

The Torch-Light.

DAVIS & ROBINSON, Prop'rs.

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

\$1.50 per Annum, in Advance.

VOL. 1.

OXFORD, N. C., TUESDAY MORNING, MARCH 3, 1874.

NO. 11.

THE TORCH-LIGHT.

We cannot find space to print the kind words we receive, though we find enough for the following, which comes from Chicago, Ill., to show how our light shines out there:

It shines for all both day and night, with bright refulgent ray.

It beams broad, spread o'er all the earth, in radiance clear as day.

In all the sparkling lustre of its glory and its pride,

Oh! may the TORCH-LIGHT of the South its beams spread far and wide!

As glows the light of early morn, in fair Aurora's gleams;

And high ascending mounts the dome with wide increasing beams,

So has the TORCH-LIGHT grown in flame until it pierces far;

The gloom of night irradiates, like some ethereal star.

In marvelous and truthful rays, in stories long and good,

Within the field of poesy, the TORCH-LIGHT long has stood;

The choicest gems of humor's wit, the fairest pearls of thought,

Bedeck the columns of each page, so rich with legends fraught.

Oh! TORCH-LIGHT bright and gleaming o'er within they scope so broad,

May some blest thought sink deep and lead a human soul to God;

If in thy mission pure as now, thy course thou dost pursue,

Thy "Torch-Light" gleams will guide us to the Beautiful and True.

For the Torch-Light.

A Visit to Mount Vernon, Va.

So much has been written, by writers far more able than myself, of this hallowed spot, that perhaps the public mind has become surfeited with articles upon this subject; yet I look back with emotions of pleasure to the few hours spent in its sacred precincts, but can give only an inadequate description of that memorable visit.

On a beautiful sunny day of Winter we stepped on board the boat, which would convey us to the home of the great and good Washington. Mount Vernon was named, by his older and half brother, Lawrence Washington, in honor of Admiral Vernon, an English officer under whom he once served. It is situated on the Virginia side of the Potomac, eight miles below Alexandria; and we reached it after about an hour's enjoyment of the beautiful scenery on each bank of the river.

A graveled walk leads up from the wharf to the house, passing round by the tomb, which is in a retired and beautiful nook, at the head of a little ravine, and is a simple brick structure with a barred iron gate, over which is inscribed on a marble tablet the words, "I am the resurrection and the life." What could be more simple; yet what more touchingly beautiful! We approached, and feel ourselves on enchanted ground. We look with reverence between the bars and see two sarcophagi, one of which, in simple letters, we see "GEORGE WASHINGTON," on the other "MARTHA WASHINGTON." Hats are lifted and all are silent, as if they felt the awe of Washington's presence. We had never fully realized that there had existed such a man, till now, when it rushes on us with all its force and truth.

Reluctantly leaving this spot, sacred to every true American, we pass the old tomb, nearly overgrown with weeds, and the stable-yard, and approached the mansion from the south end. It is an imposing building with its lofty East piazza, under which Washington was accustomed to walk to and fro with military precision and regularity, night and morning; and with its cupola, from which a splendid view can be obtained up and down the river. We first enter the library, in the south end of the building and then the room above in which he breathed his last. Here again we felt the almost overwhelming influence of his presence. We then climbed to the cupola and descend into the broad and spacious hall, where we see the key of the Bastille, sent to Washington from France, when that prison was destroyed. We remained awhile in the East parlor, built by Washington for receiving his friends and political visitors. All the rooms are large, but this is the largest and most elegantly finished and the only one furnished. It contains the famous Italian mantle-piece, and the harpsi-chord presented by Washington to Nelly Custis, over which, no doubt, she has passed many a tiresome hour practicing.

After visiting the garden, we roamed about the grounds, and muse of the past, of Washington, who, no doubt, had stood on this very spot—when the whistle of the boat cuts short our meditations and we hurry off, filled with regret at leaving this noble place.

WHEN THE SUMMER IS WASTING.

