

# THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

VOL VIII.

WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1889.

NO. 22

## HEART DROPS

IN THE DREAD PRESENCE.

Paul Pender at the Death-Shadowed Couch of His Angel Child.

Yes, the shadows have fallen, and the sunlight of her brief existence has risen beyond the dark cloud of suffering and death. Ere the flower had opened its petals to the spring-time of life, before the heart had been blackened, seared by the blighting hand of sorrow, ere the bloom of womanhood had mantled her cheek, in the first warm blush of infancy the north wind came with its withering blight, touched our beautiful bud, and it faded; ere the grain had lifted its graceful head into the bright sunshine of the Summer of youth the reaper Death came and laid low theasket in which our heart's treasure had bloomed and brightened, and left only the still, cold miniature of her who had been our comfort and peace. We sit by the side of the cold and lifeless form of our little jewel, in our last earthly watch—so cold, so still, the little hands lay in all their matchless beauty upon the faultless breast, a tiny curl falling down upon the beautiful forehead. The merry peals of laughter, the sweet smile of childhood's innocence now lives in memory only; the tender look of childish affection will greet us never more in life. We gaze long and tenderly upon the beautiful features of our darling from whence all signs of pain had fled, and behold a perfect semblance of refreshing sleep. We can but ask our own heart, Is this death? Is this the end? Is this annihilation? Then a still, small voice whispers away down in the most secret labyrinths of our soul, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live; and whosoever believeth in me shall never die." Believeth thou this? Away with the false theories of man, the pet hobby of so-called science, the vain sophistry of this world—for in the presence of the dark Angel of Death the soul speaks forth only in the language of its Creator, and the mind loosened from its moorings, soars to the great Beyond, pierces the veil and invades the sphere of that other life which will flow on peacefully forever where time shall be no more. So our jewel has left its tenement of clay, and by power divine it has thrown off the shackles of sin and sorrow, pain and death, triumphed in the last bitter struggle, and entered upon a higher, holier, nobler existence. A voice from our heart bears witness that this form before us, now so white, so still and beautiful, is but the shell, that mortality has put on immortality, that corruption has been overcome and that incorruption has taken its place in the spirit world. The beautiful spirit-moth, the chrysalis, has left its earthly tabernacle; burst its bonds and now roams the golden streets amid the jasper walls, or wanders through the Elysian Fields, where everlasting youth and spring abide, and never-withering flowers "Bloom and blossom bright and fair, load with sweets the ambient air." The little feet will never totter along life's pathway more, but rest, sitting entranced under the broad blaze of the glory in the presence of the great White throne, under the approving smile of her crucified Redeemer, surrounded by all the angelic hosts, where faith meets with full fruition, and time is lost in the vast cycles of Eternity. Those little fingers so lately clasped in a delirium of fever and agony, now tremble with celestial skill as they touch with infinite grace the strings of Heaven's golden lyre, awakening chords of exquisite harmony never heard by mortal ear, whose mellow cadence will vibrate in eternal echoes throughout a vast eternity, and whose sweet tones are made alone by Heaven's own choristry. And on that brow, so cold and still here, but peerless and beautiful there, rests a crown resplendent, not in gold or sordid jewels, not of silver, but formed by the Great High Priest, who has fashioned it Himself and burnished it with His own precious blood, that its translucent rays may never be dimmed by the passage of countless ages.

## CALIFORNIA TRAGEDY.

Judge Field tried a case in which the wife of Judge Terry was plaintiff. On rendering his decision adversely to her, she, woman like, could not hold her tongue in the court-house, and the Judge ordered her to be taken from the court room. A ruffianly U. S. Marshal was about to rudely lay hands on her when Judge Terry demanded that he should not touch her.

