

The Torch-Light.

DAVIS & ROBINSON, Editors and Proprietors.

VARIETY IS THE SPICE OF LIFE, THAT GIVES IT ALL ITS FLAVOR.

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VOL. 1.

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NO. 16.

I LOVE YOU FOREVER.

I shall not forget you; the years may be tender,
But vain are their efforts to soften my smart,
But the strong hands of time are too feeble and slender
To garland the grave that it made in my heart.

Your image is ever about me—before me,
Your voice floats abroad on the voice of the wind;
And the spell of your presence in absence is o'er me,
And the dead of the past in the present I find.

I cannot forget you; the one boon ungiven,
The boon of your love is the cross that I bear;
In the midnight of sorrow I vainly have striven,
To crush in my heart the sweet image hid there.

To banish the beautiful dreams that are thronging
The halls of my memory—dreams worse than vain,
For the one drop withheld I am thirsting and longing,
For the one joy denied me, I'm pining in pain.

I would not forget you; I live to remember
The beautiful hopes that bloomed to decay,
And brighter than June glows the bleakest December,
When peopled with ghost of the dreams passed away.

Once loving you truly, I love you forever;
I mourn not in weak, idle grief for the past;
But the love in my bosom can never, oh, never,
Pass out, or another pass in, first or last.

—Exchange.

LILLIAN AINSLEY.

By James A. Robinson.

"Beauty thou never hast beheld, unless
Touched with sadness and distress."
The time at which my sketch begins was Spring. The buds were opening into full grown flowers, leaves were unfolding, and the trees that had worn a gloomy appearance were decking themselves in mantles of green. The birds had begun to carol their simple lays. It was indeed a sweet time to stroll among the wildwoods. Who does not love this beautiful world!—its sunshines, its shades, its beauties and its sadness.

It was a twilight hour. The little twinkling stars were shining in all their brilliancy in the deep blue sky. The birds and blooms were reposing silently. Nature's rest seemed too tranquil to be broken by worldly strife. Yet the contrast was painful when compared to the beatings and emotions of a heart young and tender.

Lillian Ainsley was the only daughter of a fond father and affectionate mother. She was a beautiful young girl of sixteen, a rare beauty in her own unconscious loveliness. Auburn ringlets nestled upon her bosom and the smile which wreathed her dimpled mouth played with child-like beauty upon her fine features. Her youthful heart knew nought but goodness and her simple artlessness won the love of all who knew her.

Lillian had none to lavish her devotedness upon save her parents. None did I say! There was one other. Her love was fastened upon an absent one—and oh! how lofty in its bearing and how deep in its devotion is the heart of woman.

Henry Merton, the idol of her heart, was a young man of handsome personal appearance, possessing fine talents, and dwelt in the

But a barrier seemed to be arising to prevent their marriage, which was to take place in a short time; parental affection had entwined itself too strongly around the sweet girl's heart. Lillian loved her parents and they loved their daughter with a devotion that knew no bounds. Their hearts were sad when they thought how soon their child would be another's. And when they saw with what anxiety she looked forward for the coming of him whose pathway she had promised to strew with happiness, they were indeed melancholy.

One day she was more sad than usual and the tears came into her father's eyes as he gazed upon the lovely being before him. She seemed to him to be wasting away day by day, and fading like a precious flower nursed too tenderly. She was as trustful as a dove and gentle as a lamb. It was hard for him to give her for amid the world's coldness he had turned to his bird-like Lilly. Her young heart dreamed not that the world was selfish. But, gentle Lillian, your dreaming were but mockery, for this world is cold, too cold for such an innocent bud as you to bloom long. Her devoted parents did not think that a flower so full of its own sweetness could wither and die.

But those fond parents were soon to be separated from the idol of their hearts, for in a few weeks she was married and left the home of her childhood—forever.

With what pride did the young husband take his "sweet Lilly" to his own distant home, now made happy by her presence. With what bright anticipations did he look forward to the future when she should be his comforter and adviser in old age. Vain hope! Little did he think that before the happy journey down the stream of time, which he had promised himself to sail so pleasantly, should be hardly commenced, his little bark would be wrecked and its lovely helmsman lost—that his own sweet wife would wither with the beautiful flowers, leaving his home desolate. But the gentle flower he had planted in his home was too tender to bloom long amid the chilling blast of this cold world.

Ever long there was a change in the home of this happy man—instead of being joy and happiness all seemed sad and mourning; for our once beautiful Lillian has passed away. The feelings of that fond husband as he bent over the bed of his dying wife and gazed for the last time on that sweet flower, now withered and dead, whose fragrance he had been allowed to inhale for so short a time, was indescribable.