When the summer of youth is slowly wasting away in the night-fall of age, and the past becomes deeper and deeper, and life wears to its close, it is pleasant to look through the vista of time upon the sorrows and the felicities of our earlier years. If we have a home to shelter, and hearts to rejoice with us, and friends have been gathered together around our fire-side, the rough places of wayfaring will have been worn and smoothed away in the twilight of life, while many dark spots we have passed through will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy indeed are those whose intercourse with the world has not changed the tone of their holier feelings, or broken those musical chords of the heart whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender and so touching in the evening of life.

Josh Billings says: "I will state for the information of those who haven't had a chance to lay in sekrit wisdom az freely az I have, that one single hornet who feels well can break up a whole camp-meeting."

"Where are you going so fast, Mr. Smith?" demanded Mr. Jones; "Home, sir, home; don't detain me. I have just bought my wife a new bonnet, and I must deliver it before the fashion changes."

Heaven will be one everlasting Christmas joy! How sweet will be its songs.

TWO KINDS OF PEOPLE.

I like cool people, I believe I am cool. I know when I was blown up on a steamboat I didn't hurry a bit in coming down, and when the coroner offered to bet ten dollars that he'd sit on me in less than an hour I took the bet, and the money paid my hospital charges for two weeks.

But there's Clark. He's a neighbor of mine, and his excitable disposition gives me no little annoyance. When Greeley died he came and jerked my door bell off and kicked the door and was unhinging the gate when I put my head out of the chamber window.

"Come right down here this minute," he yelled, "Hurry! for Heaven's sake hurry—Horace Greeley is dead! Hurry up!"

I replied that I couldn't help Mr. Greeley any, and that man didn't speak to me for a straight month.

And there's Mrs. Cash. The least bit of news makes her boil over like new beer. The other day she rushed into my house, leaving all the doors open, fell over a chair, knocked down a bust of Abraham Lincoln and shouted: "Oh! have you heard the dreadful, awful, awful news about Tom Baily?"

I hadn't. "Just think of it—poor Tom!—just imagine—why, it nearly sets me wild! What if it had happened to my own husband?"

"What was it?" "Why, he—my soul! it makes me faint to think of it—he suppose it was you, now—why, he—dear me, I am ready to faint—why he fell into the mill-pond, and came home as wet as a rag!"

And there's Davis. When he heard of the failure of Jay Cooke & Co., he ran thirteen blocks, rushed into the office, flung his hat down and tried to hang his coat on a knot-hole in the door, and yelled:

"Have you heard—it'll ruin the country—oh! goodness—have you—dear me!—did you know that Cooke & Co., had failed!—awful—awful!"

I heard it, and what of it? "Why, man—why, deny—hang it! why, its awful!"

I refused to kick over the tables, throw the chairs out of the window or fling the stove down stairs, and he has owed me a grudge ever since.

On the other hand, there's Graham. Experience has warned him that it is useless to get excited over anything. I remember when his mother-in-law was killed down town by a falling wall. I was one of the six who carried her home on a shutter. Graham was sitting on the front steps, whittling, and as we came up and I broke the sad news to him he remarked:

"It's purty tuff, but then her shoes will just fit Maria!"—*M. Quad.*

The man who imagined himself wise because he detected some typographical errors in a newspaper, has gone eastward to get a perpendicular view of the rainbow.

Josh Billings says that "real genuine lies are getting scarer and scarer every day."

SCIENTIFIC.

A teacher in a western town in Canada, while making his first visit to his constituents, came into conversation with an ancient Vermont lady, who had taken up her residence in the backwoods. Of course the school and former teachers came in for criticism, and the old lady, speaking of his predecessor, asked:

"Wa'al, master, what do you think he larnt the scholars?"

"Couldn't say, ma'am. Pray, what did he teach?"

Wa'al, he told 'em this ere airth was round, and went round, and all that sort o' thing. Now, master what do you think about such stuff? Don't you think he was an awful ignorant feller?"

Unwilling to come under the category of the ignorant, the teacher evasively remarked:

"It really did seem strange; but there are many learned men who teach these things."

"Wa'al, if the airth goes round what holds it up?"

