

# THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

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## HEART THROBS

AND PLEASANT REFLECTIONS  
BY HENRY BLOUNT.

Punctuated with Pungent Points  
and Spiced with Sweetest  
Sentiment.

A leader of men is often a follow her.  
Modesty in woman is her robe of virtue.  
The public will surely sour on the vine-  
gar trust.

The parlor is probably the most frequent-  
ed of all court rooms.

Eddie says when a man hangs himself  
he dies of his own ac-cord.

Firmness is the rock upon which char-  
acter builds its temple of virtue.

Money is the curtain which hides many  
defects from the eyes of the world.

Eddie says a rooster never gets hoarse  
because he can always chanticleer note.

Don't judge by appearances. A brand  
new coat may cover a wire dummy.

Love stitches the fabric of existence  
with the silver tracery of richest radiance.

It reads a trifle paradoxical to see a car-  
go of salt cod noticed under the head of  
fresh arrivals.

The reason that birds clean out a fruit  
tree so quickly is that they take fruit  
away by a peck at a time.

Eddie says that a young lady at a sum-  
mer resort has a chaperone until she can  
call some other chap her own.

He was impressed by the empathetic  
gesture of a mule is the way to tell that a  
man was kicked by that animal.

It is a notable fact that however cleanly  
seamen may be on the water they have a  
decided dislike of being washed ashore.

I just dote on you, said an old widower  
the other night to a young maiden. Yes,  
she replied, for you are in your dotage.

We pity the young fellow who wants to  
vote, but will lack a day of being twenty-  
one on election day. He must feel lack-a-  
daisical.

A gossiping exchange reveals the secret  
that there are 18,000 more women than  
men in Boston. The Hub is evidently  
hard up for fellows.

A mother, who has a terrible time every  
morning to get her young brood out of  
their beds, says she cannot understand why  
children are called the rising generation.

We rise ourselves by adoring that  
which is better than we are. It is the one  
virtue of the soul which is always tending  
upward by its proper motion—upward to  
something higher, purer, better.

A young man, who has a good deal of  
spare time on his hands, wishes to learn  
of something that will keep him occupied.  
We can think of two things right off—  
getting married and tipping over a bee hive.

Marriage is the golden ves-ibule to the  
gilded temple of the sweetest and sup-  
premiest earthly happiness, and love is that  
pure and sweet-toned organ from which  
come the grandest symphonies and sweet-  
est harmonies of life.

The frozen rill running its course will  
somewhere find a break in its icy waters to  
laugh back the glint of the sunshine. So  
of those natures reserved unto iciness;  
somewhere the sunshine of love will find a  
break in their chilly enfoldment, and dance  
back love with glinting kisses.

Though our world has been defaced by  
the blighting influence of sin, there is still  
left much that is beautiful. We see it in  
the first golden flashes of morning, in the  
matured strength of meridian day, in the  
subdued glow of evening—and then slowly  
sinking down the western way glide the  
rich banners of descending day, and night,  
with crescent diadem, lights her starry  
chandler, and trails her robe of blazing  
jewels through the sky.

Earthly beauty is destined to decay,  
though entrancing, it is transient and ephem-  
eral. The golden light of the day is soon  
shut out by the curtain of night. The  
rainbow—bright symbol of mercy—appears  
for a moment, and is gone. The landscape,  
which thrills, changes while we gaze. Time  
and disease soon sined their blight on the  
fairest, and the sad drapery of the tomb  
covers it until the resurrection. But the  
beauty of holiness is perpetual; it is im-  
perishable; it is eternal.