Whereupon Judge Field had Terry imprisoned for six months for contempt of court, and the wife rudely seized and taken from the court room. On meeting him afterwards in a public dining room on August 14th, 1889, Terry slapped him in the face, whereupon Field's henchman drew a pistol and shot Terry dead on the spot. Judge Field, though a Judge of the U. S. Supreme Court, had no more right to carry around with him a man to fight for him than any other citizen, and when he employed such, and without proper justification, and his fighting man commits homicide it is murder, and the Judge and his aiders and abettors are guilty as accessories.

## RESIGNATION.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,  
But one dead lamb is there;  
There is no fireside, howe'er defended,  
But has one vacant chair.

The air is full of farewells to the dying,  
And mournings for the dead;  
The heart of Rachel for her children crying,  
Will not be comforted.

Let us be patient; these severe afflictions  
Not from the ground arise,  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mist and vapors,  
Amid these earthly damps;  
What seems to us but dire funereal tapers,  
May be Heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death; what seems so is transition.  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portals we call death.

She is not dead—the child of our affection,  
Has but gone unto that school  
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,  
For Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,  
By guardian angels led,  
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,  
She lives whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing,  
In those bright realms of air;  
Year after year her tender steps pursuing,  
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken  
The bond which nature gives,  
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,  
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;  
For when, with raptures wild,  
In our embraces we again enfold her,  
She will not be a child.

But a fair maiden in the Father's Mansion,  
Clothed with celestial grace,  
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion  
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion  
And anguish long suppressed,  
The swelling heart heaves, moaning like the ocean,  
That cannot be at rest.

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling  
We cannot wholly stay;  
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,  
The grief that must have way.

## PRAISE.

A child sat on the door sill sobbing, when a shrill voice rang out, "Come in this minute, you good-for-nothing thing." And the little one rose and murmured, "Always blamed me," and with reluctant steps she entered the house. Just across the way a beautiful little girl was chasing the butterflies, when a charming woman appeared at the window, and in a voice as silvery as the rippling brook, said "Come in mother's darling!" Oh, what a world of difference in those homes! One of the workhouse of unrequited toil, the other the blessed habitation of paradise! Praise is the expression of the soul's beatitude. "Praise the Lord, ye heavens; adore Him, praise Him all ye Sons of Light." There is no land without its fens, its chasms and its precipices, but who thinks of presenting them in panorama, while silver lakes sleep unobserved, and landscapes flecked with golded grain, delicious fruits, and beauteous flowers have no place in the picture. Bring out the good and beautiful and sound the loud timbrel. Praise our land; sing praises, all ye people. Salute the morning with exultant song, and over night's dark sea send rippling waves of melody. Let no man be content to live in State or city he cannot praise. There is no good there, and he himself breeds infection. You will spoil your child with praise. No, indeed, not with judicious praise. Praise everything that admits of praise, from the atom that floats in the sunbeam to the Creator of the Universe.

## A MIXTURE.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS EUPHONIOUSLY ELUCIDATED.

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

The corn crop is abundant  
The baby has a rattling time.

On the safe side—The cashier.  
London contains 90,000 paupers.

Canadian industries are prospering.  
A swell affair—A bullfrog chorus.

There are 342,000 miles of railroad.  
She Shah is still the rage in Europe.

A bill sticker—A determined collector.  
The barber's motto—Cut and come again.

The debt of New York city is \$88,000,000  
It is the dog watch whose bark is on the sea.

England is constructing fifty-two warships.  
Ex-Congressman Rice, of Minnesota, is dead.

There are now 101 geographical societies in the world.  
A "sweet potato Trust" has been formed at Baltimore.

About 30,000 people a day go up the Eiffel Tower.  
A chemist's affairs are always in a state of liquidation.

There are 9,000 women doctors in the United States.  
Coal is \$18 a ton and gas \$8 a thousand in Venezuela.

"I smoothed everything over as the laundress said.  
Iowa has paid off her last dollar of State debt—\$90,000.

Even a small barber may be called a strapping fellow.  
Yellow fever has broken out on the Isthmus of Panama.

The thermometer gains notoriety by degrees, so to speak.  
The number of dogs licensed in New York city is 8,032.

