

# THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

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## DISCONTENT.

### MAN'S SPIRIT FOREVER RESTLESS.

He strives so hard sweet rest to win, but finds it not in a world of sin.

There comes a time in the life of every man which he devoutly wishes for a change. He will be a merchant he sorrowfully casts his eyes towards the banker, as that individual carefully rools by in his carriage. The banker with outstanding loans and speculations, rides by the neat trim cottage of the independent laborer, and would gladly exchange his luxurious surrounding for the peace of mind that the poor man might possess. The poor laborer can see no pleasure in his lot and he turns with a groan from the sight of the sleek, well dressed politician, who, since the election passed by him unnoticed. The politician in an idle hour drops into the little ivy-covered church and listens in envy to the sacred word as preached by the pure hearted, blue eyed minister, who reflects in his tones and gestures the love of a pure, undefiled and immaculate Saviour. His life with all its wire-pulling and scheming, its quarrels and promises he would gladly give for the peace and contentment of this man, and yet the mild, pure, blue-eyed parson is not content; he would fain change places with any man. His congregation is liberal, unjust, miserly. It does not even thank the Lord for the gift of such a man, but on the contrary speaks fretfully, ill-temperedly, growlingly, in order that it may keep him humble. He is afraid that if he hears that he is a man of ability that they will have to raise his salary and they would rather lie, play the hypocrite, do anything that is mean rather than draw an extra cent from their wellfilled purses. They spend hundreds of dollars for their enjoyments, and cents for their religion. The poor parson is aware of this and devoutly wishes that the Lord had called him to some other work. Thus the world rolls on. Everybody believes everybody else happier than himself. The spirit of dissatisfaction is everywhere abroad and causes man to give himself trouble over nothing. The only man who is content with his lot is the one that owns one in a cemetery and occupies it, for there alone the restless waves of life will sleep in peaceful calm, for Death will soothe all strife in its sweet and blessed balm.

## GOD'S GLORY.

As Printed in Nature's Beautiful Type.

The wild flower is scenting the breeze, where the butterfly is revelling in a paradise of sweets, and the lark is teaching her nestlings their first hymn of praise. See now how God leaves his impress—look up into heaven which an invisible hand has painted so deeply, beautifully blue, while the sun is looking light upon all beneath its radiant track, see then how God has flung out his sign and written his name. Go out at night, fall upon some spreading vale, where reposes the peaceful herds upon its couch of turf, when the moon, like a pearl in heaven, is scattering the lucid coruscations of its silvery car, as tho' a shower of dust of diamonds was sprinkling the shining air, and the starry hosts that rejoice in her train are serenely floating amid wavy undulations of sublimated ether—and do you not feel and know there is a God? There is an everywhere present and presiding deity—the mountain enthroned in its sunlit grandeur, there his smile is in the sunshine and his song is on the gale. The flying storm bears him upon its billowy folds—then his chariot is in the cloud and his voice is the thunder. The sounding board of old ocean receives his footsteps, for then the winds are his wings with which he lashes the waves into foam, or fans them to repose while the rushing waters proclaim him Almighty. When He stood upon the mountain He recorded his name in characters of light upon its heaven-pointing peak—when He rode upon the storms hanging in the sky and bending over the earth He left his sign in the rainbow. And when He passed upon the deep, He spread it as a mirror before him, to hold in far off reflection the jeweled banners of his realm. From earth, which He has carpeted for His footstool and heaven which He has sky-curtained for His throne, the sound of his name and the melody of His praise is borne in the mingled symphony of human tongues and angelic voices.

## Their First Dinner.

They had just returned from their wedding tour, and were to have their first dinner in their own home.

"Well, Percy dear," she said sweetly, after breakfast, "what shall we have for dinner?"

"My, dear, anything you like."  
"But I shall like anything you like, my little rosebud."

"And I shall like any thing you like, you precious old boy."

"Well, what shall we have, dear?"

"What ever you want, darling."

"But I want to please you lovey."

