

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

Pardon is the virtue of victory.
Time is a ship which never anchors.
Abundance is a trouble, but competency brings delight.
No one is ever fatigued after the exercise of forbearance.
Laying for a man is an occupation only excusable in a hen.
When a dog is very tired can it be said that he pants for redress.
Among the base, merit begets envy; among the noble, emulation.
Coal is so black that it is wonderful how a dealer can make a ton so light.
Wisdom often rebukes; the opinions of pride and ignorance are irrevocable.
A hen is a very superior creature, but she never could lay a corner stone.
A new broom may sweep clean, but it is not of much use unless it sweeps dirt.
The necessities that exist are in general created by the superfluities that are enjoyed.
Calmness under contradiction is demonstrative of great stupidity or strong intellect.
As we must render an account of every idle word, so must we likewise of our idle silence.
Advice, which like the snow softly falls, dwells longer upon and sinks deeper into the mind.
Life is a battle. From its earliest dawn to its latest breath we are struggling with something.
To remember our joys departed is more melancholy than to recall the evils we have suffered.
Is not a cow a poetical creature? She often breaks the stillness of the evening air with the notes of her moos.
Some of the sweetest and most comforting blessings of life are borne to us on the tear-wet wings of weeping sorrow.
The small boy who hangs around the parlor and makes faces at his sister's beau should be punished for contempt of court.
Because it is fiery and agree (see for a nigger) would be a mighty good answer to a conundrum if you could find one to suit it.
When there is love in the heart there is joyous light in the eye, and under its silvery beaming all things look bright and beautiful.
Although a woman's age is undeniably her own, still she will not own it, unless she gets mad and then she will tell her rage.
The warm sunshine and the gentle zephyr may melt the glacier which has bid defiance to the howling tempest; so the voice of kindness will touch the heart which no severity could subdue.
It cannot be denied that there are many beautiful modern airs, faultless in structure as well as exquisite in melody, but they lack the vivid associations of the songs of our childhood—the songs we heard from the lips of those now singing with everlasting joy upon their heads on Mount Zion.
These glorious nights tend Love's own field, and make her flowers sweetly yield, that blessed harvest of rapturous cheer, which makes us feel that Heaven is near. Lovers sit and dream and think, as from sweet lips love's nectar drink, of that entrancing glorious spell when marriage bliss doth in them dwell. Selah.
A kiss is the sweetest odor of endearment, and when that endearment is extracted from the full bloom rose of reciprocal affection the perfume seems like the fragrance of Heaven, and is as soothing and lulling as the breezes which blow from blessed Elysium. What? Tell lovers not to kiss. Why, you might as well drop fire into a keg of powder and tell it not to explode, or place snow in a red hot furnace and tell it not to melt.

God's Own Good Way.

