

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

Bakers are great men to loaf.
Good biscuits are generally kneaded.
The baker always has his hour of knead.
Great truths are often said in fewest words.
You can easily tell a dogwood tree by its bark.
The dentist is no rooster. He is always a pull-it.
A pleasant tone and a sweet smile cost nothing.
Perseverance is the best school for manly virtue.
Silence your opponent with reason, not with noise.
Scissors grinders die sometimes of sheer exhaustion.
It is a joy to think the best we can of humankind.
Virtue and trade are the best portions for children.
The surest political appointment is—disappointment.
A charity entertainment is generally a "poor" show.
When firmness is sufficient, rashness is unnecessary.
A man may be full of airs and yet not be a million aire.
Shakspeare discovered that it was no play to write a play.
To say that donkeys have brayings is simply an ass-umption.
The saddest thing under the sky is a soul incapable of sadness.
Conscience is at most times a very faithful and prudent admonitor.
Ladies are not supposed to swear but they have often been known to "darn" things.
Young lovers ought to make good detectives because they are so inclined to invest-a-gate.
Cats are mew-sick-all. Their notes are bad enough but their post mortem utterances are violin deed.
Success is full of promise until men get it; and then it is last year's nest, from which the bird has flown.
Opinions altar, manners change, deeds rise and fall, but the moral law is written on the tablets of eternity.
He, who is false to present duty, breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause.
When Eddie read about Noah building the Arc he said he must have been the architect of his own temporary salvation.
Prosperity treads upon the heels of energy, when shod with the shoes of integrity and following in the pathway of honesty.
Some men are like pyramids, which are very broad where they touch the ground, but grow narrower as they reach the sky.
The facility with which a man forgives his own faults and then condemns those of others is a little surprising to superficial observers.
Love is the golden key which opens the door to the temple of the sweetest joys and purest raptures and most thrilling ecstasies.
A pun is a silver thread in the needle of conversation, which gives a radiant and embroidered stitch to the whole texture of a social entertainment.
We sleep, but the loom of life never stops, and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up to-morrow.
No pain, no palm; no thorns, no thrones; no gloom, no glory; no trouble, no triumphs; no bitterness, no beatitude; no cross, no crown. We must needs endure the pangs of the one before we can possibly enjoy in their fullest fruition the sweets and the blessings and the raptures of the other.

A Glorious Scene.

