

# 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 HE RY BLOU T.

Punctuated with Pungent Points  
and Spiced with Sweetest  
Sentiment

A noise has a yellow color.  
An azure sky is a sure thing.  
An oyster has an austere look.  
A maiden vain is not made in vain.  
A smile is the sunshine of good humor.  
A lawyer's designs are generally feasible.  
Spare moments are the gold dust of time.  
Deliberation, too prolonged, defeats its own ends.  
Sands makes the mountains—moments make the years.  
Habit renders wrong-doing of any kind a sort of second nature.  
A man takes his bride on a bridal tour to show that is devoted to her.  
The sun is grand; but the moon takes the shine from it when she comes out.  
Eddie says Eve was not afraid of catching the measles because she had Ad-dam.  
In this world it is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich.  
Love gives to life a rosy gleam of Heaven, and makes us feel we live again in Eden.  
Life is full of compensation. The tongue of the deaf and dumb never gets him into trouble.  
The burden of song might be said to be too great when the singer cannot carry the tune.  
You cannot depend upon a man who makes bogus money. He gives you false impressions.  
Nothing is ever done beautifully which is done in rivalry, nor nobly which is done in pride.  
The coachman's occupation is more agreeable than the hostler, but the latter is more stable.  
Help somebody worse off than yourself, and you will find out you are better off than you fancied.  
It is just a little singular that the product of the still should make the men who imbibe it so noisy.  
Some crimes are never punished. Whoever heard of a ball player being arrested for stealing bases.  
Eddie says you should never rail at a man who is on the fence as it might prove of-fense-ive to him.  
No Eddie the twinkling stars—those little lights which illuminate the sky, are not really wicked like candles, but they do scintillate every night.  
In some places they chew the tassels of fir trees as a substitute for tobacco, and that reminds us of the old adage "Be fir-chewers and thou shalt be happy."  
Our punster remarked the other day that boot and shoe making was the "last" occupation on earth, because a man was forced to peg away all the time to save his sole.  
The light-heartedness of the young has in it something great and noble; it is the conquest of nature over circumstance, the triumph of truth over hypocrisy and imposition.  
The sweetest and most luscious fruits of enjoyment are those which grow and become mellow upon the luxuriant trees of Christian duties and obligations faithfully performed.  
Love may exist without fond caresses and honeyed endearments, but it will be as barren looking and as comfortless as a rose bush amid the sleet and snows of winter with all its beauty and all its fragrance withered and faded and gone.  
Joy-lit faces and laughter-tuned voices are the golden arrows which pierce the bosom of gloom and kill its shadows, even as the glory-pointed javelins of morning shoot through the body of night and destroy its gloom, and bring to the world again the effulgent splendors of a sun-kissed day.

