

THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

VOL. 11. WILSON NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, OCT 19th 1892. NO. 28

MERRY MORSELS.

AND RADIANT REFLECTIONS
BY HENRY BLOUNT.

Punctuated with Pungent Points
and Spiced with Sweetest
Sentiment

Slang is the wart on language.

A broken silence is never repaired.

The juice of rye makes one riotous.

The bark of a dog is a current report.

Good humor is the blue sky of the soul.

A law-suit might be called a court dress.

There were many Knights in the Dark Ages.

A widow cannot be called a miss in any thing.

Energy is the sand in the craw of enterprise.

A circus entertainment always gives intense delight.

The proper place to practice seamanship is on board a ship.

The limbs of the law are suited with breeches of promise.

The prettiest thing in ladies' hose is a pretty foot and ankle.

Our punster says the worst net he ever tackled was a hor-net.

When you "chin" a man that don't make him a Chinaman.

When the captain wants to stop the vessel, does he hoist a stay-sail?

Language was given that we might say pleasant things to each other.

If "corporations have no souls," what is to be expected of a corporation organ.

Reason is that ingenuity of the mind with which men justify their prejudices.

Ocean travel is not expensive these days but the waves sometimes come high.

Purchasing luxuries and skimping on necessities and comforts is not wise economy.

A rule that works both ways—When a fleet goes out on a cruise the crews go out on the fleet.

Brass bands are on the increase through out the country. Even the dogs wear them on their necks.

Can the sound in a man's head, when his wife hits him with a rolling pin, be described as a "marriage ring?"

There can be no surer proof of low origin, or of an innate meanness of disposition, than to be always talking and thinking of being genteel.

Dimples on a lady's face are the eddies in the stream of beauty, around which the loveliest waters of witchery ripple in all of their entrancing wavelets.

Women are the poetry of the world, in the same sense as the stars are the poetry of Heaven. Clear, light giving, harmonious, they are terrestrial planets that rule the destinies of mankind.

In this wintry life the presence of those we love is like the gleam of sunshine through the cloud, lighting up the shadows and giving warmth and lustre and loveliness to all beneath the ray.

The rainbow is beautiful, but without a storm, without descending raindrops, it does not appear. It comes after darkness and gloom, and the contrast makes its light the more charming and attractive.

Love is the precious loom whose enchanting shuttle weaves all the tangled threads of life into that exquisite lace of witchery, which makes perfect and complete the glorious fabric of rapture and delight.

Do not despair when the shadows of disappointment gather, for the darkest night of gloom will ere long pass away, and in the crimson sun-burst of effulgent morn, you'll catch again the roseate gleam of hope's most radiant dawn.

Ninety nine times out of a hundred a woman's fall and consequent inevitable shame and degradation and wretchedness, can be traced to her implicit belief and God-like trust in the truth and the fidelity and the honor of the man whom she has made king of her heart, and crowned with the coronet of her devotion.

To Sweeter Service.

In our last issue we briefly announced the translation of Tennyson into a higher and holier state of existence. Yes, the great poet, who touched every chord of song and made its rhythmic ripples of melody charm and thrill and enchant so many thousands both in this country and in Europe, and soothe so many torn and bleeding hearts in the lulling ripples of its transporting tides of softest flowing melody, has turned that blessed current of song from the shores of time, and emptied its ripples into the mingling harmonies of the ever resounding diapason of song swept immortality. Yes, that noble man, that thoroughly consecrated Christian is no more on earth save in the hallowed urn of blessed and sweetest memories, for his pure and spotless spirit has taken its flight to that higher realm of song, where everlasting strains of music flow in endless ripples around God's own redeemed in Glory. Yes, the sweet toned harp is still, its strings are silent now, and the sweet and soothing and lulling current of melody, which flowed so beautifully and exquisitely and so entrancingly, and made all lovers of the pure, the chaste and the refined and the beautiful dream of that purer and higher and more beautiful state of existence where song is love and love is song, has forever stopped in its glorious and Heavenly carved channel, and only those pure, sweet tides alone are left to cheer, to soothe, to comfort and to bless. Yes he is dead. The fitful fever is over; the nervous wakefulness is ended, the blessed sleep has come; and celestial dreams—the nursling of the angels—make sweet the hush of the last repose. The throbbing brain and pulsing heart, those crystal fountains of truth and beauty, whose rippling tides flood the wide world over with the sweetest notes of melody that ever threw its tuneful spray upon the flower fringed banks of murmuring song, are still and calm and quiet now; and a rest—serene and holy as the benediction which follows prayer—falls in Heaven's own blessed mantle upon the beautiful end of a beautiful existence. No, not the end; for a life so nobly planned, so beautifully and so symmetrically carved out and chiselled, hath no end. Baptised in the waters of immortal song, and vocal with that rhythm of rapture its own matchless power awakened, it is clothed in an eternity of fadeless beauty, and will glisten with freshness and fragrance as long as one human being stands enchanted upon the banks of Poesy and of Song.