People who wear pepper-and-salt suits are always in season.  
"Buffaloes are bred in Kansas," it is said. They are meat elsewhere.

The Willmiansburg, Va., Gazette, established 1829, has suspended.  
Hon. Chauncey Depew, of New York, dined with Gladstone last week.

The selfish man has most presence of mind—He never forgets himself.  
A diamond is hardened enough not to feel cheap, even though it is cut.

The population of the city of New York, by the latest calculation, is 1,753,610.  
"Sofa so good," remarked the young man who couldn't get too close to his best girl.

"This is my sphere," said a happy wife, as she patted her bald-headed husband on the pate.  
The value of all the boots and shoes manufactured in the United States in 1880 was \$166,050,352.

"Brass bands are on the increase throughout the country." Even the dogs wear them on their necks.  
A rule that works both ways—When a fleet goes out on a cruise the crews go out on the fleet.

Can the sound in a man's head, when his wife hits him with a rolling pin, be described as a "marriage ring?"  
The Georgia House of Representatives has passed a bill making Robert E. Lee's birthday a State holiday.

When a young lady tells a young man that she will not have him, does it tie him up in a beau knot, as it were?  
"My motto is 'Live and let Live,'" said the soldier as he turned his back to the enemy and fled from the battle-field.

"Would you like to be lynched?" asked an exasperated Missouri farmer of a horse thief.  
"No, I'll be hanged if I do," was the reply.

"I will now proceed to extremities," remarked the fond father, raising his right foot and aiming it at the flying form of a young man.

What is the difference between preacher builder, and the architect of a church?—one is the rector, the other is the erector, and the other the director.

Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage was arrested in Minnesota last week on an order of arrest in a civil action for \$2,500 damages for a breach of contract to deliver a course of lectures last year.

John L. Sullivan, the champion prize fighter, has been sentenced to one year's imprisonment in the penitentiary for his recent fight in Mississippi with Jake Kilrain. The latter has also been arrested, and will share a similar fate.

There is an Indiana man in Washington, an old friend of President Harrison and Attorney General Miller, who is said to have made a good living since March 4 introducing office seekers to them at \$10.00 for Harrison and \$5 for Miller.

Now comes a sweet potato trust, recently organized in Baltimore under the name of Sweet Potato Supply Co. The Capital stock is \$22,000, and divided into 220 shares of \$100 each. Every day adds to the already long catalogue of oppressive combinations.

So Tennessee is to celebrate the 103d anniversary of the rustic but once famous David Crockett. He was a Tennessean, and was in the United States Congress. He was ignorant and unlettered comparatively, but was of heroic mould and a great hunter.

Extensive preparations are being made to celebrate the 103d anniversary of Davy Crockett's birthday on the farm where he was born, near Limestone, Tenn. Among the guests will be R. P. Crockett, of Cranberry, Texas, the only living son of the frontiersman.

A syndicate, representing principally foreign capital, has issued a circular letter proposing to purchase all of the leading cotton mills in the North; the amount already subscribed is stated to be more than sufficient to buy the whole cotton industry of America.

There is no truth in the rumor that the Shah of Persia and the Sultan of Turkey are about to embrace christianity. It is "Christian Science" that they believe in. They prefer it with the bowstring and sack attachment, which would not be out of place applied to males of the Worthington tribe.

Gen. Estes has lost his position in the P. O. Department. Leach, Quay's private secretary, said he gave General Estes \$5,000 before the election for campaign purposes, and that Gen. Estes failed to account for it afterwards. Upon this charge Quay requested Wannamaker to remove General Estes, and it was done.

The striking miners of Illinois are stared in the face by actual starvation. Their lot is indeed a hard one. If they work at the wages to which the present system has reduced them, they half starve; if they refuse the wages they quite starve. The solid vote of Illinois miners will nevertheless probably be driven by the bosses into the protection ranks at the very next election.

