

State Subscribing

# THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

VOL. VII.

WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11, 1888.

NO. 4

## HEART THROBS.

### WHAT THE NOBLE BRETHERN SAY AND HOW THEY TURN OUR NIGHT TO DAY.

And to us all things doth so bright  
appear, and only sweetest  
music do we hear.

The peerless MIRROR has just closed its sixth volume and has begun another year. As David was the sweet Psalmist of Israel, so is the MIRROR to North Carolina Journalism. At one time it touches the deepest, holiest feeling of its readers, holding them under the magic spell of its purity of thought, breaking out its triumphant strains again by its pure wit and humor the same heart bubbles over with merry laughter. It is a MIRROR whose reflections are ever true, a harp whose notes beat time and keep in harmony with the noblest aspirations. It stands without a rival because none other dare attempt to wander in the field occupied by the peerless, silver-tongued, brilliant and versatile Henry Blount.—The Courier.

With the versatile, original, and only original Henry Blount at its helm, the Wilson MIRROR, one of the brightest gems in tar heel literature, has entered upon its seventh volume, and like the glittering sunbeams that come glimmering down through the cloudless skies, scatters "sunshine and roses" wheresoever it goeth. Each number is filled with choicest selections and pearls of thought from a poetical mind, ever and anon sparkling with those variegated scenes which are painted upon the landscape of existence. Long may it live in the homes of the free and the land of the brave.—Patriot.

The Wilson MIRROR has entered its seventh volume, and may it live to celebrate seventy times seven anniversaries and be in the future what it has been in the past, and Bro. Blount will go down with bright and shining laurels in great profusion. The MIRROR should be in every house in North Carolina, and each member of each family should devote at least one hour a day in perusing its columns. Oh, for more Henry Blounts to drive the quills in North Carolina.—Enterprise.

The Wilson MIRROR has commenced its seventh volume. We never feel equal to saying about the MIRROR all it deserves. Henry Blount's style of writing is unequalled by any editor in the State and he stands alone in his mastery of beautiful word painting. A subject that passes through his hands is beautified and enriched by being clothed in purest, poetic colorings, and the MIRROR every week carries with it thoughts pleasing and entrancing.—Reflector.

The first number of the seventh volume of the Wilson MIRROR came to our table to-day. Six years old! We congratulate brother Blount. The MIRROR scatters sunshine and the best of cheer wherever it goes. Each number contains the most brilliant gems of a poetical mind, and always make one feel better for having read them.—Recorder.

That excellent paper, the Wilson MIRROR, has entered upon its seventh year. Its weekly visits are like a ray of sunshine, and it is eagerly sought for by our typos. Its bright, cherry and inimitable writings makes it welcome at every fireside. Long may it and its noble-hearted and gifted editor live.—Fayetteville Journal.

The Wilson MIRROR has entered upon its seventh volume. To-day it stands without a peer in North Carolina journalism, and we wish for Bro. Blount and the MIRROR the fullest measure of success in the future. May it live and prosper, and ever maintain the high standard which it has reached.—Charlotte Observer.

The Wilson MIRROR, one of our most valued exchanges, last week closed its fifth volume. We wish for the MIRROR many more years of success and for Henry Blount many more years of usefulness at a helm. There is but one MIRROR and but one Henry Blount.—Methu.ist Advance.

The MIRROR, under that brilliant and inimitable humorist, the poetic minded and unapproachable Henry Blount, began last week another year of usefulness, and all lovers of the chaste and beautiful rejoice at the success which attends that talented genius.—Williamsport Times.

The MIRROR is one of the brightest, best and most interesting weeklies published in North Carolina and deserves a handsome support by its citizens. May its doors be crowned with prosperity.—Herald.

## TO MY SAINTED WIFE.

BY HENRY BLOUNT.

Two years ago to-day you died  
And still great griefs with me abide;  
I can't forget that precious cheer  
When you and your sweet love were here.

Yes, you did make my life so bright,  
You chased away gloom's darkest night;  
You ushered in joy's brilliant day  
And made it shine with Heavenly ray.

