

THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

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THE CONCERT.

WILSON WOMEN, BEAMINGLY BRILLIANT, BEWITCHINGLY BEAUTIFUL.

No Star that Gemmed the Brow of
Night Displayed a Purer, Richer
Light, than that which Gleamed
Within those Eyes which Paled the
Blooming Midnight Skies.

We are told that when Memnon, the worshipped son of Aurora, was killed by Achilles for having killed Antilochus, the son of Nestor, a grand and imposing and beautiful statue grew up out of the very ground whereon he fell, and it is said that its germ found its vigorous growth and vitalizing powers in those refreshing dew drops which were said to be the tears that Aurora shed o'er the grave of her worshipped Memnon. And it is further said that every morning precisely at sunrise this statue would respond to the inspiration of some sweetly wooing agency, and under the touch of some unknown power, would send forth the sweetest and most thrilling utterances that were ever heard. So potent, so inspiring, so soothing, so thrilling and so entrancing were these enrapturing sounds that even the wild beasts, hearing such strains of beauty, flocked to its intoxicating shrine, and under the magic spell of such sweetly flowing music they forgot their passions and wild natures and knelt in willing homage on the harmonious banks of this rippling stream of song. And on Tuesday night, as we sat in Mamona Hall, and listened in spell bound rapture to that exquisite rhythm of melody that floated in such entrancing wavelets upon those angelic currents of song we fancied that even the strains of music which Memnon's statue did o'er the bosom of Morn thus pour, and make the beasts their beastly tastes forgo, would have died away in plaintive insignificance were they but near the sweeter, purer nobler, grander, sublimer flow which rolled in grand, majestic roar, and almost seemed like God's own waves of melody beating in sweetest ripples upon eternity's reverberating shore. Yes, indeed, they would have surely softened and subdued their own entrancing rivulets of melody to listen to the sublimer strains those angel voices murmured, even as the little brooklets hush the songs of their own pure, glorious ripples, as near the sea they creep, when Neptune's grand musician sweeps the octaves of the deep. The music on Tuesday night indeed was grand, glorious, gorgeous, heavenly. We wish we had the language to depict in graphic terms the rich and sumptuous and felicitous season of enjoyment, and describe that lulling and transporting ecstasy and delight that were born in each sparkling ripple that danced upon those murmuring waves of song. But we can't, for scenes and emotions like these are wordless. The brilliant quiver that trembles in the flash of lightning, the variegated tints that adorn the rose, the exquisite colorings that make up the iridescent promise that God gave birth in the wedlock of the sunshine and the shower, and made it the roseate and gorgeous offspring of storm and cloud, cannot be described. And neither can we describe the appearance of our beautiful maidens, for we never saw them more beautifully dressed, more exquisitely sweet, more radiantly beautiful. The whole scene blushed with the richest bloom of richest beauty, for each one indeed was a full blossomed flower of sweetest witchery and enchantment. Yes, indeed, the ladies were bewitchingly resplendent in their countless wealth of radiant charms, and their witchery filled eyes looked as if they were robed in the glimmering sheen of Night's most opulent drapery of brilliancy, for every heart aimed glance flashed as brightly as if they had caught and were then nursing those indescribable sparks of brilliancy flung out from the clashing of falling star-beams as they go on their nightly errand to pave the sky with jewels of light.

The entertainment opened with selections from the "Little Tycoon," and a number of spirited airs were rendered with hearty good will and effect. The dexterous and flexible vocalisms of the several performers showed artistic culture in its highest state of development, and proved each one to be a radiant star in the constellation of song. And the choruses were very fine, for the excellent voices of those Heaven tuned singers blended in harmonious unison, and their mingled notes floated away in one mellowing, peace breathing, care lulling, rapture freighted river of song to that grand ocean of melody which poured its angel voiced symphonies in musical thunderings upon the shores of immortality. The vocal solo "When the tide comes in" was most sweetly and beau-