## God's Glory.

The wild flower is perfuming the breeze,  
where the butterfly is revelling in a para-  
dise of sweets, and the lark is teaching her  
nestlings their first hymn of praise. See  
now how God leaves his impress—look up  
into Heaven which an invisible hand has  
painted so deeply, beautifully blue, while  
the sun is looking light upon all beneath  
its radiant track, see then how God has  
flung out his sign and written his name. Go  
at night, fall upon some spreading vale, out  
where reposes the peaceful herds upon its  
couch of turf, when the moon, like a pearl  
in heaven, is scattering the lucid corusca-  
tions of its silvery car, as tho' a shower of  
the dust of diamonds was sprinkling the  
shining air, and the starry hosts, that re-  
joice in her train, are serenely floating amid  
wavy undulations of sublimated ether—  
and do you not feel and know there is a  
God? There is an everywhere present  
and presiding deity—the mountain en-  
thrones him in its sunlit grandeur; there  
his smile is in the sunshine and his song is  
on the gale. The flying storm bears him  
upon its billowy folds—then his chariot is  
the cloud and his voice is the thunder,  
The sounding board of old ocean receives  
his footsteps, for then the winds are his  
wings with which he lashes the waves into  
foam, or fans them into repose while the  
boom of rushing waters proclaim him Al-  
mighty. When He stood upon the moun-  
tain He recorded his name in characters of  
light upon its heaven-pointing peak—when  
He rode upon the storms hanging in the  
sky and bending over the earth He left his  
sign in the rainbow. And when he passed  
upon the deep, He spread it as a mirror be-  
hind him, to hold in far off reflection the  
jeweled banners of his realm. From earth,  
which he has carpeted for His footstool  
and heaven which He has sky-curtained  
for his throne, the sound of his name and  
the song of His praise is born in the ming-  
led melody of human tongues and angelic  
lyres. And we read his eloquent language  
everywhere. We read it in the magnifi-  
cent grouping of night's radiant pencilings  
of silvery beauty upon the parchment of  
darkness, and see it again in the crimson  
upglowings of those floods of splendor,  
which drown the shadows of the night, and  
fill the sky with dazzling light. And God's  
language proclaims in its wordless elo-  
quence the unlimited wealth of His munifi-  
cence, for every thing God has created  
bears the impress of some deep and hidden  
good. Nature is replete with beauty, far  
surpassing art. The earth is a landscape  
of beauty; whether our eyes turn toward  
the icy North or the sunny South, visions  
of picturesque beauty arise to view. The  
green carpet, the towering mountain, the  
glassy waters of cataract, sea and ocean,  
each reflect varied images of light, and  
claim our admiration. In the sweet notes  
of birds, the rumbling noise of the water-  
fall, the murmur of the sea-shell, or the  
sighing of the breeze, there's melody, poesy,  
divinity. The ocean, the earth, and the  
heavens are components of the handiwork  
of the great Original Spring, Summer,  
Autumn, and Winter—each season in suc-  
cession—gives birth to new developments.  
The sun, in gorgeous splendor, rises, circles  
the march of day, then sets in martial  
grandeur beyond the Hesperian horizon.  
The night-queen, robed in silvery sheen,  
followed by a train of sparkling attendance,  
walks in beauty and majesty through the  
august heavens. Old ocean, whether in  
calm repose or boisterous tumult, claims a  
tribute. Far down its hidden depths are  
'gems of purest ray serene.' How bland  
the soft zephyrs sigh! But when the storm-  
king drives his chariot over the main, and  
lightnings flame from cloud to cloud is  
there not grandeur in the elemental strife?  
Life is all beautiful; and there's beauty, too,  
in every thing. Yes every leaf that rust-  
les, every wave that lifts its face to Sum-  
mer sky, every dew-drop that glitters, every  
waterfall that tumbles, every child that  
laughs in merry joyousness—these and ten  
thousand ministries touch innumerable  
chords in the soul. All, all are God's hi-  
eroglyphics to man.

And, reader would you see more of  
God's glory. Then trace your vision to the  
milky way that belts the azure vault,  
pass the glimmering nebulae, the cluster-  
ing constellations and the scintillating  
stars, where worlds on worlds, buried in  
the profound of distance, sweep on in their  
unbounded revelry through the expansion  
—then when thoughts cannot follow, and  
bold fancy tires, you will see that so far from  
having arrived upon the confines of nature,  
that you are yet infinitely remote from the  
vast profound glory, where hangs the cen-  
tral scale that balances creation.

