

THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

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HOLY WEEK.

A SHORT SENTIMENTAL SERMON.
BY HENRY BLOUNT.

A Reflection of His Own Heart's
Beatings, as He Sits all Alone in
His Dreamings.

This is Holy Week, because of the sad and hallowed events which preceded the crucifixion of our blessed Saviour and which have made it as sweet and as dear and as tender and as touching to the Christian's heart as the hallowed trinkets that love used to wear. Sunday was Palm Sunday, for on that day our sweet and precious Saviour made his triumphant entrance into Jerusalem, and the people scattered palm branches before him, crying: "Hosanna, blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord." Monday is solemnized by his re-entrance into Jerusalem where He ejected the money changers from the Temple. On Tuesday He delivered some wise and ever to be remembered parables, and foretold the destruction of the Temple and Jerusalem. On Wednesday He foretold His betrayal. On Thursday night He instituted the Lord's Supper, which has been such a strength and such a comfort and such a solace through all the centuries that have flown a down the hoary channel of frosted Time. On the same night he was arrested, bound in chains and carried a captive to the High Priest. What a picture! He who could drown the shame and corruption and the iniquities of sin in the crimson current of His own precious life tide, and make our own lives whiter than snow—yea this Man was a bound prisoner, waiting for the morrow's sun to be crucified for the redemption of the world. The day at last dawned, and with the cross upon His wearied shoulders He ascended the steep of Calvary, and there amid the jeers and the jibes of the mocking multitude and cruel scenes of bitter trial and severest torture He bowed His head and gave up the Ghost. It was finished. What was finished? God's plan of Salvation—the glorious atonement for the sins of the world. The debt was canceled. A crucified Saviour paid it all. In the precious libation which poured down the tragic steep of Calvary, sin lost its stain, and all hearts could be made whiter than snow. Yes, the dark stain of Adam's transgressions, which has polluted and soiled and stained every single ripple in that big stream of humanity which has been flowing to eternity with its dark crested bosom of death and despair, could now be blotted out and removed forever; for when that stream once touches Calvary's blessed slopes, the blood which trickled there is sufficient to wash all stains away, and make every single ripple in humanity's big current ready and fit to mingle with those pure and crystal waves of immortality that roll around the throne of God.

Yes the blood of a loving Saviour can wash all sins away. What a comfort, what a blessing, and what a glorious sacrifice, He paid it all. He satisfied the debt we owed. When he bowed His head and died, Justice sheathed her uplifted sword, and looking up to Heaven, shouted with a voice that made the earth quake with a terrible commotion: "Tis finished." And then continents reeled, and mountains groaned as the glorious shout was made. It was caught up by the voice of the air and murmured amid the flowery glens, whispered among the mossy rock rocks, sang amid the budding trees, chorused among the blooming flowers, sounded in the echoing flood, thundered in the answering storm, trumpeted in the responsive hurricanes—till every rippling wave and dimpling tide and foaming billow, till every mountain peak and ocean's deepest cave caught up the shout as it went with the lightnings flash along the circling track, and as the reverberation of that pealing shout, bearing the glorious tidings, flew from earth to star, from star to sun, from sun to Heaven, listening angels caught up the thrilling strains, and shouted it with purified accents upon every floral hill of the celestial city of God which rocked, chimed, and resounded and reverberated with the exultant echo "it is finished! salvation is free! the world has been redeemed; and sinners have been given a birth right to splendid immortality."

Thank God for His great goodness and mercy in allowing His Son to die upon Calvary, for in that blessed death sinners find eternal life in Heaven.

Slander.

