

THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

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TWO GIANTS.

RANSOM AND VANCE CONTRASTED
BY HENRY BLOUNT.

Under Which King, Oh Bezonian,
shall We Row and Worship?

A learned and distinguished gentleman has done us the honor to ask our opinion of the merits of these two gentlemen, and desires us to state in THE MIRROR which we thought was the greatest orator. While we do not pretend to be a judge of oratory, we have no objection whatever in giving a candid and impartial opinion of the elocutionary powers of these men, whose names now occupy such a lustrous niche in the temple of American fame. We nurse an unalloyed admiration for the attainments of both of these distinguished speakers, and it is really difficult to decide which has the greatest powers. We have heard Vance on numerous occasions and on numerous themes, and every single time he surpassed our expectations and plucked a brighter, newer garland for his garland of fame. And while he may not be as graceful and as polished and as charming and as felicitous a speaker as Ransom, still he has that passion and vehemence and magnetism which kindles the flames of enthusiasm in the coldest and most phlegmatic of bosoms, and floods the veins of feeling with those billowy sheets of fire which set the soul "in one wild thrensy rolling." And while he has the gift to woo and to win the senses by the charm and beauty and persuasiveness of his rhetoric, yet his fame as a speaker rests upon those avalanchian sweeps of logic which he hurls with such resistless torrent down the mountain sides of argument. And though his elocution reveals around the top of the stately columns of prose, and ever and anon, in sublimer mood, towers amid the very stars of a gorgeous and luminous diction, it can no more be compared to the potent and serious force of his reasoning faculties than can the sheet lightning of the summer cloud be compared to the quivering and death-dealing flash, which goes hurtling forth from the thundering bosom of the storm. And Vance is always Vance; and find him when you will, you will see that his well-kept quiver is always bristling with the arrows of argument, railery, illustration, sparkling wit and corrosive sarcasm, which he can always fling out with well-directed aim and telling effect. As we said above, he never disappoints an audience, and many of his efforts come glittering with some of the richest diadems of beauty that ever crowned the brow of thought.

And we have seen Ransom on great occasions, and he too always comes up to expectation, and never yet have we seen him fail to add brighter and rosier tints to the already bright and lustrous escutcheon of renown. We remember one occasion particularly. It was six years ago, but we remember it as vividly as if it had been yesterday. It was in Snow Hill at a political meeting, and we wish we could depict Ransom as he appeared on that occasion and describe the magical effect of that wonderful speech. But there are some things which cannot be described. The glorious attributes of loveliness which throws around woman the rapture-world of witchery and sweet enchantment; the musical and awe-inspiring roar of the ocean, when its deep-toned organ is swept by the storm-king in his glory; the hurtling flash of the lightning when it goes quivering through the skies on a pavement made of clouds; the exquisite coloring of the rose, when rapture gazed and made it blush; the delicious perfume of the violets, when rude winds trample their life-breath out; the variegated hues of sunset, when cloudlets go rushing to the very brink of the sky to catch upon their fleecy cheeks the last rosy kiss of the departing day—these are things which cannot be described, and neither can that wonderful speech. For two hours he stood, like Cocles at the bridge, and hurled back the Marmalukes of misrepresentation which had assailed the escutcheon of the Democratic party. And as he thus stood, with lips tremulous with the quivering pulses of deep feeling, and his eyes flashing out the light his soul had kindled, he seemed inspired for the work in hand, and he poured forth the pent-up fires of indignation in streams as burning and as withering as those which rushed through the lips of Mark Anthony, when over the dead body of the mighty Caesar he silenced

