

# THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

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## MERRY MORSELS.

AND RADIANT REFLECTIONS  
BY HENRY BLOUNT.

Punctuated with Pungent Points  
and Spiced with Sweetest  
Sentiment

Did Cataline his own pants?  
Caution is the father of security.  
Talent is often hid, audacity never.  
Fine brains are often kept in a poor vessel.  
The milk of human kindness never sours.  
Flowers are the foot prints of the angels.  
All watch dealers belong to the sell tick race.  
Did Desdemona kiss Othello for his smother?  
Honesty is the guardian angel of a stainless character.  
True refinement is the graceful foliage of high culture.  
A profane upstart is the man who sits down on a bent pin.  
The butter on which the most hair is found is the billy goat.  
The mere fact of a man having a fussy wife should not induce him to liquor.  
Don't despise little things. An insect can sting, and an atom can cast a shadow.  
Love is the coloring which gives to existence the most exquisite tints of beauty.

Ladies are not entitled to bare arms when they have to load them with powder.  
When Calphurnia first met Caesar did he seize her and embrace her then and there.  
Every deed of kindness is a lustrous and fadeless gem in the glittering crown of glory.

The most brilliant and most beautiful flowers sometimes bloom in the lowest places.  
In writing, the absence of as small a thing as a comma often makes a comical blunder.

Poverty becomes a stern reality, when you are compelled to wear a patch on the seat of your pants.  
The stream of religion flows deeper or shallower as the channel of the Sabbath is opened or neglected.

How brilliant must Heaven be when the dazzling coruscations of noon tide are but shadows of its splendors.  
Self denial is the most exalted pleasure, and when we conquer an evil habit we gain our greatest triumph.

A nervous girl wants to know how to cure a tickling sensation about the nose. Why, get him to shave off his moustache.  
A fellow writes that he "has a penchant for poetry." While we know all poetry is a pen chant, still his pen chant bother us.

A boy fell off the fence the other day into a bunch of brambles, and was nettled by the occurrence. We hope thistle be a warning to him.  
When a lawyer's effects are burned down it is said they never rise again from the ashes. We presume it is because there is no fee-nix about them.

He was a tramp. "Of what use is the casket when the jewel is gone?" he remarked as he quaffed the contents of a half-pint flask, and then shield the vessel at a cat.

Religion is a christian's starlight in the night of trouble and sorrow, and its silvery streams of comfort tell of the everlasting fountains of light that feed the crystal river of life that flows by the Throne of God.

Twilight is that unseen and noiseless mariner who pilots our thoughts on blessed voyages o'er tenderest seas of memory, and sails us around those precious isles of the past, on which life's sweetest flowers blossomed.

The tears, which are seen in the eyes of beauty, are like light clouds, floating over a heaven of stars, bedimmed for a moment their glory that they may shine with greater lustre than before.

## A Delightful Entertainment.

The entertainment, given on Friday night for the benefit of the Baptist church, was a brilliant success. The music was sweet and ravishing, and intoxicated the senses with a delirium of delight. Our home ladies beamed upon the occasion like stars of resplendent lustre, and won admiration by the richness of their brilliancy. We have not the space to speak of them individually or give praise to the music they so delightfully rendered. But we must speak of the radiant jewel from Tarboro, Miss Lizzie Porter, who lent her brilliant powers to enhance the glory light of that occasion. When she made her first appearance she seemed so modest, so sweetly unassuming, so unconscious of her powers, so irresistibly attractive, so majestically graceful and so bewitchingly lovely that all hearts bowed in fondest worship before her shrine of enchantment. But when she began to sing, and when our senses floated out on her pure, deep, swelling, thrilling, transporting tides of melody, then it was we forgot the entrancing charms of her magnificent womanhood, and while listening to the exquisite carolings of a Heaven-sent angel, we knelt in idolatrous worship before the translated divinity, for everything that was pure, sweet, chaste, refined, exquisite and beautiful was brought out in highest development, and made to impart, if possible, additional lustre and richer splendor to the many gems of merit which bejeweled her magnificent coronal of excellence, and which she wears with such regal grace and charming witchery. Her glorious voice arose in full orb'd splendor on Friday night, and flooded the occasion with all the luminous wealth of its chastened and mellowed glories. The "Flower Girl" reached every heart in the audience, for the notes that came rippling from her flute-like throat, were as sweet as the odors shaken out from the bosom of Heavenly flowers by the rustling wings of hovering angels. She made the finest impression, and every body sings her praise in strains of fondest admiration, for she is indeed a jewel of rarest worth and radiance, and set in a magnificent casing at that.

