

THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

VOL IX WILSON NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1890. NO 28

ORATORY.

SOME SOBER, SINCERE REFLECTIONS BY HENRY BLOUNT.

As to Senator Ransom's Magnetic Powers as a Thrilling and Impassioned Orator.

The Rockingham Rocket thus comments: "The Wilmington Messenger classes Senator Ransom among the orators of North Carolina. Of course there are differences of opinions, but it is the first time, we believe, that we ever heard Ransom accused of being an orator."

Whether our esteemed Cotemporary ever heard Senator "Ransom accused of being an orator" or not, we are bold to say that he is an orator of very rare powers; for if oratory is that mein, that expression, that action, that fire that must express and delineate and emphasize the thoughts that are contained in the uttered sentences then Senator Ransom is unquestionably an orator in the true sense of that often misapplied expression. According to our idea the true office of oratory is to portray in living manner, and give individuality to thought just like the actor does when he takes the creatures of some writer's brain, and clothes them with all the beautiful habiliments of a graphic and striking and fascinating individuality. By mein, expression, energy, emotion, passion, fire, soul-work the meaning of the sentences must be translated, and this glorious and thrilling interpretation is born under the knightly fatherhood of a genuine and glowing oratory. Oratory is indeed an irresistible power. It is like the sweep of the ocean. It is like the thrilling and inspiring strains of nature's music, whether we catch its melody in the warble of birds in leafy bowers, or in the chant of the billows as they break upon the shore, or in the murmur of the zephyrs at the dying of the day, or in the hoarse breathings of the bass voiced thunder, when the lightning stringed harp of the storm is swept by angels' fingers. Yes, it is a thrilling and irresistible power for it can move the senses, and woo and win and charm and ensnare and thrill and enchant and intoxicate, and make the very senses drunk with the lulling potations of its inebriating witcheries. If oratory were only the communication of information, or the recapitulation of statistics, the newspaper would soon dispose of the orator. But all this is but an element, a material of oratory. It is not merely the statement or the argument. Nor is it only a rhetorical, or passionate, picturesque appeal. But it is all these, penetrating and glowing with the power of living speech. It is called magnetism. Nothing is harder to convey in description or in words the meaning of eloquence, which is the name for the deepest charm of speech. Where it lies is not to be said. It is the most elusive of secrets. It is the spell of the magician, but it is not in the wind nor in the words. It is the voice, the mein, the movement, the tone. It is the song of the cuckoo, "the cry, which made you look a thousand ways in bush and tree, and sky."

Now if we are right as to our views of the office of oratory then we respectfully insist that Senator Ransom is a noble and gifted and true and brilliant representative. We remember so well the first speech we ever heard him make. It was at Snow Hill several years ago. We will never forget the impression it made. His manner and his delivery are as vivid in our recollections now as the moment he kindled those dramatic fires of flaming oratory and left their splendors glistening there. We had read of the iniquities of the oppressive tariff; we had read of the heavy burdens the fettered poor did bear upon chafed and blistering shoulders; we had read of the malfeasance and corruption which had saturated the Republican party, and blackened its record with shame and dishonor; we had read of the atrocities of the Kirk reign of tyranny and terror, but never had we seen those things in all of their glaring horrors until the thrilling Ransom kindled o'er them the fires of oratory, and made every bosom feel the warmth of those flames of passion that burned down into the heart, and left eternal heathless scars upon its quivering tendrils, to serve as a monument to that glowing passion that once had burned so brightly there. For then it was, under the glare of his effulgent fires, we saw and felt as we had never seen and felt before, and seeing and feeling as we did we will never forget