tifully rendered by Mrs. Ed Barnes, who has a voice of exquisite purity and tenderness, and whose every note seemed like the distanced mellowed echo of some celestial harmony. The vocal solo: "The return of Spring," by Miss Lizzie Barnes, was as redolent with the perfume of rapture, enchantment, deliciousness and delight as is that vernal season of joyous beauty with the odors of its blooming flowers. We were gloriously surprised and most felicitously charmed with her admirable and faultless and most exquisite rendition. Her voice showed wonderful power, wonderful compass, wonderful elasticity. Every transfer was skilfully made, and every note was as pure and as sweet and as exquisite as the radiant loveliness of her own bewitching face. Yes, indeed, her voice was as sweet as the blue bird's low note, in those morns when the cold of March is abating, and each note had the thrill that you catch from the throat of the bobolink joying in May and the mating. In the difficult solo of "Solo un Bacio," the superb and finely cultivated voice of Miss Mena Branch arose in full orbed splendor, and flooded all hearts with the dripplings of its sublimity. In deference to a hearty encore she gave a beautiful little love ballad in which she most felicitously interpreted the delicious tenderness and thrilling endearment of those exquisite little experiences, which are but as precious little buds to the luscious and full blossomed flower of ecstatic emotions and which are but the rapture written prefaces to those blessed volumes of wedded bliss which make earth so sweet and beautiful. And she breathed out this exquisite perfume—this odor of the heart when the spring of love is in its richest bloom and verdure—with such bewitching expression and delicious piquancy that every heart was thrilled with the intoxication of rapture and high delight. In the vocal solo of "Ernani," Miss Lily Gay made a thrilling and dazzling flight into those empyrean heights where Pareppa and Nillson and Lucca and Malibran built their thrones of song for the delectation of the angels; and there, with a sweetness and a purity that is indescribable, her bird like carolings came from her music lined lips in waves of delicious rapture. And while she did, in her bolder and grander and sublimer sweeps, stir and quicken the pulses of admiration with her meteoric flights of sublimity, yet when she touched those divine notes—angels tuned—she breathed out their celestial creations in tides as soft as the spray of star waves which fall upon midnight's shrouded shore, and her notes of melody baptized sorrow browed spirits in a stream as soothing as that which flows through the grottoes of sweet elysium, and drowns all care in the murmur of its ripples. Her lute like voice doth sweeter grow, and purer streamlets from it flow; the tides which ebb through her pure lips, are sweet as odors Heaven sips; each note did ripple sweet and pure, as flowers bathed in morning dew; all felt her spell, all felt her power, and dreamed of Heaven's sweetest bower.

The concert was interspersed with some delightful recitations which proved fragrant isles of sparkling radiance in that beautifully throbbing ocean of entrancing harmony. Gertrude Blount, in her bright, vivacious, sparkling, piquant and inimitable way, pictured very graphically a bald headed man and an inquisitive boy on the cars. Miss Susie Simms told "What my lover said," and we never saw a prettier picture. Her recitation was perfect. Her gestures were poems of grace. Her utterances were rhythms of melody, while the roseate blushes, which deep feeling had kissed upon her cheeks, were as beautifully becoming as the variegated tints of the flowers she wore upon her breast. The recitation "Sister and I," by Miss Hattie Kincaid was a magnificent triumph of dramatic power, and revealed the richest lustre of artistic excellence. It was very tender and very touching. Her voice was as clear and smooth and musical as the softly dying notes of a mellow and sweet-toned bell, and it came on that deep tide of pathos which melted all hearts in its tender current. More than once we felt a thrill deep in our bosom start, and this of itself showed that our pretty little friend was standing at the very fountain of the heart, and was pumping into the eyelids some of those crystal waters which bubble out of its hallowed deeps of feeling. No actress, who ever visited Wilson, has surpassed her in the power and compass of her dramatization, the graphicness and realism of her characterization, or the intensity and subtlety of her emotionalism. Her passion was as deep as the soundless depths of old ocean, and her tremors of feeling were as the waves that furrow the bosom of the deep, when the winds bid old Neptune to murmur and to weep.

A MIXTURE.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS EUPHONIOUSLY ELUCIDATED.