As said above we have not the space to speak of our home talent, and tell of those admirable recitations and those exquisite strains of melody which ebbed through the senses, and left sensations there almost as sweet and as lulling and as soothing as those which flood a maiden's bosom, when kissed-linked hearts have made a channel for the intermingling of those waves of endearment which ripple so entrancingly and so beautifully upon the deep throbbing ocean of love. But we can't, for it would be as difficult almost as painting on canvass the splendors of morning when the orient is bathed in floods of light, or the glories of evening when fleecy clouds rush to the very brink of the sky, and catch upon their tender cheeks the last rosy kisses of departing sunbeams. And we can't particularize, or point out the individual merit of our home talent any better than we could go at night, and, looking up into the star-lit heavens above, all tremulous with throbbing fires, tell which one of those glistening gems has flung upon the brow of night the richest beam of sparkling light. And as all these stars combined in one harmonious grouping to make up the matchless splendors of night, so all, who participated in this delightful entertainment, contributed to the grand success, by uniting their powers to make it perfect and complete. And this is no puff for free tickets, for we paid our way at the door, and, for once in our journalistic life, passed in like a gentleman.

## A Glorious Scene.

Last Saturday afternoon we strolled with a pure and sweet and lovely maiden through our beautiful and beloved Maplewood, and enjoyed in perfect and speechless rapture one of the most exquisite scenes of beauty that God ever painted upon the sky. The whole western horizon looked as if the most beautiful dye pots of Heaven had been upset and had leaked through on the clouds, which seemed, in their variegated tints, like so many golden islands of gorgeous colorings, asleep on the bosom of the etheral ocean, and dreaming, as their changing colors would seem to indicate, of the glories and the beauties and the splendors of Heaven's own matchless paintings. Yes, the golden

gates of sunset were indeed arched in gorgeous drapery, which seemed as if it had been woven in looms of Heaven, and stretched out there by angel fingers, glory-tipped. And then the eastern sky began to beam with a serene and mellow radiance, for just then the full orb'd moon began to arise in all her chastened glory and tranquil loveliness, and as she scattered from her pure brow the softest spray of mellow light, she seemed like Aphrodite rising from the waves, and shaking the water from her dripping tresses. Clouds began to group about this lovely queen of night, and on each one she dropped a smile of light, and made them glisten with the silvest tints of richest waves of lustre. But all at once these clouds a deeper tint and more roseate hue put on, for the moon, it seemed, had just seen the richer glories the sun had scattered around the crimsoned doors of his effulgent chambers of rest, and, seeing such magnificent colorings, bowed her placid face and blushed at the silver tints her own mild beams had dropped upon the clouds which had drifted around her throne. And as she blushed, they too, in sympathizing mood, caught the deep reflection, and changed their silvery tints into a subdued and mellow and rosy glow, making one of the loveliest and most beautiful scenes that ever welcomed night to the portals here below. And as this pure maiden was herself an object of man's fondest admiration it was difficult to tell which we enjoyed most, the entrancing beauty and loveliness of tranquil moon-light scene or the transporting witcheries of her conquering charms. Both were deliciously enchanting, and made us dream of Heaven and its angels. After this exquisite repast of delicious enjoyment we repaired to our room, but the night was too beautiful to be lost in sleep, and so we took our seat at the window to enjoy the mellowing and tranquilizing charms of the Heaven-kissed moon-lit scene. The night, so calm and lovely and silvery tinted, seemed like one of Heaven's own pictures of peace and rest in the studio of the angels. Yes, the night was indescribably beautiful, and rode through the sky in regal splendor. Scattered stars were the diamonds worn. A fleecy cloud of faintest blue was the bewitching drapery which fell in graceful folds about her, while sweetest breezes, from grottoes built of flowers, came flying on wings of odors, and stirred into tremulous ripples the silvery hair which hung dazzling down from her stainless brow of radiance. It was a scene borrowed from the picture gallery of Elysium, for it really seemed as if it had been angel hung.

