

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 31, 1874.

NO. 15.

For the Torch-Light.

YOUNG LUMSDEN'S GRAVE.

The following touching lines were written upon the grave of the little orphan Eddie Lumsden, who died at the Orphan Asylum on the 22d of February:

Beneath an oak the orphan sleeps,
With waving pines around;
Tho' wintry winds above him sweep,
His ears hear not their sound!

In spring the oak will bud again,
Its shading leaves will spread;
While birds will carol forth their strain
In sweetness o'er his head.

But what cares he for winds that sigh,
Or flowers that bloom in spring?
While he, a spirit pure on high,
Redeeming love can sing.

As evening shadows cast their gloom
Across his resting place,
How shadowless will be his home!—
An heir of saving grace.

As one by one the orphans rest,
No more to figure here;
One thought should soothe the troubled
breast,
With Christ they shall appear.

OXFORD.

THE FARM.

A CHAPTER ON BUGS.

BY BART.

The potato-bug is a ravenous beast; the cabbage bug cabbages much forage. The horn worm, tho' not exactly a bug, manages to make a beast of himself by chewing tobacco. He is evidently green, and on account of his peculiar distinguishing feature may properly be called a green horn. But of all bugs by far the most disastrous to the farming interest of this section are the hum-bugs. There are many varieties of this bug, but want of space forbids the mention of more than two or three. Life insurance is a voracious bug. For years it has infected our section and tho' thousands of dollars are continually consumed it still cries like the horse-leach "give! give!" The lightning-rod man is often a bug in disguise; and those pedlars who hail from over the big water and offer nothing but the best English or French goods are nothing else but Yankee bugs; a kind of vermin that ought to be exterminated. Probably the most deceitful bug of the genus "hum," is that known to the farming community as "Commercial Fertilizer," and his name is legion. This bug is scattered abroad in the land by means of "agents." In a commercial point of view fertilizers are an eminent success, but considered from an agricultural standpoint many of them have proved most lamentable failures.

As a general principle I hold that when an agent of any species, size, or capacity, leaves the comforts and delights of home in order to extend to an otherwise benighted community the vast benefits of his special nostrum, there must be money in it. I do not undertake to say who will ultimately get the money, but unquestionably it is money that makes the mare go.

During the late war the soldiers were harrassed by a small animal, not exactly a bug, but probably

more aggravating than any bug yet discovered. If any unwary citizen lingered in the company of the soldiers he soon became acquainted with the aforesaid pediculus. I do not wish to make an odious comparison, but the like often happens when these agents perambulate our agricultural section. The farmer in fancied security lies down to sleep with his benefactor and rises up in the morning—humbugged. A man naturally feels sold when he has been humbugged and ten to one he will proceed to spread the infection. Thus is our country laid waste by the ravages of these bugs. I do not suggest any remedy by which to exterminate the hum-bugs as they will continue to thrive so long as there is anything green to feed upon. As long as the people enjoy being humbugged it would be an act of cruelty to kill all the bugs.

DON'T DO IT.

There are a great many things that one does not want to do, and there is an editor out in Logansport who is in the habit of mentioning some of them occasionally. The latest bulletin is hereunto appended in the belief that all our readers who give heed thereto will thereby become wiser:

Don't eat sour grapes. They injure the teeth.

Don't split wood under a clothes-line. You might cut the rope.

Don't crack jokes with the sexton. He prefers grave conversation.

Don't trust a politician. He will go into bankruptcy after the election is over.

Don't borrow trouble. Be patient and it will come to you in the course of events.

Don't lie about your competitor in business. Better lie around your own establishment.

Don't fool with nitro-glycerine, or trifle with an angry woman.—Either one will blow you up.

Don't grieve over lost opportunities. It is not proper for a man to attend his own funeral.

Don't growl simply because your baggage is smashed. Thank your stars that it was not your head.

Don't clothe your little vices with the garb of innocence. The garment will prove too thin to shield you from the chilling blast of scorn.

Smiles.

What sunshine is to flowers, smiles are to humanity. They are but trifles, to be sure; but, scattered along life's pathway, the good they do is inconceivable. A smile accompanied by a kind word has been known to reform a poor out-cast, and change the whole career of a human life. Of all life's blessings, none are cheaper or more easily dispensed than smiles. Let us not, then, be too chary of them but scatter them freely as we go; for life is too short to be frowned away.

Philosophy triumphs easily over past and over future evils, but present evils triumph over philosophy.

For the Torch-Light.

A MEW-SICAL CATALOGUE.

Cats are very useful and ornamental articles to have round, especially if the person is of a musical turn of mind, for he can have "mew-sic" whenever he feels disposed, only by being careless enough to put his "No. 8" down upon the nether appendage of his favorite, without giving him the least notice. This kind of music is placed under the head of "galops," (on the part of the cat.) We have heard of the man who had so little music in his "soul," that he could not appreciate this style; he therefore took his "big yellow" to the woodpile, and oh! what a sad "tale" did this curtailed specimen of the race have to make up to his nocturnal friends, who chanced to "cat-echise" him on the subject, (a sore one, no doubt, for a long time,) and who had a "fellow felin-e" for him. To those liking organ music, we would say, a very respectable hand organ can be had in almost any household, only by taking the cat and holding him under your left arm with his head behind you and with your right hand grasp his tail for a handle and your organ is complete. Turn and the music will certainly come. We will not discuss the merits of this instrument or the excellence of its music as any one can try it for himself.