It is said that a deal is now being effected in New York whereby the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew is to be the successor of Hon. W. M. Evarts in the United States Senate. He will turn over the presidency of the New York Central Railroad to Cornelius Vanderbilt, and enter into active politics. He has accumulated great wealth, and is anxious to get back into politics. He will run as an anti-Administration candidate.

Governor Seay, of Alabama, is not to be trifled with. He will see to it that mad duellists do not violate the soil of Alabama. He will make a demand upon Governor Gordon, of Georgia, for Williamson and Calhoun, and it will be honored. We hope the violators will be punished, and that this will be a warning to all hot-brained fighters that States may not be invaded with impunity for murderous purposes.

The movement to prevent an organization of the House by the Republican caucus seems to be gaining, according to the Herald Washington correspondent. Some of the shrewdest politicians in the South are taking a hand. Both white and colored are dissatisfied with the small share of patronage they have been getting, and a combination is said to be forming which will embrace both white and black leaders, and is likely to control a number of Southern Congressmen. Among the leaders of this movement are Chauncey I. Filley and T. B. Keogh. A slate for the House officers has been fixed up, and as these officers receive in salaries the handsome sum of \$500,000 a year the prize is worth fighting for.

## STATE NEWS.

FROM THE DEEP BLUE SEA TO THE GRAND OLD MOUNTAIN.

An Hour Pleasantly Spent With Our Delightful Exchanges.

Hon. Thos. L. Clingman is 70 years old. Statesville is to have a public building.

A local board of health has been organized at Raleigh.

Winston is trying to raise \$100,000 to build a fine hotel.

There are said to be four hundred inhabitants in Burgaw.

Steps have been taken to secure a cotton factory at Murfreesboro.

They have a colored building and loan association in Wilmington.

The shipment of grapes from Raleigh is averaging 4,000 baskets a day.

The people of Stanley county are making a big effort to get a railroad.

The N.C. Tobacco Association will meet at Greensboro on the 26th current.

Dr. E. Porter, of Rocky Point, made \$7,000 last season from his strawberry crop.

A million dollar stock company has been organized in Wilmington with Wm. Latimer, President, for the purpose of manufacturing pine fibre bagging.

Prof. Perry, a balloonist, was killed at Mt. Holly last week by falling from a balloon 400 feet to the ground. He was giving an exhibition and the balloon burst.

Secretary Bain, of the grand lodge of Masons, reports a membership of the order in the State of thirteen thousand, and the increase is more rapid than ever before.

Matthew Gibbs, supposed to be the oldest man in North Carolina, died at his home near Center Sunday morning. Mr. Gibbs was 108 years old, and died of sheer old age.

Mr. W. H. Smith, of Goldsboro, a close observer, and whose opportunities are excellent, says the corn crop in Wayne county was never better and the cotton crop will be better than last year.

It is an astounding statement, nevertheless true, that for about eighty sub-ordinate positions within the gift of the collector of internal revenue in this district there were about two thousand applicants.

Durham now has sixteen passenger trains a day. When the D. & N. puts on another passenger, to connect with the fast mail now on the Raleigh & Gaston railroad, and the Lynchburg road is put in running order, there will be no telling how many trains she will have.

The first printing press erected in North Carolina was brought from Virginia to New Berne by James Davis during the year 1749 and was used until the year 1765 in printing the laws and proceedings of the General Assembly, when he began the publication of a weekly newspaper called "The North Carolina Magazine or Universal Intelligencer," the first paper ever published in North Carolina.

The following is as far as known a complete list of the Fairs which are to be held in the State this year: Fruit fair, Winston, August 21-22; Mt Holly, August 5-10; Newton, September 9-10; Hickory, September 24-27; Cabarrus county, October 14-16; Burlington, October 9-11; Northampton county District Grange Fair, October 9-11; Warrenton, October 9-11; Raleigh October 14-19; Goldsboro, October 22-24; Weldon, October 30 to November 1; Rocky Mount, November 13-15; Fayetteville, November 20-22; Siler City, November

## Opium & 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 CO., ILLINOIS.

John Sullivan