

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

He jests at 'cars who never lost a train.
The owl is a very small bird for its eyes.
Bald men are the coolest-headed men in
the world.

The merchants who sell for cash be-
long to the no-bill-ity.

But one thing on earth is better than
wife, that is the mother.

The most wonderful flight on record was
when the chimney flue.

Hooks and eyes of this world don't
amount to a row of pins.

Into every soul is a chamber into which
no one but God can come.

Every thought which pity throws into
the world alters the world.

The sweetest thing in this life is the un-
clouded welcome of a wife.

It is not meet that the regning belle
should marry a coachman.

One must study to know, know to un-
derstand, understand to judge.

A young man intending "to press his
suit," first went and had his suit pressed.

Nothing will turn a woman's head so
completely as a bonnet that has passed by.

The soul that is in earnest will not stop
to count the cost. It is the same with a
hen.

Beauty and bashfulness are often united;
yet the loveliest maiden is admired for her
cheek.

The book of Nature is always beautiful;
but that fine book gets short of leaves in
autumn.

No wonder a lazy man imagines him-
self in heaven when he is idle, for then he
is at rest.

"It is a mere matter of form" as the lady
said when she was adjusting her corset. Of
course it was.

It is all very well to be a promising
youth, but the hard part is to keep your
promise in after life.

It is hardly fair to sneer at a carpenter
because you see him driving every day.
Driving nails is not a luxurious pastime.

George says that after trying for years
to photograph his girl upon his heart, all
he got from her in the end was a negative.

The lessons of life make deeper impres-
sions than the lessons of books, because
they touch the heart before they reach the
head.

Those who piously and conscientiously
discharge the duties of the closest usually
prosper in the temporal and spiritual bless-
ings.

There is no place so charming and deli-
cious as that woman's presence will
give it a sweeter, purer and holier atmos-
phere.

You must love in order to understand
love. One act of charity will teach us
more of love of God than a thousand ser-
mons.

No one has ever yet been able to ex-
plain why a kiss is such a pleasant thing,
but the subject is being constantly investi-
gated.

Let those who would affect singularity
with success first determine to be very
virtuous, and they will be sure to be very
singular.

Isn't it strange that we never hear of
dynamite being used in Egypt, where there
are more Nileists than anywhere else in
the world.

Nothing can equal the postage stamp for
evenness of temper and calm. You can
lick it until it perspires in every pore, but
it won't even change color.

The hay press was invented by a wo-
man, which leads a way to suggest that
she got the idea from a desire to be hug-
ged from all sides at once.

It is your privilege to gather yourself
into a beautiful garland of worth and merit
out of the present, for there are no other
seams on which these flowers bloom.

Six Years Ago To-night.