## Act Well Your Part, For There The Honor Lies.

Yes, do your duty well and faithfully and honestly in whatever position you may be placed, and the reward that will crown you will come alone from the effort you have made and not from the office you may chance to fill. It is the service and not the position which furnishes the jewels that sparkle with such lustrous brilliancy in the diadem of public approbation, and any one can gem his coronet with just such jewels of worth and excellence. In this earth-life there are various vocations. Some are high and exalted, others are low and humble. All must be filled, and the one, who performs his duty best, deserves the richest reward and highest honor, regardless of the position in which that duty was done. The pilot, who sits on his lofty post of duty, and guides his noble and majestic steamer through the bounding billows of the sea, would be powerless to buffet a single wave were it not for the aid and the co-operation he receives from those soot-besmirched toilers way down at the bottom of the vessel, who shovel and pour coal into the red hot jaws of that hell-like furnace, and thus doth feed the hungry mouth which makes the steam that gives to the vessel that strength and that gigantic motive power which laughs to naught the wildest sweep of fiercest billows. And so we say to those who may not win the first prize in the race of life, and fill the highest niche in the temple of renown, you can make yourself felt and useful in whatever sphere you may be thrown. 'Tis true there is but one mighty Niagara whose thundering roar is wafted on winds of renown to every land of the sun, and induces people of every clime to come and stand upon its awe-wrapped banks, and listen in speechless wonder to the thundering anthems rising in melodious incense to the God of Nature. Yet there are thousands upon thousands of murmuring cascades, which catch the silvery ripples of sweetly flowing streamlets, and, dashing their radiant wavelets into foam-crested whirlpools below, they send up their rising spray in streams of sweetest melody to chant their own sweet peans of praise, and thus help to swell the notes and give more melody to the choral harmonies that flow in dulcet waves of enchantment from the stringless instruments of Nature's matchless orchestra. 'Tis true their strains are not so loud and grand and ocean-toned, but yet they serve to make up that thrilling diapason of melody which pours its ripples over the embattlements of the sky, and there, amid the angel choir, their softest echoes die. 'Tis true there is but one Mississippi river, whose majestic sweep of waters move on in noiseless majesty to the warm throbbing breast of the sweetly-wooling Gulf, and on whose regal bosom vast argosies do float to feed the white-winged birds of the bounding billows. Yet there are hundreds upon hundreds of flowing rivers and graceful streams and murmuring brooks and singing rivulets and rippling rills, winding here and there their silvery currents throughout our wide domain, and they are deemed necessary in the divine economy of God, for the sweetest flowers bloom upon their mossy brink, and in their cooling deeps the thirsty cattle drink. 'Tis true there is but one Jupiter and Venus in all the sky, yet if their radiant beamings furnished the only waves of light that rolled like glistening diamonds from off the sea of night, the sky would be empalled with shadows dark and drear, and we would turn not there for comfort or for cheer. But millions of little stars doth all their glories blend, and down upon earth's shadows their heavenly radiance send. And so their mingling beaming doth make the sky so bright, we never dread the shadows that follow the blackest night. 'Tis true that in the forest some monarch oak arise, and point his towering head into the very skies, but suppose no other trees would dare mid it to stand, the shower of the sunbeams would parch and scorch the land; but other growth rich foliage give, and help to make the shade, and in their cool retreats the sweetest songs are made: for birds you know build nests in bush and flower, as well as in tree tops which up to Heaven tower. So acquit yourselves like true men in each and every sphere, and do not once surrender to any doubt and fear. Your missiles may not hit the mark at which you first did aim, but keep on nobly trying and you will then win fame. Yes, be pure men, be true men, be honest and be brave, and honor's brightest banner alike o'er each will wave; and when your work is ended, and you go home above, God himself will crown you with the laurel of his love.

## Musical Culture.

The brilliant and talented and versatile Miss Effie Ellis writes: "As a nation we have yet to learn and teach music as a science. Generally it is considered a part of a girl's education—the finishing part rather than a master study for man and woman. The day is approaching, where this generation and many others can enjoy the pleasure and reap the benefit of its being taught in our schools and colleges as a science of worth. Why this lack of culture? Where does it lie? Partly with parent, partly with, and in teaching. A child is put at school at the age of six or seven and kept there, till graduated, a lapse of ten or twelve years. The same child is put at music about nine or ten years of age and if not developed into a so called musician in a few years, this study is discontinued. Now, looking at the time spent in the two schools, can we wonder that music has no firm hold upon us, as a nation. As a science it is taught in some schools and ought to be in all. It becomes an art by specialists and requires money time, and persistent application to reach this standard of perfection. A child can learn musical notes and their respective value and relation to each other, cultivating a taste for it sufficient to judge and enjoy good music. When starting these little ones to school we do not stop to question their talent for mathematics, or not, but they are compelled to study it any how, and how few become expert mathematicians? Still, all learn enough for daily use. To many, music is a mathematical calculation. A unit and its fractional value. All who study mathematics do not expect to fill the chair of this science at Harvard or Yale; all who study music do not expect to star the American stage with recitals, yet each one can cultivate the taste, respectively, as to recognize the beauty of the science. All fault does not lie with parent, but a great deal in teaching. There is in our nature a responsive feeling to touch and sound, and this must be directed a right. Nature as a whole, with disposition must be studied. "The proper study of mankind is man" can be well applied while cultivating the faculty and taste for music. There is so much to learn, that is truly beautiful. The deeper we go into its fathomless depths the deeper we want to go. Never an end, always something to learn, to encourage us on. Its culture may be classed in four relations; the eye, the ear, the taste and the executive ability, each closely bearing upon the other. Different minds grasp music in a wholly dissimilar sense. The sale of trashy music will continue just as long as the populace want it, hence the necessity of culture. How much time and money is spent in trashy music and literature. Spent, aye, wasted. So often the servants are companions while Wagner, Beethoven, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Liszt and others, with the Bible, Shakespeare, Scott, Bulwer and others in this line, lie unnoticed. If not from a selfish motive, why not cultivate the beautiful in all things for the sake of future generations, the future of this sunny and promising land of ours! As in lineaments we do we trace a family or kind, so too, by the taste and mind. Hereditary, plays an important part in life. "Not only the sins of the father" and handed down, but the faculties of mind, disposition and taste, whether cultivated or not.

