

The Torch-Light.

DAVIS & ROBINSON, Prop'rs.

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For the Torch-Light. CRITICS.

Ye critics of the knowing kind,
To things attractive always blind,
Whose optics after errors run
Sees darkness in the noonday sun,
Give us a dazzling specimen
Of brilliancy from your bright pen.

Why croak your doleful notes of woe
And such dislike for writers show?
Who fain would shed a gleam of light
To dissipate our moral night;
A little faultless light bestow,
And thus your love for others show.

Why shun the path of fragrance sweet
Where loveliest things in nature meet,
To scent an imaginary flaw
And others crush with your huge paw,
When by a little faultless light,
You might afford such pure delight?

When forest songsters sweetly sing,
Why pluck the plumage from their wing
Because you think the jackal cry
Much sweeter than such melody?
Attune your harp, and give a note
Without a beam or smallest mote.

A WRITER.

TO "E."

If I were a snow flake
Dancing in the air,
I'd fall upon my darling
And nestle in her hair;
I'd watch her happy eyes,
And see her sweet lips pout,
For me 'twould be a paradise
Until I got thawed out.
Then down her face to gently drop,
To consummate my bliss,
I'd give myself a sacrifice,
In one delicious kiss.

That's melting love! The author is
evidently in a bad state. If "E"'s heart
is frozen and cannot be melted by that
snow flake, he ought to wish he was a
snow ball.—EDS.

TIT FOR TAT.

A CHARMING LITTLE STORY.

"Was there ever seen such a
jealous fellow, always contriving
some new test to subject my affec-
tions too?" said Julia Harvey
to her sister, Mrs. Fanny Mark-
ham, as she handed her a letter.

It was from Julia's lover, Capt.
Paul Wilcox, an officer in an in-
fantry regiment, who wrote to pre-
pare her to receive him. He told
her that she would find him much
changed, for he had been wound-
ed in the leg and lost his left arm;
that he had felt it his duty to say
that he should not hold her to her
engagement, though he loved her
as devotedly as ever.

Now it happened that Julia had
a correspondent in the army, from
whom she discovered that the
captain had received no injuries,
and that his story was concocted
as purely as an additional test of
the devotedness of the fair one.

"We'll pay him off for this trick,
Julia," said Mrs. Markham.—
"Come with me and I'll instruct
you how to give him change in
his own coin.

Shortly after the ladies retired,
Captain Wilcox, pluming himself
to his strategem, was alone in the
drawing room. He had buttoned
his arm up in his coat, and let the
sleeve hang empty, while he coun-
terfeited a halting gait, and put a
large piece of plaster on his left
cheek to cover an imaginary sabre
cut.

In a few minutes, Mrs. Mark-
ham appeared.

"Returned at last," cried she
warmly shaking his hand. "My
dear Paul."

"There's not much left of me—
little better than half," said the
soldier. "I left my poor arm in
the West Indies."

"Poor, dear Paul," said the lady.
"And how is your leg?"

"Very poorly. I am troubled
with daily exfoliation of the bone."

"Poor Julia!" she sighed.

"She will be much affected at
the change in me, will she not?"

asked the brave captain.

"Oh, dear, no! I was thinking
of the change in her."

"Change in her!"

"What, haven't you heard?"

"Not a word."

"Ah! I see—she was afraid to
write you. She has lost her
beauty."

"Possible?"

"Yes—you know she was never
vaccinated."

"Never vaccinated!"

"No—and she has had the small
pox very badly. Poor Julia. She
has lost the sight of her right eye.
Her face is very much discolored
and her nose is terrible red."

"A red nose?"

"Yes. It doesn't matter so
much about her eyes—she wears
blue spectacles."

"Blue spectacles and a red nose?"
exclaimed the Captain.

"But you don't mind that.
Beauty is nothing," said Mrs.
Markham who was ravishing beau-
tiful herself. "You love Julia for
her heart; you always told her so.
And as you are so maimed and
disfigured yourself, why, you can
sympathize with and console each
other. Three arms and three eyes
between you."

"And a red nose and blue
spectacles!" groaned the Captain.

"Hush! here comes Julia," said
Mrs. Markham. "Don't appear
shocked, Julia, my dear, here's
the Captain."