You did sweet balm on trials pour,  
And stopped the current of every woe;  
You tore up weeds and planted flowers  
As sweet as those in Heavenly bowers.

You were so good and kind to me  
That life was thrilled with ecstasy;  
No other man was richer blest  
With woman's love and fond caress.

Your smiles did gild the darkest shade  
That care's black curtain ever made;  
For came they like the rippling silver  
That night shoots from her starry quiver.

Your smiles were bright with love's own ray  
And so my troubles flew away;  
And left behind as rich a glow  
As that which marks the sunbeams flow.

You gave to me a type of love  
Like that the angels have above;  
You built a heaven down on earth  
By showing woman's wondrous worth.

You lit my life with Heaven's beams  
By flooding me with love's own gleams;  
Your voice made music to my ear  
As sweet as that the angels hear.

You were too pure on earth to stay  
And angels beckoned you away;  
Death brought a welcome down from them  
And my heart lost its brightest gem.

In leafy Spring while birds were singing,  
Joy's sad death knell was sadly ringing;  
For Heaven called its angel home  
And I was left so sad and lone.

A ruined bird with broken wing,  
Whose throat no more delights to sing,  
Depicts in its own drooping way  
The loneliness of my sad day.

Yes, shadows dark fell on my life  
When Heaven took you, noble wife;  
And I have been indeed forlorn  
Since you from my embrace were torn.

As the sea shell sadly keeps  
The murmur of its billowy deeps;  
So thoughts of you will never roam  
Who were my heart's own precious home.

That shell when left upon the shore  
Preserves the tones of ocean's roar;  
And my sad heart doth still repeat  
Those songs of love that were so sweet.

And with bowed head I wait in peace  
'Till death shall one day give release;  
And then on wings of love I'll fly  
To meet my angel in the sky.

And in that realm I'll reap the bliss,  
The seeds of which you sowed in this;  
For love's pure flowers you planted here  
Will bloom "up there" with sweetest cheer.

Oh how transporting that will be  
To roam through Heaven cheered by thee;  
The prospect now my soul enslaves  
And thoughts float out on rapture's waves.

Oh blessed dream, oh blessed hope,  
Though 'mid the shadows I now grope;  
The long missed cheer will be supplied  
And I will then be satisfied.

WILSON, N. C., April 9th.

## Religion.

The religion of Christ is present and everlasting redolence. It counteracts all trouble. Just put it on the stand beside the pillow of sickness. It catches in the curtains, and perfumes the stifling air. It sweetens the cup of bitter medicine, and throws a glow on the gloom of the turned lattice. It is balm for the aching side, and a soft bandage for the temple stung with pain. It lifted Samuel Rutherford into a revelry of spiritual delight, while he was in physical agonies. It helped Richard Baxter until, in the midst of such a complication of diseases as perhaps no other man ever suffered, he wrote "The Saint's Everlasting Rest." And it poured light upon John Bunyan's dungeon—the light of the shining gates of the shining city.

## The Poor Editor.

One of our Western exchanges says that a practical revivalist requested all in the congregation who paid their debts to rise. The rising was general. After they had taken their seats a call was made for those who didn't pay their debts, and one solitary individual arose, who explained that he was the editor, and could not, because the rest of the congregation were owing him their subscriptions.

## A Modest Request.

Farmer's daughter: "I suppose you want my father to take you in for the season?"  
Tramp: "No, miss, if you will kindly sew a shirt onto this button, that's all I ask."

## A MIXTURE.

### EDITORIAL ETCHINGS EUPHONIOUSLY ELUCIDATED.

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

—Still up in arms—The infant King of Spain.

—To wait and be patient soothes many a pang.

—The man lives twice who lives the first life well.

—A draughtsman is generally a designing man.

—Sealed proposal—A Mormon's offer of marriage.

—Marriage is the hitching post on the road of life.

—An appropriate wedding gift would be a match safe.

—A sad mis-take—To marry a girl when she is crying.