the curses of the rabble at the market place, and turned their hisses into shouts of applause as they were made to feel that the "very stones of Rome should rise in mutiny." Never did we enjoy a richer "feast of reason and flow of soul." He carved, as if he had been spreading a dish for the gods, and never have we witnessed before such well-poised and graceful strokes. It was one of the grandest efforts we ever heard; and since hearing it and contrasting it with some of the mighty ones the gifted Vance has made, it is difficult to decide "Under which king, oh Bezonian," shall the banner of preference be floated. And yet there is no rivalry between them, for both are crowned in their respective realms, and the garlands they wear are woven out of flowers entirely different. Vance, in the towering strength of his granitic logic, ever which, ever and anon, the aurora borealis of his flashing wit plays with its twinkling electricity, is grand, unapproachable and sublime; while Ransom, amid the magnificently-chiseled columns of his polished logic, around which creep the vines of the most luxuriant rhetoric in which glisten the sparkling dew-drops of richest fancy, is glorious, matchless and superb. The eloquence of one is like the bewildering coruscations of the flashing meteor—sudden, dazzling, thrilling, glorious; while that of the other is like the gleaming of the stately evening star—bright, steady, serene, beautiful. The language of one is like a mountain torrent—bold, strong, vigorous, sweeping, sometimes beautiful and ever bearing on its limpid current the richest argosies of truth and wisdom; while that of the other is like the crystal purity of the silver deeps of mudless lakes—clear, pure, pellucid, sparkling, stainless, and nursing upon its voluptuous bosom the purest gems of intellectual worth and culture. The manner of one, when fully aroused, is like the breath of the storm, when "forests are rended and navies are stranded;" while that of the other is like the swell and sweep of the sea, when its tides are seeking their homes on the beach. The argumentative power of one is strong, convincing, overpowering, and falls like the trip-hammer strokes of Vulcan, when beating out judgments for eternity; while that of the other is pleading and persuasive and winning, and falls like the honied notes of lovers, when sheltered in vines from the glance of the moon-beams. Both are kings, and both stand peerless in that area where Titans meet in combat; and both are brightest jewels in the coronet of North Carolina's glory.

[WRITTEN FOR THE MIRROR.]

YESTERDAY AND TOMORROW.

BY MRS. E. M. ANDERSON.

The day was done, and its cares were o'er,
And in the eventide,
Grandfather sat with his head bowed low,
At the cheerful fireside.

And on a stool at his feet,
A curly headed boy,
Watched the flames, and his eager face,
Lit up with childish joy.

Grandfather's face wore a peaceful smile,
Calm and serene he seemed,
As the flickering firelight danced on the wall
While he sat by the fire and dreamed.

"Of what are you thinking Granpa?" said I,
"In the firelight what have you seen?"
"Of the days that are past and gone," he replied,
"Of the happy days that have been."

And a tear-drop stood in his mild soft eye,
And he turned his head away;
There in gentle voice he said again,
"I was thinking of yesterday."

"And of what are you thinking?" I asked
of the boy,
Whose young life had known no sorrow;
Said he, with rosy face upturned,
"I was thinking of TO-MORROW—"

When the sunlight shines on the hills again
And gladdens all with its light,
What happy times I'll have!" said he—
And his bright eye flashed with light.

With a strange, new thought, I walked
away,
And asked myself, Is it true
That the aged e'er muse on the days that
are gone,
While the youthful think of the new?

The future tempts the young and the gay,
And life before them is bright,
And there's joy for the old in looking back
If the life they have lead be right.

A MIXTURE.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS EUPHONIOUSLY ELUCIDATED.

