

# The Torch-Light.

DAVIS & ROBINSON, Editors and Proprietors.

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

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## For the Torch-Light. FIRE PICTURES.

What do I see in the fire lights sheen?  
Shapes all glowing and airy I ween,  
Castles with moats of violet flame,  
Hoary with ashes, (Time's touch a frame),  
Turrets all firmly guarded with bands,  
Formed from the fragments of dying  
brands;

Now they vanish, castles and moat,  
And turrets in yellow lustre float,  
Again the blazes dance and whirl,  
The logs have fallen and o'er them furl  
Sparks in their upward flight that show  
A glowing cavern far below;  
Not Golconda's boasted mine,  
Shows gems as fair in its depth decline,  
As the glowing jewels that sparkle and  
part

And fall from the hickory's stubborn  
heart.  
The ruby is there with its crimson hue,  
The opal, a dusky coal which through  
Its ashy covering palely gleams,  
As the sun through clouds of morning  
beams,  
And sapphire flames that creeping chase  
Over the logs in an endless race,  
And down below where the coals are  
dead.

Lie ebony blocks half fused with red.  
But now as I gaze the fire burns low,  
The cavern flits with the jewel's glow;  
The logs consumed form a fiery mass,  
Over which the blazes whirl and pass,  
Like the flow and ebb of waves that break  
On the trembling breast of a fire lake;  
And flicker faint, and rise and fall,  
While the shadows grow on the chamber  
wall,  
Then smoulder low, and all is dead,  
And—but pardon me reader—I'm off to  
bed.  
RUTH.

## For the Torch-Light. CASSIE.

BY G. W. WILLIS.

During the summer of '72 I had occasion to pass through that part of Kansas known as "the wilds," and having a considerable sum of money about my person deemed it expedient to travel well armed. I had been attending to some land patents granted by the Government to a few settlers, and was about to turn my steps eastward. I had been stopping at Wanbrook and the nearest railway station on the U. P. R. R., was eight miles to the northeast, the road or bridle path running through the wildest part of the territory. My horse was the finest specimen of the best tribe that could be found, and at sunrise one day in July, I mounted my animal and started on the journey. For the first thirty or forty miles I got along tolerably well, the path being well traveled and consequently easily discernable among the tall prairie grass, but at nightfall I began to wander now and then from its narrow space and finally lost it entirely, finding myself in a small wood. My first thought was to dismount and spread my blanket there and await until day-light before attempting to recover the lost track; but at that moment I caught sight of a gleam of light a mile or two ahead, and putting the spurs to my horse dashed onward. I found it to be the hut of a hunter, and after dismounting and tying my horse, knocked at the door for admittance. It was opened by an old white-haired man clad in a trappers suit of deer-skin, who bowed low as he saw me before him; his left hand holding the door open while his right grasped a long barreled rifle.

A few moments after and I was seated at a well filled table with the old hunter before me. He was the sole occupant of the cabin, with the exception of a large dog that lay asleep in one corner of the room. After partaking heartily of the meal, and my horse fed, we sat down in the doorway and conversed upon various topics. I

soon saw that the trapper before me had once seen better days. His language at times was deep and eloquent, while now and then it would seem as if he had forgotten himself and would drop the peculiar twang of the western hunter and use the more polished style of the east. Slowly I drew from him evidence enough to convince me that he had once been an eastern man himself, and at the close of a thrilling description of a bear fight in which he had been a participator, I summoned courage and inquired why and how he had chosen this life of solitude.

For a moment he was silent. I had touched a tender chord in his bosom, but soon he turned and after filling and lighting a long briar pipe which he carried in his waist coat pocket, he began.