To-night is the anniversary of a memor-
able occasion—an occasion, that will be
fraught throughout coming generations
with the memory of the most terrible or-
deal through which our people ever passed.
Six year ago to-night God spoke in the
roaring sound of the earthquake's shock,
and no one, who felt the world's terrible
trembling that night, will ever forget the
sensation of his own littleness and utter
helplessness when thus brought face to
face with the awe-in-spiring manifestations
of the power of the Almighty. The
night was calm, serene and beautiful. Un-
der the silent watching of peaceful stars,
whose silvery waves of light sprinkled
earth with its noiseless showers of glimmer-
ing beauty, the world was making ready
to sink into that deep and quiet hush which
beckons mortals to a realm of sleep and
rest. But all at once the peaceful hush,
the blessed repose was rudely broken, the
earth trembled in its throes of anguish, its
groans of torture came sweeping in the
furious mutterings of a whirlwind's roar,
and the rich and the poor, the high and
the low met on the same plane of fear and
awe, and, as if in the presence of God, ac-
knowledged the insecurity of all earthly
things, and the power and authority of
God in the affairs of men. Yes, without
the least distinction at all met on same
level, and trembled alike at the supposed
premonition of coming ruin and the end of
all things earthly. But six years ago have
passed since that terrible night, and the
earth is still a spared monument of His
grace and goodness and long suffering.
And as we sit and pen these lines the
night is just as calm as a sea without
winds to ripple its waters, and all things,
save the scratching of this pen, are seem-
ingly sleeping as sweetly and as peacefully
as a babe upon its loving mother's breast.
The moon is sprinkling down her softest
beamings, and the earth never seemed
more sweet and beautiful than at this tran-
quil hour of peace and rest. And sitting
here by our open window we have been
dreaming the sweetest and dearest dreams.
Heaven seems so near the earth to-night,
and in our sweet and prayerful commu-
nion our thoughts have arisen on the wings
of awe and reverence and adoration and,
with incense of thanksgiving, have gone
up to Him, who is the blessed Author of
us all, and our only help in times of
trouble and peril. And we have been
made to realize that the same Hand, which
stroke the earth six years ago and tore it
asunder in places, is the same one which
smoothes down the angry ocean, and holds
its wrath in its blessed hollow. And we
have realized that the same Hand which
fills the sky with the blackest clouds, in
which live those furious storms which
scatter forth the quivering lightnings in all
their dazzling coruscations and destruc-
tion-dealing flashes is the same one which
sprinkles down the gentle and refreshing
showers which give freshness and vitality
to all growing vegetation. Yes, the same
Hand, that distills for our delight and edifi-
cation the perfume of the flowers, is the
one which surrounds them with thorns to
prick our careless fingers. It is the Hand
that spreads such exquisite tints upon the
lily and the rose; that decks the autumn
forests with their gorgeous draperies of a
thousand dyes; that carpets the valleys with
their soft, rich velvet of eye-refreshing
green, and mingles the deep, dark blue of
the empyrean vault in old ocean's majes-
tic waves; that sprangle the mantle of the
universe with golden stars, and emplants
their wondrous coruscating fires in the
opal's and the diamond's heart; that teaches
the sun's artist fingers to paint the evening
skies with all the liquid hues of a million
shattered prisms, that bestows his change-
ful coat on the chameleon, and casts the
roseate flush of early morning on the
mountain tops and glassy lakes; that en-
circles the frowning brow of Heaven with
the glittering rainbow coronet, and hangs
the wondrously blazing aurora borealis
lamps upon the Northern pole. God's
hand does it. Yes, in everything, we see
His Handwriting, and it tells us of His
grandeur and power and glory and mercy
and loving kindness unto all the children
of men.

The Idler

He who was an idler during the Sum-
mer should be suffered to hunger in the
winter. There is no virtue in providing
for the lazy. They have no reason to
complain if indignant beneficence shuts up
its purse.

Vanderbilt's Palace.

The News-Observer says that no one
can form an idea of the gigantic scale of
the work now in progress upon the Van-
derbilts estate that is to be at Biltmore
near Asheville, without visiting the spot
and seeing it with his own eyes. It is told
that Mr. George Vanderbilt, who will be
the master of Biltmore, wished to erect a
monument to the Vanderbilt name which
would be the admiration of the world. His
mother is also a leading spirit in the
project, and will furnish some of the mil-
lions required to complete the work. It
was she who selected the site for Biltmore.
She had searched the entire civilized globe
for such a spot, but it was not until she
reached Asheville and was taking a drive
one crisp, beautiful morning in February,
that her eyes fell upon the ideal spot for
which she had been vainly searching,
when she looked down into the beautiful
valley of the French Broad from the emi-
nence upon which Biltmore has since been
christened. And she declared that the
palace should be there. The purchasing
of the land was begun, and many of the
natives who found that the Vanderbilts
wanted it ran up the price to fabulous
figures, but it did not deter the purchasers
till they were the owners of ten thousand
acres of land upon which this magnificent
estate will be. The Vanderbilt mansion
will eclipse any royal palace of the crown-
ed heads of Europe. Six years will be re-
quired for its completion and it will cost
millions of dollars. Six hundred hands
and one hundred and fifty teams of
horses are employed at work and the pay-
roll is \$20,000 per week, or over a million
dollars a year paid to hands alone.