And oh! what must have been the feelings of those fond parents when the sad intelligence was borne to them that their beloved daughter was now indeed separated from them forever, while they remained on earth. Their innocent flower had only been transplanted to Heaven, there to bloom forever!

And now, kind reader, my task is done, my tale is told, and I claim your pardon for having tinged it so deeply with sadness, but the heart has its sad moments as well as its happy ones, and it has been beautifully compared to a harp whose strings are interwoven with the finest feelings of the soul. I have touched a chord in my own heart.

An editor asks his subscribers to pay him that he might play the same joke on his creditor.

An awful swell—the cheek after a toothache.

For the Torch-Light. THE ART OF EARLY PRINTING. BY ONE OF THE CRAFT.

It has often been truly said that printing has been careless in taking care of its own history, while it preserved the history of all other arts.

The first application of the *jelept art preservative* was to the manufacture of playing cards and devotional pictures, which were printed from originals carved on wood; yet Marco Polo, who returned from China, about the latter part of the thirteenth century, described the fabrication of paper money by means of a stamp and vermilion pigment. Procopius, in his "Historia Arcana," says that the Emperor Justinian, not being able to write his name, had a piece of pasteboard, through which was carved the four letters *Just*, and being laid on the paper, served as a guide for his pen, which was dipped in red fluid. Justinian lived in Virgil's time.

But we printers of the present age contend that John Gutenberg, who was born in Mentz, A. D. 1400, and who practiced his profession most successfully for the period of fifteen years in Strasburg, was the original inventor of the art preservative. During Gutenberg's career two hundred impressions per day was considered a day's *take* for the pressman; but to-day the speed of the world-renowned "Hoe Ten Cylinder Revolving Press" is between two and three thousand impressions per hour, and even the old "Hoe Washington Press" now makes between two and three hundred impressions per hour.

Faust's press was very rude and much slower than Gutenberg's. It was made entirely of wood, and consisted of a table along side of which the coffin containing the form, and furnished with a tympan and frisket, was pushed by hand. The platen worked vertically between bearers, the impression being regulated by screws. No improvement, however, was made on this press until 1601, when Baw invented a spring to the platen.

When, where, and by who printing from movable type was first practiced, is yet a mystery to the world as well as the craft.

Job printing seems to have been known near half a century before newspaper printing was ever invented, for an unknown printer of great merit practiced the art of job printing in Mentz, as early as 1418, and no one knew what time he established his business in that ancient city.

But, to come nearer home, we learn that Wm. Bradford was the first printer in the now great metropolis, having practiced his art in New York in 1690.

Charlotte Guillard was the first female printer. She worked exclusively on music. At that time (1500) the idea was considered ridiculous for females to learn the art; but to-day there is a very large number of them at work on the Continent.

BACHELOR'S HALL, Oxford, N. C.

A sweet little boy, only eight years old—bless his little heart—walked into the scene of the teacher's examination at Oswego last week, and bawled out, "Annie, your fellow is down to the house!"

Barnum is trying to secure for his new show a man who does not blame his wife for everything that goes wrong about his house.

Odd-fellows' haul—A rich wife.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

One long summer afternoon there came to Mr. Davidson's the most curious specimen of an old bachelor the world ever heard of. He was old, gray, wrinkled, and odd. He hated old women, especially old maids, and wasn't afraid to say so. He and aunt Patty had it hot and heavy whenever chance threw them together; yet still he came and it was noticed that aunt Patty took unusual pains with her dress whenever he was expected.

One-day the contest waged unusually strong, and aunt Patty left in disgust, and went out into the garden.

"The bear!" she muttered to herself, as she stooped to gather a flower which attracted her attention.

"What did you run away for?" said a gruff voice close behind her. "To get rid of you."

"You didn't do, it did you?"

"No you are worse than a burdock-burr!"

"You won't get rid of me neither?"

"I won't eh?"

"Only one way."

"And that?"

"Marry me."

"What, us two fools get married what would people say?"

"That's nothing to us. Come say yes or no; I'm in a hurry."

"Well, no, then?"

"Very well; good bye! I shan't come again!"

"Stop a bit—what a pucker you are in!"

"Yes or no?"

"I must consult—"

"All right, I thought you were. Good bye!"

"Jabez Andrews, don't be a fool! Come back, come back, I say!"

"Why, I believe the critter has taken me for earnest. Jabez Andrews, I'll consider."

"I don't want any considering, I am going. Becky Hastings is waiting for me. I thought I'd give you the first chance Patty. All right. Good bye!"