"So you want to know how I came to live here. Well, stranger, it is a long story but I will try and tell it to you in a few words as possible. Just pull that door a wee bit closer and I will begin. I once lived down in York state in a little town on the Hudson.— You've seen the Hudson haven't you, stranger? Well, if you haven't I can tell you it is one of the prettiest rivers in that part of the universe. Well, I lived in a little town called Carthage. I was 'bout twenty-one, and was holdin' a fine position in a mill just outside the village, when I fell neck and heels in love with one of the prettiest little specimens of human nature that's ever walked on earth. They called her Cassie, Cassie Templeton. I can't describe her to you, stranger, for no man could do that. All I can say is that she was beautiful. Well, after a long while maneuvering around the old folks, I managed somehow to call. From that time I was completely swallowed up in happiness, and within six months time, would you believe it stranger, she had promised to be mine. They were poor, but thank God she was noble!

My old man was one of these stuck up old fogies whose ideas run all in money, for he was pretty well off in his share of this world's goods, and when he discovered our engagement, forbade me entering the house or even speaking when we met. This was too much stranger and I could not stand it. I just told the old man that I was going to marry that girl if it cost me my life. I had promised and with the help of God I would keep it. Well, what do you think he did? Did he get right up and rave and threaten to disinherit me and all that sort of thing, such as we read about in books? No, not a bit of it. He didn't say nary a word, but late that night when I came home from the mill through a fierce snow storm, I found all my traps set out in the yard and the front door locked. I knew what it meant stranger, and I took it to heart too. Picking up what few things I wanted, and leaving the rest where they lay, I went back to the mill and made a bed in the office. The next day I told Cassie what had happened. Good hearted girl that she was she pitied me and made me make my home there. Stranger, people may say what they choose, but I say there is more downright happiness in the home of the poor than there is in the parlors of the rich, and so I found it there. I never knew what real comfort was until I had been there, and then at that time no mortal on earth could have induced me to go back. For a long time I fought along trying to make my dollar do its utmost until I could lay by enough to give her a house. She stood by me, God bless her, through all my troubles, and many a weary battle

did I fight with her at my side. At last my folks saw I was determined to have her and one day they sent for me to come home. I went and we had a long talk. He said that if I would give her up he would give me a good start in business. He offered me almost anything. But no stranger, Cassie Templeton held a place in my heart that wealth could not buy, and I refused his tempting offers. For awhile he was angry, but soon saw I was determined and so he gave in. Then he wanted me to come back home and live. My mother joined with him in urging me to return and so I obeyed. For a long while all went well. But you see stranger there is always a calm before a storm, and so it proved here. One day not long after we had become reconciled, there came to Carthage a young fellow by the name of Carson from the South. He was handsome and rich. He saw my Cassie and was bound to have her. He tried all sorts of plans but she was true and held firm to her promise. He made her expensive presents all of which she returned. Evenings she would sit and tell me how he had called in the afternoon and asked for her hand. This would at times almost set me crazy. But I could not help myself and so I love it the best I knew how. Soon I noticed a coldness springing up between her parents and myself. They would hardly treat me civilly, and finally forbid my entering their house. I entreated them to give me their reasons for acting thus, but I was not heard. Cassie would write me every day and tell how they ill-treated her. Every now and then we would meet and renew our vow. Each day she seemed in my eye to grow more beautiful and I often wondered to myself how I had kept her so long. But she still clung to me. Sometimes a whole week passed and I would not see her, but still she wrote. About this time, work run short and I accepted a place in the city. I could not see Cassie before I started and so with a line or two telling of my departure I hastened away. I worked as man alone can work, night and day until I was almost reduced to a living skeleton. I dreamed of the time that would soon give her to me for my own. She wrote me after I was settled telling me of her troubles and urging me to hold true and take her away. Everything that I thought would please her I purchased and sent to her. Her letters began to grow wider apart after awhile, and finally they ceased entirely. This almost drove me frantic. Could she be ill? was the question I asked myself a hundred times a day. I wrote letter after letter but it brought no tidings. Weeks passed away and still no news from my loved one. Each hour seemed a month in my mind, and every mail I watched with the eye of a vulture. I dared not return to Carthage to learn the cause of her silence for I knew should her parents become aware of my presence they would only treat her the harsher, and so all I could do was to wait patiently for some word from my darling. Pardon me stranger for talking so foolishly, but I loved her and she was my darling. I can't help it sometimes it seems natural that I should call her such names. One day there came a large envelope directed to me in my darling's handwriting. Frantic with joy I burst the seal only to find it an invitation to the wedding of my Cassie with the man whom I had feared. It was terrible! I can't tell you what I said stranger; all I know is that one day shortly afterward I found

