

THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1888.

NO. 1

THE SOUTH.

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE OF SOUTHERN PROSPERITY.

By a Highly Cultivated and Thoroughly Accomplished and Exquisitely Polished Lady of Norfolk.

MY DEAR MIRROR:—A trip through the Piedmont section of the South is quite sufficient to dispel the pessimistic views of any Southern croaker. Thrift and enterprise are stalking about in "Seven League Boots." Cotton factories, tobacco factories, quarries and mills thickly dot this heaven-favored section, and make one feel the obsolescence of the expression "Before the war." Marietta, Ga., being our destination we passed over the entire length of the Piedmont Air Line. It was difficult to tell which State showed most prosperity, but the most beautiful section is that where North Carolina joins South Carolina and the Blue mountains outline the horizon. Our destination was Marietta, Ga., now celebrated as a winter resort for Southerners. It is but a short distance from Atlanta and is finely situated, occupying the hills of the famous Kennesaw mountain that still unfolds a pathetic page of Southern history. All about its heights are twined the breast-works raised by the braves whose grass-grown, unmarked graves near by reproachfully say, "we and the cause for which we gave our lives are being forgotten." In striking contrast to this desolate spot the Federal cemetery is the chief attraction of the town. It is to be devoutly hoped that the Legislature may pass the proposed bill to tax every person in Georgia for the purpose of keeping in order the burial places of our heroes, while the sister States, whose dead are buried there, should come to Georgia's assistance. Since we cannot have the support of the Government in this, which is the first and most important duty of every Southerner, we should share our last farthing to perpetuate the memory of those who died so nobly for their country.

A marble quarry forty miles distant has its cutting and polishing works two miles from Marietta. We noticed a pretty cottage near the town that was being enclosed by a fence made of broken bits of pure white marble, and this seemed to emphasize the sad fact of our dead heroes neglected. Pink and gray marble are also quarried near there. The drive around the works being strewn with beautiful pieces of these colors. Marietta is also in the midst of the cotton section and receives over twenty thousand bales a year. In a suburb of the town is the interesting home of Mary Freeman Clarke, the aged sister of the Boston savant, James Freeman Clarke. Visitors are welcomed there and while inspecting the oil and water sketches of Oriental scenes that line her studio you cannot help wandering at the energy of the artist who is now in her eighty-eighth year. Her library is also free and she herself sits at a table in a front room to take down the name of the borrower and the number of the book. On a table in the library were doubtless her treasures, for on opening several of the books the autographs of the authors accompanied the inscription, "With best wishes." One of these was the gift of the late Mary Howett, whose recent death has awakened a fresh interest in her literary work. Another book, a gift from the children of W. D. Howells contained the sketches made from memory by Howells's nine year old daughter after her visit to the Continental galleries. The pictures were well reproduced and showed a gift almost equal to her father's verbal painting. Mary Freeman Clarke herself is a writer of ability, and even now her conversation shows a sprightliness of mind that is as refreshing as the girlish blush that occasionally suffuses her remarkable clear complexion. James Freeman gives her one hundred dollars a year to add books to her collection that she so charitably lends without any surety of ever having them returned. When taking the train to leave Marietta, its pretty hills and exhilarating climate, we found ourselves seated in a car with Sam Jones, Mrs. Sam Jones and two little Sam Joneses. We were very glad of this opportunity to see another of Georgia's celebrities, as Bill Arp had gone up to Marietta on the same train as our party. It really seemed as if a Kind Providence favored our sights seeing. Sam was very jolly, laughing and jesting with some friends. Remembering his trouble about the jewelry he purchased in Chicago we looked to

see if Mrs. Jones wore any. She did not travel in diamonds, but she wore jewelry and was by no means Quakerish in her attire. Much to their mother's discomfort the young Sam Joneses were as fond of thrusting their heads out of the car windows as ordinary people's children. The dark, rugged face of Sam Jones is of a type that is truly Southern, and may almost be said to be peculiar to Georgia, and the far South. It expressed determination to such an extent that I should fear for his antagonist in a prize ring.