There is nothing which wings its flight so swiftly as calumny; nothing which is uttered with more ease, nothing which is listened to with more readiness, or dispersed more widely. Slander soaks into the mind as water soaks into low and marshy places, where it becomes stagnant and offensive. The tongue of slander is never tired, in one form or another it manages to keep itself in constant employment. "Like death, it loves a shining mark," and is never so available and eloquent, as when it can blight the hopes of the noble minded, soil the reputation of the pure, and break down or destroy the character of the brave and strong. No soul of high estate can take delight in slander. It proves that somewhere in the soul there is a weakness—a vile, evil nature. That man who attempts to bring down and depreciate those who are below him does not thereby elevate himself. He rather sinks himself, while those whom he traduces are benefited rather than injured by the slanders of one so base as he. He who indulges in slander like one who throws ashes to the windward, which come back to the same place and cover him all over. To be continually subject to the froth of slander will tarnish the purest virtue, as a constant exposure to the atmosphere will obscure the lustre of the finest gold. How small a matter will stain a slanderous report a mere hint, a significant look, a mysterious corrupt glance directing attention to a particular person, is often amply sufficient to start the tongue of slander. Never speak evil of another, even with a cause. Remember we all have our faults, and if we expect charity from the world we must be charitable ourselves. A word once spoken can never be recalled; therefore it is prudent to think twice before we speak, especially when ill is the burden of our talk. Speak no ill of a friend, nor speak any of an enemy. There is seldom anything uttered in malice which returns not to the heart of the speaker. Deal tenderly with the absent—say nothing to inflame a wound on their reputation. They may be wrong and wicked, yet your knowledge of it does not oblige you to disclose their character, except to save others from injury. Then do it in a way that bespeaks a spirit of kindness for the absent offenders. On many a mind and many a heart there are sad inscriptions deeply engraved by the tongue of slander, which no effort can erase. They are more durable than the impression of the diamond on the glass, for the inscription on the glass may be destroyed by a blow, but the impression on the heart will last forever. Let not the sting of calumny sink too deeply in your soul. Know that slander is not long lived, provided your conduct does not justify them and that truth, the child of time, ere long will appear to vindicate you.

TO MY IDOL.

What a dark and gloomy feeling
Weighs upon my aching brain,
Weighs the heavier by concealing
That which feeds my mental pain.
Yes, a gloomy sadness reigneth,
Reigneth o'er a dream now dead,
For my heart in anguish knoweth
Every hope for you has fled.
But my breast which fondly cherished,
That sweet hope to win your love,
Will most fondly nurse your image
Till we meet in bliss above;
And when some more favored lover,
Hugs that graceful form of thine,
Please remember all his worship,
Is not so pure and strong as mine.

Old Maids.

Her days are days of pleasantness, and her nights are nights of peace. She goes to bed when she pleases, and does not leave one ear uncovered to listen for the uncertain steps and wavering night-key of a late coming husband. Neither does she turn restlessly on her pillow beside a sober, snoring spouse, and wonder where the children's school books or the family flannels are to come from; but she drops into peaceful slumber to dream of her old love, and wake to wonder whether married life with him could ever have become the sordid, meagre affair it is to so many husbands and wives.

"Excommunicated" said our punster today as we threw a rejected communication in the waste basket.

A MIXTURE.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS EUPHONIOUSLY ELUCIDATED.