## About Clubs.

In many towns and cities social clubs  
have been formed for the purpose of kind-  
red enjoyment, and in some instances  
harsh and unkind criticisms have been  
made upon them, and the idea obtains in  
some quarters that it is the hot bed of in-  
iquity. We feel constrained to say that such  
criticisms and opinions have origin in the  
minds of those who know not of what  
they speak, and draw on their imagination  
rather than proper information. While we  
do not belong to any club we know some  
of the gentlemen who do, and we take the  
liberty of saying that they are as incapable  
of littleness or meanness as any of their  
traders, and while they do not find en-  
joyment in the same line theirs need not  
necessarily be iniquitous. Man is a greg-  
arious animal, and naturally seeks com-  
panionship and such as is agreeable and  
consonant with social relation. The clubs  
furnished with the current literature of the  
day, the daily papers and the magazines  
even if billiard and card tables for amuse-  
ment are provided, is no contemptible re-  
sort for such as enjoy such relaxation after  
the toils of the day. The active brain of  
the habitues of clubs oftentimes puts on foot  
schemes for the betterment of the town.  
That of Raleigh, Wilmington and notably  
the Commonwealth of Durham are always  
forward in measures of charity, of enter-  
prise and social progress. Entertainment  
for the Press Association, of the State at  
its last session, was in charge of the Com-  
monwealth club and right royally was the  
gang entertained, and at a banquet at which  
toasts were offered and speeches made till  
late at night, not a "drap" was sipped nor  
foaming bumper seen. One, who would  
have smiled, said, rather dryly that his  
toast was what at some hotels might be  
called dry toast, and that it was hard to  
realize he was to respond to such; yet all  
went merry as a marriage bell. Our idea  
is that we ought not to surrender all the  
pleasant and good things to the devil or  
relegate those, who, in matters of taste, dif-  
fer with us, to the shades of his majesty's  
dominions.

## Dr. Yates.

This distinguished divine, well beloved  
by all who know him as an earnest chris-  
tian and devoted to the interests of his  
church, gives some of his reasons for dis-  
approbation to the Y. M. C. A. in a long  
article published in the Durham Globe of  
April 13th. We endorse some of his utter-  
ances, and will add that while we would  
not be willing to see such institutions up-  
rooted, yet we do not want to see them set  
aside church work. Properly worked they  
would be auxiliary to the churches which  
was the original idea in their institution.  
Young men in every town must have good  
association or opportunity for such or they  
will drift into evil, and neither churches  
nor christian associations always afford the  
needed inducement to attract them. Social  
intercourse is a necessity of our being; mu-  
sical and literary gatherings for social, moral  
and literary enjoyment might be organ-  
ized in every community and ought to be  
so that spare hours might be improved,  
healthy, moral sentiment inculcated, and  
cultivated, elevated literary taste acquired.  
If christian people do not afford this, the  
young people will improvise something,  
and organizations such as the Y. M. C. A.  
and other social clubs will of necessity  
spring into existence.

## A New Game.

The brilliant Jim Robinson, whose fund  
of originality is inexhaustible, has a new  
and thrilling and care dispelling and sor-  
row removing little game called "tiddledy  
winks." It is a very simple thing and, we  
will explain how it is worked. It is played  
with tiddledums that are fired with a  
finger into a wink cuspidor. Each player  
has a few diddledums, denkilly and ding-  
gins. Take a wink, put it on a dingus, then  
snap the wink from the dingus into the  
wink pot. If you succeed you are entitled  
to a defikilly, and for every wink you  
jump into the wink pot from the dum-  
kerndmorum you count a defikilly, and  
continue so to operate tinkwinkle upon the  
pollywoighthere until the pots so car-  
ried shall equal the total the hopwop mul-  
tiplied by the puterinktum and added to the  
contents of the winktinklefuldriciums.  
The less brains you have the better you  
can play, and Eddie says one or two in  
this print shop can play it well.