"And I want to please you precious."

"You old darling!"

"You blessed old precious."

"But what shall we have?"

"No, for you!"

"But I'm so afraid I'll order something you don't like."

"I'll like any thing you'll like darling."

"Truly, Percy?"

"Truly, my darling."

"Because I'd feel so badly I'd just cry if I had anything you didn't like. Do you like roast beef?"

"Do you?"

"I asked you first, dearie."

"What if I don't care for it?"

"Then we'll never have a pound of it in the house."

"You little darling!"

"But do you like it?"

"Do you?"

"Oh, Percy, you naughty old boy. How am I ever to get what you like if you go on like this?"

"And I do want to please you."

"Please yourself and you'll be sure to please me."

"Then we'll have the beef?"

"If you say so, lovely."

"But I don't say so."

"It shall be just as my own lovey-dovey, lifey-wifey says."

"No. Just as my own treasure boy says."

"What if I say beef?"

"Then I shall say beef too."

"Well then I love roast beef."

"So do I."

"Oh! I'm so glad."

"So am I."

"You old darling!"

"You precious!"

## Only the Force of Habit.

"Does the razor hurt you?"

No reply.

"Is the draft too strong?"

No reply.

"Shall I shut the door?"

No reply.

"Think Cleveland will be re-elected?"

No reply.

"Awful fire in New York last night?"

No reply.

"Shave you pretty close?"

No reply.

"Getting very warm now?"

No reply.

"That was a very heavy thunder storm last night?"

No reply.

"Shampoo?"

No reply.

"Tri myour hair up a little?"

No reply.

"Brilliantine on the moustache?"

No reply.

"Bay rum?"

No reply.

Then the country barber, who was all alone in his breezy shop, sat down greatly refreshed. He had been shaving himself.

## Forever And Ever.

I think of all thou art to me,

I dream of what thou canst not be,

My life is cursed with thoughts of thee,

Forever and forever.

My heart is full of grief and woe;

I see thy face wh'er I go

I would alas! it were not so,

Forever and forever!

Perchance if we had never met,

I had been spared this mad regret,

This endless striving to forget.

Forever and forever!

Perchance if thou wert far away,

Did I not see thee day by day.

I might again be blithe and gay,

Forever and forever.

Ah no; I could not bear the pain,

Of never seeing thee again;

I cling to thee with might and main

Forever and forever!

Ah, leave me not! I love but thee!

Blessing or curse, which'er thou be,

Oh, be as thou has been to me,

Forever and forever!

## A MIXTURE.

### EDITORIAL ETCHINGS EUPHONIOUSLY ELUCIDATED.

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

An ill-word—Sick.

Dies by degrees—the sun-struck man.

The living skeleton is generally born poor.

The Czar of Russia is a great fisher man.

No-table means noted. Not-able means thrifty.

Electric execution is more shocking than hanging.

General Harrison is five feet five inches in statnre.

When man buys a cradle he pays bed-rock prices.

Free wool means cheaper clothing, laboring men.

Down with the "Trusts" and the Repnblcan party.

The Germans are solid a gainst Harrison.

Ex-Queen Isabella, of Spain, is an accomplished instrumentalist.

Chinese and pauper labor must go, says the Democratic party.

Harrison has an awkward record on tariff and currency questions.

The chicken crop is largest just after feeding time.

The dog star is a meaty planet, but a shooting star is meteor.

Miss Annie Dickinson will take an active part in the Presidential campaign.

A good oyster is sometimes called a native—a bad one is certainly a settler.

Its no use urging with an amateur photographer—he has views of his own.

Cardinal Mannig is eighty years old, but rises five o'clock every morning.

Cleveland is trusted by all—the farmer, the buisness man, the laborer.

It is said that Harrison's home county will give Cleveland 1,000 majority.

Thurman says the Chinese must go, while Harrison says he must come.

Frank James, the reformed bandit, has a pointed chin, and along, aquiline nose.

Cleveland is out and out opposed to pauper labor. Remember this, working men.