There is still another style of music which surpasses in its harmony of tone, any of the pieces named before. We allude to the sweet song of the serenaders in the bewitching hours of the night, when the full orb moon lends the charms of her silver beams to render the scene in more fit accordance with the melodies floating through the midnight air. Who can sleep! Who can lie unconscious of all this! Is he not impelled, in the enthusiasm of the moment, to shower upon the musicians, bouquets—(of bootjacks, boots, blacking boxes, anything that comes to hand) and shout his applause in one word—"scat!" And we have heard of one person (he had belonged to the navy) to be so far overcome with excitement as to fire a salute. But people will stay up too late at night listening, oftentimes when they should be asleep. There are other relations which "tabby" sustains to the musical world, especially "stringed" instruments, but will not be treated of here. E.

A Gentle Hint.

A youth and maiden were walking beneath the blue canopy of the firmament "fretted with golden fires," and the maiden, moved by the sublimity of the scene, pointed a taper finger—the one on which the engagement ring is worn—towards the zenith and exclaimed: "Oh, Adolphus, isn't jewelry beautiful?"

There is only two men in this world who never make enny blunders, and they are yu and me, mi friend.

Men don't fail so often in this world from a want of right motives, az they do from lack of grip.

HAVING THE TOOTHACHE.

I have seen men who would jump up and down and call everybody liars, and abuse their wives, and swear an oath as large as an old-fashioned out-door oven, simply because they had the toothache.—Watkins is one of those sort of men. He just gets comfortably around the stove, with a paper in one hand and a pan of apples in the other, when whoop! she goes! It seems as if some one had fired a bullet into his jaw, and he leaps up and down and kicks out behind and grabs at his face.

"Now, Watkins, do be patient!" says his wife, as she runs after cotton and camphor.

He holds his mouth open and she puts the cotton in, having soaked it with camphor. He gets a swallow of the liquid, which goes down the wrong pipe, and he gives a yell and a snort, and his eyes stick out like the wallet of a back-pay congressman.

"Oh! now, Watkins, don't be so awful fractious!" she says in a soothing voice, looking on the floor for the cotton.

"Fractious!" he yells, "you couldn't bear it a second! It would kill fourteen women in a minute!"

It gets a little easier as he holds his face to the stove, and he almost smiles as he remembers the pain of a moment ago. He is convinced that some men would have torn the house right down, and he flatters himself that he is a very patient man. Mrs. Watkins takes up her knitting again and proceeds to narrow the heel, when Watkins gives another sudden yell, "Oh! hoky! Oh! my stars!" he shouts, as he dances around on one foot with his teeth hard shut.

"Samuel you should not take an oath," says the wife in a reproving tone. "Remember that the wicked shall not live out half—"

"Live the old Satan!" he roars, striking his ear against the hot stove. "Get a mustard plaster, and a bag of ashes, and some peppermint, and some laudanum!"

The patient Mrs. Watkins says there ain't any mustard, or peppermint, or laudanum, in the house, and that she doesn't believe a bag of ashes would do any good. "Don't you remember my brother William?" she asks. "In the fall of '57 he had just such a time as this, and nothing would—"

"Shut up!" roars Watkins, trying to stuff some cotton into the hole in the tooth. "What do I care about your brether Bill!"

The smarting of his ear eases the tooth a little, and Watkins begins to hope it is all over. The pain dies away and a broad grin covers his face. Some men would have routed out the whole neighborhood, and had the fire-alarm sounded, but he had been very patient.

"Samuel, did you see that Johnny put the white cow in the east lot, and the black ox in the—"

"Black devils!" whoops Watkins, as the nerve jumps again. "Hang the black cow, and the white lot, and the east ox, and you too! Oh, my tooth! I shan't live three minutes!"

"Oh! now Samuel!" entreats

Mrs. Watkins, trying to pat him on the back.

"Oh, hang it! cuss it! dang!" he yells back. "I'm an old sinner if I don't murder somebody."

About every third night, Watkins has one of these spells. He used to send for me until, one night, I suggested that he should go to the dentist, and that after the dentist had cut around the tooth, and jabbed a wire against the nerve, and let his forceps slip off once or twice, he would worry the old stub out or break it off. My little speech went right to his heart, and as I slid out doors both his boots struck the front gate.—*Exchange.*

A TRAGIC STORY.

A strange revelation was made the other day in the Miami Valley, Ohio, by a stroke of lightning. The stroke according to one of the Ohio papers, prostrated a splendid grove of oaks. Among them was one which was rent asunder from top to bottom, and the fragments falling apart disgorged a quaint skeleton, yellow with age, which instantly fell to pieces, and was scattered over several feet of surrounding pasturage. Among other things with the remains were found a few buttons of ancient pattern, and a leather pocket-book in a good state of preservation. The contents of this pocket-book told the sad and tragic story of the disintegrated skeleton. It contained papers which were brown and discolored, and covered with rude pencilings, and scarcely legible, but enough could be deciphered to show they had been written by a soldier in the revolutionary army—a man, in fact, who had been an aid and companion to General Washington. His name was Roger Vandenburg, and he held the rank of captain. After participation in the battles of Valley Forge and in the retreat across the Jerseys, and during a brief time at West Point, he marched with St. Clair against the Northwestern Indians. On November 3rd, 1761, he was wounded and captured by the Indians. He subsequently escaped, and being harbored by his savage foes took refuge in this oak tree. The hollow offered him a convenient retreat, and he foolishly allowed himself to drop into it. Then, too late, he found that he had miscalculated the depth of the hollow, and that there was no escape. He spent the remaining hours of his life in writing a diary, the entries in which show a terrible record of human suffering, and during a period of eleven days he painfully described his sensations as he felt himself slowly starving to death. This diary, together with the bones of the miserable man, had, after one hundred and twelve years, been laid before the public under circumstances of an ordinary nature, and the affair has not generally created a "profound sensation" in the district where it occurred.

The world would be more happy if persons gave up more time to an intercourse of friendship.