Over some hearts that are very dear and near to us the shadow of a great and bitter bereavement has fallen, and under its rayless gloom the sunlight of joy and gladness has gone down in blackest burial. Those stricken hearts now feel in their anguish and bereavement that their dark grave of gloom and despair will never open its dreary portals, and give a glorious Resurrection's Morn to their dead joys and hopes. They feel that they will ever group in one long, unending and rayless night of sorrow, and never feel again the cheering light of a bright and happy 'Morrow. We did not offer words of consolation when the storm of bereavement first broke in such wild fury upon the once bright and placid sea of their existence, and turned its silvery dimples of joy and gladness into wild and seething and roaring billows of torture and of anguish. We knew that amid the shrieking of those tear crested billows of despair, and amid the howlings of those furious tempests of grief that were sweeping along in such wild and stormy wallings no word from human tongue could bring the balm of relief, or spread a calm upon those troubled waters. Like dark skies which pour from their bosom of clouds the dripping rain, and then bask again with silverest gleamings of sunlight, so the heart we knew, when surcharged with clouds of grief, must needs drain itself in tears, and then would come again in all their radiant cheer and glowing comfort the glorious beamings of a peaceful resignation to the will of God; and then o'er the breaking and drifting and disappearing clouds of bitter bereavement we knew that the bright rainbow of sweetest consolation would draw its arch of comfort, and that amid the joys and raptures of its iridescent gleamings they would see and feel the sweet assurance "My peace I give unto you." And while we know that the steepest cliffs of despair are in their way, and that their tender feet must strike against the sharpest rocks of suffering ever found upon the rugged and jagged and towering mountain of affliction, yet with the hand clasp of faith in God, the ruggedest peaks of trials and sorrows can be scaled successfully and triumphantly. And so we now bid these grieved ones to take cheer and comfort, for beyond the high and rugged Alps of bereavement, over which they now are so sorely climbing, there lies the blessed Italy of the sweetest rest resignation, amid whose peaceful vales the gurgling brook of joyous consolation doth ripple along with the refreshing song of its murmuring waves, and on whose sunlit banks the sweetest flowers cling, and amid whose sweet retreats the sweetest birds doth sing. And yet, while all of this is true, and will be realized in God's own good time, yet it is so hard to bow the head and pass under the rod without a murmur, for when such bitter bereavement comes, and our loved ones are taken away from us forever we feel that the stroke which shattered the love-linked ties and produced the painful separation, was cruel and severe, and fell too heavily and harshly upon our bleeding hearts, and in our anguish and torture we are apt to complain and to murmur, and seem to forget that He doeth all things well, and that his chastisements are but blessings in disguise and are sent for our good. Yes, we who have drank from the bitterest chalice of bereavement, and sipped through the clinched lips of suffering its bitterest lees, know through a sad and sorrow-crowned, but sweet and blissful experience that bereavement is but a bright and shining finger board, pointing Heavenward, and that it leads our thoughts and affections away from the perishing things of earth, and centers them upon those pure and sinless scenes of bliss in which our loved ones are basking. Yes, affliction is a ladder, a rough one it is true, and painful to climb, but nevertheless a ladder which reaches from earth to Heaven, and on it our aspirations are made to climb and climb until the stained scenes of the world left so far below that they fall to woo, to win and to attract, for with our hearts stretching upward, yea unceasingly upward, longing for the blissful reunion where love is perfect and complete, for when it sees on earth its blessed, glorious harvest time is Heaven, and so we are forever bending our tireless visions thither where our loved ones are living, and we think only of the raptures of that beautiful home to which our pilgrim longings are tending.

Influence Of A Mother's Tears.

History records no more suggestive incidents, than the memorable termination of the siege of Rome by Coriolanus. No child ever perused the narrative without extraordinary emotion. There is something in it which appeals with an effect that may not be resisted to the heart and the consciousness of all. Who has not in imagination dwelt upon the scene? A stout and sturdy warrior, steeled by years of active military services against the pitiful appeals of suffering humanity—the victim of fierce and ungovernable passions—smarting under a keen sense of accumulated wrong—consecrates the energies of his life to the avenging of his injury, and exiled from the city whose annals his military powers has adorned, sallies forth the infuriated minister of wrath sacrificing all higher and more ennobling aspirations—sully forever the hard earned laurels of the victor of Corioli—he seeks, even at the price of a traitor's fame, to purchase a satisfying vengeance.—Rallying around him in army of the enemy he had prostrated for her, he throws himself with an exulting legion upon the offending city and thunders at her gates. Appalled and prostrate at the realization of her seemingly inevitable doom, Rome trembles before him. With haughty pride, her haughty senators in solemn procession, come to sue for mercy. Disdainfully repulsed, they dispatched the minister of their religion to woo with the hopes of future bliss, and intimidate with the prospect of a coming retribution. But all in vain.—Unrelenting and unmoved by every appeal, the stern relaxes not his purpose. Then come the mother's tears. Bending under the weight of years—sustained by a holy hope—the aged matron went forth. Who may realize the meeting: in the most insensate soul there treasured associations and memories, which forgotten amid the wild tumult of angry passion, awaken to the whisper of a mother's name to beat in every pulsation of the heart, and thrill through every fibre of the frame. There is a sentiment of holy veneration in the soul of the child to its mother, which he must sound the lowest depths of infamy who may forget or disregard. With streaming eyes and anguished heart, the Roman mother kneels to plead with her traitor son. Appealing to him by all the hallowed memories of his uncorrupted boyhood, and chiding with the affectionate rebuke and tenderness, that well up from a mother's soul towards an erring child, she conjures him to relinquish his cherished purpose. The warrior is unmanned. Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men.—Fearful but of brief duration, is the struggle of contending emotions.—Instinct triumphs—the cup of vengeance is dashed untasted from the lips—Rome is safe again. A mother's tears have changed the destiny of the world.