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

Reform is necessity.
Handy things—gloves.
Fruit of the front gates—pairs.
A disagreeable vice—advice.
Whooping 'em up—the coopers.
Down in the mouth—the palate.
Woman is first cousin to flowers.
A strong attachment—the Sheriffs.
Excess of duty speaks a lack of mind.
Not aloud—a man reading to himself.
Keeping his spirit level—the carpenter.
Silence and reflection cause no dejection.
A ghost of a show—the living skeleton.
Many a hair is caught in the invisible net.
Paying the piper—settling the plumber's bill.
Death's door is locked with a skeleton key.
The days follow each other, but not alike.
Don't get "short" if you want to get along.
Newspapers are the seconds hands of history.
Good is slow; it climbs. Evil is swift; it descends.
He, who foresees calamities, suffers them twice over.
Beyond the pale of civilization—the barbaric bucket.
Since life is but a span why should a man want a four-in-hand.
The sweet meets of life—visiting the object of your affection.
The influence of the hat manufacturer is felt throughout the land.
A criminal may not court death, but in New York State sparks it.
Don't be an amateur physician. Don't even doctor your accounts.
Cornelius Van Cott has been appointed postmaster of New York city.
There may be wisdom in silence, but silence is far from being wisdom.
It is evident that democracy is gaining ground in the North and the West.
Some men are born rich, some achieve riches, and some never attain a farthing.
In his engagement with Quay, Postmaster-General Wannamaker won the Field.
There are 3000 telegraph operators in London and they are all living on "tick."
"Papa, why do they call a beaver hat a high hat?" "Because, my son, it costs \$8."
When an Indian catches cold on the war-path he has the war whooping cough.
If the Deer Trust keeps on growing it will soon be at lagerheads with the public.
Edwin Booth, the greatest living Shakespearian actor, has been stricken with paralysis.
The fellow who beats the weighing machine, like the Arab, silently steals a weigh.
A lady refers to the time she spends in front of her looking-glass as "moments of reflection."
Miss Mary Anderson sailed by the Germania from New York Thursday for England.
Mr. Robert Lincoln has formally noticed the President of his acceptance of the British Mission.
Judging from the almost daily defalcations announced in the papers, this is the shortage.
We are told of a chiropodist so expert that he claims to have extracted corns from a mistletoe.
There's nothing like leather, excepting of course, the upper crust of the young wife's first pie.
Robert T. Lincoln has accepted the English mission and will sail for England about May 15th.
What horse did Lady Macbeth ride before she bade a fond adieu to her wicked husband?—nightmare.
Secretary Noble is receiving praise from Democrats. Correct. Merit ought to be recognized wherever it is found.

The man who discovers a granite quarry on his vacant building site has reason to rejoice that his lot is a hard one.

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

It is now intimated that Stanly is engaged in the slave trade. Let judgement be reserved until the facts are known.

The Bowery tramp remarked, at the Tombs recently, that he never felt so much put out as when he was taken in.

The many friends of Edwin Booth are gratified that he is much improved, and his early recovery is confidently expected.

A man who comes in possession of a plugged quarter can never know true happiness till he succeeds in passing it on some one.

Senator Vance is improving rapidly at his home, in Buncombe county, N. C., and his remaining eye is stronger than it has been for years.

A kiss is said to be something which "comes by male but not by post." This is an error; we have often known kisses to come by the gatepost.

'Tis said "there is a destiny which shapes our ends." Not always destiny. The shoemaker oftentimes shapes some of our ends when he makes a tight fit.

"The will is as good as the deed." That may be true. We'll take the deed. Lawyers may at any time upset the "will" and there's no telling what you will get.

The Brooklyn Eagle cannot believe that an increase of the salaries of State Legislators would make them any more honest. A man who won't be honest on \$3 per day will steal on ten.

Vermont has already sent a million pounds of maple sugar to market, and the season is not yet closed. Only 7,000,000 pounds of glucose will have to be used to make up the deficiency.

They couldn't understand for a year or more how a certain Boston gambling den could run wide open every night in the year without the police catching on. The proprietor now explains that he used fifteen \$100 bills to blind their eyes.

The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette is after Senator Preston B. Plumb, who was a Colonel of a band of Missouri marauders during the war. The paper convicts him of the robbery and attempted murder of a Union man at Independence, Missouri, during the war.

The New York World has a cartoon representing Halstead at his desk writing with a huge goosequill and on the wall are hanging the scalps of Senators Plumb, Cullon, Everts, Payne, Farwell and Ingalls. There is force in that. A well welded pen is the best scalping-knife ever invented.

Hon. C. R. Breckinridge, who was charged by base partisans with complicity in the murder of Clayton, is using all possible means to bring the guilty to justice. When he ascertained that the Governor was without funds, necessary to follow up the case, he promptly advanced the needed amount.

