

# 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

Hypocrisy and knavery are Siamese twins.

"The piano taught moderate," is a sign on a horse in London.

Good breeding is like affection—one cannot have too much of it.

Charity may cover a multitude of sins, but that is not its regular business.

A man of exalted berth—the fellow who has the upper bunk of a steamer.

"All's well that ends well," as the sailor said when the wind went down

"She stoops to conquer" does not apply to a woman when she sees a mouse.

A natty boot of gullt with blue silk lacings holds "pins and needles and things."

"Man wants but little ear below," was written before the telephone was invented.

One of the most difficult lessons for spirited young men to learn is that good jokes are not always good policy.

"What were the worst results of the civil war?" cried an orator—"Widows!" shouted Jones, who had married one.

When we haven't a penny we want taffy; when we have the penny we want a house, and when we have enough to buy a house we want the earth.

There was once, in the neighborhood of Rouen, says a French writer, a miller's daughter so pretty and so cruel that the sighs of her lovers alone served to turn the sails of her father's mill!

At the trial of a breach-of-promise suit was about to begin a juror arose and asked to be excused because he was engaged to be married, and consequently his mind was not free from bias. He was excused.

She went in a store to buy some toilet soap and when the clerk was expatiating on its merits, about made up her mind to purchase, but when he said it would keep off "chaps," she remarked that she didn't want that kind.

Scientists who have made minute examination assert that the point of a bee's sting is so fine as to be nearly undistinguishable under the microscope. Under some circumstances the stinger seems as big as a red-hot crowbar.

A young school miss, whose teacher had taught her that two negatives were equivalent to an affirmative, once being asked by a suitor for her assent to marry him, replied—No, no." The swain looked astonished and bewildered. She referred him to the grammar, when, for the first time, he learned that no meant yes.

A guest who thought his fare was both poor and meagre, and who yet wished to be polite, on being asked if he had had enough, answered, "Yes, there is enough of it such as it is." Then, feeling that he had not made an auspicious reply, he corrected himself by saying: "I mean that such as it is, there is enough of it."

A very slight stretch of imagination is requisite to depict the amazement of that inquisitive old gentleman of a botanical turn of mind who inquired of the gardener in one of the public places of promenade, "Pray my good man, can you inform me if this particular plant belongs to the 'Arbutus' family?" when he received for reply, "No, sir it doesn't; it belongs to the Corporation."

There is a wide spread idea that there is nothing to be done with our impressions except passively to experience them; that they involve no further duty and carry with them no special responsibility. Never was there a greater mistake. They are, on the contrary, the gems of all noble life and virtuous endeavour, given to us to nourish and develop. If we neglect to do this, and sit contentedly enjoying the pleasure or enduring the pain they bring, without realizing their meaning or vitalizing them by the wholesome air of active endeavor, we do ourselves and the world a great injustice.

## A Grand Tribute.

The following grand and beautiful and eloquent tribute to the Rev. Dr. Burton, is an extract from the memorial sermon preached by the beloved and popular Mr. John Cole, and we can't tell when we ever read anything more graceful and more beautiful. It is a gem, rich and polished and resplendent, and shows that it was dug from a mine of richest ore, and burnished with hands skilled in real artistic coloring.