myself in this little hut. It serves me very well. I am only to live but a short time longer and this is well enough for the time I am here. The world says "old Cassie" is crazy, stranger, but I'm not. I am only waiting to hear the sound of the trumpet that shall call me to the judgment seat, where Cassie Templeton and I shall be judged by the great ruler on high. Do you think she will pass stranger! Not I! She has broken the heart of one mortal and hastened him to the grave, and if that is not crime then may God forgive me for saying it. Call me "Cassie" stranger and you are my friend. She deceived me, but I love her still, and the sound of her name recalls to my memory faint recollections of the past. I have heard from her once since I came here; it was many months ago. It was that her husband had deserted her leaving her helpless with two small children. I wonder if Cassie Templeton has thought of me then? But I don't want to see her, I will meet her soon enough and then she will know I kept my vow. They all call me Cassie around these parts although they know not my history. You are the only man whom I have told my story, and stranger if you would be my friend, keep it a secret. There's a pile of skins over there in that corner. Here's mine. Good night stranger!"

Taking the well directed hint I threw myself down upon the couch of skins and was soon asleep dreaming of the man whose life had been so blighted for the sake of love. At daybreak a gentle touch upon my shoulder told me that he was at my side, and springing up I prepared to resume my journey. The old man had been up before me and a bright fire was crackling on the hearth. Eating a hearty breakfast prepared by his own hands, I mounted my animal and after bidding Cassie farewell, was away, reaching my destination that evening in safety.

This was nearly three years ago. Last summer I passed that way again, but all the trace I could find of the hunter and his cabin, was a small board standing in the ground near the ruins of a burnt dwelling, bearing the simple name of "Cassie." This was all that signified the death of the white haired hunter beneath it. It had been erected by some kind brother trapper, and rude as it appeared, it spoke volumes to our mind, for it reminded us that although the heart of man may often seem to the world, warm and unselfish, yet one flash from the arrow of deception will send it into a state of lethargy forever.

## THE FARM.

### THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

BY BART.

After long and mature consideration I have reached the conclusion that many of us are constitutionally unequal to the task of earning a fortune on the farm. We were either born unluckily or else have contracted a complaint that consigns so many promising youths to the gloomy vaults of oblivion. The disease I speak of is owing to a sort of sluggishness of the blood, and may be termed an indisposition—to work. To us the shining hills of opulence are steep and unapproachable heights—never to be scaled except by strategy. Surely I shall deserve the gratitude of the unfortunate and afflicted if I reveal the true secret of success to those who can never hope to gain wealth by honest industry.

Farming is truly a delightful

occupation. If there is one thing I do like better than some other things it is to sit on the top rail of the fence and look at the boys hoe corn. Success at farming is attained pretty much like success at other pursuits. If you haven't the patience to wait for it to come in dribbles you either have to steal or else practice some other strategy. The best plan in either case is to go where you are not known. In fact, if you are up to any such game as marrying a fortune it is almost indispensable for you to go away from home. I know of several instances in which this game has been successfully played in our section of late. "Distance lends enchantment" and impetuous youths are ever ready to borrow. If any one feels conscientious scruples about entering the matrimonial market under the influence of pecuniary motives he can exercise the privilege of staying out in the cold.

An esteemed friend, an ex-rebel, whom I believe to be a representative man has related to me his post-bellum history which I give to you in his own words. Words of worldly wisdom which delivers as crumbs of wisdom to whom it may concern.

