

The Torch-Light.

DAVIS & ROBINSON, Prop'rs.

Variety is the Spice of Life, that Gives it all its Flavor.

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Courting in the Seasons.

I luv to kourt in Winter,
The mani girls I no,
When awl outside is drery,
And kuvered up with sno;
I luv to kourt in Winter,
Bekawse the old folks dred
The kold and stormi wether,
And hurri oph to bed.

I luv to kourt in Spring tyme,
Wen awl is brite and gay,
Wen natur smiles so swetely,
Two chaise the kold away;
I luv to kourt in Spring tyme,
Bekawse the gurls, you no,
The luk so ortful pritty
In dreses kut so lo.

I luv to kourt in Summer,
When awl thyngs are in blume,
And yet I think that kourting
Will ever be my dume,
For I hav asked just 21
Of awl the gurls I no,
Two hav me for their lovin one,
And they have answeard—No!

A LAWYER'S STORY.

About four years ago, while I was practicing law in Illinois, on a pretty large circuit, I was called on one day in my office by a very pretty woman, who, not without tears, told me that her husband had been arrested for horse stealing. She wished to retain me for defence. I asked her why she did not go to Judge R——, an ex-Senator of the United States, whose office was in town. I told her that I was a young man at the bar, &c. She mournfully said that he had asked a retaining fee beyond her means; besides he did not want to touch the case, for her husband was suspected of belonging to an extensive band of horse-thieves and counterfeiters whose quarters were then at Moor's prairie.

I asked her to tell me the whole truth of the matter, and if it was true that her husband did belong to such a band.

"Ah, sir," said she, "a better man at heart than my George never lived, but he likes cards and drink, and I am afraid they made him do what he never would have done if he had not drank. I fear it can be proved he had the horse; he didn't steal it; another stole it and passed it to him."

I didn't like the case. I knew there was a great dislike to the gang located where she named, and feared to risk the case before a jury. She seemed to observe my intention to refuse the case, and burst into tears.

I never could see a woman weep without feeling like a weak fool myself. If it hadn't been eyes brightened with "pearly tears," I'd never been caught in the lasso of matrimony. My would be client was pretty. The handkerchief that hid her streaming eyes didn't hide her red lips; and her snowy bosom rose and fell like a wite gull in a gale of wind at sea. I took the case and she gave me the particulars.

The gang, of which he was not a member, had persuaded him to take the horse. He knew it was stolen, and, like a fool, acknowledged it when arrested. Worse still, he had trimmed the horse's mane and tail so as to alter his appearance, and the opposition could prove it.

The trial came on. I worked hard to get a jury of ignorant men

who had more heart than brains; who, if they could not fathom the depths of an argument or follow the labyrinthine mazes of law, could feel for a young fellow in a bad fix and a weeping, pretty wife, nearly heart broken and quite distracted.

Knowing the use of "effect," I told her to dress in deep mourning and bring her little cherub of a boy, only three years old, into court, and sit as near to her husband as the officers would let her. I tried the game once in a murder case, and a weeping wife and sister made a jury render a verdict against law, evidence, and the judge's charge and saved a fellow that ought to have been hung as high as Haman.

The prosecution opened very bitterly, and inveighed against thieves and counterfeiters, who had made the land terror to strangers and travellers and who had robbed every farmer in the region of his finest horses. It introduced witnesses, and it proved all and more than I feared it would. The time came for me to rise for the defence. Witnesses, I had none. But I had to make an effort, only hoping so to interest the jury as to secure a recommendation to gubernatorial clemency and a light sentence.

So I printed his picture. A young man entering into life, wedded to an angel, beautiful in person, possessing every attribute. Temptation lay before and around him. He kept a tavern. There were many guests, it was not for him to inquire into their business; they dressed well, made large bills, and paid promptly. At an unguarded hour, when he was insane with liquor, they urged upon him, he deviated from the path of rectitude. The demon alcohol reigned in his brain, and it was his first offence. Mercy pleaded for another chance to save him from ruin. Justice did not require that this young wife should go down sorrowing to the grave, and that the shadow and taunt of a felon father should cross the path of that sweet child. O, how earnestly I did plead for them! The woman wept; the husband did the same; the jury looked melting. If I could have had the closing speech, he would have been cleared; but the prosecution had the close, and threw ice on the fire I had kindled. But they did not quite put it out.

The judge charged according to law and evidence, but evidently leaned on the side of mercy. The jury found a verdict of guilty, but unanimously recommended the prisoner to the mercy of the court. My client was sentenced to the shortest imprisonment the court was empowered to give, and both jury and court signed a petition to the Governor for an unconditional pardon, which has since been kindly granted, but not before the following interesting incident occurred:

Some three months after this, I received an account for collection from a wholesale house in New York. The parties to collect from were hard ones; but they had property, and before they had an idea of the trap laid, I had the

property, which they were about to assign, before they broke, under attachment. Finding that I was a neck ahead and bound to win, they "caved in" and forked over \$3,594 18 (per memorandum book) in good money. They lived in Shawneetown, about 35 or 40 miles southeast of Moor's prairie. I received the funds just after the bank opened, but other business detained me until after dinner. I then started for C——, intending to go as far as the village of Mount Vernon that night.

I had gone along ten or twelve miles, when I noticed a splendid team of horses attached to a light wagon, in which were seated four men, evidently of the high-strung order. They swept past me as if to show me how easily they could do it. They shortened in, and allowed me to come up with them and asked me to "smile," or in other words, dipinish the jug of old rye they had aboard; but I excused myself with the plea that I had plenty on board. They asked me how far I was going. I told them as far as Mount Vernon, if my horse did not tire out. They mentioned a pleasant tavern ten or twelve miles ahead as a nice stopping place, and drove on.