"They say it goes around the sun and that the sun holds it up by virtue of the law of attraction."

The old lady lowered her specs, and responded:

"Wa'al, if these high larnt men sez the sun holds the airth up, I should like to know what holds it up when the sun goes down?"

CURE FOR LOVE.

Into a pint of water of oblivion put of the essence of resignation two grains; of prudence and patience each three grains; and of sound judgment one drachm. Mix well; and after they have stood some time, take off the scum of former remembrances, and sweeten the mixture with syrup of hope. Pass it through the filter of common sense, by the funnel of conviction, into the bottle of firm resolution, stopping it tightly with the cork of indifference, take a drachm night and morning, or oftener if the constitution will bear it, reducing the dose as the disease decreases.

"Sam," said a darkey to his ebony brother, "how am it dat dis yaa telegrat carries de news froo dem wires?"

"Well, Caesar, now you s'pose dar am a big dog tree miles long."

"Neber was such big dogs; don't b'lieb dat!"

"You jess wait minit, I'se only illustratin', you stupid nigger. Now dis yaa dog, you see, jess put his front feet on de Hoboken sho' an' he puts his behind feet on de New York sho'."

"Yesser."

"Now s'pose you walk on dis yaa dog's tail in New York—"

"Yesser."

"He'il bark, wont he?"

"Yesser."

"Well, where will dat dog bark?"

"In Hoboken, I calc'late."

"Dat am jess it! You walk on de dog's tail in New York, and he bark in Hoboken; and dat's de way telegrat works!"

"Yesser, dasso-dasso! you'se right, to pe suah."

Song of the larks—we won't go home till morning.

HENPECKED HUSBANDS.

"I'll take the responsibility," as Jenkins said when he held out his arms for the baby.

"That's a pretty go," said the husband when his beautiful wife ran away from him.

Husband, where shall I get the ticking for your new feather bed? "Any place where you can get the tick."

A Des Moines woman gave her husband morphine to cure him of chewing tobacco. It cured him, but she is doing her own fall blowing.

"May heaven bless you and keep you from your own true love Benjamin Herrick," was the way a henpecked husband ended his letter.

"Come to his death while being hit on the head with a long handled stewpan in the hands of his wife," was the verdict in a recent case in Illinois.

Talking about the jaws of death, exclaimed a man who was living with his third scolding wife: "I tell you they are nothing to the jaws of life!"

A stingy husband threw all the blame of the lawlessness of his children in company by saying, "his wife always gives them their own way."

"Poor things," was his prompt reply; "It's all I have to give them."

A married man in Milton recently kissed a young girl. He was fined by the magistrate, horse-whipped by her brother and snatched bald-headed by his wife. "He says squint-eyed cats may go back on rats, but darned if he'll kiss another woman."

A husband finding a piece broke out of his plate and another out of his saucer, pertinently exclaimed to his wife, "My dear, it seems to me that every thing belonging to you is broken."

"Well, yes," responded the wife, "even you seem to be a little cracked."

Husband—Isn't it little rough on me, my dear, to keep your First Husband's picture so conspicuously before folks?"

Wife—Now George, that's unkind! In case any thing should happen, wouldn't I be only too glad to put yours beside his?"

A woman appeared at the shop where her husband is employed a short time ago, and apologetically said: "Jim is not well. You must excuse him from coming to work to-day. He and I had a little difficulty at the breakfast table this morning, and he won't be able to work this week."

A lady says the first time she was kissed she felt like a tub of roses swinging in honor, cologne, nutmeg and cranberries. She felt as if some thing was running through her nerves on feet of diamonds, escorted by several little cupids in chariots drawn by angels, shaded by honeysuckles, and the whole spread with melted rainbows.

Those Alps we see in the West, the evening clouds, were made to-day—made of such trifles as the breaths of singing birds and blooming flowers, the melted jewelry of the morning dews, the silver night dress of the rivers and the voice of prayer. It is the heap'd-up utterance of yesterday. Dim blue, beautiful. It is an enchanted mountain, though men have named it cloud."