Hanilton Disston, the Philadelphia saw maker, has his life insured for \$500,000.

Rose Elizabeth Cleveland will go to Europe next year to pursue her literary studies.

Senator Tom Palmer, of Michigan, has the proud satisfaction of making his own butter.

Pinkerton puts down strikes with Springfield rifles. And so does Ben Harrison.

When protection is highest labor is lowest. Does this speak much in favor of protection?

A young Madras Brahmin speaks of his marriage as "the eternal knot of sorrow tied."

The thunder will knock out many a base ball player whom the pitcher couldn't touch.

Let every man devote a dollar's worth of time against Harrison in November next.

"Steve Elkins, the cattle fiend of New Mexico, is for Harrison." That will help to kill him.

"Alaska's a fur country, isn't it, professor?" "Yes," replied the professor, coldly, "it is quite distant."

Two of the greatest arts in this world are: To keep a polish on a silk hat, and off the shoulders of a frock coat.

Ex-Governor Berry, of New Hampshire, is ninety-three years old. He is almost as active as ever.

Calvin S. Brice, the new Chairman of the Democratic National Executive Committee, is forty two years old.

Some of our colleges hesitate about giving degrees to women, but certainly a woman is well fitted for an Ma.

The Rev. Warren A. Candler, who has just been chosen President of Emory College, Ga., is only thirty-two years old.

Prize-Fighting should be prohibited in the celestial Empire for fear that some of the Chinamen will get their heads broken.

Mr. Carl Schurz has been collecting material in the Berlin archives bearing on the history of the American Civil war.

Florida is passing through a furnace of affliction, with a yellow fever epidemic.

The fall of the Roman Empire must have occurred during the wet season. At least history tells us that there was a great reign fall.

If Harrison is elected, Blaine will be Secretary of State and the power behind the throne. But why ponder upon impossibilities.

Preston H. Leslie, who was appointed from Kentucky to be Governor of Montana, has a Bible-class in the Baptist Sunday-school at Helena.

The youth Emperor of China rises at 3 o'clock in the morning, breakfasts at six, dines at noon, sups at three o'clock and goes to bed by six.

"A sea surpent has been discovered off the Rhode Island beach twice as long as a tug." Again the question arises does prohibition prohibit?

"Mrs. H. V. Bronson, of Ponsylvania, O., has raised for the present campaign the largest flag used in that part of the country for William Henry Harrison in 1840." But William isn't running.

Harrison recommended the use of bullets for working men out west when they struck for higher wages and something to eat. Stirkers will use ballots in November for the defeat of Harrison.

The average tariff tax to each family is over \$45.00 per year. At this rate how long would it take a poor man to buy him a house with the money the protective war tariff locks up yearly in the vaults at Washington.

Miss Daisy Hampton, General Wade Hampton's daughter, is a famous pedestrian. She recently walked from her home to Charleston, S. C., a distance of 145 miles, and made on one day a record of twenty-five miles.

Representative Randall, who has just been so ill from the effects of eating too much ice-cream, is 59 years of age and the best preserved man in Congress. He is now serving his twenty-six consecutive year in the House of Representatives.

A well-known newspaper correspondent in describing General Harrison to a friend, says: "He is a small man, with a large head and full beard and whiskers." This accords with the statement, that Harrison, if elected, will be physically the smallest man who has ever occupied the Presidential chair.

Chattanooga last week established quarantine against Jacksonville and all yellow fever infected points. A car load of Jacksonville refugees, who were en route to Chattanooga, were met at the depot by the Mayor and Board of Health and not permitted to remain over. They went North.

"Is the editor-in-chief in?" asked a stranger as he sauntered into the city reporter's room at eight o'clock in the morning. "No, sire," replied the janitor kindly, "he does not come down so early. Is there anything I can do for you?" "Perhaps so. I am connected with the poetical department of the paper?" "I empty the waste baskets, sir."

