

THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1889.

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VOL VII.

WINTER'S WEALTH,

AS SEEN AND DESCRIBED BY HENRY BLOUNT

The Wilson Mirror Three Years Ago, and Re-Printed Now by Urgent Request.

On Friday it began to rain and sleet, and soon thereafter every tree began to robe itself in that stainless ermine so raptly woven with Winter's shuttle in arctic looms, and to place around its branches a shining necklace of those glittering jewels dug only out of the bosom of frozen climes. The weather was extravagantly lavish and profuse in adorning every object with its wealth of splendor, and when Saturday dawned, Wilson looked like some crystal forest full foliaged with the dazzling leaves of the most sparkling brilliancy. Every housetop, every cupola, every spire, every tree, every bush sparkled with a lustre richer and brighter than the flashes of sunbeams shot from the well raised bow of cloudless noontide, while rainless streams of shimmering billows of robbing radiance poured flood after flood through glittering channels over every eave, and left a veil of silvery spray of glittering splendor. It was a scene tinted with the drippings of sublimity and was gloriously grand and beautiful, and beyond the pen's delineation. It was wordless. It was awe wrapped. It was God-like, for it was perfect. In its stainless purity there was nothing of earth about it, and it reminded us of the shimmering fires on those Celestial temples on high which lift up there white-robed summits, and that the spirit of adoration to higher powers in worship. But the trees couldn't bear up under such burdens of splendor and were unhurt; and ever and anon, a terrible crashing of a limb was heard, a magnificent shower of crushed and broken boughs would fill the air with their corruscant brilliances, and by night fall every tree in town was strown with shining branches of dismembered trees. And as night began to weave its shadows around the earth the scene changed from that of such beauty to one of appalling gloom, and those ice-wrapped trees seemed like those white and passionless monuments standing o'er a cold and pulseless world. Then the stars, like timid children afraid of every ghost-like thing, hid themselves behind intervening clouds, and not one of them dared to look out and smile upon the full scene below. It was a dismal night; the morning dawned at last, and the scene the day before had grown in beauty and splendor, and the glory of God was stamped on everything. Every twig caught the faint smile of an approving Angel, and it trembled there. It was matchless in its brilliancy. Even the luminous God Day, fire-eyed as he is, and whose burning channels of light send warmth and glory to millions of worlds in space, seemed of his own vision was dazzled by the shining sheets of blazing streams of brilliancy which were sparkling beneath, and day long he wore his spectacles of clouds made his vision from the commingling and ascending of the world below. How magnificent grand, how exquisitely subtle, how entrancingly lovely, how thrillingly radiant must Heaven be when this glittering spectacle was only a little shadow cast down from the everlasting temple of light, "not built with hands, eternally in the heavens."

Laying aside now the prismatic hues of the fantastic metaphor, and donning the sober robe of sober fact, we will proceed to say in all candor and truth, that no man on earth ever looked prettier than Wilson did on Sunday. As we said above, his limbs had been torn from the trees, scattered here and there in magnificent shimmings, their shimmering mass of icicles presented a glittering line of impassable chevaldefrise, and over which were allowed to creep. The description, and language limps unable to bear such glories up. The editor of the Methodist church looked long bony finger of some icy monarch, as the eve followed it to its sharpened point its dazzling sheet of radiance looking as if it was trying to shoot its sparkling rays against the very walls of Heaven. Telegraph wires became long silver rods of glistening beauty, and went stretching away in the distance, and seemed as if they were straggling sunbeams

fell upon them. But we have done. We can't describe a scene which was Deity conceived and Angel painted, and photographed for mortals with Winter's glorious camera. No, no, no. So we drop the pencil in despair, feeling that our attempted description is a poor and ill shaped and badly deformed abortion.

WITH THEE.

If I could know, that after all
These heavy bonds have ceased to thrall
We whom in life the fates divide
Should sweetly slumber side by side—
That one green spray should drop its dew
Softly alike above us too,
All would be well; for I should be
At last, dear loving heart, with thee!

