

THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

VOL VII.

WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1888.

NO. 41

THE DYING YEAR.

A FEW SOLEMN REFLECTIONS BY
HENRY BLOUNT

As He Broods O'er the Grave of the
Past, and Dreams of Scenes that
could Not Last.

The year is approaching its end. In a few more days it will be a thing of the past. Before another issue of the MIRROR it will slip from the ramparts of time and pass out into the ocean of the eternal by-gone. And sitting here to-night in our quiet room, and brooding o'er the still comforting embers of what was once a glowing and blazing fire, quaint figures begin to creep across the coals; and as they thus so slowly come and go they bring up scenes that never will be more. They dig open the grave of the past, and joys come forth too sweet to last.

Memory draws around the dear communion table. We are again with those who made life bright and beautiful. We feel the clasp of their vanished hand. We hear again the music of lovely tones. We feel once more the rapture of the fond embrace. We see that look of endearment in which all the thrilling ecstasies of Paradise were pre-ent, and he basking in gladdest sunlight of sweet delight, as we go floating on those bright waters of joy that once broke in such musical ripples upon the beautiful ocean of the Past. We float in precious rapture by loveliest isles of happiest fruition, from which are wafted again to our enraptured senses the delicious odors of those rare flowers of hopes and dreams that once did bud and blossom and bloom, and which had given us all their God-given wealth of perfume and of beauty. Yes, we have been most sweetly dreaming to-night—dreaming of scenes that once were sweet and bright; dreaming of those on that bright shore, where loved ones meet and part no more. Yes, the closing year is indeed most fit for such reflections, for it belongs to memory and to tears. We love to dream o'er the hallowed past, and we always like to call up the events of the year that is dying, and live over again in our musings their joys and their sorrows, their hopes and their disappointments, their sunshine and their clouds, and all the varying lights and shadows which that checkered canvas holds. It does one good to review the past. It hallows our love, it purifies our affections, it strengthens our devotion, it intensifies our feelings, and it makes us better and purer—for we are made to see, in all their deformity and ugliness and repulsiveness, the little prejudices and animosities which would now and then embitter our natures and degrade our manhood. And seeing them thus with the lens of memory, and viewing them in their own true light, we resolve to live nearer like that sweet and gentle and forbearing and charitable One whose natal day all christendom is now preparing to celebrate with hosannahs and glad rejoicings.

But we did not intend this strain when we began. We intended to make a few reflections upon the year that is now so rapidly nearing its close, and to point out some of its scenes and events that now rise up to our view like those little isles of beauty that sleep on the bosom of the ocean as they lie hugged in the loving embrace of rippling billows. The year has been an eventful one. It has had its storms and its calm; its clouds and its sunshine; its sorrows and its joys. To some the flowers of hope bloomed most beautifully, and sweetened life with the richest perfume of a glorious fruition. To others the fateful frosts of a chillful disappointment fell in cruel blight, and tenderest petals died amid the shadows of one dark night. Yes, some have roamed amid those tropical flowers of luxuriant success, where every breeze was permeated with odors of thrift, and where the warm gulf-waves of prosperity set out their rippling waters to sparkle in richest brilliancy as they broke in sweetest murmurings of happiness and delight upon hearts that never felt the gloom of rayless night. Others have been exiled to the Siberian wastes of iciest disappointment, and there amid the wintriest desolation of the blackest December of despair, they are forced to gaze in shivering anguish upon the snow-wrapped skeletons of hopes that perished and dreams that died. Some hearts have been made dark and drear and gloomy by the shadow of death; others have been made bright and beautiful and sweet and melodious by the

innocent smile and that precious prattle of baby-tongue, which is such music for mother's ear. Some hearts have been divorced by the decree of death, and have been forced to wear the agony-threaded crepe of bitterest mourning as they stand upon the bleak shores of that cold Norway of desolation, and hear in the sobbing and the wailing their own sad hearts are making, echoes of the moaning waves that break upon the ice-covered rocks of that frozen coast that sleeps in everlasting snow. Others, with all their strings of affection gloriously attuned, and with every note of endearment striking and meeting and mingling in harmonious rhythm, are now pouring forth those dulcet tides of rapture which flow over and bury all of those reefs of cares and troubles beneath waves of joy and happiness as bright and as radiant and as beautiful as those Heavensent waves of bliss that break in everlasting ripples of enchantment upon the blessed shores of immortality.

And so it will be seen that the millennium has not yet come. Death and sorrow and suffering and bereavement, like dark clouds upon the sky, still obscure now and then the sunlight of joy and happiness, and tell us that there is nothing perfectly peaceful and perfectly beautiful on this side of the grave, and that to be forever at rest we too, like the old year, must die and pass away, and find its balm in endless day.