the truths which he burned down into our memories with the fires of his oratory. Yes, for two thrilling hours he stood like Cocles at the bridge and hurled back the Marmalukes of misrepresentation that had assailed the record of the Democratic party; and as he thus stood, with every fibre of his being quivering with the raging heat of the burning fires of dramatic passion, and his lips tremulous with the roaring current of one of the grandest streams of eloquence that we have ever heard leap from the fountain of the tongue we were reminded of those grand and sonorous and cannon-throated thunderings of oratory "that trembled over Greece to Macedon, and shoke Artaxerxes throne." His apostrophe to liberty was the magnificent crowning of magnificent effort, and it dazzled the senses with its glowing sunbursts of eloquence even as the eye is dazzled with those flashing streams of electricity when the storm cloud groans with eternal agonies, and vomits out its forked fires in all of their quivering brilliances. Some of his thoughts were exquisitely poetical and bewitchingly beautiful, for they bloomed in the fertile soil of his luxuriant garden of richest fancy, and blossomed out with all the beautiful tintings of poetic inspiration. His sentences were grandly eloquent, and shot across the sky of his discourse like some of those aerial visitors of light, that pass in meteoric streams of effulgent brightness o'er the bosom of the night, and make a world stand still to watch and gaze in awe and admiration at the beauty and splendor of their radiant passage.

It was unquestionably one of the strongest and most powerful speeches that we have ever heard. It had the sweep of an avalanche down a steep mountain side. It had the rush of the waves when ships are stranded. It had the force of the storm when forests are rended. It was a tornado of logic—wild, set free and unbridled in the grand exercise of its most massive powers. It was a cyclone of argumentation brushing away everything in its resistless sweep and magnificent march to overwhelming conviction. It was ever and anon fully ablaze with the grandest sunbursts of eloquence as it arose in luminous waves of beauty over the orient hill tops of dramatic passion, and thrilled all hearts with the gorgeous streamings of an effulgent splendor. At times he stood like Vulcan, hammering out truths that would out live the ivy that grows upon the tomb of time. At times he stood like Ajax, defying the thunders of malice that were pouring out their bolts of slander upon a brave and noble people. And in vindicating our glorious South-land from the cruel aspersions of hell owned villains he stood like Jupiter as he hurled from the clouds of his righteous indignation the thunder bolts of his withering maledictions upon those who would spread riot in this beautiful sunny land of ours. At this juncture his manner, like the thrilling and bewildering glory of the lightning's quivering flash, was indiscribably grand and glorious, for his thoughts, his passions, his soul caught on fire and flashed out with all that quivering splendor of intensity of utterance that words cannot describe. Suffice it to say that speech was the regal crown of royal eloquence, all studded with those flashing gems of beauty, that will live in the richness of the brilliancy of their own imperishable worth and lustre, and its fervid and impressive and thrilling delivery stamped him as one of the most magnetic orators that ever enslaved an audience with the resistless spell of his conquering powers of witchery and delight.

THE SWEETEST NAME.

If there be one name sweeter than another to a believer's ear it is the name of Jesus. Jesus! it is the name which moves the harps of Heaven to melody. Jesus! the life of all our joys. If there be one name more charming, more precious than another, it is this name. It is woven into the very warp and woof of our psalmody. Many of our hymns begin with it, and scarcely any that are good for anything end without it. It is the sum total of all delights. It is the music with which the bells of Heaven ring; a song in a word; an ocean for comprehension, although a drop for brevity; a matchless oratorio in the syllables; a gathering up of the hallelujahs of eternity in five letters. Yes, it is the name that calms all fear, when death's dark shadows draweth near, for it doth speak of Heaven and rest, and sweetest bliss amid the blest.

A MIXTURE.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS EUPHONIOUSLY ELUCIDATED.

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

Most miseries lie in anticipation. No news is bad news—to editors. England has 45,000 women printers. Car builders are rushed with orders. Without love there is no knowledge. The noblest motive is the public good. There are 1500 carpenters in Milwaukee, Wis.

The English Race—After American girls. Ventilated cars are in great demand for fruit. Use not to-day what to-morrow may want.

Harber not the viper of malice in your heart. The Bank of France employs 160 female clerks. Where there is no combat there is no victory.

Locomotive builders are getting all they can do. Eighty-three thousand Americans are miners. The Duke of Edinburgh is a clever violinist.

Strive to be, not to seem; one is truth, the other dream. The only woman chiropodist in London hails from America.

A good horse meat dinner can be had in Berlin for five cents. Why is it that people with good impulses are generally lazy?

The man who marries a widow knows he isn't marrying amiss. Senator McMillan, of Michigan, is the best dressed man in the Senate.