## After The Rain.

On Tuesday night after our paper had  
gone to press, we spent the evening in one  
of the loveliest homes in Wilson, and with  
some of the purest and sweetest ladies.  
The sky was as dark as Erebus, and the  
rain was coming down in wildest torrents  
when we reached the cozy home. But  
when we left, the clouds were broken, the  
rain had ceased, and we never witnessed a  
lovelier night. The moon was out in all  
the chastened splendors of her mellowest  
radiance, and the earth was beautiful, for  
every blade of grass clad itself in a moon-  
beam, and adorned its bosom with some  
diamond that the storm cloud had lost.  
Each little floweret slept with its closed  
leaves sealed with a rain drop, like a child  
asleep with a tear just resting on a fringe  
of its eye lids, while the radiant blushing  
of the moon-kissed rain drops flung a glis-  
tening beauty o'er its petals as pure and as  
sweet and as beautiful as the lovely smiles  
which watching angels allow to play in  
noiseless ripples o'er the dimpled cheeks of  
sleeping innocence, as it lies sweetly dream-  
ing of butterflies and of flowers. Every  
little hole of water—those shining, rain  
made lakes of the streets—caught a moon-  
beam or star-flash on its gleaming bosom,  
and as it held the radiant twinkling of the  
glistering jewel of the sky a trembling  
captive there, it became a beautiful, shin-  
ing type of the bright and glittering world  
above, and the earth became opulent with  
the riches of the splendor realms on high.  
As we strolled along, amid a scene so pure  
and sweet and chaste and beautiful, we  
almost fancied we heard the rustling of  
angels' wings, as they wafted from their  
viewless pinions some precious fragrance  
of Heaven as a blessing for mankind.

## Indispensable.

The man, who tries to get on in life with-  
out the influence and the comfort of a wo-  
man's blessing, is like a ship at sea with-  
out chart and rudder driven here and there,  
and chased by every billow of passion and  
temptation. With her angelic influence  
around him and directing his pathway, he  
is like the mariner at night, when the light  
house is full in sight and lightening up  
the waters that he may find the channel  
which leads into the harbor of safety and  
security. Without her influence, and he is  
like that mariner on the stormy ocean at  
night when far away from the friendly  
beamings of the light house and without a  
star to look down upon the inky flood be-  
neath, he struggles along unaided and  
alone, and hears nothing but the sobbing  
and the moaning of the dreary billows.

## A Paradistic Picture.

If there is a lovelier, a more beautiful,  
a more enchanting spot on this earth than  
Wilson is at this writing we would like to  
see it and name it Heaven. As we write  
the sky is dripping with silvery sunbeams;  
the merry birds are singing their sweetest  
notes of gladness and delight; the flowers,  
fresh from their dewy bath, are emitting  
the most exquisite perfume; the trees, di-  
vorced from winter's rigorous clasp, are  
yielding to the amorous influences of woo-  
ing sunbeams and softly whispering  
zephyrs, and are being wedded once more  
to richest luxuriance and beauty. And  
last but not least our glorious and beau-  
tiful and graceful maidens, ensconced in the  
irresistible witcheries of their innumerable  
charms, now roam the streets like angels  
of light, and make sweet Wilson more  
beautiful and bright.

## A Scene.

He walked behind the house and pulled  
out a bottle, and looked at the liquor as-  
kance a moment and addressed it as fol-  
lows: Oh, you father of all curses! mur-  
derer, thief, ravisher! stealer of men's  
brains! caterer for the gallows! feeder of  
the jails! soaked in the tears of mothers,  
widows and orphans! Iconoclast, breaking  
the images of all we love! defying God,  
and defacing his handy work! daubing  
blood on the face of humanity! smearing  
crime on the garments of society! barring  
the door to Heaven! paving the way to  
hell! curse you! curse you! curse thou the  
powers that allow you to exist! fragments  
of hell, hauled the into nineteenth century!  
how I hate you!—how I love! and then  
he drank it down as eagerly as a pig  
would eat a pan of milk.