"Brother Burton was emphatically a preacher after the New Testament pattern. It is of him as a preacher, that I desire now to speak. If our time permitted it would be a pleasing and profitable use of this occasion to speak of him in the glory of his Christian manhood and to dwell upon his many superior qualities as a Christian gentleman. We would delight to draw the outlines of his bold and manly character and then fill out the lines with all those excellences of refinement and virtue that made his life so rare and lovable in the eyes of those who knew him. It would gladden our memory of him to turn to his many social amenities and think of him as we knew him in the sacred precincts of our homes, around the cheerful hearthstone where he was always a welcome guest, with our children looking up into his face and receiving from him the lessons of a serene and benevolent wisdom. It would soften our hearts to recall the gentle accents of his voice and the tender fervor of his soul as he read the Holy Scriptures in our families and led the worship at our home-altars and besought the blessings of the covenant of our God upon us and our children. It would charm our better natures to recall the refinement and gallantry of his spirit when he stood in the presence of Christian womanhood. It would cheer our light mood, on a less solemn occasion, than this, to tell of some of the bright and piercing shafts of his wit and the amusing incidents connected with his rich and varied ministry. But these we must leave to the social reunions of our friends in the years to come when we shall trim our evening fires and speak of the joys that shall have passed. In those distant hours, his memory will be green and fragrant and full of delightful thankfulness that our God sent to our side and to walk in the path with us such a pure and knightly spirit.

In speaking of brother Burton as a preacher, I am going to let love talk, but love shall be guided by truth. Preaching was his great work, his chief business in this world. This he himself seems to have known and acknowledged. God made him to stand before men. He had many of the best gifts of a great speaker. He had a voice of most wonderful compass, full of cadence and sweetness and yet of extraordinary power. I have not heard a voice of greater volume and yet of sweeter melody. There were the tender breathings of the zephyr, awaking the softest notes of the Aeolian harp; and then there was the swift and resistless energy of the Storm King, speaking with the voice of thunder. There was no tenderness of feelings, there was no intensity of thought that might not be given every proper emphasis from his lips. He had a dome and face that marked a great mind. His chin and mouth and quick eye bespoke the orator—one endowed with sovereignty over the thoughts and feelings of men. He was master of a pure English style. He read only the best authors; he studied only the great masters. There was well-nigh absolute perfection in his use of words. There was no haziness or indistinct shadows in the expression of his thought: all was definite and clear and radiant with sunlight. For luminous and forceful speech, I have not heard his equal. His intellectual equipment was of a high order. He had great strength of mind: and there were profound depths to his soul. There was a wealth of imagery and his thought that was exceedingly attractive. He possessed a rich and verdant imagination. His genius came home, like the bee, heavy laden with honey from the shaded woods and blooming orchards. He loved the flowers and the brooks and the fields and the birds, and the flocks and the mountains and the clouds: and he took these beauties of nature—all the language of God to him, and the riches of grace, and with a deft hand, wove the most beautiful garb of sacred oratory that ever bewitched our soul.

## A Baby.

A London paper offered a large prize for the best definition of a baby that any of its readers might send in, and the first one we print is the one which received the prize, though we do not think it was the best:

A tiny feather from the wing of love, dropped into the sacred lap of motherhood.

The following is a selection from some of the best definitions submitted:

The bachelor's horror, the mother's treasure, and the despotic tyrant of the most republican household.

A human flower untouched by the finger of care.

The morning caller, noonday crawler, midnight brawler.

Father's rival in mother's love.

A stranger with unspeakable cheek, that enters a house without a stitch to his back, and is received with open arms by every one.

The spring of the tree from which will be built the bulwarks of our nation's future greatness.

A bursting bud on the tree of life.

A bold asserter of the rights of free speech.

A tiny, useless mortal, but without which the world would soon be at a standstill.

The latest edition of humanity, of which every couple think they possess the finest copy.

A native of all countries, who speaks the language of none.

An invention for keeping people awake at night.

A mite of a thing that requires a mighty lot of attention.

A diminutive specimen of perverse humanity that could scarcely be endured if he belonged to some one else, but, being our own, is a never-failing treasure of delight.

A man or woman making a start in life.

The unconscious mediator between father and mother, and the focus of their hearts.

A daylight charmer and a midnight alarmer.

A wee little specimen of humanity, whose winsome smile makes a good man think of the angels.

The sunbeam that drives dull care away.

A thing every body thinks there is a great deal too much fuss about unless it is their own.

The one thing needful to make home happy.

