinding snow storm followed, during which he became bewildered, lost his path and perished. It is the first case of freezing to death that has been known in east Tennessee for many years.

—The silly Republican slogan of "protection to American industry," has lost its efficacy with the tax-ridden masses, and they will not listen to it any longer. They will regard it in its true light as the deceitful song of the siren and it will beguile them no longer. They will recognize it as the same old "word of promise" which the Republican party has been holding to the ear and breaking to the hope of the American toiler, for all these years.

## PRIZE RING.

### AMERICAN MUSCLE AGAIN TRIUMPHANT.

Jake Kilrain, the American Pugilist Meets Jim Smith, the Champion of England.

FRANCE, Dec. 21st.—The great battle has been fought. Jake Kilrain and Jim Smith met yesterday in a twenty-four foot ring on a small island in the Seine, opposite the historic forest of Vernon, and for over two hours struggled manfully for the fistic supremacy of the world.

It was exactly 2:09 o'clock this afternoon when Jim Smith approached the square inclosure in which he was to battle with Jake Kilrain for the world's fistic championship. The Englishman was attired in full fighting rig, and a warm woolen coat was spread over his massive shoulders. There were fifty people gathered about the ring, and forty of them gave a genuine British cheer for England's mightiest man. Jim grinned cheerily and shield his castor, as became a Briton, into the ring. This evoked another cheer, and Jim smiled again. He was in the pink of contention and tipped the beam at 182 pounds.

Almost instantly the redoubtable Jake Kilrain followed. He, too, had on his fighting regalia and by his side trotted Charley Mitchell with an overcoat in his hand. He tossed it about Jake's shoulders just before the stalwart American leaped over the ropes. As Kilrain entered the ring the small coterie of Americans present gave a lusty cheer for the brave American lad who had journeyed three thousand miles to do battle with England's greatest gladiator. A dozen or more Englishmen "what loved a mill" followed suit. Kilrain bowed gracefully, and evidently appreciated the compliment. He was remarkably cool, and the air of quiet dignity with which he deported himself gave evidence of a calm, manly confidence. He evidently felt that he would win the battle. He was in fine fettle, and pulled down the scales at 196 pounds.

Contrary to general expectation, Kilrain assumed the part of aggressor from the start. He maintained this attitude throughout, and had the Englishman beaten almost to a stand still. When Smith saw that Kilrain was his superior in brawn and science, and that it was only a question of time when victory should perch upon the brave Yankee's banner, he pursued a system of tactics common to the generality of English fighters, he dropped every time Kilrain drove him over to his own corner to avoid punishment. Upon all sides were the highest encomiums passed upon the American's splendid fighting abilities. The referee pronounced him the manliest fighter he ever saw, and many fair minded Englishmen present personally congratulated Kilrain upon the magnificent form he had displayed. These same Englishmen roundly hissed Smith when he resorted to his dropping tactics to avoid punishment. Fate and an English referee, however, were against the American. He outfought the Briton at every point in 106 desperate rounds, displayed a generalship that laughed to scorn the attempts of his adversary to hold him, and even held his own with the Englishman in that branch of athletic art in which he was supposed to excel all other pugilists—wrestling.

As night came on the unfair referee decided the fight a draw.

### Why He Wept.

A San Antonio darkey was on a trial for stealing money from a house on Soledad street. Julian Van Slyck, the attorney for the prisoner, in his address to the jury, said:

"Gentlemen, my client is a poor man. He was driven by hunger to take this small sum of money. All that he wanted was sufficient money to buy bread for it is in evidence that he did not take the pocket-book containing \$300 that was in the same bureau drawer. If he was a professional thief, he would have certainly taken the pocket-book."

The eloquent attorney for the accused was interrupted by the convulsive sobs of his client.

"Why do you weep?" asked Judge Noonan, who was on the bench.

"Bekase I didn't see dat ar pocket-book in de bureau drawer," was the reply. Everybody laughed except Van Slyck, the attorney of the defence.