In this notice we will not make an elaborate or critical survey of the powers of the illustrious poet. We will only write in the tenderest, most sympathetic vein, and declare that many of his poems are as musical as the strains of song-birds; many of them are as sweet as the odors of flowers; many of them are as tender as the down upon the thistle; and many of them are as bright and as beautiful as the dew-drops gleaming under the burnish of sunbeams' radiant streaming. His verses show a temperament singularly sweet and serene, and exquisitely refined and softened by mellowest of Christian influences. In his simple, natural lays we catch the perfume of wild flowers nodding in the rocky clefts, and we hear the dulcet music of gurgling waters rippling along with all the charming graces of wooing zephyrs and loving sunbeams. His poems are "apples of gold in pictures of silver," for in them we find nothing excessive, nothing over-wrought, nothing strained. Every line is smooth and beautiful; and when his melody is most delicate, most entrancing and most winning, the ripples of his graceful pen are as soft and as tender and as lulling as the soothing strains of a troubadour; yet in the grander sweep of his voluptuous swelling he sends us those magnificent strains which bring us cadences of awe and of beauty as massive and as sonorous as the deep and beautiful voices heard in the grand and impressive and thrilling morning chants of the ebbing sea. And while many songs are soon forgotten the melodious echoes of those songs which he sung so tenderly and so beautifully are deathless in their pathos and purity and sweetness, and they will forever float down the channel of the years; and as we follow the dulcet windings of those murmuring ripples which float upon the stream of song, we will hear in their ceaseless ebb and tide the music of our own hearts and the melody of our dreams, and feel again the fervor of those aspirations which look forward

ward to the full, perfect and unstinted realization of that peaceful state, which halows faithful service, and which consecrates true and devoted lives with the aroma of a holy and God-pronounced benediction.

And his influence was Heavenly, for his lines breathed the sweet piety, the most delicate patience and the most infinite tenderness. In the placid flow of his sweet and graceful numbers there was no tempest of mighty passion, no billowy sweep of fiercely contending emotion, and no gaudy attempt at dramatic effect and splendor. His lays were simple, tender, touching and heart-nursed, and the theme he touched awoke responsive chord in every heart, for his songs were but the pathos of life, and he portrayed the story of human experience. He felt the throbbing pulse of yearning and sorrow laden mortals every where, and in pouring out his soothing strains to alleviate the sore and bruised parts he drew from every crushed and bleeding heart the tribute of its worship, and in their memories the name and virtues of Tennyson will live and gleam as brightly as the jewels of night in their setting of darkness.

A Novel Letter.

We find in the Washington Progress the following letter from a school committeeman to one of the teachers in the public school: "Miss F W Fair Friend I suppose that you let your scholars curs An Fight in fact do Anything they in yours presence An you let them go on with it now I told you whe you com to me that the children was Bad An you would have to be strict with tem i suppose you air A fraid makin the parence mad when I was qualified as a school committia i had to take a noath to look ater the to secur good teachers An se that the school was proply conducted So Help me god An when you Air letting your scholars do as som of them do it is Not incousistion with my instructions to you Nor my oth Nor school. law i suppose your school will soon Be oup

An when it is you will pleas not com to me to sine your order As you can get your money without it And when you tak A nother school don't give A way to your scholars As you hav this tim i suppose this is yur first time you have ever had charg of A school But When a committy employs A teacher they expect them to go A cordon jo directions give them i know that the other to committia employed you without consulting me An it is thair Busines to look after the school so far as lam cunsumrd lam As willin for you to Hav your mony as i can Be i have nothing aginst your teachin you have took good pains in tryin to learn they All you cold No Dout But A low them to curse and fight use bad language An not tak them oup in for it will not do when A chille is sent to your school He is in your charge An if you cannot mak them keep your Ruls under No consideration send them home from yours truly— I hope you will not get offendd At me But look out for the next time."

A Reflection.

The exquisite and beautiful water lily has its roots in dark and muddy places, and some of the loveliest and sweetest and most beautiful characters come from low estates and dingy surroundings. We love the flowers not for the place from which they spring, but for the glorious perfume their beauteous petals bring. We admire the giant oak not because it grows in rich and fertile lands, but for the fact that it in noblest vigor stands. We seek not merely the glory in which its boughs doth live, but the boon of grateful shade its leafy bowers give.

They Do.

Straw hats now have a kind of a tired, weary, forlorn, de-olate, lonesome appearance, and as the frost-kissed autumn winds begin to sigh through the withered trees these dust besprinkled and perspiration dyed protectors of the head seem, too, to sigh for a resting place on the top shelf in the closet. They soon will go, and the change will be felt on the head at last.

Henry Blount.

Bro. Henry Blount comes nearer being a friend to the world at large than any man in North Carolina. With his fluent and spicy pen dipped in a molten mixture of all the precious gems and jewels he always says something beautiful and pays his tribute to the bright side of everything. Having filled a position which no one else has ever done in North Carolina Journalism, when he gives up his faber for his golden harp the editor of THE DAILY, should he survive him, will gladly help to raise a marble shaft to commemorate him who has striven to make life so bright and sunny—Twin City Daily.