(WRITTEN FOR THE MIRROR.)

A DREAM OF CHRISTMAS.

By the pleasant fireside sitting
In the dusky hour of twilight
Leon watched the glowing embers
And the fitting, dancing firelight,
Mistletoe and hemlock branches,
Making on the wall weird shadows.
Grotesque forms and figures elfin,
Overhung the curtained windows.

Festoons made of fragrant cedar
Fleeked with the departing sunlight
Woven in with light and shadow
From the wavering flickering firelight,
And the wreathing sprays of holly
Brilliant with their scarlet berries,
Seemed to whisper of the woodlands
And the haunts of elves and fairies.

All these wreaths and hanging festoons
Twined by deft and skillful fingers,
Dropping from the dark maincoating,
Over which the firelight lingers,
Tell an oft-repeated story—
Tell of scenes returning yearly—
Hearts aglow with expectation
And of preparations early

For the Christmas time was coming
With its festive scenes of gladness,
And the Christmas bells were chiming,
Leaving out all notes of sadness.
Joyously their music sounded,
Ringing in melodies rhyming
From the belfries and church-towers,
To the merry carols timing

Singing of the listening shepherds
On Judea's hill-side watching
Tender flocks at night reposing—
Distant strains of music catching—
Hearing "Glory in the Highest,
Peace on earth, to men good will"

Wafted by the angel voices
O'er the Galilean hill.

Ring out the well-known story
Of the birth of the fair child,
With a manger for his cradle
And a virgin mother mild,
And his neighbors were the oxen
Standing meekly in their stalls,
Where a bright and heavenly radiance
Shone upon the frowning walls.

Then the wise men journeying thither
Brought myrrh, frankincense and gold—
Signs of richness, sweetness, sadness—
Mystery which was to unfold.

Leon thought about the Magi,
And the star whose Eastern splendor
Led them to the humble birth-place
Of our only Lord and Savior.

But not only of the wise-men
Coming thither from a distance,
With their gifts of gold and spices
And their offerings of incense
Were his thoughts—but of Kriss Kringle.
And an eager expectation

Filled his brain with fancies as he,
With a kind of fascination,
Watching red flames shooting upward,
Heard the ringing and the chiming
Of the silver-toned bell's music
And the saintly corals rhyming

He imagined the great fire-place
Hung with stockings filled with treasure—
Painted toys and sugardainties—
Of which Kriss would give good measures.

Did he then believe in Santa?
Yes indeed! for he could tell you
We had seen him—really seen him
In the moonlight, from his window.

Once upon a former Christmas
When the people all were sleeping
He had stood behind the curtains
And his watch for Kriss was keeping
Soft and white with snow the roof was,
Very mild and faint the starlight,
Wreathed with snow-flakes all the trees
were,
Lingered over all the moonlight.

Very soon he heard a prancing
As of reindeer, with a clashing
Sound of sleigh-bells, and Kriss Kringle
On the housetop then came dashing.
And he looked so very jolly,
Wrapped in furs behind his reindeer.
They were crowned with dainty snow-
wreaths
Forming such a graceful head-gear.

We had come from the dear North-land—
Come directly from his palace,
Whose bright crystal towers were lighted
By the bright borealis.

Then the reindeer stopped so proudly
As they all came prancing onward,
Stopped and shook their silver sleigh-bells,
Hurling showers of snowflakes downward
From the branches of their antlers,
While Kriss Kringle, very busy,
Quickly now was making ready
To descend into the chimney.

Leon looks in consternation;
Did his youthful eyes deceive him?
Vanished in the fading moonlight
Shadowy outlines of the vision—
For, as if by sudden magic,
Changed at once to utter darkness
All there was of lingering brightness,
Nothing was then left but blankness.

For with watching being weary
We had slept, and had been dreaming—
But the vision of Kriss Kringle
Looked so real in its seeming
That he still insists he saw him
By the mild uncertain starlight
Saw him there with all his reindeer
From the window in the moonlight

MRS. A. E. L. KENNEDY.

The scenery of Asheville is remarkably
fine but its climate is very rough.

The French spoliation cases are 5,509 in
number, representing \$30,000,000.

Opium smuggling on an extensive scale
into Michigan and Minnesota is reported.

Make some friend a Christmas present
of twelve months' subscription to The
MIRROR.

The reason why a sailor is called a tar is
because he is constantly pitched about by
the ocean.