We turn for a moment from the chafing stream of politics to write upon a purer and lovelier and more beautiful theme. We write of a scene that God Himself did paint with richest and most gorgeous colorings that ever filled Heaven's most opulent dye pots. We write of a grand and glorious sunset, when the whole sky looked as if all the beauties of Heaven itself had been collected and reflected upon those cloud islands that slept in the embrace of a roseate sea of molten splendor. In a stroll Sunday afternoon we were permitted to feast our enraptured vision upon a grand and gorgeous and transporting scene of indescribable splendor and loveliness, cased in the God-framed setting of Heaven's own glory and sublimity, and tinted with all the radiant reflections that flash out their brilliancy from the commingling corruscation of the inimitable splendors of the Throne of God. It was a glorious Autumnal sunset scene. The fire eyed God of Day, having flooded the world with the quivering waves of richest brilliancy, was about to enter his crimson-painted chamber of rest and leave the earth to the vigils of the stars. Fleecy clouds, grouping themselves like mountains—towering, rugged and jagged, were catching on their soft, tender peaks those rich and exquisite tintings which seemed like the matchless imprint of farewell kisses from the God of Day upon their blushing cheeks. And then the grand, glorious, gorgeous transformation scene began, and in quick succession it would change from one color exquisitely beautiful and transportingly lovely to another of richer, grander, more gorgeous tintings, and still the grand picture gallery of the skies grew and increased in richness and sublimity, and became so gorgeous with its opulence of glory that we really fancied that a leak had some where been made in the golden pavements of Heaven, and that these matchless colorings of the clouds were but the drippings of some upset dye-pot in the studio of the angels. One scene reminded us of a lake of molten gold, which appeared to be about two miles wide and six in length. Its banks looked as if they were built of amethyst, and tipped with the richest tints of jasper. Dotted here and there were seemingly little islets of topaz flinging out now and then from their shimmering and resplendent bosom the glistening gleams of some little sparkling diamonds made out of the flashing particles of shattered and clashing sunbeams. Rocks like sapphire could be seen jutting out of their bed of gold, while around their heads a silver radiance gathered and sparkled with corruscations like those which are emitted from the quivering lightning, when the thundering storm opens wide its roaring doors and turns the dazzling torrents out. And then all at once a thousand little leaks in the dyke did creep, and through which poured a thousand shining rivulets of melted diamonds, and which flung upon every little cloud ship that floated by a spray so white that we almost fancied that it was the mist that had risen from the crystal stream in Heaven, and had settled down upon earth to show mortals below the stainless purity of the River of Life. And then in an effulgent blaze of concentrated splendor and gorgeousness and sublimity the sun closed its fire-fringed eyelids on the bosom of dark-robed night, the shadows crept forth with noiseless tread around the ebon couch of day, and spread their mantle of black o'er the sleeping God of Light; and then, millions of twinkling stars appeared in glittering constellations, and poured down upon the world of shadows their bright and trembling streamlets of cheering silver light, and wrapped all earthly scenes in that glistening mantle of harmonizing repose that dulls and deadens and soothes the stings of life's bitterest cares and woes. How grand, how glorious, how sublime, how beautiful must Heaven be when these gorgeous scenes of splendor and of glory are but reflections from that Throne of Light on which our blessed Heavenly Father reigns, and from which He scattered those matchless glories which made that sunset scene so gorgeous and so grand, and which made the whole Western sky look like a glory draped vestibule to scenes of bliss supernal.

The Bible As Literature.

As a particular book, the Bible is an unequalled source of literary inspiration. As a book of religious truth, without any impairment of its value or obscurity of its meaning, it may be studied from the literary stand-point; in fact, in the light of literary criticism, or tested by the unusual canons of the scholar, it will appear more sacred, more beautiful, more divine. Never forgetting that it is our manual of religion, it is also the vehicle of the most wonderful literature in human annals, and precedes in importance all others. There is no book so composite in character and yet so harmonious in plan, so multiplex in styles, and yet so uneducational in rhetoric and logic; so varied in contents, and yet so progressive in its philosophy and religion; as the Bible. Taken as a whole, it is massive, comprehensive, a relation of the infinite. Studied in its parts, it stimulates single faculties while it ministers nourishment to the whole frame. Its histories are more compact than those of Herodotus, Gibbon, or Macaulay; its science is more accurate than that of Linnaeus or Huxley or Audubon; its poetry, whose key is a mystery, quiets Homer, Shakespeare and Tennyson; its prophecies are unique climaxes of wisdom, both in drapery and in substance; its biographies excel those of Plutarch, Irving, Carlyle and Boswell; its chronicles of wars are superior to those of Julius Caesar, Wellington, Napoleon and Ulysses Grant; its epistles eclipse those of Pliny, Madame Sevigne and Francis Bacon; its laws, in their ethical and spiritual import, are quite beyond Justinian, Blackstone and the English parliament; its doctrines, as the sum of infinite teaching, tower above those of the Sanhedrin, the Patriarchate of Constantinople, and the Council of Trent. Every phase of literature, every form of wisdom is in the Bible. It ministers to all tastes and arouses the slumbering intellects of all who can comprehend the difference between reality and fiction, and who incline to virtue rather than vice. Ruskin confesses his indebtedness to the Bible, Homer and Sir Walter Scott for his mental discipline; Charles Reade pronounces the characters in Scripture a literary marvel. Mathew Arnold daily reads the New Testament in Greek for its style; Milton could not have written Paradise Lost without Genesis; Renan's witchery of style is traceable to the New Testament; and the book has gone into all professions and among all classes to waken uniformity of thought and similarity of speech respecting the soul, eternity and God. Job has taught the poets the art of construction, and David has sung and undying melody into the ears of the race. The Book of Ruth is the model idyl, and the Book of Esther and Daniel abound in incomparable dramatic elements; Isaiah has plumbed the statesman for oratorical flights; Jeremiah has opened the fountains of pathos and sentiment in pathetic souls; Ezekiel has furnished a model style of judicial denunciation for the criminal lawyer; Paul has taught the thinker to reason and the essayist to write; John has instructed theologians and teachers that great truths are not obscure, and complex truths are most simple; and Moses and Christ have inspired judges with dignity and clothed their words and decrees with justice and solemnity. Of all books, whether rhetoric, vocabulary, poetry, philosophy, logic, history, or whatever be the end, the Bible should be first and most carefully studied, its literary spirit and form should be closely traced and discerned, and its truth should be reverently incorporated into the daily speech, thought and life of us all.