The door opened and Julia en-
tered. She had painted her face
most artistically; a pair of blue
spectacles concealed her fine, black
eyes, but the marvelous feature of
her face was her nose—it glowed
with all the brilliancy of a car-
buncle.

"Oh, dear Paul," said she;
"poor dear Paul; how much you
have suffered."

"I have one arm left for you to
lean upon," said the Captain.

"But you are lame. We can
never dance the Schottische any
more."

"I don't know but I can man-
age it, all but the side steps and
hops," said the Captain ruefully.

"But don't you find me hideous?"
asked the fair one.

"Not exactly," said the poor
Captain. "The tip of your nose is
rather a warm color, to be sure."

"Oh, the doctor says it will set-
tle into a purple, by-and-bye."

"Oh, he does, does he?" said the
Captain abstractively.

"Do you think I should look bet-
ter with a purple nose?" asked
Julia.

"Speak not of it," said the Cap-
tain. "But tell me, when you
heard of my injuries, were you not
inclined to relinquish my hand?"

'Not for a moment.'

"Then forgive my deception,"
said the Captain. "Here is my
left arm as sound as ever; I have
no wound upon my cheek; I can
dance from dark till dawn."

"How could you be so cruel?"
said Julia.

"It is my turn to ask you wheth-
er you are still willing to fulfill
your engagement with me?"

"With all my heart," said the
Captain. "I am grieved for the
loss of your beauty I confess; but
your heart and mind are dearer
than your person."

"Excuse me for a moment," said
the lady; "I must retire for a few
moments."

In an instant she returned, radi-
ant in all the glory of her charms.

"Paul," said she "how do you like
me now?"

"You are an angel," said the
Captain holding her in his arms.

"How could you treat me so cruel-
ly with the red nose and the
spectacles?"

"Not a word of that," said the
beauty, "we have friends in camp
who exposed your jealous folly;
and it is only tit for tat."

"I deserve it all," said the Cap-
tain, "and here I avow I am cured
of jealousy forever."

When they were married,
which followed as a matter of
course, they were pronounced the
handsomest couple that ever sub-
mitted to the matrimonial noose.

Some of our exchanges are pub-
lishing as a curious item, a state-
ment to the effect that a horse in
Iowa pulled the plug out of a bar-
rel for the purpose of slaking his
thirst. We do not see anything
extraordinary in the occurrence.

Now if the horse, he was a smart
one, had pulled the barrel out of
the bung-hole, and slaked his thirst
with the plug, or if the barrel had
pulled the bung-hole out of the plug,
and slaked his thirst with the horse;
or if the plug had pulled the horse
out of the barrel, and slaked his
thirst with the bung-hole, or if the
bung-hole had pulled the thirst out
of the horse, and slaked the plug
with the barrel, or if the barrel had
pulled the horse out of the bung-
hole and plugged his thirst with a
slake, it might be worth while to
make some fuss over it, as it is we
think it all foolishness. "Don't it!"

Sabbaths,—coming to quiet, for
a little while, all the week day toil,
noise and strife,—are all like islands,
green, fruitful, and flower laden,
smiling at one from the midst of
wild ocean and storm tossed waves,
oasis in the sand deserts, with cool-
ing shades and pure water springs
for the tired traveler.

This love story comes from the
far West: "Angelica, is anybody
a-courting yer," inquires an anx-
ious young man. "Well, yes,"
said Angelica, "there's a feller
kinder sorter cotrūn' me, and
kinder sorter not, but rather more
kinder sorter not than kinder
sorter."

The force of habit.—We know a
gentleman who is so extremely
methodical in business that when
he pays a compliment, even to his
wife, he always will insist on tak-
ing a receipt.

A FAMILY MUSKET.

Here is one of Mark Twain's
capital stories, funny enough to
make any one laugh:

"You see the old man was try-
ing to learn me to shoot blackbirds
and beasts that tore up the young
corn and such things, so that I
could be of some use about the
farm, because I wasn't big enough
to do much. My gun was a little
single barrel shot gun, and the old
man carried an old Queen Anne
musket that weighed a ton and
made a report like a thunder-clap
and kicked like a mule. The old
man wanted me to shoot the old
musket sometimes, but I was a-
fraid. One day, though, I got her
down, and thought I'd try her one
rifle, and so I took her to the
hired man and asked him how to
load her, because the old man was
out in the fields. Hiram said:

"Do you see them marks on the
stock—an X and V on each side
of a queen's crown—well that
means ten balls and five slugs—
that's her load."