The palace will have a massive front of
four hundred feet. Architect Hall who
designed the structure spent a year travel-
ing through the royal palaces of Europe
for the purpose of perfecting the design.
His work was also under the personal eye
and supervision of Mrs. Vanderbilt. Mr.
Vanderbilt recently brought over a ship
load of rare shrubs and plants from the
banks of the river Jordan, from Jerusalem
and from along the Dead Sea, which have
been planted and which are now flourish-
ing luxuriantly at Biltmore. There will
be one hundred miles of winding drives
through the palace grounds, and on all
sides will be the most gorgeous and pictur-
esque scenery that combined nature and
art can produce. A rushing mountain
torrent has been turned from its course
and deflected around by a new channel
which conducts its over a perpendicular
rock precipice, making a cataract of a hun-
dred feet fall.

A deer park is being prepared in the
grounds and in this there will be a beau-
tiful herd of deer. Another park is being
set apart for buffaloes. Mr. Vanderbilt
having purchased a large herd of them in
the west where they are now awaiting the
completion of their Western North Caroli-
na home. There will also be a beautiful
lake on which will be hundreds of swan.

The Best Beauty.

The best index of true beauty—the
beauty that, even when age has plowed its
furrows across the face and dimmed the
lustre of the sparkling eye—is the heart,
and the perfume, which comes from it, and
which tells what kind of flowers are bloom-
ing there, and the nature of the soil in
which they find their luxuriant growth. If
kind words and tender expressions and
charitable dealings mark our intercourse
with our fellow beings, then we may know
that showers of Heaven from the God-col-
lected clouds of goodness hath watered
these flowers, and that angels hands are
tending them.

True.

How large a portion of our happiness in
this world arises from its vicissitudes! The
truth is become a maxim continually pro-
posed and immediately assented to, but
who considers it? They are the changes
of daily life which stimulate hope, regu-
late business, propose rest, and reward la-
bor. Like our daily bread, they must be
looked for and prepared for. June and
beauty are of little value unless marked.
Our actions must be numbered like our
milestones, and stand as they do at their
appropriate sites, if we would rejoice in our
progress.

Affliction, A Blessing.

We are just emerging from the furnace
of a severe affliction—one of the severest
bodily afflictions that we have ever had,
and the suffering we have endured cannot
be told by human tongue. And yet amid
our greatest suffering we found a sweet
and precious comfort, a blessed and glo-
rious solace, for our thoughts were con-
stantly turned Godward, and so sweet and
so precious and so comforting were our
communications with Him that we sometimes
felt as if we had received a foretaste of the
celestial city and had been thrilled with
the tides of its choral harmonies, been
charmed with the glory light of its illimi-
table splendors, had drunk in the perfume
of its fadeless flowers, and had strolled
with angels through sinless bowers. Yes,
indeed, afflictions are blessings. They are
God sent for some sweet purpose. It
takes the night to show us the glittering
jewels which sparkle so beautifully upon
the bosom of the sky, and it takes troubles
and afflictions, deep and dark, to make us
see in all their lustre and beauty the richer,
grander, brighter glories which shine fore-
ever in Heaven above. But for these
shades and shadows of earthly care and
sorrow we would see nothing but the glare
and the glitter of the tinsel glories of
this world, which, like foam-encrusted
bubbles on the shallow brook, break at the
touch, and show nothing but a hollow and
empty mockery. And so trials and disap-
pointments come, and as their curtains of
gloom fall around us, and shut out the
deceptive glitter of all worldly glare, it is
then we can look through the folds of the
darkness about us and then see those im-
perishable beauties which are fadeless and
eternal, and which passeth not away.
Yes, thank God for these troubles, for they
are indeed the rounds in that ladder on
which our unfulfilled and unsatisfied long-
ings and aspirations climb Heavenward.

With God.

"God himself shall be with them, and be
their God. And God shall wipe away all
tears from their eyes: and there shall be
no more death, neither sorrow nor crying;
neither shall there be any more pain, for
the former things are passed away." Glo-
rious consummation! All the other glo-
ries of Heaven are but emanations from
this glory that excelleth. Here is the fo-
cus and centre to which every ray of light
converges. God is "all in all." Heaven
without God! It would send a thrill of
dismay through the burning ranks of an-
gels and archangels; it would dim every
eye, and hush every harp, and change the
whitest robe into sackcloth. And shall we
then, indeed, "see God?" What shall we
gaze on these inscrutable glories, and live?
Yes, God Himself shall be with them, and
be their God; they shall see His face! And
not only the vision, but the fruition. Oh,
how does sin in our holiest moments damp
the enjoyment of Him! It is the "pure
in heart" alone who can "see," far more,
who can enjoy God. Even if He did re-
veal Himself now, these eyes could never
endure His intolerable brightness. But
then, with a heart purified from corruption,
a world where the taint of sin and the
power of temptation never enters; the soul
again a bright mirror, reflecting the lost
image of the Godhead—all the affections of
their original high destiny—the love of
God, the motive principle, the ruling pas-
sion—the glory of God, the undivided ob-
ject and aim—man will, for the first time,
know all the blessedness of his chief end—
"to glorify God, and to enjoy Him for-
ever."