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

A land of distress—Wales.
On strike—a parlor match.
Bank examiners—burglars.
Light headed—the locomotive.
A shepherd's crook—a sheep stealer.
The seaboard—salt pork and hardtack.
A serious case—a doctor without one.
News of the weak—the hospital reports.
The home stretch—a nap on the lounge.
Two for a scent—a pair of blood-hounds.
With the builder it's either put up or shut up.
The latest thing out—generally your match.
In the matter of fans the Chinese take the palm.
A sea captain is usually the mainstay of his family.
The "nimble shilling" must be made out of quicksilver.
Milk that is absolutely pure, must be milk of the first water.
Norfolk has received 419,043 bales of cotton this season.
A mule is not necessarily an artist because he can draw.
Kenna, of West Virginia, thinks "he will get there." We hope so.
Will L. Scott has been waltzing with the handsome Mrs. Cleveland.
Secretary Whitney has proved a fine success as a Naval Secretary.
Italy is suffering from a financial deficit of \$50,000,000 in her budget.
The lighthouse keeper ought to be well posted in light housekeeping.
New York can stand the rag and tag, but it can't endure the boottail car.
The shades of night are not fast colors. The morning light fades them.
A beetle can dray twenty times its own weight. So can a mustard plaster.
It is not surprising that an alma mater should give her students a diploma.
Judge Merrick, of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, is dead.
When a man sits down and reflects, it does not always prove that he is brilliant.
A manse, little friend, is a house and a romance ought to be a boat-house, but it is not.
All men are born free and equal, according to law; but all of them do not stay that way.
Now say the bees after the hive is prepared for them. "We'll make things hum here."
A spirit thermometer is best for cold-weather purposes, because there is always a drop in it.
An exchange says: "the buttermilk habit is spreading." So is the butter habit for that matter.
Shrewd inquiries are being made as to whether the cup of sorrow has a saucer. Can any one tell?
Knowledge is the accumulation of facts and ideas; but education is the improvement of experience.
There is nothing so sweet as a duty, and all the best pleasures of life come in the wake of duties done.
"Mama," said little Willie, inspecting a porous plaster, "are them holes where the pain comes through."
A man who has an exalted opinion of himself, always has great respect for whoever agrees with him.
Resolve rather to err by too much flexibility than too much perverseness; by meekness than by self-love.
A wedding ceremony shouldn't pass off too smoothly. For instance, there should be a hitch of some kind.
One of the parachute jumpers has been killed out West in falling from his balloon. He took a drop too much.
"The churn must go," says an agricultural exchange. Of course it must, in order that the butter may come.
Whoever would be sustained by the hand of God, let him constantly lean upon it; whoever would be defended by it, let him patiently repose himself under it.

"Be sunny, girls, be sunny," says Ella Wheeler Wilcox. We don't see how they can, but still they daughter be.

A spiritual miud has something of the nature of the sensitive plant. There is a holy shrinking away from evil.

God openeth many hearts with gentle picklocks. While with others He useth the crowbar of terrible Judgements

Bill collectors sometimes imitate the promoters of a colonization scheme and offer special inducements to settlers.

A Pittsburg man has a parrot which can say "Polly wants a cracker!" in three different languages. She is a Pollygot.

No one has ever yet been able to explain why a kiss is such a pleasant thing, but the subject is being constantly investigated.

It is hardly fair to sneer at a carpenter because you see him driving every day Driving nails is not a luxurious pastime.

Those who piously and conscientiously discharge the duties of the closet usually prosper in temporal and spiritual blessings.

The lessons of life make deeper impressions than the lessons of books, because they touch the heart before they reach the head.

Let those who would affect singularity with success first determine to be very virtuous, and they will be sure to be very singular.

You must love in order to understand love. One act of charity will teach us more of love of God than a thousand sermons.

Nothing can equal the postage stamp for evenness of temper and calm. You can lick it until it perspires in every pore, but it won't even change color.

It is said that the English government is in full accord with ours on the Samoan question, and will uphold the treaty made with ours and the German government.

American genius should utilize the grasshoppers. There is no doubt they could be dried, pulverised and made into soup cakes for the use of the army and navy.

The senate of Arkansas has passed a concurrent resolution requesting their representatives in Congress to use their utmost efforts to defeat the Blair Educational bill.

Rumor comes from Midlothian Texas, that a strip of earth near that place 200 feet sank a few days ago, carrying with it a part of Fort Worth and New Orleans railroad.

Germany has presented a proposition in regard to the settlement of the Samoan affair which it is probable the United States will accept. It accords with the position held by Mr. Bayard.

The number of millionaire Senators, estimated now at from 30 to 32, or nearly one half the entire Senate, has increased by the choice of Gen. W. D. Washburn to succeed Sabin from Minnesota. Washburn is a railroad president, is worth \$5,000,000 and lives in a \$1,000,000 house at Minneapolis. He was born in Livermore, Me., in 1830 is a graduate of Bowdoin College. He made his money in lumber.

For the first time in the history of Atlanta a colored lawyer appeared in the city court last week as attorney for an unfortunate member of his own race. The lawyer was ex-Minister to Liberia Charles H. J. Taylor, who will hereafter practice his profession in Atlanta. He won his first case. When the verdict was announced the large crowd of colored people who attended the court cheered Taylor on his victory.