"But how much powder?"

"Oh," said he, "don't matter; put
in three or four handfuls."

So I load her up that way, and
it was an awful charge—I had
sense enough to know that, and
started out. I leveled her on a
good many blackbirds, but every
time I went to pull the trigger, I
shut my eyes and weakened, I
was afraid of her kick. Towards
sundown I fetched up at the house,
and there was the old man resting
himself on the porch.

"Been out hunting, have you?"

"Yes sir," says I.

"What did you kill?"

"Didn't kill anything, sir—didn't
shoot her off—was afraid she'd
kick; (I know'd well she would.)

"Gi'me the gun!" the old man
says.

And he took aim at a sapling
on the other side of the road,
and I began to draw back out of
danger. The next minute I heard
an earthquake and saw Queen
Anne whirling end over end in
the air, and the old man spinning
round on one heel, with one leg
up and both hands on his jaw, and
the bark flying from that sapling
like a hail storm! The old man's
shoulder was set back four inches,
and his jaw turned black and blue,
and he had to lay up three days.
Cholera, nor nothin' else can ever
scare me the way I was scared
that time."

Truth and love are two of the
most powerful things in the world;
and when they both go together,
they cannot be easily withstood.
The golden beams of truth and
the silken cords of love, twisted
together, will draw men on with
a sweet violence, whether they
will or no.

The true patents of nobility come
from Heaven—not from the petty
kings of earth, who tap men with
their swords, and a terrible bitter
sarscam upon manhood, call them
noble.

Speak no harsh words of Earth,
she is our mother, and not a few
of us, her sons, have added a wrin-
kle to her brow.

BACHELOR BUTTIN'S.

A bachelor says "when I went to
see a lady and unexpectedly found
half a dozen I was mis-taken."

Some body says a wife should
be like a roast lamb—tender and
nicely dressed. A bachelor adds,
"but without any sauce."

An old bachelor set a captain's
opinion being asked about a future
state, he answered, that he never
troubled himself about state affairs.

The best investment an "old
bachelor" can make, these hard
times is to pay his dollar and a
half and get the *Torch Light* for
one year.

A crusty old bachelor says that
love is a wretched business, consist-
ing of a little sighing, a little cry-
ing, a little dying, and a great
deal of lying.

"Where are our forefathers—the
Pilgrim fathers—the heroes of
'76?" shouted a bachelor orator
the other evening. "Dead," re-
sponded a sad looking man sitting
on the platform. That man's about
right.

An old bachelor left a bony steed
on Main street Saturday, and, com-
ing back a short time afterwards,
discovered that a funny youth had
placed a card against the fleshless
ribs bearing the notice, "Dats want-
ed— inquire within."

A bachelor says if you hand a
lady a newspaper with a para-
graph cut out of it, not a line of
it will be read, but every bit of in-
terest felt in the paper by the lady
will center in finding out what the
missing paragraph contained.

It is said to be dangerous to be
working with a sewing machine
near a window when there is a
thunder storm. An old bachelor
says it is also dangerous to be work-
ing near some sewing machines
(that wear flounces) when there is
no thunder storm.

A Dandy of twenty-six having
been termed an "old bachelor,"
appealed to an elderly gentleman
to decide whether he should be
called old or not, giving his age.
"Twenty-six!" said the elderly
gentleman. "It is owing to how you
take it. Now, for a man it is young
enough; but for a goose it is rather
old."

A man in Eldora, Iowa, married
again the week after his wife's
death, and his neighbors gave him
a deafening charivari. The bride-
groom finally appeared at a win-
dow and administered a breathing
rebuke to the crowd, in this man-
ner: "Ain't you ashamed of your-
selves to be making a noise about
my house, when a funeral took
place here but four days ago?"

If you would convince a man
that he does wrong, do right. But
do not care to convince him. Men
will believe what they see. Let
them see.

An exchange asserts that there
is a man in Georgia so big that
he fishes with a railroad line and
smokes a stove pipe.

The old gentleman who poked
his head from "behind the times,"
had it knocked soundly by a "pass-
ing event."