If You Were Mine.

If you were mine, how fair the day and fleet—
How swift the night and sweet,
Till soft sunshine
Would make us glad anew and life complete,
If you were mine!
Of love of friends, of hope of Heaven forlorn,
Their loss I'll laugh to scorn
And not repine!
I must be glad though Heaven and earth should mourn.
Weary the waiting is for stolen hours,
Though sweet forbidden flowers—
Ah! give me love's sign,
And come! for, darling, love life, all were ours,
If you were mine!

Trust Not Appearances.

Looks often deceive. Appearances are frequently deceptive. The soothing and lulling refrain of the deep-toned music of the sweetly swelling roar of the waterfall arises where objects are hurled and dashed to pieces in the foamy grasp of maddened waters. The calm and serene and beautiful and hope-giving rainbow has been seen to stretch its gorgeous drapery, opulent with its variegated tintings of richest colorings—a glorious reassurance of the Divine Promise—and yet beneath those same iridescent glories—so calm and so peace-breathing—can be seen the tossing and the fretting of the restless and chafing ocean, whose sobbing and moaning billows roll roll on and on forever. A radiant and sparkling maiden, with a happy looking face, bright as the glimmer of a sunbeam, and rosy as the blush of the flowers, and wreathed all over with those rippling smiles on which ecstatic emotions float in dreamy rapture, and with an eye flashing forth the radiance of the starlight of her soul, may seem, as she realizes the power of her witchery, the perfect picture of perfect joy and perfect peace and perfect happiness, and yet she may be experiencing right then all of the annoying agony of that a-gnawing but unreachable tick, that has crawled up between her shoulder blades, and is satisfying the craving of his appetite. No, you can't trust to appearances, for they are deceitful; yea the eye flashes gladness when the heart is in the gloom, and the flesh is quivering when the checks are in bloom.

Lulling.

Eddie has a very sweet and soothing and lulling voice, and his notes are not, as Ophelia said of Hamlet, "like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh," but they have that dulcet ripple which plays so beautifully upon the tranquil bosom of some serene and placid stream, and they always bring the blessed balm of peace and calm to restive care and trouble. One might judge from the shape of his mouth and the way he swallows a hot potato, that his voice would resemble the commingled shrieks of noises made by the filling of a saw and the whirr of a plane, but not so. His voice is much sweeter, much softer, and whenever we are sad and depressed and care-worn and sorrow-laden and gloom-shadowed, we call him to us and sit him down on our knee, and ask him to sing us one of his soothing songs of peace and rest. He takes a wad of tobacco from his mouth, blows his nose violently (for he knows that is necessary, as he sings through his nose,) turns his eyes skyward like a calf in the last agonies of death, and then he softly murmurs:

From Kaznyfeyaty Mountains,
From Gttixritaphyz strand,
Where Hxigptodg fountains
Wash Matzlytjgppoh land,
From Passaaazerjeenicfk
And Lxopyvghexzee,
Parankzin and Belzadchizk,
There comes the sound of peace.