The report of the Commissioner of Agriculture for the State of Georgia shows that the average cash price of bacon in that State for 1888 was 9.71 cents a pound—the credit price 12.3 cents. The average credit was for four months. Corn, cash price 77 cents, credit price 98 cents. The advance is about 26 per cent. for four months' credit or 6.5 per month, or 78 per cent. per annum. The Commissioner actually congratulates the farmer on having reduced the rate from 108 per cent. last year to 78 per cent. this year. He attributes this "encouraging reduction" to the efforts of the Farmers' Alliance.

Opium and Liquor Habits Cured Without Nervous Shock or Distress.

OUR DOUBLE CHLORIDE OF GOLD REMEDIES for the Cure of the OPIUM and LIQUOR HABITS, have been on the market for 10 years, during which time they have never failed to make a cure of either Habit, where they have been given even a meagre chance. We will cure OPIUM Patients at their own homes in from 4 to 6 weeks, painlessly, and without loss of food, sleep or occupation. We easily cure DRUNKENNESS inside of Three weeks. Full proof of the above furnished, and Literature for the Cure of either Habit sent free on application. Address, The Leslie E. Keeley Co., Dwight, Livingston County, Illinois.

STATE NEWS.

FROM THE DEEP BLUE SEA TO THE GRAND OLD MOUNTAIN.

An Hour Pleasantly Spent With Our Delightful Exchanges.

Tarboro is to have water-works.
Asheville is full of Northern visitors.
Durham has a pork packing establishment.
Shaw University, Raleigh, has 300 students.
Asheville's electric street railway is a success.
Reidsville expects to have a cotton factory soon.
The copper mine business of Granville is on a boom.
The truckers around Clinton proposes to organize an association.
A new county is wanted from parts of Richmond and Robeson.
Shad have made their appearance in the eastern part of the State.
It is rumored that an evening paper will be published in Asheville.
A company has been organized to build a large opera house at Asheville.
It is said that it costs the State \$130 per annum to support each convict.
Sampson county' poor house contains four generations of the same family.
The hotel men of the State will hold a convention at Morehead City in May.
The silver mine just discovered in Caldwell county yields \$370 per ton of quartz.
The Iron Works at Rocky Mount is on a boom. It is doing more work than ever.
The Cabarrus Black Boys is the largest company of the State Guard. It numbers 73.
The cotton factory at Tarboro is expected to begin work by the middle of February.
There are more pupils at the Deaf Dumb and Blind Asylum than ever before at one time.
The Supreme Court last week granted license to practice law to nineteen applicants.
The Rocky Mount Bottling Company is a new enterprise just started at Rocky Mount.
When all the old bonds are funded the bonded debt of North Carolina will be \$6,408,511.
It is reported that Holly Springs, Wake county, is to have a large oil mill at an early day.
Wilmington's business men have formed an organization for the purpose of developing that city.
It is rumored that the railroad from Springhope to Raleigh will be built this spring and summer.
Mr. John Adams, of Harnett county has plowed 77 summers and never took a dose of medicine in his life.
There are fifteen counties in the State that produce as much grain as Hyde which is called the granary of the State.
Amma Ellis, colored, was hanged at Clinton on the 29th of January for killing his father. The execution was witnessed by 3,000 people.
The motion to advance the case of Cross and White has been granted by the U. S. Supreme Court and will be heard on the third Monday in March.
There is talk now of building a railroad from Salisbury to Wadesboro. This will complete an almost air line from the former place to Charleston, S. C.
Durham county has twenty-one Farmers' Alliances. Chatham has forty-nine—the largest number of any in the State. There are fourteen hundred and fifty-three in the State.
It is rumored that the C. F. & Y. V. railroad will, upon the completion of the Wilmington extension, have its own lines of ocean steamers to New York, Baltimore and Norfolk.
The meeting at Raleigh in the interest of an extension of the Atlantic and North Carolina road to Charlotte, determined to apply for a charter to build a road from Goldsboro to Charlotte independent of but to connect with the A. & N. C. The distance is 160 miles and it is estimated that \$10,000 a mile would build it.