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

—Noted down—Eider.
—To the point—A wasp sting.
—Faithful to the end—A dogs tail.
—Egotism is only a weakness of the I's.
—Truthfulness is one of the great virtues.
—A moment of time is too precious to waste.
—Most great words are accomplished slowly.
—Thirteen Boston churches are without pastors.
—Simplicity and luxury are equally enjoyable.
—The boy playing marbles stoops to conquer.
—Rough on rats—The kid-glove manufactures.
—The best of prophets of the future is the past.
—The Alabama State Treasury contains \$400,000.
—Never be contented with a bubble that will burst.
—Interior decorations—Puddings, pies and things.
—The largest cable road in the world is at St. Louis.
—A strange disease has appeared among the Texas cattle.
—Claims for sidewalk injuries in Detroit aggregate \$100,000.
—Laziness travels so slow that poverty soon overtakes him.
—Books are the ever burning lamps of accumulated wisdom.
—"How is the earth divided?" "By earthquakes, ma'am."
—Ex-Senator Joe McDonald says Thurman can carry Indiana.
—A big fire in Panama destroyed \$300,000 worth of property.
—To young men: It is better to be fast asleep than fast awake.
—"Christian science" has driven a Cincinnati young man crazy.
—In three months Germany was ruled by three different Emperors.
—The 40,000 Bohemians in Chicago are preparing to become citizens.
—A Cape Cod man, now a Bostonian, is a director in 57 national banks.
—Richmond, Va., has a population of 100,000 and is rapidly growing.
—Ex-President Hays is teaching one of his sons the trade of carpentering.
—The pride of Kingman county, Kan., is a bull that weighs 4,250 pounds.
—Mackay, the California millionaire, has a dinner service that cost \$195,000.
—One of the men-of-war at the Brooklyn Navy Yard is sold for \$10 to a junk-dealer.
—No man ever offended his own conscience, but first or last is revenged on him for it.
—Henry George, a very able thinker and political writer, is out for Cleveland and Thurman.
—Ex-Governor William Johnson, of Kentucky, died at his home in Bard's own at the age of 71.
—The lone fisherman is angling in pretty deep waters, but his smile is as complacent as ever before.
Opinions alter, manners change, creeds rise and fall, but the moral law is written on tablets of eternity.
—Mr. Villard, the famous American railroad financier, is organizing an expedition to the South Pole.
—That was sound advice given by a sage to a young writer. Think much, write little, publish less.
—Thus far in 1888, 30,000 Italian immigrants have reached our shores. Germany alone has exceeded this.
—Nine thousand pictures have been sent to the Royal Academy for exhibition, including 3,000 landscapes.
—Fabius W. Rix, a crippled war veteran of Marblehead, Mass., has inherited a million from a rich uncle.
—The New York World's editor and proprietor, Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, has entirely lost the sight of one eye.

—Leprosy is spreading at a dreadful rate in Russia. Thirty cases have been officially reported in Darpat alone.

—Baltimore has a nice scandal in money aristocracy. Mrs. Swan sues for divorce on serious grounds.

—The English government think they have discovered a Fenian plot to assassinate Irish Secretary Balfour.

—We pass our lives in regretting the past, complaining of the present, and indulging false hopes of the future.

—The Farmers' Alliance, introduced into Mississippi in March, 1887, has now 1200 lodges and 40,000 members.

—Is not he imprudent who, seeing the tide making haste toward him apace, will sleep till the sea overwhelms him?

—The success of Booth and Barrett in tragedy has led to talk of an acting partnership between Jefferson and Florence.

—The next session of the Presbyterian General Assembly will be held in the Fourth Avenue Church in New York in 1889.

—With two exceptions—John Quincy Adams and Martin Van Buren—no President ever nominated for a second term has been defeated.

—Alabama boasts of nineteen cotton mills, representation an investment of nearly \$2,000,000, and an annual production of over \$1,500,000.

—Secrets are but poor property; if you circulate them you lose them, and if you keep them, you will lose the interest on your investment.

—Europe is comforted by the assurance that there will be no war until William II. is crowned Emperor in September. Thanks for that much.

every public interest has been protected, and the quality of all our citizens before the law, without regard to race or color, has been steadfastly maintained.

—No man's life is free from struggles and mortifications, not even the happiest, but every one may build up his own happiness by seeking mental pleasure.

—In Baltimore it is proposed to put letter boxes on the street cars. This will bring a letter to the postoffice from any part of the city in half an hour.

—Ella Russell, the American singer now in St. Petersburg, Russia, was recently presented with a rose of diamonds during a performance of "Traviata."

—Bobby Newcomb, the well known favorite song and dance man, is dead. He was one of the neatest and most graceful performers on the specialty stage.

—In every branch and department of the Government under Democratic control the rights and welfare of all the people have been guarded and defended.

—Meet difficulties with unflinching perseverance, and they will disappear at last; though you should fall in the struggle, you will be honored; but shrink from the task, you will be despised.