Still Water Runs Deep.

Earnestness does not always move with a clatter. There are other things in this world which are quite as pleasant and edifying as the rub-a-dub of a snare drum. In fact this kind of melody is not generally the highest style of music. Have you ever known a man bustling and officious, clamorous and loud, but who did not weigh heavy after all?—a thing very well understood by every one except just the man who might have profited by that piece of information. And have you ever known a man quiet and unostentatious and faithful, and who was a perpetual blessing, a golden man, deep-souled and true, whose memory lingers long after he is gone, like light upon the hills after a gorgeous sunset? The shallow stream rattles along its course but when it is met and drowned by the majestic tides sailing from the sea, there is a silence on the hills. In the great tide there is the power of more than a hundred rivulets, yet its coming is almost as quiet as the celestial forces that bring it.

His Reason.

They were on their wedding tour, and she said: "Darling why did you choose me?" "I saw you," sweeping the library one day." "Then you chose me because I did not disdain the broom?" "No, because you could handle it well."

A Sober Reflection.

All day and all night is full of peace. The fever of the earth has gone, and we are no longer driven to dreamy indolence as the only resource from combustion or liquefaction. We may shut the windows now, with no hum of the industry outside to irritate or distract us. Only a little while ago we had no evenings—now there are three or four hours for the books and the stars before bedtime. There are even new signs of a general housing; the wasp crawls feebly up and down the pane with all his fiery pluck gone out of him; the cricket sings in the new quarters which he has found somewhere in the room; the great, ugly, moribund insects cling to the wall, and the beetles and the butterflies have passed into the seasonable stage of their metempsychosis. We, too, who are insects of a larger growth, find it comfortable to sit in the sun and to moralize. Winter is at hand. For us the spring time of life with its budding fancies may have gone; for us the summer of passion and the fruition of autumn; the hard season may be so near that already we feel its frozen breath. Pleasant and profitable before we go may be these calm enjoyments of autumn. We may dream over again the old dreams; smile at our large promise and little performance; and wonder why nature should plant so much more plentifully than we. Only a little while all this life of the year will be gone; the forest will be naked; the streams frozen, the skies laden; the air full of sleet and fog. Only a few days and this bounding and rejoicing existence of ours will change to inertia and the immobility of the tomb. Well is it for us if our autumn can be one wise husbandry—a harvest festival of the affections, brilliant with the fruits of a noble and generous life, and freshened by the flower of good deeds which will last our time at least. So we may pass gracefully through the inevitable. So with no very deep sigh we may join "the innumerable caravan," and bid the earth which has been so good to us, a cherry farewell.

Sympathy.

Sympathy glorifies humanity. Its synonym is love, its existence is consideration, its life work is solace, its grand aim is to heal and to soothe the parts that are bruised and bleeding. Yes, this sweet Priestess of help and comfort goes forth gladly to meet and relieve the wants and necessities of sorrow stricken and the oppressed. The hard iron doors of the dark, grated dungeon of sorrow opens to her gentle touch, and with noiseless tread she enters like those pure veiled, Heaven sent sisters of Charity on their glorious embassy of goodness, and her touch is a balm, her words a solace, and her presence is a comforting benediction. In the sunshine of her radiant presence, the clouds of gloom break and drift away, their darkness melts in the morning light of Resignation's hopeful day.