The great stride of Atlanta towards attaining the chieftancy of Southern cities is too familiar with all to permit a description, yet we cannot help telling of the agreeable impression of a first visit. We reached there on the day of its return to free license and this appeared to be Atlanta's only retrograde movement, otherwise it seemed wedded to prosperity. The new capital of grey stone on a commanding height in the centre of the city is approaching completion. The building for the school of Technology on a suburban hill is a huge structure of red brick and stone now receiving the finishing touches. Peachtree street lined with its elegant homes would adorn any city. This vigorous, growing city has completely obliterated the little station of Atlanta of thirty years ago. Augusta too with its boulevards and wide avenues, and its air of enterprise clearly indicate that the old South has picked up the lost thread of its progress. It is fighting for the next exposition and is hopeful of winning. From there to Aikin is a brief railroad journey, and as climate was the object of our pursuit we felt on reaching Aikin the satisfaction derived from accomplished aim. We knew from the pines and sand hills around there was a balm in the air notwithstanding the incessant rain. An irresistible impulse to explore the town pleaded the balm of the air as a counteraction to the cold giving rain. It proved, however, a false calculation and now we cannot see why invalids seek Aikin. The town has broad streets, pretty homes, and a park on nearly every street. Kaolin beds are scattered through the country, and are soon to be developed. The extensive cotton factories of Graniteville and Langley are but a few miles distant, and the towns near them are unusually attractive. If our winters continue to increase in cold the southern towns and cities must furnish refuge for our western and northern neighbors, and may look forward to a very wonderful stride towards prosperity. Let us value our real estate accordingly. R.

THE GREAT SNOW STORM.

Unparalleled in its Enormity and Severity.

On March the 12th the biggest snow storm ever seen in the Middle States fell in New York and Pennsylvania and other adjoining localities. In New York business was entirely suspended, trains were stopped, ferry boats ran at long intervals, and the snow came down in blending sheets. A dispatch on the morning of the 13th said: The East River was frozen hard this morning and many Brooklynites walked across it to the New York side. Few trains if any have reached the different termini in New York and Jersey City. Many trains are stalled between stations on the Hudson River and Harlem railroad. The officials said yesterday that forty trains were snowed in. Efforts to break through the snow drifts had completely failed. Not a train reached the depot during the day. Most of the roads report a similar condition of affairs. Passengers suffered great discomfort. Ferry boats are only run at long intervals. Communication with Philadelphia last night, by long-distant telephones, said that the storm there was the greatest in over thirty years. No trains were running. Many were snow bound near the city. The east bound Chicago limited express was snowbound within 17 miles of Philadelphia. Business is suspended. All telegraph wires are down. Most persons who get to business yesterday were unable to get home last night. Hotel accommodations were strained to their utmost. Stores and offices were converted into sleeping apartments for the benefit of their employees. Many girls were compelled to accept such quarters. Many of the theatres closed last night. Famine is threatened if the roads are not soon cleared.

Indignant.

As they came from church Sprogs said: "Was it not disgraceful, the way in which Smiggs snored in church to-day?" Stiggs: "I should think it was. Why, he woke us all up."

A MIXTURE.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS EUPHONIOUSLY ELUCIDATED.

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

—A good nick-name—Satan.
—A mere shadow—The detective.
—Gen. Grant's widow is in Florida.
—Newport News is rapidly building up.
—Sign for a money lender—Lucre here.
—She stoops to conquer—the washer woman.
Where there is no hope there can be no endeavor.
—Miss Columbia was the first girl to get a New Jersey.
—An awkward waiter frequently plays the duce with the tray.
—Every thought which pity throws into the world alters the world.
—One must study to know, know to understand, understand to judge.
—Death rocks our second childhood to sleep in the cradle of the coffin.
—The sonorous shouts of the fish vendors should be called fish bawls.
—The dresses of engaged young girls were out soonest around the waste.
—When the fire is kindled in your parlor stove, then look out for "sparks."
—Wonder if a balloon would be more effective if it were made of fly paper?
—One may live a conqueror, a King, a magistrate, but he must die as a man.
—The pen is a mighty engine, and it sometimes runs away with the engineer.
—A young man intending "to press his suit," first went and had his suit pressed.
—Nothing will turn a woman's head so complete as a bonnet that has passed by.
—When a girl is little, she has a doll-baby; when she grows up she has a doll-man.
—A European miser has learned to bark so as to save the expense of keeping a dog.
—The barber's is a strange profession. You seldom see one that is not at the head.
—Truth should be the first lesson of the child and the last inspiration of manhood.
—Mitchell and Sullivan are still in custody at Semis. Charges will be preferred against them to-day.
—A farmer says that "gate-money" is that which is expended for the damage caused by Jim and Kate.
—Toast—An honest lawyer, the noblest work of God, when an old farmer added, "And about the scarcest."