The striking switchmen on the Union Pacific road have resumed work. Frank Talmage, son of the Brooklyn preacher, will enter the ministry.

The average earnings per year of wage workers in Massachusetts is \$419. Every dog has his day and the cats seem to be quarreling over the night's.

E. P. Sargent has been re-elected Grand Master of the locomotive firemen. It is well to make the best of the world, for you'll never get out of it alive.

The bears are probably responsible for the squeezes on the Stock Exchange. At a marriage curious people watch at the church door to see the tide go out.

The present Sultan of Zanzibar is only one of fifty-seven children of his father. The impress of Austria is charged with smoking from thirty to forty cigarettes a day.

The gold beaters of New York city have won their strike for an increase of wages. The miners of Staffordshire, England, have declared in favor of the eight-hour working day.

Bishop Newman, of the Methodist Church, has given \$5000 toward a university for Japan. An English syndicate has offered \$400,000 cash and \$200,000 stock for the Nova Scotia steel works.

The Southern Pacific road allowed an advance of \$10 a month to breakemen and \$25 to conductors. Mr. Gladstone estimates that a century hence the population of the United States will be 600,000,000.

"Why do they call Africa the Dark Continent?" "Because there's so much black ink shed over it."

When a man says he has nothing to say, it is safe to say that there is a barrel full of facts back of his teeth. The ministers' conference at Halle, Germany, has adopted a resolution in favor of founding a miners' union.

Delegates from forty unions recently held a session at Sydney, Australia, for the purpose of settling the existing labor troubles. The relic hunters are paying fancy prices to the hairdresser of the late Cardinal Newman for cuttings of the great divine's hair.

About two hundred colored girls have taken the places of striking cloakmakers in Philadelphia. They went into the shops partially organized. Some U. S. Inspectors seized all the issues of last week's Atlanta Constitution going into Alabama that contained a lottery advertisement. Field-Marshal Count von Molke will be ninety years old in November, and the whole German army and the schools are to celebrate the day.

Ex-Vice President Hannibal Hamlin, who lives at Bangor, Me., is probably the most ardent, out-and-out, indefatigable fishermen in New England. Queen Victoria is said to be partial to men. She gives eight "levees" for them during a year and only two "drawing rooms" are held for women.

It is said that more than 6000 women work around English mines at surface jobs. The wages they receive scarcely give them the necessities of life. The United Labor League of Philadelphia is making a determined effort to have the city authorities adopt the eight-hour work day on all municipal work.

The Pennsylvania Rail Road Company recently posted a notice in its shops at Pittsburg announcing that nine hours would hereafter constitute a day's work. Hon. John E. Massey, ex-Lieutenant Governor, of Virginia, has gone to Georgia to wed Miss Mattie McCrary, an accomplished young lady of that State.

The Republican Congress has spent \$54,000,000 more than the last Democratic Congress, New York's share of the increased cost is over \$5,000,000, or nearly half of its entire State taxes. Texas is wonderfully prosperous. From all sections come reports of increase of capital and arrival of well-to-do immigrants. The moneys invested for the school fund and the lands held by the State for the same are estimated at \$60,000,000.

It is rumored out in San Francisco that W. E. Sharon, Frank G. Newlands and H. M. Yerington are starting a movement which they hope will result in preventing the re-election of Senator Jones in Nevada, whose term expires in 1891. Should the rumor "pan out," Nevada politicians would strike "rich leads" between now and election time.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller says that his donation of \$1,000,000 to the Chicago University will not be the limit of his aid to that institution. He intends to make it the equal of any educational institution of the country. His daughter is the wife of a Baptist minister, and it was through her influence that his attention was turned to the idea of founding a great Baptist University faculty.

Hon. C. P. Breckinridge, who was recently ousted from Congress by the unscrupulous Republican majority, is now in Arkansas seeking a vindication at the hands of the people. He is opposed by the Rev. Isom P. Langley, formerly a Democrat, but now a candidate of the Union Labor party. A vigorous canvass is being made of the white district, and the Democrats are hopeful of carrying the election. Congressmen Mills of Texas, and Breckinridge, of Kentucky, will speak of the ousted Democrat.