At a Montana wedding: Justice—"arise!
Grab hands! Hitched! Six dollars. Cash
up; no trust!"

A wave on which many a poor fellow
has been carried away is the wave of a
lace-edged handkerchief.

Senator Riddleberger has forwarded to
Governor Lee his resignation as senator,
to take effect Jan. 1st.

Congressman McClammy is of the opin-
ion that Harrison will make a clean sweep
of the Democrats in office.

Rebecca Collins, aged eighty years, has
been a minister in the Friends Church,
Philadelphia, for sixty-five years.

Claud Lespenard, who was kidnapped in
Brooklin in 1873 and has been mourned as
dead ever since, found his way home.

Federal aid has been asked to assist in
suppressing the inhuman and illegal prac-
tices of the Chesapeake Bay oyster pirates,

It begins to look like Gen. Harrison is
going to form a cabinet to suit himself and
not one at the direction of Blaine and com-
pany.

An impudent fellow says. Show me all
the dresses a woman has worn in the course
of her life and I will write her biography
from them."

"You have heard a cat purr, I suppose?"
asked the Judge. "Yes," replied the
Major. "But outside of poetry you never
heard a Cowper."

We are glad to see the White Caps of
Ohio have been run to cover, and we hope
that they will be made to suffer for their
recent devilment.

Mrs. Jay Gould had \$80,000 when she
married the Wall street wizard. He invest-
ed it for her and now it has grown to the
amount of \$200,000,000. This is the reverse
of the course usually pursued by husbands
who marry \$80,000.

The National Farmer's Alliance is in ses-
sion at Meridian, Miss., re-elected Col. Polk
first vice-President and Capt. S. B. Alexan-
der the vice-President for North Carolina.

Senator Beck, of Kentucky, is coming
South, "making it a point to seek those
places the climate of which will prove the
most beneficial to him." Wilson would
be proud to have him as a guest.

It is reported at Washington that Presi-
dent Cleveland will appoint Gen. W. R.
Cox, of North Carolina, to a position on the
Civil Service Commission made vacant
by the resignation of Mr. Oberly.

It looks as if the first business of the new
Administration, if it is not to be worried
into its grave, will be the making of not
less than 20,000 new offices. The clamor
of patriotic hosts is borne on every breeze
that blows from Indianapolis.

In obedience to a request from Cleveland
Dr. White of Columbus, Ohio, has exam-
ined the condition of ex-President Hopkins
of the Fidelity National Bank. As the
result of the examination, the doctor now
reports that Hopkins cannot live another
month.

The Vermont Legislature, having re-
fused women the right to vote in munic-
ipal elections, certain women have sent in a
petition declaring that "taxation without
representation is tyranny," and asking to
have all taxes removed from property
owned by women.

The engineers and the House Commit-
tee on Rivers and Harbors agree that Savan-
nah can have a 26 foot channel in her har-
bor at a cost of \$2,000,000, while a 28 foot
channel will cost \$6,600,000. The com-
mittee will recommend that work be in-
augurated looking to the 26 foot channel.

The Augusta Steamboat Company has
increased its capital stock by \$12,000. The
Chronicle commends the action and wishes
the company continued prosperity. It is
calculated that the steamboat company
saves fully \$200,000 a year for the mer-
chants of Augusta in the lower freights
secured since the running of the boats on
the Savannah river.

On the 9th inst. the Northern Metho-
dists celebrated the death of Rev. Charles
Wesley, which occurred just a hundred
years ago. He was born in 1708. He was
educated at Oxford and was eighty years
old at his death. His brother John lived
to be some eighty-seven. Charles was
noted for his poetic gifts, and gave the
world 7,000 hymns. Of these but compar-
atively few survive. He was probably
the best of the religious lyrics unless some
later ones can compare with him or sur-
pass him.

It is no longer a secret that Mr. Blaine
desires and expects to be called to the pre-
miership of the Harrison administration.
The fact that Blaine's friends are active,
even aggressive, in their efforts to have
him chosen by the new President, proves
that Harrison isn't frantically importuning
Blaine to accept the position; and it clearly
indicates that the appointment of the
Plumed Knight is only possible and not
highly probable. The very recent editor-
ial deliverance on "Blaine Bluster" in the
Indianapolis News, edited by one of Harri-
son's most trusted friends and advisers, was
not likely inspired by Harrison, but it
is quite unlikely that such a pungent and
summary dismissal of Blaine's pretensions
to the premiership would have appeared in
that journal if his appointment was within
the range of probability.