## Decidedly Wrong.

Innovation is the order of the day, and some glorious old usages are being either dispensed with, or so altered as to work out almost a perfect transformation. They have not only changed the way of pronouncing but even the way of spelling. The simplest words are being tampered with. And now these crazy spelling reformers are trying to persuade people to spell kiss with one s. The attempt will be a failure. The man who lifts a finger, so to speak, to shorten a kiss, will bring upon himself the hatred of the rising generation. The tendency is rather to add more s's. That is to make the kiss a yard and a half or two yards long, or as long as a strong young man can hold his breath. If the kissing spell is shortened other infringements will be made and the next thing we hear of will be that wooing and cooing and all those other little endearing toposy-woopisities, which make up that blissful dreaming which antedates the union of two souls with but a single thought, will be removed from that enrapturing nearness which preserves the melody of two hearts beating together in one unbroken harmony, and the whole process of love will be consigned to the freezing agency of the telephone and carried on at a disgusting distance. We are "agin it," and it ought to be frowned down.

## A Pay Shantly Thing.

"Can't you pay me to-day?" said the incorrigible dunner.  
"Oh," said the badly dunned man, "You must wait patiently for your money."  
"It is the pay-shantly business what ails me now," replied the disappointed fellow, as he turned sadly away.

## Two Verse-ions.

A bashful maiden, with poetical aspiration, entered the sanctum and handed Eddie the following bit of glorious effusion which she proposed to read. Eddie placed his No. 14 feet on the table before him in order to ward off an attack should she become infuriated at the change which he would make. After glancing at his feet a moment in wonder and amazement she began:

"The moonbeams fall with silv'ry glint upon the bosky dell,  
The kissing winds of Summer bear the sound of tinkling bell,  
And from afar there gleams a star that seems fore'er to keep  
A watch and ward, and ever guard the lives of those who sleep.

"A maiden stands beside the one she loveth best of all;  
The world to her is bright and fair and life hath ne'er a pall.  
'I love you well—ah, need I tell?' she says in accents low—  
Across her face the blushes chase each other as they go."

"Don't you think this is nice?" said she. "Pretty fair," said Eddie. But things don't always go as smoothly as that. I think your verses would read better if they were modernized so to speak.

"How would they read then?"  
"Well, about like this:  
"The sunbeams strike with mighty force upon the blue washtub,  
The kissing winds of Summer make the farmer want his grub,  
And from the vail there comes a wail of mortal sore distressed;  
Some little boy, a mother's joy—has struck a hornet's nest.

"A maiden stands beside the tub she hateth worst of all.  
The world to her is full of soap and bitterness and gall;  
An angry flirt she gives the shirt, and says in accents low:  
'Gosh darn the dog-goned washing day I wish 'twould ever go!'"

The door slammed. There was heard a vigorous, violent rushing of skirts, a stormy ebullition of wrath spurted from exasperated lips, and a furious maiden, with all the poetry in the soul in ruin laid, was seen rushing out of the Court House yard. Some thought that an infuriated cow had frightened her, but Eddie knew what drove her so wildly along. She could not stand his poetry. Indeed she couldn't.

## A Precious Truth.

The gentle sex may be as delicate as the flower and as frail as the dew drop and as tender as the down upon the thistle, yet the strongest and most powerful man will yield to the influence of a true and tender and delicate woman, and be controlled by her ministry, even as the biggest and tallest oaks—the very monarchs of the forest—will yield to the wooing caresses of the gentlest breezes, and bow their graceful branches in recognition of their presence. And man yields to woman because he knows her to be his God-sent, guardian angel, and that in her blessed ministry alone can he find a beautiful type of pure, celestial happiness. Yes, odors of celestial innocence breathe through all her blessed ministry, for when the glorious Priestess of Heaven did visit earth and start the beauteous gleam of a heavenly glory and a heavenly beauty here, she found one shrine, and only one, whereon to build her fires, and make some sweet amends for absent Heaven, and that one shrine was precious woman's precious bosom. And no man, whose head has ne'er been pillowed there, has ever had a perfect dream of Heaven.