"Jabez! Jabez! (That stuck-up Beck Hastings shan't have him, if I die for it.) Jabez, yes! Do you hear? Yes!"

Floriculture.

All lovers of flowers must remember that one blossom allowed to mature or "go to seed" injures the plant more than a dozen new buds. Cut your flowers, then, all of them, begin to fade. Adorn your room with them; put them on your tables; send bouquets to your friends who have no flowers; or exchange favors with those who have. You will surely find that the more you cut off the more you will have. All roses after they have ceased to bloom should be cut back, that the strength of the root may go to form new roots for next year. On bushes not a seed should be allowed to mature.—*Scribner.*

Little Things.

Life is made up of little things. He who travels over a continent must go step by step. He who writes a book must do it sentence by sentence. He who learns science must master it fact by fact, and principal by principal. What is the happiness of our life made up of? Little courtesies, little kindnesses, pleasant words, genial smiles, a friendly little good wishes, and good deeds. One in a million—once in a lifetime—may do a heroic action; but the little things that make up our life come every day and every hour. If we make the little events of life beautiful and good then is the whole life full of beauty and goodness.

For the Torch-Light.

The Home of my Youth.

J. A. B.

My boyhood's home;
The name, oh! how dear,
It brings a sweet pleasure,
A smile and a tear.

Thoughts of thee ever
With memory's tide,
Come joyfully, as breeze-like
Fast by me they glide.

The hours of my childhood
Have passed away;
They glittered like dew-drops,
As brief were their stay.

I think of the village,
The church and the stream,
The faces flit by me
Like shapes in a dream.

Oxford, N. C.

Memories.

In every human life there are a few bright episodes; there are events that are always pleasant to recall; there are scenes that become so permanently fixed in the mind that every form and figure in and about them that pleases us dwells in our recollection. We may wander to the very limits of this habitable world, but still there are periods in our experience that charms the soul, as some vision of enchantment. In the cheerful hours of childhood, when no care occurs to disturb the monotony of roll of unceasing pleasure, we are entirely unconscious of the various causalities to which life is exposed.

Old memories! you forget them! The universe is full of them. You forget the falling rain, and the tree tops. They are on the tablets of our memory, ineffaceable through the gray headed years, is comfort and sweet reminiscence.

Oh! memories, fond
Fair phantoms of
Realities of present days
And dreams of long
Flat River, N. C.

Short.

BY JOSIE BILLINGS.

Most every one
a slander, but that
but despise the an
What a heart
would be if there
it.

Wise men are new
while phools are al
at everything that
The world at l
by our success.

Without money, w
and without impuden
low down in this w
man can git, and kee

The dog that will p
body aut worth a cuss.

Wize men sometime
castles, but tare the
when they get thru;
phools who build the
undertake to liv in

A clear conscience
eat and a good diges
three best kards in the

Sum folks never get re
are alws behind hand;
some of them be too late
their own funeral.

A sentimental
"it is comforting to know th
eye watches fondly for our co
and looks brighter when we con
A cotemporary is grieved to lea
that his "brother of the quill ha
a wife with one eye."

"Murder will out." And
it seems that it has got out and is
having a high old time up and
down the land.

THE FARM.

THE GRANGE MOVEMENT.

BY BART.

This Grange business is a good thing—for somebody. It only costs three dollars to get in at first and then the balance of your small pocket change from time to time as the exigencies of the movement demand. The Grangers are playing some sort of a game—marbles perhaps—and the object seems to be to break up the rings and knock out the middle-men. It is well enough to let them have a little amusement; for their lives are lives of toil and I do sincerely hope that a little recreation will do them good. Any-way it can do no harm, as the "middle-men" are always represented as lodges in sufficient numbers to

merchandise and broken down. They keep a watchful eye on the farmers. So long as the farmers don't make a mistake, they are safe. But when they do, the Grangers are ready to pounce upon them. They know of anything that the farmer does since they broke up the Grange business. Secret societies are a peculiar fascination for the farmer that don't know much and don't want folks to find them out. They are learning to read and to write, but they are so stupid that they can't read a word of the Bible. They are so ignorant that they don't know of anything that the Grange is doing. They are so stupid that they don't know of anything that the Grange is doing. They are so stupid that they don't know of anything that the Grange is doing.

They will presently awake and make excellent use of their brains for the coming year. They will presently awake and make excellent use of their brains for the coming year. They will presently awake and make excellent use of their brains for the coming year. They will presently awake and make excellent use of their brains for the coming year. They will presently awake and make excellent use of their brains for the coming year.

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