"Maw, how I perspire!" Dear me, Clara, don't let me hear you use that vulgar expression again." "Do you want me to say sweat?" "No, you wretched vulgarian: you must say you are 'bedewed with heat.' The first thing you know people will say we haven't got no style about us."

Yellow Fever seems to be gaining something of a foothold in Florida. The town of Jacksonville is excited and heroic measures are being adopted to prevent an epidemsc. A grand exodus of the timid members of the community has taken place and rigid quarantining against the enfectod town will now be the order.

Recently Queen Victoria has contracted the habit of carrying household cats along with her when she moves from one castle to the another. The transportation of cats has, therefore, become quite a fashionable craze in England, no family of the least pretensions considering it in good form to appear at a railway-station without an ample basket containing the domestic felines. The aping of royalty even in the most absurd and silly customs is one of those things that is not destined to die out soon. Of cours the cat craze is liable at any moment to invade the ranks of our American noblisty.

## STATE NEWS.

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

An Hour Pleasantly Spent With Our Delightful Exchanges.

Ashville has had a lot of new to baccon the market.

The taxable property of Durham increased last year \$429,856.

The reports from the crops throughout the State are favorable.

The North Carolina Tobacco Association meets in Morehead on the 28th inst.

The Hon. Thomas D. Johnston has been re-nominated for Congress in the 9th district.

The Corner-stone of the Agricultural and Mechanical college will be laid on the 22nd inst.

Evangelist Pearson will begin a meeting in Winston on the First of September.

Mr. Wm. Burgess, of Wake, was killed by lightning last week while attending to his stock.

The North Carolina Teacher for June 1888 is to hand, abounding as usual with the choicest reading matter of the most valuable kind.

Hon. Adrian H. Van Bockkelen, one of the most prominent citizens of Wilmington, died at his home in that city at 2 o'clock on Monday morning last, aged 69 years.

A Miss Almond, of Stanly county, while standing in the door during the thunder storm of last Thursday evening was killed by lightening.

The road from Cameron to Carthage has been completed, and trains are running from Raleigh through to Carthage.

Rev. J. H. Anderson, of Rockingham, nominee for the Senate on the Third party ticket, has resigned, says he is a Democrat.

It is reported S. W. Hearn, who purchased the Observer Publishing Company's plant will begin the publication of a daily paper at Raleigh.

The Candidates are making speeches to large crowds in the central and western parts of the State. Reports from all sections are cheering.

The dates for joints canvass between Fowle and Dockery are from August 27th of September 22nd. They are mostly in the central portion of the State.

Five negroes hung a white man a few days ago in Hendersou county. Before hanging him they beat him nearly to death. They have all been arrested and lodged in jail.

## NOTES BY THE WAY.

### Concluded From Last Week.

After spending a pleasant night in Greensboro we proceed to Hickory where we met our qudam pastor Rev. Joseph E Carter, than whom there is no more genial companion—devout christian, earnest worker in his master vineyard, or more polished, ornate, eleoquent preacher of the word. It was our pleasure to hear again his dulcet strains in proclamation of the gospel, on Sunday night in which he demonstrated from the history of Gideons band that it is not by might or the power of man but by the power of God that Salvation Cometh, and victory is assured. Returning he stopped over in Raleigh to attend the meeting of Trustees of Wake Forest College to assist in the election of Professor of Modern Languages—which resultee in the election of Prof. B. F. Sledd of Virginia, who was highly recommended to the Board by the faculty of Washington-Lee University—John Hopkins University and numerous friends of the College interested in the professor. We mildly suggested that some of our own alumni ought to be brought to the front, and put to work in our own School—but as has before been remarked North Carolina boys are honored abroad, while North Carolina institutions honor those of other States. While such course may be unjust to our own people, yet Wake Forest is honored and placed perhaps on a higher plane by having distinguished sons of Virginia enrolled among its professors. We boast several already—how many more we may have, depends upon the vacancies made and to be filled. Let North Carolina be heard from in New Mexico Nebraska, California and other States of progress and push. G. W. B.