## Kind Words.

Some of the brethren of the press have  
been very kind to us, and have opened  
their big, warm hearts, from which hath  
come the sweetest perfume of those rare  
flowers of generosity that grow and bloss-  
om there, for they indeed have  
sung our praise, in friendship's grandest,  
noblest lays. Yes, they have made life  
most beautifully bright, and chased away  
gloom's darkest night. All things now are  
most rosy tinted, and even shadows are  
sunbeam glistened. We never feel a thorn  
now without thinking of the fragrant flow-  
ers that grow so beautifully near it. We  
never see a storm cloud now without  
thinking of the rainbow that God will send  
to span it, and drown the gloomy shadows  
in its tides of gorgeous splendors. Yes,  
brethren, your kind expressions have made  
life brighter, and sweeter, and our duties  
now are more endurable:

The MIRROR enters its tenth volume.  
Henry Blount, the editor, is "sui generis,  
facile princeps," unapproached and unap-  
proachable—the only true and genuine  
Blount, all others being base imitators.  
Ordinary words of praise and commenda-  
tion when applied to him are like painting  
the lily or adding another tint to the hues  
of the rainbow. It can't be did.—Scottish  
Chief.

The Wilson MIRROR, presided over by  
the most brilliant genius in eloquent word  
painting in the whole newspaper fraternity,  
has turned the pages of another volume.  
We wish the happy editor many more  
bright seasons in which to pelt the imagina-  
tion into the soft slumber of poetic fancy.—  
Twin City Sentinel.

## Improvement.

The plastic touch of the artistic hand  
of the tasty Sheriff Crowell is seen in the  
beautiful appearance the Court House  
Green now presents. And right here  
we will repeat what we have so often said  
that Sheriff Crowell makes a model  
Sheriff, and gives the most perfect satis-  
faction. Not one word—no, not even one  
syllable of detraction has yet been made  
against his administration of public affairs,  
for he is honest, prompt, faithful, efficient  
and obliging, while his free and easy and  
unstudied and graceful bearing stamp him  
as one of the knightliest men in public  
life.

## A Tameful Mule.

He, who has not heard the merry song  
of the tameful mule, knows nothing of the  
powers and potency of music in her wildest,  
freest mood. When in solo or concerted  
opera, the four-footed choir is head and  
ears above all human possibilities. The  
music begins with andante movement, soft  
and sweet as the ungreased wheel-barrows  
plaintive voice; then comes then staccato  
furioso, the adagio fortissimo, splyt you earso  
followed by the tremulous yee-haw, which is  
the crown and summit, the cloud clapped  
mountain top of ecstasy and joy. Talk  
not of music fellow, citizens, till you have  
heard the song of the mule.

## He Forgave Her.

No, Alfred, dear, I dare not, I cannot let  
you kiss me.  
You doubt my love, Estella Angelica?  
Then let the stars fall and I will perish in  
the ruin of a busted universe!"  
Not so, not so my sweet,  
Are you weary of me—speak, speak!  
No, but dearest, listen—forgive me, Alf,  
my own—I—I—I—I've been eating raw  
anions!

## How It Seemed.

"Oh, how sad and lamentable it to see  
a fine looking, handsomely chiseled, and  
exquisitely moulded man lying in such  
torture as this!" was the graphic expression  
of the anxious faces of the sympathizing  
friends who stood around our suffering  
couch on Wednesday, and ministered to our  
relief.

## The Picnic.

Now picnics in the meadows fair  
Fill all the woods with fun;  
Two forms within one rustic chair—  
Two lips that meet as one.