Thanks, generous and noble brother, but would it not be better to take up a collection now and save us from that untimely death superinduced by the fangs of hunger and starvation, for it rather occurs to us that we would not have a very keen and lively appreciation of this marble shaft business after we had once gotten hold of the golden harp. A nickle now to buy us a ginger snap, a raw onion or a plate of cold greens would do us more good now than a marble shaft fifty miles high when we have shuffled off this mortal coil, and donned the plumage of the angels, and with them sweetly sing. Yes, brother we really think it would be better to show the appreciation now, and not wait until we get to fooling with the silver strings on that "golden harp," for we might forget you fellows down here, and possibly we might not even get a glimpse of the marble shaft over our sacred ashes (selah.) which once did make that perished mould of honor (selah.) so noble and so grand, so faultless and so symmetrical. (selah.) Yes, brother, it is our duty to speak kind words to, and do good deeds for the living, while they are toiling and suffering and almost despairing, and encourage them while in the valley of despondence to look up to the mountain tops of hope where the sunshine is pouring its silvery streams of radiant cheer. Yes let us help and encourage the living, for after they shake off their mortal coil God will then take care of his beloved dead, and bless their souls with everlasting cheer. But nevertheless we do appreciate your kind intentions about this post mortem honor, and we assure you that the noble impulse which gave them birth is as refreshing as flowers in May. Coming from such a source it forms one of the richest leaflets in the precious garland of cheer which friends have entwined around our brow of effort, and while inhaling the odors of cheer that are emitted therefrom we forget in a measure the heat and the dust of the dry and parched up wastes of sand through which we are so wearily plodding, and in a measure we lose sight of the arid bosom of the long and wide and siccant Sahara of editorial trials and perplexities, for now we catch the roseate gleamings of blooming flowers, and hear the reshing music of gurgling waters.

"It Do."

Summer has faded into the irretrievable past, floated out of the gates that never will open for its return, gone with its memories of blossom and bird, and fragrant hedge and swaying vines—but the scent of pennyroyal and the red lump that marks where the last mosquito stopped for refreshment still linger round the scene.

Her Wit.

At supper the other night a Wilson lady had a doctor on either hand, one of whom remarked that they were well served, since they had a duck between them. "Yes," she broke in—her wit is of the sort that comes in flashes—"and I am between two quacks." Then silence fell.

A Safe Asylum.

A man who is locked up in the comforts of a true woman's love, and a true wife's faith need never dread the storms of life; for like the sea, beneath all the winds that go howling across it, there are the unfathomed depths of peace which storms can never reach and rob of its glorious calm.

Mary's Little Pup.

That sweet and tender and touching and tear provoking little poem, beginning "Mary Had a Little Lamb" has fallen under Eddle's eye, and he has paraphrased it. He is proud of his triumph, and he thinks that the shades of Milton, Byron, Shakespeare and other illustrious poets will rise in envy and long to wear that more brilliant garland of fame which will now encircle in a halo of glory his own noble brow.

Mary had a little pup,
Twas covered o'er with fleas
And every time they would bite
The pups cratched where'er he please,
Yes he was a frisky little thing,
As fat as he could waddle,
And every where Mary went
That little pup would toddle.
He went with her down town one day
Close up behind her buggy
Oh how it loved to run away
This naughty little puppy.
Twas always doing something wrong
When Mary turned her back;
And all the time he seemed to long
To walk the railroad track.
One day when Mary was at church,
This frisky little scamp,
Thought he would leave her in the lurch.
And go and play the tramp.
So down upon the ties he trod,
The ones the poor tramps use,
Till worn out on the track he squats,
And drops into a snooze.
He, fast asleep, did not observe—
Ah, sad indeed the story—
The fast express came round the curve,
That pup went up to glory.
There came along a butcher man
Who once had loved that pup,
And with a brush and big dust pan
He swept that poor dog up.
Next Wednesday Mary got him back,
He did not look the same;
He would not come when she called Jack
—Bologna was his name.

So True.

The purest and sweetest and most affectionate friendships—friendships in which the rarest and loveliest flowers of kindest feelings and tenderest sympathies had budded and blossomed and distilled those exquisite and delicious odors which made life so sweet and delightful—yea friendships like these have felt in a single night the untimely and biting frosts of a misconstrued motive, and under its blighting touch the precious petals withered and died and gave way to the weeds of estrangement and briars of alienation which robbed life in a measure of its perfume and its beauty. No indeed "there is nothing true but Heaven."

Our Opinion.

"What is the most momentous question that has agitated the women of this country since the first cry of freedom swept over this land?" screams Lillie Devereaux Blake. If you want our candid opinion, Lil, we should say it was whether they shall wear a Jersey or a Mother Hubbard

A Bright Girl.

"Ma," said a Wilson girl who had just commenced her lessons in geography, "whereabouts shall I find the state of matrimony?"—"Oh," replied the mother, "you will find that to be one of the United States."

Fatal Place.

An exchange says Tom Jones was shot in the basement at the Post Office by Jim Brown, and died immediately. We are not surprised, for that is a mighty bad place to shoot a person, and it generally proves fatal.

Another Place.

"The expression 'too thin' is found in Shakespeare.—Greensboro North State. Yes tooth-in is also found in a person's mouth."