—The French are acknowledged to have the finest guns and projectiles in Europe. Their Fermy shell has been shot through an armor plate twenty inches thick, and come out with its steel point uninjured.

—A Republican Senate for partisan purposes delays action upon the confirmation of Chief Justice Fuller. If the President had appointed a Republican, he would have been confirmed inside of two weeks.

—Foraker, in a speech in the Chicago Convention, said that there would be a gentleman in the White House next year. This he intended as an insult to Mr. Cleveland, who, as everybody knows, is to Foraker as "Hyperion to Satyr."

—Levi P. Morton, of New York, the republican nominee for Vice President, is at the head of the banking concerns of Morton, Bliss & Co., of New York, and Morton, Post & Co., of London. He was minister to France under the administration of President Arthur.

—The surplus in the Treasury is increasing at the rate of \$100,000,000 a year. These figures represent the great sum of money that is taken away yearly from the people for which there is no need. It is unconstitutional and unwise to do this. Freemen, what will you do about it?

—The triumph of Wise in the Monopolists' Convention at Chicago is temporary in its charter. It does not guarantee a triumph of his faction in Virginia. He whipped out the little traitor at Chicago, but being tarred with the same nasty stick, he has yet to develop his ability to clean out the Mahone crowd at home.

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE.

Audi Alteram Partem.

We notice a disposition on the part of some of the newspapers in this State to criticize the Board of Trustees of Wake Forest College for their so-called refusal to grant a diploma to a young lady who had completed the course of study at that institution. Believing that much of this arises from want of information as to the facts in the case, we will say a few words in reply.

In the first place, there was no request made by the young lady, or any of her family, that she be allowed to graduate and take her diploma with the class. Thus it is an entirely mistaken idea that the diploma was refused; for how could it have been refused when no application for it had ever been made?

Furthermore, degrees are conferred by the Board of Trustees "only on recommendation of the faculty." In this instance there was no such recommendation; not even a mention of the young lady as entitled to certificates of proficiency in the various schools in which she had studied. How then could the diploma have been refused?

This college was founded for the education of young men and for them only. There are other institutions in the State where ample provision has been made for the mental training of women and where they could enjoy advantages fully as great as those which they could obtain by attending the male colleges. You answer the objection that the charter makes no mention of the graduation of girls by saying that the laws of North Carolina are silent concerning giving license to women to practice law. Are the cases parallel? Does not the law affect all classes alike, male as well as female? If so, then it is but fair that women, since they are under the law, be admitted to a share in its practice. In this case it is different. Wake Forest does not in the least concern or exercise control over the women of the State and as its object is to reach the young men only, we see no reason why any lady should be allowed to graduate.

Would you have one to graduate at a college in which she was not a student? This young lady was not and has never been a student of Wake Forest. She was neither subject to the performance of college duties, nor was she amenable to college discipline. Her name was not on the roll: it does not appear in the catalogue. She was allowed to recite with the classes under the various professors by the courtesy of the Board and out of respect to her father who was connected with the college. She herself fully understood her position and never expected a degree. Those who have taken up the cudgel in her defense seem to put the Irishman's interpretation on that old saying, "One good turn deserves another," and I think that since the Board of Trustees, as a mark of special favor, allowed her to pursue her studies under the supervision of the faculty, they are now under obligations to go still farther and grant her a diploma. For the young lady herself, for the talents and energy which she has manifested, we have the highest respect and admiration, and yet we see no reason on that account for breaking the rules and regulations enacted for the government of the college and for making an exception in her case, especially when she is not even a student. Gallantry is a quality always to be admired in the male sex but we fear that some of our widower and bachelor editors have allowed their esteem and love for the ladies to obscure their ideas of what is just and what is expedient.

With regard to the professor who had spent his life and broken his health in the service of the college, Prof. Simmons, there was no action taken in the matter of continuing his salary, but it was deferred until the next meeting of the Board on the 19th of July; so that remarks upon this affair are to say the least premature.

T. M. H.

Davidson College conferred the degree of D. D. upon Rev. Samuel M. Smith, of Washington, N. C. He is a young man of excellent education and superior parts.

Col. J. W. Alspaugh, President of the Board of Trustees, of Trinity College, says the prospect of endowment is very encouraging. He says there are four new Professors.

A letter has been received from Minister Jarvis and himself continues so bad that they are compelled to leave Brazil and may be expected to reach North Carolina this summer.