—No man can ever rise above that at which he aims.

—Brussels has the lowest death-rate of any city in Europe.

—In matrimonial affairs love frequently goes out with the tide.

—Noah's voyage is scarcely more famous than the widow's creuse.

—Legal inconsistency—Calling forty pages of foolscap "brief."

—The purchase of a wedding ring is denominated a "buy-cicle."

—Danville, Va., has taken a census and now has 10,000 inhabitants.

—The newest trust is a honey trust. There may be some cell about it, though.

—Charles Stetson, the well known Astor House manager of forty years ago, is dead.

—The are only forty-five female lawyers in the United States, but they talk like sixty.

—The men who established the lard trust will have a soft thing in hand in summer.

—It is now said that over a million and a half of people perished by the floods in China.

—Judge: Madame, what is your age? She: Your honor, I leave that to the mercy of the court.

—He that shoots best may sometimes miss the mark; but he that shoots not at all can never hit it.

—"Apple green will be the spring color," says a fashion note. It will also be the summer cholera.

—There is no life of a man, faithfully recorded, but is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or unrhymed.

—To secure a contented spirit, measure your desires by your fortunes, not your fortunes by your desires.

—Hardly a week passes but we are reminded that we are constantly surrounded by perils scene and kerosene.

—A young lady, asked by a rich bachelor, "If not yourself, who had you rather be?" replied, sweetly and modestly, "Yours truly."

—A St. Louis man wants a divorce because his wife snores, whistles, smokes, and swears. She evidently made a mistake in being a woman.

—If an untruth is only a day old it is called a lie; if it is a year old it is called a falsehood; but if it is a century old it is called a legend.

—People have been known to talk against gambling all their lives, on every possible occasion, and then, after all, to go and get married.

—According to the Baltimore Manufacturers' Record North Carolina invested \$3,000,000 in new enterprises from the 1st of January to April 1st.

—Both Troy and Liberal papers are strong in their criticisms of John Bright's speech at Birmingham. He was a very bitter enemy of the South.

—"Is Mrs. Fullbloom a widow, Charlie?" "She's a widower." "A widower! How can that be?" "She's been a widow twice. Once more will make her a widowest."

—Until a Chief Justice shall be appointed, Justice Miller will be acting Chief, and his official title is Senior Associate Justice. All writs and other papers are thus signed by him.

—A man who has lived in Minnesota for ten years says that when he went there the country was peopled by reds without a white, but now there are all whites without a red.

—It takes the Laplanders sixteen days to get married, but it don't take more than twenty-four hours for many of them to conclude that it was sixteen days worse than wasted.

—In Berlin and in St. Petersburg the opinion is held that the Republic of France is in danger. Whether the new Floquet Cabinet can restore confidence and solidity remains to be seen.

—It is said that a man in St. Paul, who owns a fish pond, has tamed a large trout so that it comes at his call, eats from his hand and shows its delight by turning somersaults out of the water.

—Ingalls is trying to explain away his assault upon Hancock and McClellan, the two Democratic Generals. Ingalls has heard from the Grand Army Posts. But that speech will not down. It is a ghost that will haunt him to the grave.

—Speaker Carlisle is spoken of as the probable nominee to fill the vacancy on the United States Supreme Court bench, caused by the death of Chief Justice Waite. Should such nomination be made by the President, Ingalls will become green with rage, and his frothing will be something awful to hold.

—On Thursday last Mashal Bradley, of the Supreme Court, served Gov. Scales a copy of a complaint in a suit for some \$150,000 against the State, brought by Baltzer and Taaks, of New York, on account iron sold the Chatham railroad company in 1868. The case will be heard in the Supreme Court.

—Jay Gould is no longer the sphinx of Wall street. He is just now talking at a live rate, in fact he fills every day about two columns of every newspaper published in New York. He still insists that the attempt to have him indicted is nothing short of a blackmailing scheme.