There is only one perfect specimen of a baby in existence, and every mother is the happy possessor of it.

A mite of humanity that will cry no harder if a pin is stuck into him than he will if the cat wont let him pull her tail.

A little stranger, with a free pass to the heart's best affections.

The most extensive employer of female labor.

The pulp from which the leaves of life's book are made.

A soft bundle of love and trouble which cannot do without.

A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded.

The sweetest thing God ever made and forgot to give wings to.

That which increases the mother's toil, decreases the father's cash, and serves as an alarm clock to the neighbors.

A pleasure to two, a nuisance to every other body and a necessity to the world.

A key that opens the hearts of all classes both rich and poor, in all countries.

That which makes home happier, love stronger, patience greater, hands busier, nights longer, days shorter, purses lighter, clothes shabbier, the past forgotten, the future brighter.

## The Fair Sex.

Harry—When a woman is mad with you, you are likely to hear some plain truths from her.

Barry—Yes?

H—I have observed it. Moreover, careful as she is about keeping from you the knowledge of how old she is ordinarily, it seems she is not so cautious when in a passion.

B.—No?

H.—No. When she is thoroughly mad she never seeks to conceal her rage.

## Only A Little While.

Reuben was thinking last night about the old days—the old days when he was a boy; when he had no conception of the world—its immensity—its responsibilities; demands; its wickedness or its selfishness or its cruelty. He took an hour off and went back to that happy and hallowed long ago—to the time when on Sunday he would go to Sunday school and recite verses which his mother had taught him to recite—which he had learned at night the previous week—and he remembers how many cards he used to have. He thought then that the cards were essential—the fellow who received the most cards always got the best present and Reuben says that the Sunday school teacher urged 'em all to get cards. And they worked hard for the cards—they were jealous and envious of the others who received more cards than the others—even Reuben admits that when John Rout or Bill Latin or Charlie Douglass would get more cards than he got—well, he had no use for those fellows just then.

That was what the Sunday school teacher urged—he wanted 'em all to get cards. That was all right.

Of course it was all right. It was teaching boys to learn verses in the New Testament—showing them the better way and yet they had avarice in it; there were the ugly faces of greed and gain showing themselves—and that at Sunday school.

Since those sweet and innocent days Reuben has grown old. He has seen the world. He has seen it on all its sides and in all its phases. He has sat at the bedside of misery and he has laughed at the table of happiness and joy and plenty. He has seen the demon run take out the choicest flowers and he has seen innocence defile and debauch itself. But what strikes him most forcibly just now is the fact that the same race which was started at Sunday school years ago is still being run. The struggle to day is for more gold—for more cards. The fellow who receives the most gold is the winner to-day, the same as the kid who received the most cards at Sunday school was a winner then.

The same passion for gain—to obtain—no matter how, permeates the old man and the young man the same as the passion for the most Sunday school cards held then when they were young.

And Reuben claims that the question comes home—comes in a heap and comes all over.

Does this miserable greed pay? If a man has enough to keep the wolf of hunger from his doors should he still pursue the phantom wealth and forget what he should do? Should he continue to pile away his money like Silas Marner piled it away? Does it do him any good, and if it does what is the good except to satisfy a personal and cringing weakness of self? Why should one man with no more ability than another revel and riot in the luxury of riches and why should a man who is a real genius in his line eat the crumbs, which the undeserving rich let fall from off their tables? Does not the pitiable condition of Colonel Lazarus teach us something better and something different?

And then Reuben says that he supposes there is no use to kick. He says men with millions profess to read the Bible and profess to be christiana and they read that a rich man can no more enter the kingdom of Heaven than a camel can thread the postern of a needle's eye—but then that verse does not count. No, that was marked out by the proof reader. It is a mistake in print. And Reuben borrowed a dollar and left town.—Durham Globe.