## To Summer.

Eddie tried to go to sleep on Sunday afternoon, but failed, for a thousand flies hung around his pale, sweet, kiss worn lips and chased sleep from his eye lids. Then Eddie arose and his muse did say:  
Oh, summer, you're a lovely time,  
Your faults are very few,  
The greatest—and the worst of crime—  
Is that you've flies on you.

## Cheering.

The sky is frequently dark and gloomy. Clouds of disappointment gather there, and fling their shadows down. But even then, rainbows of cheer will frequently come to silver the gloom with the beautiful tints of their iridescent glories. 'Tis true the road of a poor editor is hot and dry and dusty, but sometime the perfumed winged zephyrs come laden with the melody born in the musical rippling of gurgling waters, and he takes cheer and hope, and feels refreshed and strengthened for the journey before him. Yes we forget past burdens past trials, past disappointments when we take up an esteemed and highly valued exchange and read such generous expressions as the following, which bubbled up out of the big, noble heart, of the gifted editor of the Winston Daily Sentinel, when he published the following undeserved, but still most highly appreciated compliment, as his leading editorial in that excellent paper on the 5th of July:

"The New York World has stretched out its universe reaching arm and picked up a most interesting item about a North Carolina journal and journalist. In last Sunday's issue of the World there appeared a column and a quarter sketch of our esteemed effulgent and coruscating cotemporary, Henry Blount's radiantly dazzling Wilson MIRROR. The MIRROR is veritably the French plate glass issue in North Carolina Journalism. The images reflected from its polished columns are always pleasing to the eye. We have read of the stories of the ancient Friar Bacon and his magic glass, in which fair women and beautiful things, though far away and in other worlds, could be reproduced as if immediately at hand. Henry Blount is a second Friar Bacon and the Wilson MIRROR is his magic glass. A glimpse into the MIRROR reveals a Paradise Regained, where the fairy, airy forms of Carolina's beautiful maidens and charming matrons are enthroned as queens of hearts, the central figures in a background of loveliness, painted with colors richer than the blushes of the rose, the cerulean of the sky, the azure of the distant hills, the sparkle of the diamond, the clearness of the crystal, the whiteness of the lily, the nut-brown of a hazel eye and the iridescence of the bow that spans the Heavens. Henry Blount is a philosopher who looks always on the sunny side, and the MIRROR is never troubled with ennui."

## Bang, Bong, Bung.

Girls, listen! We have bad news for you. The seductive bangs, the bewitching bangs, the transporting bangs, in which Cupid found his sharpest arrows to pierce the hearts of poor male bipeds, and make them kneel in homage at your shrine—yea, the bangs, the nestling places of such sweet mischief, are doomed and must inevitably go. The fashion leaders of the East have begun to discard it, and when they discard a thing that settles the business. We are sorry. Abused, ridiculed and profoundly condemned as it was by mankind in general, we are always a friend of the bang, the beautiful, frizzled, entrancing bang, and we mourn its untimely fall. The reign of the bang has been a glorious one. Its conquests have been innumerable, and its mash legion. The Dolly Varden mashed its hundreds and the Mother Hubbard its thousands, but verily the bang has scooped in its tens of thousands, even from the ranks of the Laters. Under its reign marriages have doubled, and divorces trebled their numbers, but since it is doomed to fall, old maids will covereth the face of the earth as locusts of Egypt, and the dashing grass widow will cease from the walks of fashionable life. Oh! ye despoilers, give us back our beautiful bang.

Beloved bang, so sweetly bang;  
Unto you we've faithfully clung.  
As over white foreheads you lovingly hung,  
Beautiful, beautiful bang, bong, bung.

## The Cause.

For two days Eddie has been moping about the office, and when he was asked the cause of his inward uneasiness and internal restlessness he took a pencil and gave his condition this appellation:  
Now the unripe apple,  
With the small boy doth grapple;  
And it is sure to make  
His lower bosom ache.