How sweet to know this dust of ours,
Mingling, will feed the self-same flowers—
The scent of leaves, the song bird's tone,
At once across our rest be blown,
One breath of sun, one sheet of rain
Make green the earth above us twain!
Ah, sweet and strange, for I shall be,
At last, dear loving heart with thee!

But if there be a blissful sphere
Where homesick hearts, divided here,
And wandering wide in useless quest,
Shall find their longed-for heaven of rest,
If in that higher, happier birth
We meet the joys we missed on earth,
All will be well, for I shall be,
At last, dear loving heart with thee!

True.

Had the Republican party let the Southern States take care of themselves, as the Northern States have always been left to take care of themselves, race feeling, strong as it will always be, might not have resulted in such strife and peril. For the negro is kindly and rarely strikes unless stung by some wrong, real or fancied, or is aroused by the cunning inventions of some renegade of the other or more authoritative race. But what is most deplorable is the probability that this riot in Mississippi will not be the last of these race conflicts in the years to come. Many men who love their country and who wish to see peace and prosperity preserved within its bounds will begin to ask seriously whether it is possible for two distinct races to dwell under existing conditions on the same soil. They will reach these conclusions regardless of sentimental fanatics afar off and shriek out their wild and impracticable theories. Two races have never dwelt together save where one was subject to the other. Can they successfully dwell together in harmony and unity and equally share the same Government, and can their sons have equal voice in determining its conduct and its course.

A Strange Bird.

A curiosity of exceeding rarity, and one that will be of peculiar interest to Goldsboro people, has just been added to Mr. Will Hunter's growing and creditable museum at the Hotel Gregory. It is the head and neck of a Tujuju, (pronounced as if the j's were y's,) an aquatic bird of the heron species. The thing was killed on the Island Joanes at the mouth of the Amazon river in South America by Messrs. Nick and Richard Washington, who are engaged in business there. The bill measures 18 inches, and in life the bird stood six feet high and measured nine feet from tip to tip. The boys shot it five times before they could bring it to terms. It was killed in October, and was such a rare capture even out there that they sent the head and neck home and Mr. Hunter has "borrowed it" for the "miration" of his museum visitors.—The Argus.

The editorial writer of the Journal was on the field, and was afterwards a member of the Board of enquiry appointed by general Lee to pass on the conduct of the Gettysburg campaign. General Lee did not see proper to publish the report of that Board, but we take the liberty of saying that Pettigrew and his men were fully vindicated. Longstreet and Stuart were criticised, but their general conduct was considered as deserving of applause. After a week's patient investigation not a single charge was preferred against any officer or soldier of the army of Northern Virginia.

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 readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post-office address.

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

A MIXTURE.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS EUPHONIOUSLY ELUCIDATED.

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

The cream of society—ice-cream.
A pair of tights—two drunkards.
Candid people seldom give away taffy.
People who live too long are not fit to die.
The pilot of a ship ought to wear a helmet.
He who is in love with himself has no rival.
The best way to kill a falsehood is to let it lie.
Speaking of blowing people up, the kerocene can.
All the wards of a latch-key should be home-wards.
The strongest tied in the affairs of men is marriage.
The lay of the land is what darkness broods over.
A firm resolve—and agreement to go into partnership.
A police miss apprehension—arresting the wrong girl.
Extraction is an out and out remedy for the toothache.
Many a man has been burned in the last heat at the races.
Led by the nose—having a pistol ball graze your proboscis.
The spider is happiest when his life is hanging by a thread.
Bills that did not pass Congress are not necessarily counterfeit.
The people of Pittsburg wear the same soot all the year round.
The rise and fall in standard securities never affect alpenstocks.
The man who gets left doesn't believe that "what is, is right."
People think it funny that the gas collector is never suffocated.
Pardoxical: A man always feels put out when he is taken in.
A barber who talks too much is often given to cutting remarks.
The Czar receives King William in his every day boiler-iron shirt.
Work and play are necessary to the actor, and they should be mixed.
All heirs are interesting but the most interesting is the million heir.
Corn dodgers—men who have been kicked for stepping on them.
A touching sight—A small boy investigating a newly painted door.
A matter of some weight—proposing to a two hundred pound widow.
There was little perfumery in America during the old Colonial days.
There is too much shotgun to the square inch in the average idea of justice.
Boston inebriates never see snakes. They have ophidian hallucinations.
The arrest of a criminal is usually guaranteed, at least there is a warrant for it.
The deadhead at the theatre, is like a successful prediction—he has come to pass.
A poet wants to know "where the fleecy clouds are woven." In the air-loom, of course.
There ought to be a law passed that railway restaurant keepers shall date their apple pies.
New faces, new experiences, new associations—do they compensate for the loss of the old ones? Never, with the true and faithful heart.
The old gentleman with the scythe and hour glass, makes the mile in 2:30. He "gets there" every time, and the trouble is you get there, two, right with him.
Lord Salisbury threatens not to send a Minister Resident to the United States. Alarming! Well, if England can stand such foolishness, surely this country can.
"The warmest relation exists between us, and we are cemented by the closest of ties," as the fellow said when he vainly tried to let go of the handles of a magnetic battery.
First they are called boxes, next coffins, then caskets, now mortuary receptacles. The former undertaker is now a funeral director. Things funeral have, it would seem, about obtained the apex.