## Song Of The Weekly Editor.

Work, work, work,  
From weary morn till night;  
And work, work, work,  
While the scissors are gleaming bright.  
It's hard, to be a slave,  
Along with the bear and Turk,  
Where we haven't the cash to buy a grave  
When we haven't the strength to work!

O, men with dollars bright!  
O, men with teeming till!  
It's not the paper you read to-night,  
But the editor's grocery bill!  
Work, work, work,  
In poverty, hunger and dirt;  
And all that he has for his labor  
Is a railroad pass and a shirt!

## A Great Event.

Charlotte, N. C., May 11.—With the usual vim and liberality with which this people is proverbial the grandest events in the history of the Old North State are booked to take place within the City's hospitable gates beginning on the 18th inst., and lasting for three days. A brief to the programme will enable your readers to grasp the extent and excellence of the entertainment arranged for on the three great days. As is known this will be the 117th Anniversary of the Mecklenburg Declaration, but while the Centennial of such events usually outstrip all other occasions, it will be of interest to know that the 17 years in excess of its 100th age of life that it has taken deeper root and produced an amount of patriotism and love for the pioneers of our liberties, which has ripened into an enthusiasm throughout the State both; wonderful and commendable. Senator Vance estimates that the crowd here on the 20th will be up to 20,000, a sight in itself.

But to the programme: On the 18th there will be a game of Foot Ball between College teams costing \$300. A balloon ascension at midday by Prof. Hutchison, who will drop from his aerial carriage at an altitude of 2,500 feet and when 500 feet from the ground will open a parachute and descend. In the afternoon a League game of Base Ball between Charlotte and Columbia teams, both professional clubs. At night the Wild West Show, introducing 53 Indians and 50 Cowboys. On the 19th, Gun club contests for \$150 Tournament, participated in by 30 knights prizes \$500. Another Balloon ascension—this time by Miss Grace Shannon, who will also do the parachute act. Base Ball at 4 p. m. At night the grandest display of Fireworks ever attempted in the South, winding up with the great pyrotechnic military display of "Seige of Pekin." This at a cost of \$1,600. After the Fireworks are over, a Grand Ball will be held at the new City Hall, a feature of which will be the coronation of the Queen of Love and Beauty and the Maids of Honor by the Hon. Henry Blount, of Wilson.

On the 20th, Wild West Show in the morning, especially for ladies and children the Gun Club contests continued and a Sham Battle in which the leading military organizations will take part—\$500 worth of powder will be used. In the afternoon an Oration will be delivered by Senator David B. Hill, of New York, followed by Senators Vance, Ransom, Butler, Voorhees, Daniel and others. At 4 p. m., Base Ball again. Closing at night with the Wild West Show, in which will be presented the destruction of the homestead by Indians.

## The Orphan's Death.

The night was dark and the wintry air Pierced through the walls of a hovel bare; Where an orphan lay in the bitter cold With tearful eyes, and her curls of gold; Shook as she sobbed, "keep me from harm And heavenly father make me warm."

Then instantly burst on the dark mad night A flood of the purest celestial light; And the white robed choir from realms above,  
Tuned their harps to the songs of love;  
Till music and light filled the dear old room  
Dispelling the darkness and cold and gloom.

The orphan smiled with a tender grace As she saw one with the holiest face, Who clasped her form in His loving arms And soothed her pain with His wondrous charms;  
Till she sweetly slept on her Saviours breast

Finding the needed, the sought for rest,  
When morning came with its radiant light  
And vanished the powers of sombre night;  
The people wept as they crowded round  
The frozen child on the frozen ground;  
For the music was gone, the angels had fled  
And the beautiful child lay cold and dead.  
ERNEST HARTE.

## Not A Spendthrift.

"And how do you sell your smiles?" asked Jones of old Mrs. Rougeump, who was presiding over a table at a fancy fair.  
"A dollar a piece sir for the benefit of the poor."  
"Well, my dear madam, as it's for a good cause you may give me fifty cents worth."