Prof. Elisha Gray has so far perfected his
invention known as the tel-autograph, he
claims, that he will be ready to intro-
duce it to the public through a New York
company that has been formed within a
few weeks. He has at present a wire run-
ning from Chicago to Milwaukee, on which
he is experimenting, and has been able in
the last few days to send from Chicago a
message which appears at the Milwaukee
end of the line in fac simile, an almost
exact reproduction of the handwriting of
the professors at the other end. The dif-
ference between the original and the re-
produced copy is just enough, he claims,
to prevent long-distance forgery, and yet so
nearly like the hand of the original as to
be an exact reproduction for all practical
purposes. He expects the invention to
supersede the telephone over long distan-
ces and where accuracy is required. It
will also be used in telegraph offices at once
in the despatch of money orders and the
like, where accuracy is especially required
and where the intervention of third parties
is undesirable. The machine, he claims,
will also transmit over the wires any life
drawing or picture.

STATE NEWS.

FROM THE DEEP BLUE SEA TO THE
GRAND OLD MOUNTAIN.

An Hour Pleasantly Spent With Our
Delightful Exchanges.

Bishop Lyman, who, as bishop of the
American Episcopal Churches in Europe,
has been making visitations to his charges,
will sail for home Jan. 2nd.

The death angel visited Mt. Olive on
Tuesday of last week at 6 o'clock p. m.,
and took the soul of Dr. D. A. Smith, one
of its best citizens, to the spirit land.

The Goldsboro Rifles held a very impor-
tant business meeting in their Armory last
Thursday night. Among other important
business that was transacted was the deci-
sion of the members to have the "regula-
tion" overcoats.

The State Guard of North Carolina is
an essential department of the State Gov-
ernment. Twelve years ago it was an un-
supported, indifferently organized and scattered
remnant. To-day it numbers twelve hun-
dred active soldiers, actuated by a splendid
esprit de corps, well officered, disciplined
and equipped.

The death of Dr. P. H. Wright, of Ma-
con, Ga., the father of Mrs. W. H. H. Cobb
and Mr. E. A. Wright, of Goldsboro caused
universal regret among the deceased's friends
and relatives here. Dr. Wright, was in
former days a resident of Goldsboro and a
physician of high reputation. He was a
good, true and faithful Christian gentle-
man.

The News & Observer says a gentleman
from Dunn told us that they had bought
6,500 bales of cotton there this season,
against 2,500 same date last year; also that
there would be a large hotel built there
shortly. His town is only two years old
and is situated on the Wilson & Fayetteville
Short Cut road, twenty-five miles from
Fayetteville.

We have received the beautiful catalogue
of Oak Ridge Institute, and are glad to
note its continued and increased prosperity;
235 students were enrolled the past year,
representing seven States and two Territo-
ries. The school has now regular graded
courses of instruction and is one of the
institutions of the South and is well worth
the patronage of our people.

Dr. Rondthaler will visit Europe next
year to attend the Moravian Synod, which
meets every ten years. The doctor is pas-
tor of the Salem Moravian Church, and
some of his members desiring to do some-
thing for him as evidence of their appreci-
ation of his services, have raised for him
an amount sufficient to meet his expenses
for a trip to the Holy Land and while in
Europe

The Goldsboro Argus states that the
greatest hunt on record in the State is be-
ing arranged for in that city, to come off in
the country around Wilmington on Christ-
mas day. The Arlington-Gregory pack
of hounds, with Messrs. Will Hunter,
Geo. D. Bennett, J. W. Lamb, E. G. Por-
ter, Jos. E. Robinson and others on deck
are going down to join a party of Wilming-
ton gentlemen and "make the welkin
ring."

Rev. Dr. Charles E. Taylor, the hard-
working and faithful President of Wake
Forest College, appeals most earnestly for
\$50,000 additional for its endowment. He
says that if this money is not furnished the
college will be cramped in its work and
many things necessary to be done will have
to be left undone. The college is now
using all its available funds. It is doing a
good and great work, and ought by all
means to be aided heartily and promptly.

We are requested by Hon. F. M. Sim-
mons to announce that a competitive ex-
amination of applicants for appointment to
the vacant cadetship at the West Point
Military Academy from the second district
will be held at Rocky Mount on the 27th
day of December, 1888. The examination
will be conducted by Prof. Joseph Kinsey,
of Lenoir county; Mr. Elias Carr, of Edge-
combe, and Dr. Robert Stancil, of North-
hampton.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor—Please inform your readers
that I have a positive remedy for the above
named disease. By its timely use thousands
of hopeless cases have been permanently
cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles
of my remedy FREE to any of your read-
ers who have consumption if they will send
me their express and post office address.

Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C.,
81 Pearl St., New York.