So much mortgaged land in Western Kansas has come into the hands of the hands of the loan companies, through foreclosures and the exodus of farmers, that a syndicate of the mortgages has been formed, known as the "Syndicate Lands Company," to dispose of or cultivate the surrendered acres for the benefit of the combined owners. Their holdings are said to be very large. Probably no other case in landlordism quite so big has grown out of the Western mortgage business.

Like many other great preachers, Cardinal Newman was only strong when he used his pen. Says a careful critic in the Expositor: "All his manuscript, and when the pen was out of his hand his felicity of diction quite failed him. He told me himself he never saw the congregation he was addressing—a fact which, I suppose, by itself, shows he had no oratorical gift. But when he read with slow and musical enunciation the exquisite sentences he had penned in the privacy of his room there was something almost magical in the effect."

STATE NEWS.

FROM THE DEEP BLUE SEA TO THE GRAND OLD MOUNTAINS.

An Hour Pleasantly Spent With Our Delightful Exchanges.

Asheville is to have a new town hall, to cost \$21,000. The town of Marion has voted \$10,000 for street improvements. A poor circus exhibited in Tarboro, Kinston and Goldsboro last week.

A new paper is to be started in Hendersonville called "the Allianceman." Mr. Thomas W. Harris, late owner of Panacea Springs died last week in his 81st year. The knitting mills at Oxford have just been completed and will begin operation at once.

There are now 2,165 Farmer's Alliance in North Carolina, a gain of 389 since last January. Mr. Will T. Rogers, of Raleigh, a native of Kentucky, died in that city Friday in his 59th year.

The Asheville Journal says that the city has 11,834 inhabitants by the count of the directory agent. The work at the Haile gold mine is turning out well. The output is now about \$9,000 per month. Near the mouth of, Neuse river, on the south side, bears are reported very numerous and troublesome.

The Raleigh Visitor is in its 12th year, and is enjoying the patronage which it deserves. It is an excellent city and local paper—few better. The Republicans of the Third district have nominated G. C. Scurlock, a colored man of Cumberland county, as their candidate for Congress.

At the last term of Randolph Superior Court Wheeler, who killed one of the guards at the convict stockade, was convicted of man slaughter. Rev. Dr. Pritchard, is to preach the sermon at the dedication of the beautiful Memorial Baptist church of Greenville, N. C., on the 10th of Oct.

Not far from Nonotla postoffice there lives an Indian gaintess, not quite twelve years of age, who weighs over 200 pounds, and continues to grow in size. Steve Jacobs, the Croatan desperado and outlaw of Robeson county, was to have been hanged Saturday, but for good reasons the Governor respited him until October 10th.

Cards are out for the marriage of Thos. Atkinson Jones, a talented young lawyer of Asheville, N. C., to Miss Josie Myers, of Wilmington, N. C., on Wednesday Oct. 8th, at St. James' church. It is now stated that Col. Al. Fairbrother, editor of the Omaha Bee, who some months ago married Miss Mamie Hatchett, of Henderson, N. C., has purchased the Durham Globe and will take charge October 1st.

We hear that Hon. F. M. Simmons of Newbern, ex-member of Congress on the Democratic side from this district, well known and highly esteemed in this place, is going to Winston to locate, make his home and practice his profession—the law. The Raleigh State Fair officials offer \$25.00 in gold to the person guessing nearest the population of North Carolina—much better award the memory to some excellent feature in the agricultural exhibition, or to some meritorious piece of industrial hand work.

Rev. Jno. W. Moore and wife, of Charlotte, who embarked at San Francisco, August 12th, for Yokohama, reached that port August 28th, after a pleasant voyage. The point of their destination is Kochi, Japan, where they expect to labor as missionaries in the southern Presbyterian church. Nine ladies of virtue and respectability in Iredell county visited a liquor distillery run by a man named Neil, and politely requested him to discontinue the business, as he was selling liquor to minors, and debauching the youth of the community. Being treated with insult and contumely, they proposed to adopt harsher measures, and distinctly gave Mr. Neil to understand that he must leave the neighborhood in ten days.