Irony—a new tonic.

Even if haste makes waste, the ordinary messenger boy will never come to want.

"Why wouldn't 'The Umbrella' be a good name for a magazine?" asks an exchange. Because it might be "put down" for any liberality of expression, and in that event it would soon be "used up."

Frank Howard, the song writer, made three thousand dollars in one year off of "Only a Pansy blossom;" but nobody dares to sing the song any more, without insuring his life or encasing himself in armor.

Governor Hill, of New York, has just appointed George B. McClelland, son of Little Mac, an aid on his staff. This makes young McClelland a colonel at a jump. He is one of the wall-street reporters for the New York Herald.

A young lady killed herself not long ago because she thought she was too homely to live. We have heard of young ladies who thought themselves "too sweet to live" but never of one before who thought themselves too homely.

Mme. Gaston de Fontillat nee Mimi Smith, a sister of Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, has joined the Roman Catholic Church. Her husband is a French nobleman. She made her first communion in New York at the Christmas midnight mass.

"The Emperor of Austria has learned the American game of poker, and the edict against that game which is now in force in Austria, is to be rescinded. Perhaps after Francis Joseph plays a while he will issue a new edict—or a loan."

The Republican scale of prices for voters in the last election in Indiana is said to have ranged all the way from \$10 to \$75. Indiana is the home of successful candidates for Harrison. Yet he carried the State by a small majority, despite all the boodle dispensed.

The Emperor of Germany has no fixed salary, but there is an annual fund of a million dollars he can use if necessary. As King of Prussia he has a salary of \$3,550,000; but this is found insufficient and the Reichstag will be requested to increase that amount.

We once knew a good man who when cornered would always say, "change the situation and you change your mind." A little while ago Republicans were insisting on the rigid enforcement of the civil service law, now Democrats see charms in it they never saw before.

Every one who reads a newspaper becomes familiar with the business houses whose name appear in it, and naturally they patronize them. Merchants who advertise make many friends through the columns of a newspaper, as their names become as familiar as household words.

It is improbable that the Southern Base Ball League will be revived, but efforts are being made to establish a gulf league, to include the cities of New Orleans, Mobile, Pensacola and Selma. In Mobile great interest is taken in base ball, and the number of those willing to put up money to support a club there is surprising.

Lebanon, Ky., claims the champion old woman—Aunt Til Purdy, aged 121. Her mother, Charlotte Schuch, who died three years ago, was 135, and the Bible of her former owner is put in as evidence, as therein is recorded the birth of Charlotte Schuch in 1750, and the birth of this daughter in 1767 when the mother was but 17 years old.

It shows how great men will bother themselves with trifles when we are told by a great metropolitan journal that Dr. Gatling, the inventor, had a warm discussion with an elevated road ticket-seller a few days ago in that city. The point at issue was the amount of change due the doctor. He got the worst of the argument, and is now devising a gun for use in such emergencies. When he completes it the station men will probably step lively. The doctor ought to make a diagnosis of the Haytian question instead of quibbling with street car conductors.