I did not like the looks of those fellows, nor their actions. But I was bound to go ahead. I had a brace of revolvers and a nice knife; my money was in a belt around my body. I drove slow, in hopes that they would go on, and I should see them no more. It was nearly dark when I saw their wagon before the door. I would have passed on, but my horse needed rest. I hauled up, and a woman came to the door. She turned as pale as a sheet when she saw me. She did not speak, but with a meaning look she put her finger on her lips and beckoned me to come in. She was the wife of my client.

When I entered, the party recognized me and hailed me to take a drink. I respectfully but firmly declined.

"But you'll drink or fight!" said the noisiest of the party.

"Just as you please; drink I shall not!" said I, purposely showing the butt of a Colt that kicks six times in rapid succession.

The others interposed and very easily quieted my opponent. One offered me a cigar, which I should not have received, but a glance at the woman induced me to accept it. She advanced and proffered me a light, and in doing so slipped a note into my hand, which she must have written the moment before. It was written with a pencil. Never shall I forget the words:

"Beware—they are members of the gang. They mean to rob and murder you. Leave soon, and I will manage to detain them."

I did not feel comfortable just then, but tried to look so.

"Have you any room to put my horse?" I asked, turning to the woman.

"What! you are not going to stay here to-night?" asked one of the men; "we are going on."

"I think I shall stay," I replied.

"We'll all stay, then, I guess, and make a night of it," said one of the cut throats.

"You will have to put up your own horse—here's a lantern," said the woman.

"I am used to that," I said. Gentlemen, excuse me—I will join you in a drink when I come in."

"Good on your head! more whiskey, old gal," shouted they.

I went out and glanced at their wagon. It was old fashioned, and lynch pins secured the wheels. To take out my knife and pry one from the fore and hind wheels was but the work of a moment, and I threw them in the darkness as far as I could. To untie my horse and dash off was but the work of an instant. The road lay down a steep hill, but my lantern lighted me somewhat.

I had hardly gotten under full headway before I heard a yell from the party I had so unceremoniously left. I put the whip to my horse. The next moment they started. I threw my light away, and left my horse to pick his way. A moment afterward I heard a crash—a horrid shriek. The wheels were off. Then came the rush of horses, tearing along with the wreck of the wagon. Finally they seemed to fetch up in the woods. One or two shrieks I heard as I swept on, leaving them far behind. For some time I hurried my horse—you'd better believe I "rid." It was a little after midnight when I got to Mount Vernon.

The next day I heard that Moor's prairie team had run away, and two men of the four had been so badly hurt that their lives were despaired of; but I did not cry. My clients got the money, but I didn't travel that road any more.

Printers' Poetry.

Lives there a man with nose so red who never to himself hath said "I'll pay before I go to bed, the debt I owe the printer?"—BRANDON REPUBLICAN.

Yes, there are some I know full well, but they, I fear, will go to—well—the place where there's no winter.—PANOLA STAR.

You're blind, "Star," your reason dim, or you'd not argue such a whim; e'en Satan had would not have him who fails to pay the printer!—TUPELO JOURNAL.

We're glad that now the means are found to bring the back subscribers round—so when you've run your course of years, pay then at last your full arrears; but no arrears to have to pay is better far, we think and say.—LAND OWNER.

"Tell us, angelic host, ye messengers of love, shall swindled printers here below have no redress above?" The shining band replied, "To us all knowledge is given, delinquents on the printers' books can never enter heaven."—TORCH-LIGHT.

Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.

A false friend and a shadow attend only while the sun shines,

Drive thy business, or it will drive thee.

THE FAIR SEX.

Without the dear ladies we would be a stag-nation.

Nothing turns a woman's head like a new bonnet going past her.

Why is a washerwoman like grief? Because she wrings men's bosoms.

Why is a lovely young lady like a hinge? Because she is something to adore (a door.)

Why is the letter L like giving a sweetheart away? Because it makes over a lover.

The ladies say the new cocoanut waterfalls are just the thing to wear with a gored dress.

A man who courts a young woman in the starlight probably expects to get a wife in twinkling.

Anna Dickinson thinks women should ride horseback in the convenient way. Well then let her think so.

A Keokuk woman subscribed \$4 towards the building of a church but not having the money to pay went out and earned it.

"This is what I call capital punishment," as the boys said when his mother locked him up in the closet among the preserves.

Have you got a sister? Then love and cherish her with a holy friendship. If you have no a sister of your own, then love somebody else's sister.

"The strongest propensity in a woman's nature," says a surly editor, "is a desire to know what is going on, and the next is to boss the job."

Why are young ladies kissing each other like the golden rule? Because they are doing unto each other as they would that men should do unto them.

Why are young ladies at the breaking up of a party like an arrow? Because they can't go off without a beau, and are all in a quiver till they get one.

A Chicago druggist asked a woman what she wanted of arsenic, and she replied, "I want it for rats and my old man." Her frankness stopped the sale.

A young gentleman from the "rooral districts," who advertised for a wife through the newspapers, received answers from eighteen husbands, informing him he could have theirs.

A young man employed in a cotton factory at Hyde Park Mass., is so popular with the "fair sex" that when he was convicted of being drunk, the girls in the mill took up a collection and paid the fine.

"How is it," said one Miss to another, that John's never afraid, and I am. "Because he's got a Roman nose, and feels safe. Don't you remember how we read that it has always been said that a Roman knows no danger?"

Stormy—a gentleman talking to another on the subject of marriage, made the following observation: "I first saw my wife in a storm; I carried her to a ball in a storm; was published in a storm; married her in a storm; lived in a storm all her life; but, thank heaven I buried her in pleasant weather."