Why Is It.

When you are driving a nail, and hit your thumb instead of the nail, and you then go jumping and hopping and whirling around the room in the wildest contortions of agony, and silencing your hand as if you were trying to hurl off the lacerated thumb, some one is sure to ask you if it hurts, and while you know the enquiry arises from a sympathetic nature, still a wild, passionate, earnest, soulful longing, insatiate desire to be perverse creeps through your bosom and you can't repress the delightfully tantalizing inclination to say "No, it don't hurt a bit, but just at this very moment I was seized with an uncontrollable desire to learn a new step in dancing." It is wrong to make such a reply, but nevertheless it is human nature to do so.

The Eye.

What part of the eye is like the rainbow?—the iris. What part is like the school boy?—the pupil. What part is like the globe?—the ball. What part is like the top of the chest?—the lid. What part is like the piece of a whip?—the lash. What part is like the summit of a hill?—the brow.

The Persimmon.

The persimmon is a peculiar fruit. Its ways are not the ways of everybody, and it has a stubborn, obstinate, dogged, uncompromising notion as to the time it ought to be eaten. Therefore to eat it successfully and have a right smooth time of it its will must be respected, or a right rough time will ensue. There is a persimmon tree down on the railroad, and a Bostonian specimen of the genus homo was seen on yesterday to spy the fruit with a longing, wishful eye. He hesitated for a moment, and bystanders detected from a glance at his anxious deportment that he doted artlessly upon the tantalizing fruit. He seized a limb, pulled off one of the finest looking persimmons, indited his teeth, and with a h-a-w-k, he let it drop. Another with like result, another and another, and just then his mouth assumed a delightful pucker and looked as if he was trying to whistle a one-sided tune. He became much alarmed, and a wag seeing and appreciating his fix, said: "Hello, mister, are you trying to whistle?" He said: "Whistle, the devil! I spec I'm pisened." And seeing that he was the butt of considerable amusement he vanished into the whereness of the whither, fully impressed with the fact that the lusciousness of that fruit was very much over rated and that a "solid South" and a "solid" persimmon were not first-rate for New Englanders.

For The Newly Married.

Oh! sweet is the morning of pure wedded love,
When joy gilds existence, when faith is unshaken.
Alas! that the joy should be so transient prove,
That from the bright dream we must some day awaken
Time brings us at last to the gall in the cup,
Life loses the glow of affection's adorning,
When quarrels ensue as to who shall get up
And kindle the fire on a cold winter morning.

An Apt Rejoinder.

When a certain school teacher entered his temple of learning, a few mornings ago, he read on the blackboard the touching legend—"Our teacher is a donkey." The pupils expected there would be a combined cyclone and earthquake, but the philosophic pedagogue contented himself with adding the word "driver" to the legend, and opened the school as usual.

The Right Way.

The young man who begins by saving a few shillings a month and thriftily increases his store—every coin being a representative of solid work honestly done—stands a better chance to spend the rest of his life in affluence than he who, in his haste to become rich, obtains money by dashing speculations or the devious means which abound in the foggy regions which lie between fair dealing and fraud.

True.

It is said that a young lady can never whistle in the presence of her lover. The reason is obvious. He doesn't give her a chance. When she gets her lips in a proper position for whistling something else always occurs.

Her Answer.

A Wilson man asked his wife: "Why is a husband like dough?" He expected she would give it up and was going to tell her it was because a woman needs him, but she said because it was hard to get off her hands.

Of Course.

A receipt for lemon pie vaguely adds: "Then sit on the stove and stir constantly." Just as if anybody could sit on a stove without stirring constantly.