The Georgia State Farmer's Alliance have resolved that every bale of cotton made by the Alliance men in Georgia shall be covered by cotton cloth instead of jute bagging. This action effects nearly 100,000 farmers and will probably result in the establishment of many new cotton factories in the State.

The recent Democratic victories and increased Democratic vote in the North and West only add to the irrefragible proof that had been adduced before, of the fact that the cause of the National Democratic defeat last fall was a lack, not of Democrats, but of the enthusiasm requisite to make Democrats vote.

The appointment of Van Cott in place of Pearson, as postmaster of New York goes against the grain with the civil service reform Republicans who supported Cleveland four years ago, but voted for Harrison at the last election. Van Cott is one of the old machine politicians. Pearson was a Republican but was kept in by Cleveland, in deference to the demands of business men who endorsed his administration of the affairs.

Hon. John B. J. Cresswell, of Maryland, having been mentioned as probable successor of Justice Mathews on the Supreme Court Bench, the Washington Post says: "Among the great legal luminaries of the country M. Cresswell occupies a foremost place and there is none among them perhaps, better equipped than he for the duties of a Supreme Court Justice in all the requirements, mental, and personal and judicial befitting that position."

STATE NEWS.

FROM THE DEEP BLUE SEA TO THE GRAND OLD MOUNTAIN.

An Hour Pleasantly Spent With Our Delightful Exchanges.

Greensboro is to have electric lights soon.

Thieves in Charlotte seem to be very numerous.

Bishop Watson, is reported better and his friends think he will be out soon.

A great many Raleighites will attend the centennial at New York April 30th.

General W. R. Cox will deliver the address at Wilmington on Memorial Day.

The cold snap of Saturday and Sunday, did no damage to the fruit or vegetables.

Rev. R. G. Pearson will begin a series of meetings in Greensboro in the early part of May.

It is reported that large crops of small grain will be raised in the mountain country this season.

Col. E. J. Parish has sent in his resignation as Col. of 3rd Regiment North Carolina State Guard.

Two hundred hands will be sent soon from the penitentiary to work on the Roanoke & Southern railroad.

Dr. S. S. Satchwell, has removed from Rocky Point to Burgaw, where he will practice his profession.

A meeting of the Wake county cattle club will be called in a few days to arrange for the cattle show in May.

The Wilmington, Onslow and East Carolina railroad will be located at once, it is said, and will be completed by December next.

The Rev. C. C. Newton, of Durham, has been appointed missionary to Africa by the Southern Baptist Foreign Mission Board.

J. W. Jordan, colored, has been appointed Postal-Clerk between Wilmington and Rutherford, in the place of Mr. Harrel, removed.

Hon. Walter L. Steele, of Rockingham, will deliver the literary address at the approaching commencement of Oak Ridge Institute.

On Wednesday the 24th of April, at Avoca, Hon. T. J. Jarvis will deliver an address telling among other interesting things, how the people live in Brazil.

Mr. James Brown, the new owner of the Long Island cotton factory, on the Catawba river, has just received machinery for adding 1,000 additional spindles to the factory.

The Rev. J. H. Cordon, of Raleigh, will preach the baccalaureate sermon before the graduating class of the Greensboro Female College on the last Sunday in May.

Durham is excited over the action of the town commissioners last Saturday night in granting the right of way on Peabody street to the Durham and Northern railway. They say it ruins that street.

Mr. John H. Powell, of Goldsboro, has in hand the raising, by subscription, of money sufficient to erect suitable monuments or memorial slabs over the graves of the late Revs. John N. Andrews and Ira T. Wyche, whose remains lie buried in unmarked graves in the cemetery at Goldsboro.

Guilford county was formed in 1770 from Rowan and Orange counties. It was named from Francis, Earl of Guilford in England. At one time it embraced the counties of Randolph and Rockingham. In 1779 Randolph was formed from the South, and in 1785 Rockingham was formed from the North. It is interesting to know that Rowan and Orange counties at one time joined each other.

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