—The reunion of the survivors of the Army of the Potomac with those of the Army of Northern Virginia, on the anniversary days of Gettysburg, will this year, as usual, be an occasion of great interest and instruction. With George William Custis to deliver the oration, George Parsons Lathrop as the poet, and Bishop Potter the host of the day, the arrangements on the part of the Union veterans will be perfect, and they will be matched, no doubt, by those of their guests from the South.

—Charles Dudley Warner when asked his opinion of the Republican political situation said: "I considered Blaine out of the Presidential race before he wrote his letter of declination. People do not like to fight old battles over again, and that would have been the result of the nomination of Blaine. I regard Mr. Sherman as the strongest man the Republicans can nominate. I have just been in Washington, where I met a great many Senators and Representatives, and Mr. Sherman seems to have the preference. In the East there is strong feeling for Sherman, without any great enthusiasm."

## STATE NEWS.

### FROM THE DEEP BLUE SEA TO THE GRAND OLD MOUNTAINS.

#### An Hour Pleasantly Spent With Our Delightful Exchanges.

There are 616 farmers' alliances in the State.

The "bird law" went into effect on the 1st inst.

A new military company was organized in Asheville last week.

We learn that a number one article of hard coal has been discovered in Bladen county.

A colored man named London Barnes died near Nahunta, N. C., last week, aged 115 years.

The seacoast railway at Wilmington, which is principally for excursion trains, is being rapidly built.

There is talk of the C. F. & Y. V. railroad company building a branch road from Walnut Cove to Wilkesboro.

Engineers have calculated that there are 40,000,000 tons of coal accessible in the Dan River coal fields in this State.

Ocracoke inlet is to be deepened so as to admit of the passage of larger vessels to Washington and points on Pamlico sound.

The political slate for the Republican party has "Daniel L. Russell, of New Hanover, for Governor", plainly written thereon.

Prof. W. A. Blair, of Winston, has been elected Superintendent of the Winston State Normal School, which will be held in July.

Hon. K. P. Battle has formerly accepted the invitation recently tendered him to deliver an address on the history of our State Supreme Court.

There are over fifteen fruit canning establishments already reported in North Carolina. They are run, too, by North Carolina brains and capital.

Col. A. B. Andrews paid out between thirteen and fifteen thousand dollars on last Thursday to citizens of Wilkesboro for rights of Way for the Wilkesboro railroad extension.

Special excursion rates have already been secured for everybody who will attend the encampment of the State Guard at Wrightsville in July. Over 1,200 soldiers will be in camp.

A Board of Trade has been organized in Tarboro, which includes merchants, farmers, and all persons eligible and favorably disposed to the advancement and improvement of the place.

On the 25th day of April there will be a meeting at Hot Springs, N. C., composed of leading railroad officials, most of the Governors of the Southern States, and other prominent gentlemen, to devise ways of promoting immigration to the Southern States this side of the Mississippi river.

George E. Leach, a loyal North Carolina, and native of Pittsboro, Chatham Co., but who has been engaged in large business operations in New York City, has decided recently to return to his native State. He will take charge of the Bellevue Hotel, High Point, of which he is owner and will conduct it in magnificent style.

Rev. Dr. T. H. Pritchard has been appointed one of the delegates to the World's Missionary Conference, to be held in London, June 9th to 19th, 1888. This is a high compliment and worthy bestowed. The recipient of it is worthy of the most distinguished and warmly beloved preachers in the State. He will reflect credit, no doubt, upon his native Carolina which he loves so well.

The Tuesday's Wilmington Star says that the sermon of Mr. Pearson, on Sunday, was one of great power and interest. It was upon the Holy Spirit. There were supposed to be not far from 4,500 people in and outside of the Tabernacle. There were 84 conversions. On Friday night there were probably 1,500 persons at the Bible study. It was on the work of the Holy Spirit. It was one of the best and that exhausts praise.

Salvation Oil quickly finds its way to the seat of the disease, allays the inflammation, and, by removing affects cause, a permanent cure. 25 cts.

Mr. Ruskin thinks there is a great future for American art—but he hardly realizes the enormous demand over here for Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.