The Reason.

It has been said that while the female
mind is not greatly inferior to the male,
the feminine moral instinct and spiritual
power are immensely greater. We are in-
clined to the same opinion, and believe
that the disparity of the excess in our
churches is due, more than to any other
cause, to the finer sensibilities, the higher
moral sense, and the purer nature of wo-
man. We see this idea verified at the
Cross and at the tomb of Jesus. Woman
was the last at the one, and the first at
the other; pouring out her tears of sorrow be-
fore the one, and trembling with a fearful
joy at the other.

A Love Scene.

Mild-eyed Luna has been recrowned
fair Empress of the skies and is now, at
this writing, waving her silvery sceptre
from the starry throne of night, and sprink-
ling the earth with a stream of loveliness
as full of enchantment as that which trick-
les down in chrysal purity upon the mus-
ical ripples of "gleaming Neapolitan
waves." The sky, studded with its glitter-
ing islets, is bending in translucent
arches o'er scenes as full of joy and peace
and rest as that which made beautiful the
sinless bowers of Angel-tended Paradise.
Every breeze that stirs the drooping foli-
age of our dew-kissed elms "is heavy with
the sighs" of fragrant lips of dream-wood,
slumbering flowers. It is a scene which
awakens the lover's lute. It is a scene
which brings about a new Spring-time of
feeling. It is a scene, in which the sweet
and luscious fruit of the sun-nursed or-
chards of the heart is ripened and mellow-
ed and made so delicious for famished lips.
And right here fancy pictures a vine-clad
veranda on one of our elm guarded streets,
in the corner of which two young lovers
are seated. The sweet South wind, winged
with odors and creeping through a ivy-
ed bower, could not have been softer or
sweeter than the utterances which were
tuned to those notes of divinest earthly
melody, and which showed that their
hearts were pulsing out "the old, old song
together." Their heads get nearer and
nearer; their warm breathings mingle to-
gether; sigh meets sigh; soul sinks
into soul; and a spell, borrowed from
elysium, falls upon the bubbling channel
of their dreams, and veil its current with a
spray of rapture as sweet as that which
Fancy weaves around the brow of en-
chantment.

His Mash.

He met her in the garden,
And she was all alone.
His arm he folded round her waist,
And said she was his own,
He on her lips imprinted
A kiss with true love's zest,
And then with passionate fervor,
Her soft white hands he pressed,
She screamed, and then his ardor
Was in a moment dashed;
For in those soft white hands she held
An egg, that was now smashed.

The Difference.

"Will you trust me, Fannie?" he cried
passionately grasping her hand.
"With all my heart, George, with all
my soul, with all myself," she whispered
nestling on his manly bosom.
"Would to Heaven you were my tailor,"
he murmured sotto voice and tenderly he
took her to his arms.

His Mark.

How doth the little mosquito
Improve the midnight dark,
To leave our forehead and on limb,
His sanguinary mark?

How skillfully he piles his bill,
How neat he makes attacks;
Then stores himself in parts unseen,
And dodges all the whacks.

His Own Effort.

Man is not the creature but the archi-
tect of circumstance. It is character
which builds an existence out of circum-
stance. Our strength is measured by our
plastic power; from the same material one
man builds palaces, another hovels; bricks
and mortar are bricks and mortar until the
architect can make them something else.

Reproof.

Reproof to be effective must be spring-
ly administered. Perpetual rebuke is like
constant whipping of a lazy horse; he soon
disregards it. The marvel is that the
hardening process is not more damaging.
The scold is hardly entitled to any respect.