## A Reflection.

The glory of Summer has gone by—the beautiful greenness has become withered and dead. Were this all, were there no associations of moral desolation—of faded hopes—of hearts withering in the bosoms of the living—connected with the decaying scenery around us, we would not indulge in a moment's melancholy. The season of flowers will come again—the trees will again toss their cumbrous heads of greenness to the sunlight—and by mossy stone and widening rivulet the coming blossom will start up as at the bidding of their guardian. But the human heart has no change like that of a tree. It has not Spring time. Once blighted in its hour of freshness, it bears forever the mark of the spoiler. The dew of affection may fall, and the gentle rain of sympathy be lavished upon it, but the stone root of blighted feeling will never again awaken to life—nor the crushed flowers of hope blossom with their wonted beauty.

## A Sad Experience.

George Stallings came in the office Monday morning and his brow was corrugated with deep drawn lines of suffering. Every fibre of his being trembled in throes of bitter anguish, and every feature was as pale and colorless as the pallor smitten ghost of a dead snow flake. His eyes glared at us like the headlight of a locomotive. His quivering lips fiercely opened and thus he did pour out the seething and simmering and surging feelings of his lacerated bosom: "Canst thou minister to a mind ruined and shattered? Canst thou smooth down the bitter acerbities of thornful recollections? Canst thou uproot the aching pangs of painful memories deeply buried in my quivering heart? Canst thou give me some sweet nepenthe, and let its deadening potations drown in blest oblivion the woes that will not kill and will not die? If not fling upon wide Sheol's ponderous doors, and let the densest smoke of the biggest fires of wildest despair hide from sight this wound of mortification that rankles in my heart."

We approached him sympathizingly, and asked him the cause of this stormy ebullition of raging grief. He said that he had an engagement with a girl last night, and went to her home blissfully dreaming of a blissful evening with one whose powers of witchery could make life pass like a dream of rapture, and whose smile could flood earth with the radiance of celestial gleamings. I reached the shrine of enchantment said he and was about to felicitate my soul upon its transporting ecstasies, when I chanced to look through the blinds and saw her seated upon another fellow's knee with lips glued, it seemed to me, in love's fondest cement. She said she was trying to bise a speck off his front tooth, but that was too thin and I left in the bitterness of despair, for I realized then that she had placed the coronet of preferment upon the brow of another, and left to me the thorn studded aureole of the sharpest pointed deprivation. The sad and lonely and mournful heart beats, that surged through my bosom then, seemed as dismal and as plaintive as those waves of the sea which beat upon the lonely shores of some ice bound Norway of dreariest isolation. And as I walked out in the night, homeward bound, the very stars shivered with fright at my sad sight, and their silent beams, which earthward fell, seemed like the ghastly frowns of the pallid ghost of that dead dream and that dead hope. Oh Mr. Blount my heart is sinking, sinking down, down, into everlasting despair."

After he got through the above pent up emotions of a disappointed dream and blighted hope he went out into the engine room, and pretty soon we heard a commotion there, and going thither to ascertain the cause we found that Jack Dinkins had him standing on his head with his feet stretched skyward, and with the mallet Jack was striking him amidships, saying that the poor fellow's heart had sunk so low that he was trying to get it back to its original locality.