And then, gentle reader, we feel like dying.

The Difference.

The friendship of men for each other has a taint of selfishness in it, and is more or less shaped and promoted by business relations and mutual interests. But not so with the friendship of a woman. It is generosity itself, and has in it a perfect little heaven of purity, sweetness and exalted virtue. Happy and blessed and richly fortunate is the man who has a true woman for his friend—and thrice happy and fortunate is he who has her for his wife. To fill such a role—to be her husband's friend—is woman's grandest triumph, and it gems her coronal with jewels of richest lustre. The glory of her life takes not its hues and its colorings from the hollow bubbles of sycophancy which float on the shallow stream of adulation which flows out from hollow and empty hearts, but it takes its most gorgeous tintings from the trust and the confidence and the admiration and the heart worship of her husband, based upon her own exalted virtues, and strengthened and intensified by the matchless light and splendor of her queenly and angelic womanhood.

Just Try It.

Love's sweet rapture never dies. It thrills and vibrates forever and forever. The man who has once enjoyed the sweet and delicious perfume of a woman's love will carry in his memory forever some token of its blessed influence. He may become an outcast from society, and stand out amid the woes of the world a vice-wrecked hull of a once splendid vessel of manhood. And yet, even then, though smeared all over in sin and shame, he still retains some recollections of the flowery May of feeling, and looking across the dark, deep and chilling waves, which roll between that love tinted past and the present, he catches a faint perfume of that old and withered flower which once bloomed so beautifully for him, and while inhaling its blessed fragrance the present is forgotten, and life is threaded once more with the high and transporting raptures, born amid its luxuriant bloom.

"You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will;
But the scent of the flower will linger there still."

Truth.

Fling her in the most tremendous billows of popular commotion, cast her into the sevenfold heated furnace of the tyrant's wrath; she mounts aloft in the Ark upon the summit of deluge; she walks with the Son of God untouched through the conflagration. She is the ministering spirit which sheds on man that bright and indestructible principle of life, light and glory, which is given by his Mighty Author to animate, to illuminate and inspire the mortal soul, and which, like himself, is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. When wealth and talent and knowledge and authority; when earth and Heaven itself shall have passed away, truth shall rise, like the angel of Monoah's sacrifice, upon the flames of nature's funeral pyre, and ascend to her source, her Heaven and her home—the bosom of the holy and eternal God.

The Grave.

There exists no more elevating or purer influences upon the human heart than the tender associations that cluster around the burial ground. No heart however callous, can enter the precincts of so sacred a spot, without feeling higher and nobler impulses within him. When the unhalloved spirit of envy or revenge struggles for mastery over the better impulses of nature, we can turn to the grave and feel a pure air, fermenting our inmost being, with its soft irresistible power. Ah then, indeed will the impetuous surges which momentarily sweep across the soul's great deep subside; and a feeling of mournful quietude steal over it as oil upon the waters; then will chastening repentance calm the troubled sea of passion, as surely as when He stretched stretched forth His hand over the storm lashed ocean, and whispered "peace be still."

That Butt.

Our punster saw two combative goats lock horns in earnest manner and goat each other in characteristic style. He wanted to separate them, and so catching one of them by that brief sample of an anatomical conclusion, generally recognized as a narrative on other animals, he called to us to seize the other. We asked him what he wanted to do, and he started our own wonder at the precociousness of youth, and scattered a shower of sorrow on the gray hairs of his venerable and patriarchal father, by saying "Oh Mr. Blount I just want to un-but-on their horns."

Laughter.

Laughter is healthful to the body as gladness is to the mind, and there is not a more beautiful spectacle than a smiling face, if you know it is a true index of a soul within. We do not speak of that species of idiotic laughter which is sure to follow the exhibition of any low trick or the utterance of a coarse jest, but that genial outburst that enlivens the social circle when men, like true philosophers, forget their past cares, and put off till the morrow all apprehensions regarding the future.