—An old man, aged 79, was hanged for murder in New York, recently. They shortened his life very little.
—A sharp shock of earth quake was felt at Los Angeles, Cal., on the 7th inst., being the severest for 18 years.
—Ah! when shall all men's good be each man's rule, and universal peace lie like a shaft of light across the land?
—It is when a man sits down suddenly, unexpectedly and severely that he realizes what a hard, hard world this is.
—Phil. D. Armour, now eastward bound on a transatlantic steamer, is taking his "first vacation in twenty years."
—The railroad earnings for South Carolina for January are very encouraging, showing nearly 20 per cent. increase.
—To be a gentleman does not depend upon the tailor or the toilet. Good manners count for more than good clothes.
—You may deceive all the people some of the time, and some of the people all the time, but not all the people all the time.
—A musician advertises that he "teaches the piano." After he has taught the piano we suppose he will look around for pupils.
—A paper mill at Athens, Ga., made a sheet of paper last week that was five feet wide and six miles long without a break in it.
—Marriage is the best state for men in general, and every man is a worse man in proportion as he is unfit for the married state.
—Col. E. B. C. Cash, the South Carolina duelist, died of apoplexy at his residence in Chesterfield county, S. C., Saturday before last.
—Vice President and General Manager of the Union Pacific Railroad Co., Thomas J. Potter, died at Washington recently, aged 46 years.

—In a quarter of a century fourteen theatres, museums and circuses have been destroyed in New York city alone.

—A bill providing that no survivor of the war of 1812 shall receive a pension of less than \$12 per month was introduced by Mr. Evarts.

—Do not fret. It only adds to your burden. To work hard is very well; but to work hard and worry, too, is more than human nature can bear.

—A girl who weighs 120 pounds and has \$30,000 in her own right, no matter how homely, unattractive or cross-tempered she may be is worth her weight in gold.

—Judge Campbell, of New Orleans, Assistant Secretary of War in the Davis Cabinet, will publish soon some reminiscences and documents concerning the great war.

—We don't know whether to believe the story that Mr. Howells replied to a person who asked for a list of the best hundred books: "I have not written a hundred books."

—The railroad companies of the United States have made greater profits since they have been operating under the provisions of the Inter State Commerce law than ever before in the history of the country.

—When a man without cash or credit, attempts to leave a hotel, and lowers his valise out of a back window by means of a rope, it makes charity seem cold to hear the voice of the landlord below yelling out: "All right. I've got the valise; let go the rope."

—The bitter speech of Senator Ingalls in the United States Senate week before last promises to involve him in lots of trouble. Several Grand Army posts have already censured him for his reference to Generals Hancock and McClellan as "allies of the Confederacy."

—Mr. Randall's tariff bill will, he says, reduce the internal revenue \$70,000,000 and tariff revenue about \$25,000,000, but its free list is deceptive, adding hardly anything to the free list at present existing, so that it is calculated to do the people at large little or no good in the way of lessening the burden of taxation.

—Ingersoll's friends are deserting him and the devil, and getting converted. His chief friend in Illinois has joined the church, and now the news from Parkersburg, W. Va., is that C. T. Caldwell, "the Ingersoll of the West Virginia Bar," as he was known, has been converted, joined the Methodist church and will enter the ministry.

—The Booth-Barrett combination have had a big thing of it all around. In San Francisco they have been drawing the largest audiences ever known in that city. During last week "Othello," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Macbeth" was presented. In April these distinguished actors will give three performances in Omaha, for which they will receive ten thousand dollars.

—So Ingall's speech has brought him into bad odor even in the house of his friends. We are not surprised. His distinguished and patriotic service during the war consisted in his being a judge advocate of militia and prosecuting jayhawkers for robbing hen roosts. The Loyal Legion has discovered it in time and bars him out from membership. The rebuke is thoroughly deserved.