Some are born rich; some they have, and some have to thrust upon them—yea, some have their riches snatched away. At least such was my fortune or rather misfortune at the close of the late "unpleasantness." I spent some time in fruitless efforts to repair my shattered fortune. At first I offered my land at a low price; but buyers were scarce. They said that as the land was discharged the Government's debt it was worth much. My Confederate money was banked but they didn't want to touch ten cents a bushel and I told them I couldn't think of taking less than twelve and they said no, hand yet. There is some consolation, however, in the thought that if Congress continues to inflate the currency my Confederate scrip will soon be on a par with greenbacks. Having exhausted my personal assets I turned my attention to the farm. Of course observation I perceived that several other gentlemen were disposed to pay attention to my farm. The gentlemen were lawyers, merchants, and such like who were trying to collect debts made on a slavery basis. In short I was compelled to give up the whole concern to the harpies who let the lord of myself that heretofore was.

I quit forever that dear old spot where the mocking bird sang me to sleep every night, and the old red rooster waked me up in the morning. It were useless to expatiate on the expediency of that parting. Suffice it to say that neither tears nor rum could drown my sorrow or quench my thirst for wealth. I took a regular flood to extinguish a bright luminary and consequently arrived to shine through the windows of the "Torch."

Alive to the exigencies of the occasion I proceeded to the emergency and sought new fields wherein to expand my talents. If my health had been good and I hadn't been troubled with that indisposition (the indisposition to work) my life would have been different; but I am resigned to my fate. Knowing my infirmity I yielded to the solicitations of my empty purse and married for money. It is needless to state that I got a wife in the bargain. Although I would have preferred to negotiate for the wife in a separate lot, still I am moderately well pleased with the trade. It

is like buying a job lot at auction. you get a good thing that you particularly desire, and some pretty fair goods thrown in.

A wife is sometimes a good thing to put in a house, and a house is always a good thing to put a wife in. To get the wife and house both at once is just the best thing out. Some are born rich; some achieve wealth and some have money thrust upon them.—yea and some marry a fortune. Commend me ever to this wedded bliss! Some marry for love; Some marry just for the fun of the thing; but laying all joking aside some marry for the ready money. Not for sentiment; not for sense, but for the real dollars and cents. Cash up and money down.

## PINE KNOTS.

The most likely way to become a woman is to be a girl.

The Augusta Herald has for its motto—Two Almighty Dollars a Year.

When the honest ducks dip their heads, To liquidate their little

It was the straightest man in the Bible; Pharaoh wanted to make a ruler of him.

Pen-makers are a bad lot. They make people steel pens and then say they do write.

A little boy tried to amputate the cat's tail the other day, and now he does all his seeing with one eye.

A Milwaukee boat club has adopted a light uniform, described as a buff kerchief around the head and one suspender.

A Connecticut paper speaks of a reign of terror in that State because a man has been arrested for stealing an umbrella.

What is the difference between a cloud and a beaten child? One pours with rain and the other foams with pain.

Kate Field tells of a Yankee woman, who, being told at dinner of her husband's death, exclaimed, "Just wait till I have done eating and I'll show you some tall crying."

Trinkins playfully remarked to his wife that he had four fools—beautiful, athletic, youthful and delightful. "Poor as!" said she, "I have but one."

A Cincinnati man who went off the other day with his family except his mother-in-law and the house cat, found upon his return that the animal had been talked to death for being out late at night.

An original Pennsylvania editor comes out fairly and squarely. He calls his paper "An airy old sheet, devoted to wind, whiskey, wickedness and other religious matters. Vox Populus, Vox Beelzebub."

A wag observing on the door of a house the names of two physicians, remarked that it put him in mind of a double barrel gun; if one hissed the other would be sure to kill.

"Tommy, my son, run to the store and get me some sugar." "Excuse me, ma; I am somewhat indisposed this morning. Send father, and tell him to bring me a plug of tobacco."

The young married couple who thought that they could live on bread and moonlight, find there is no romance in baked beans. For the romance out of young marriages is nearly as bad as the fact.

"Husband, I don't know what you got his bad temper from me." "No, I don't find that you