A resolution endorsing the Blair bill has been the cause of some speech-making in the Georgia Legislature. No action has yet been taken, but the resolution has caused much talk about the lobbies. State School Commissioner James T. Hook, in expressing his sentiments on the subject the other day, said: "As an individual and native Georgian, I strongly desire to see this bill become a law, so that the Government's liberal contribution, added to our own, shall put in circulation a large fund to educate all the children of the State and otherwise benefit us as a people. I speak for myself only in saying this."

STATE NEWS.

FROM THE DEEP BLUE SEA TO THE GRAND OLD MOUNTAIN.

An Hour Pleasantly Spent With Our Delightful Exchanges.

The Legislature will have about 1,400 justices of the peace to elect.

Durham's Blackwell's factory shipped 274,125 pounds of tobacco in four days. Stamps cost \$21,936.

In the death of Richard B. Haywood, of Raleigh, one of the most admirable of men, and lovable of characters is lost to the State.

We see from the Plant that Durham is going to build a \$200,000 cotton factory. Well, Durham can do most anything when she makes up her mind.

Capt. Swift Galloway declines to be a candidate for Reading Clerk of the House. He says in the Raleigh News-Observer, that "he is for the boys."

Miss Mollie Bailey committed 1,226 verses of Scripture and won the handsome prize offered by Mrs. Judge Reid to the Presbyterian Sunday school.

The North Carolina Baptist Almanac for 1889, edited by Rev. T. C. Baily, of the Raleigh Recorder, is a useful publication for the Baptists. Pages 56, price 10 cents.

Mr. A. H. Christian, a son-in-law of Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, has bought the interest of the Yates heirs in the Charlotte Democrat. Mr. Christian has been a resident of California and engaged in journalism in that State.

The big hog owned by Mr. J. H. Mills, which we mentioned some time ago was slaughtered the week before Christmas. The gross weight was 860 pounds and the net weight 716 pounds. This is the largest hog of the season. Pitt county as usual takes the lead in porkers.

Nash county has nearly 200,000 acres of wood land, the larger portion of which is the finest pine timber. Only about one third of the area of the county is in cultivation. On nearly every farm there is pine timber which in the near future will sell for much more than the land can now be bought for.

Under the election law, the returns are to be opened by the Speaker of the House of Representatives on the first Thursday after the assembling of the legislature, after which a committee will arrange for the inauguration. A prominent feature will be an "inauguration ball" under the auspices of the "Monogram club" of Raleigh.

During 1888 in North Carolina there were two agricultural implements works built; there were six breweries erected; nine tobacco and cigar factories; forty-one cotton and wollen factories; eight electric light plants; twelve mining and quarrying companies; three oil mills; forty-five water works; five railroad companies organized. This is commendable and encouraging progress.

The New Berne Journal, in the course of its new year greeting says: From Tennessee to the Atlantic it is a goodly heritage. In our mountains picturesque America is seen: in its most gorgeous majesty. The interior resounds with the rush of varied industries, and the East rejoices in the abundance of its vegetables and the multitude and variety of its fishes. The sea kisses the shore, and roars for the commercial crown unjustly denied to her.

In order to shorten the time between Raleigh and Wilson, and points North via the Atlantic Coast Line, there has been arranged a quick schedule via Wilson and Selma, connecting at Wilson with the train for Petersburg, Richmond, Washington, New York and all points East. Through coaches will be run between Wilson and Raleigh and Pulman Palace Sleeping cars between Wilson and Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York.

Another important decision affecting rights under the homestead law of this State has just been rendered by the Supreme court. It is held that the right of homestead ends with the death of the judgement debtor, where there is no wife or infant child surviving. A docketed judgement, the cause of action occurring before 1877, has a lean subject to the rights of homestead, and where the land is conveyed, although the homestead had not been laid off, the conveyance is subject to the lien, which can be enforced to the extinction of the homestead right.

State News