And thus ended the first morning lesson in that terrible chapter of bitter experience.

## A Hard Fall.

We were passing a saloon on Tuesday and saw a drunken man fall heavily to the ground. We assisted him to his feet and he said:

Say that (hic) was the biggest (hic) earthquake we've (hic) had yet.

No earthquake said we.

Why Mister (hic) it was a jarrer, (hic) felt shock, (hic) awful.

We assured the fellow that he was drunk and had fallen out of the door, and that it was the hard fall which had caused the shock, and that there had been no earthquake that day. He looked at us for two minutes in blank astonishment, and somewhat recovering from his bewilderment, he said:

"Mister, wish you had told me that before. I wouldn't have grabbed hold of the yerth like I did. I thought the whole thing was a gwine to slide right out in the ocean, and I wanted to get a good hold on her before she tuk the shuv. So you say she is still solid and not a quaking."

We told him there were no symptoms whatever of an earthquake, and that he might banish all fears.

"Thank es, much 'bleeged to ye, but if I had known all this, I wouldn't laid down just now, but I thought it was an earthquake."

## In The Country.

We recently spent several days in the country, and while there we enjoyed the charms and delights of one of the loveliest and sweetest homes we ever saw. It was to us a green, sweet, flower-laden, bird-melodious oasis, for we inhaled the perfume of the rarest flowers of enjoyment and heard in perfect rapture the minstrelsy of the sweetest song birds of delight. We enjoyed the companionship of some of the loveliest maidens that ever threw witchery around human hearts and made them throb with the ecstatic pulsings of an entrancing delirium of sweetest and purest and highest and holiest raptures. And such scenes of bliss make us love the country. The fields are lovelier than paved streets, and the great forests oaks and elms are more poetic than steeples and chimneys. In the country is the idea of home. There you see the rising and setting sun; you become acquainted with the stars and clouds. The constellations are your friends. You hear the rain on the roof and listen to the rhythmic sighing of the winds. You are thrilled by the resurrection called Spring, touched and saddened by Autumn—the grace and poetry of death. Every field is a picture, a landscape; every landscape a poem; every flower a tender thought, and every forest a fairy land. Yes God bless the country, and God bless the lovely maidens who make some country homes a sweet and precious Eden—a blessed foretaste of joys that we will find in Heaven.

## A Reflection.

Afflictions and misfortunes are but the snows and the sleet of Time's cold Winter, and make us long for the balmy skies and vernal odors of the everlasting Spring in the Eternal Hereafter. And they are blessings in disguise, for they lift our visions up to the glories and splendors of the Celestial City, and in thus seeing them our own lives must needs grow bright and resplendent in the effulgent glowings of those reflected glories that glimmer and glisten and sparkle in the diamond-like coruscations of brilliancy around the Great White Throne where break in shimmering ripples of imperishable and everlasting lustre the crystal waters in the river of immortality.

## He Wants Her.

George Stallings has written a sonnet to his best girl in which we find such gushing yearnings as "I miss you, my darling, I call you my darling, darling, darling, I need you my darling," and that "the blank of the dum air is bitter" without her. He evidently does miss her—quite considerably; but whether he wants her to sew on a suspender button or pull off his boots, he fails to state.

## About Twilight.

Eddie has been courting the muse again, as will be seen from the following:

The evening for her bath of dew  
Is partly undressed;  
The sun behind a bob tailed flush  
Is setting in the west;  
The planets light the heavens with  
The flash of their cigars;  
The sky has put his night shirt on  
And buttoned it with stars.

## Even So.

When Eve came to Adam the days of that good man became evil.—Herald.  
Even if that were so, Eve had A dam sight harder time of it than the man, and her sex has been doomed ever since then to bear many folds more suffering.

## Suggestion.

"Your name, my child?" Inquired the matron of the poor little waif that had applied for charity. "Mary Haddell." "Little lamb!" feelingly exclaimed the tender hearted matron.