—William and Mary College, at Williamsburg, Va., whose germ dates from 1619 and which is consequently the oldest institution of learning in the country, is to be re-established as a State Normal school and will get a yearly income of \$10,000. Washington, Jefferson, Monroe, Randolph, of Roanoke, and Tyler were educated at William and Mary College, and its old catalogues bear the name of scores of notable Virginia families.

—Senator Ingalls, presiding officer of the Senate, has a tongue as venomous as the fangs of an adder. Yet this is not a good year for snakes, and the political "rattler" has been condemned by the people to end its days in "innocuous desuetude." There is much about the Senator from Kansas to commend him to the admiration of his fellow citizens. He is brainy—as "subtle as the serpent"—he is a scholar, and he has a rare turn for biting sarcasm. In fact, he is not a product of the West, but rather an offshoot of the older and more refined civilization of the East. It is more to his shame, therefore, that he should, with his culture and calm reflectiveness, prostitute his talents and devote his energies to the renaissance of bitterness and loathsome hatred.

STATE NEWS.

FROM THE DEEP BLUE SEA TO THE GRAND OLD MOUNTAINS.

An Hour Pleasantly Spent With Our Delightful Exchanges.

Fayetteville thinks of having a knitting mill.

Goldsboro is contemplating a cotton compress.

A military company has been organized at Warrenton.

There are more than 500 Farmer's Alliances in the State.

The Wilmington savings bank has commenced operation.

The Newbern Game and Oyster Fair was a grand success.

750 dozen eggs were sold on the Greenville market Saturday.

Some thief has been robbing the Newbern post office boxes.

Warrenton will have an agricultural fair and farmers' institute in October next.

Ninety-eight orphans are registered at the Baptist Orphanage at Thomasville.

The hosiery mill at Wilmington is to be enlarged. Its present capacity is 200 dozen a week.

A National bank is to be organized in Concord. D. B. Coltrane of Missouri, is the mover.

The State Guard now numbers 1,192 men. There are 25 white companies and two colored.

The Statesville Mail has a madstone which can be heard sucking "pizen," just like a calf sucking milk.

The revenue collections at the Winston branch office for the month of February amounted to \$47,208.54.

A meeting of all state superintendents of public schools in the South will be held at Morehead City on June 20th and 21st.

There are over two hundred and seventy cases on the civil docket of the present term of Buncombe court, the Asheville Sun reports.

Mr. D. W. Jones, living near White Plains in Surry county is the father of a boy, 9 months old, who has ten fingers, two thumbs, and twelve toes.

The Mt. Airy people are preparing for a great railroad jollification in May. They are arranging a Trade Display and a Cavalry Display and other things.

It is with feelings of much regret that we learn of the sudden death of Capt. Dugger, which sad event occurred at his home in the town of Warrenton on Friday morning last.

There are three candidates for the Republican nomination for Congress in the second district in one town. They are Messrs. C. A. Cook, A. A. Owen and J. A. Hyman, of Warrenton.

The plague of miningitis is playing sad havoc with the children on Catawba river in the vicinity of Triangle and Denver in Lincoln county. A great many cases are reported, several of which have been fatal.

It has been demonstrated that North Carolina pine, from which the turpentine has not been extracted, is the strongest and most desirable wood in the United States, save live oak. Another point in favor of our valuable timber.

Here are the taxes collected during 1887, in North Carolina: Tax on licensed retail liquor dealers, \$82,757; tax on white polls, \$173,055; tax on colored polls, \$80,038; on real and personal property at 12½ cents on the \$100 valuation, \$257,488. Total school taxes, \$605,000; total taxes for all county purposes, \$920,000.

The Richmond State notes the fact that "Oxford, N. C., is now in 'close railroad connection with Richmond, and that thrifty city will grow faster than ever. Henderson is only twelve miles from Oxford, and the new railroad will get some of Henderson traffic, too. Henderson is growing rapidly." If the State will watch the movements of events Durham will also be in "close railroad connection" with Richmond at no distant day.

If you are afflicted with rheumatism, neuralgia, gout or other bodily pain, or if you have a sprained wrist or ankle you ought at once to procure a bottle of Salvation Oil, the greatest cure on earth for pain. It only costs 25 cents a bottle.

"Lo! the poor Indian!" dying with cold. Won't some "good Samaritan" send him a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.