

The Torch-Light.

DAVIS & ROBINSON, Editors and Proprietors.

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

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It is Sweet to be Remembered.

It is sweet to be remembered,
Even when life's sky is bright,
It adds new fragrance to the flowers,
New radiance to the light,
And birds among the leafy branches
Sing with sweeter tone—
Hope's softer fire it kindleth,
To know we are not alone.

It is sweet to be remembered
When skies are dark with gloom,
And tried and trusted friendships
Are buried in the tomb.
It makes our hearts grow lighter
When faith is growing dim,
And lifts our spirits heavenward
To trust and lean on him.

It is sweet to be remembered
By loved ones far away,
And the kindly words they said to us
Shed a gentle and cheering ray,
Oh! are we still remembered,
Say we softly through our tears;
Do they keep our memory sacred
Through the weary toilsome years?

It is sweet to be remembered
When the dying hour is near,
And the prayers of our beloved
Make our faith more pure and clear,
And to death's dark shadowy angel
A lovely smile is given;
Alas! 'tis blessed to be remembered
By that better friend in Heaven.

The Best Sewing Machine.

BY M. QUAD.

There was Hubbard. He drove up to the door, unloaded a sewing machine, and said if we wanted a machine which would do all kinds of work, run easily, hem, tuck, ruffle, gather, braid and be a thing of joy forever and forty days more, we shouldn't fail to buy the "Lightning Slinger." I bought it, and when, after a week he wanted a certificate, I cheerfully wrote one:

"This is to certify that I have had a "Lightning Slinger" in my house for some time past, and I wouldn't be without it for twice its cost. It hadn't been in my house half a day before my son recovered from the whooping-cough, and my wife found a ten dollar bill on the sidewalk. I think it the best machine ever made, I can't bear to go to bed and leave it."

He said he was ever so many times obliged, and he hadn't got out of sight before Kilroy drove up with the "Thunder & Blazes" machine. He began to snuff at the other machine; said we'd been terribly humbugged, and that his machine was the only first-class machine in the market.

My wife began to cry, and he soothed her by offering to trade his machine for the other, which he could sell for old iron, and \$30 to boot. We made the trade. He said the "Thunder & Blazes" would make any kind of a stitch sew any kind of fabric, and out-run anything but a locomotive. He came around the next week, with a certificate all written out, and I signed it:

"This is to certify that I have gained ten pounds of flesh per day since purchasing your machine, and that my wife hadn't run it half a hour when her uncle died and left her two hundred thousand dollars. Not one of the children has had a cold since the day the "Thunder & Blazes" came through the gate. It plays easily, the strings are not liable to snap, the stops are easy to manage; and it is the only machine in the world that can be operated by a red-headed woman with a cork leg. I can stay out until eleven o'clock every night now, and my wife hasn't a word to say. Formerly, she used up four rolling-pins, costing two shillings each, per week."

Then McManus came, I told him that we had the best machine in

market, and he asked to look at it. He hadn't fairly got his eyes on the "Thunder & Blazes" before he commenced to laugh.

"Ho-ho-ho!" he shouted as he dropped on a chair—"it will kill me—did you ever—oh! ho-ho!"

I sternly asked the cause of his hilarity, and he replied that Kilroy had swindled us—taken us in—cheated us stone blind. The "Thunder & Blazes" wasn't worth a cent, he said—was an old machine invented by a blind man and patented by a fool.

My wife began to weep. "But," said McManus, "that were his machine, the "Chained Earthquake." It was the machine and all other machines were base imitations. We might try it, and if we didn't like it he would cut his throat with a bricksaw. We tried it, and when he came with his certificate, I signed it:

"This is to certify that your sewing machine has saved me ten per cent in fuel and twenty per cent in hay and corn since we purchased it. I licked an alderman, pulled a schoolmaster's nose and kicked a member of the legislature the second day after we got the machine, and we hadn't owned it a week when I found where I could get trusted for meat and wood, and discovered a flour shed unlocked. It will sew anything, from a leg of mutton to a New Hampshire mountain. There hasn't been a cloudy day since the machine first started, and the moon now rises two hours earlier and lasts all night. No one should be without it."

He took the certificate with a triumphant smile, and—
But I must leave off here. Farnsworth has just called with "The Five-Jeweled Duplex High Low" machine—the only leading machine in market, and he is telling my wife how we got swindled by McManus.

Making People Happy.

A poetical writer has said that some men move through life as a band of music moves down the street, flinging out pleasure on every side through the air to every one, far and near that can listen. Some men fill the air with their strength and sweetness, as the orchards in October days fill the air with ripe fruit. Some women cling to their own houses like the honeysuckle over the door, yet like it, fill all the region with the subtle fragrance of their goodness. How great a bounty and a blessing is it so to hold the royal gifts of the soul that they shall be music to some, fragrance to others, and life to all! It would be no unworthy thing to live for, to make the power which we have within us the breath of other men's joy; to fill the atmosphere which they must stand in with a brightness which they cannot create for themselves.

"William," said one Quaker to another, "thee knows I never call anybody names, but, William, if the Governor of the State should come to me and say, 'Joshua, I want thee to find me the biggest liar in the State of New York,' I would come to thee and say, 'William' the Governor wants to see thee particularly.'"

The following is the copy of a bill posted on the walls of a country village: "A lecture on total abstinence will be delivered in the open air, and a collection taken at the door to defray expenses."

The time returns when our young men will lean over gates on moonlight nights, and admire one particular flower.

Light.

Light, from a philosophical point of view is believed to be caused by the vibrations or undulations of a fluid supposed to occupy all space. These vibrations come to the eye from the visible object, just as the vibrations of sound reach the ear from a sounding body and effect the optic nerve, producing the sensation we call light.

Light was instituted in that great issuing in of the universe, when "Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar stood ruid." and has for its primary source the sun, the most powerful source of light and the centre of the universe.

There are many interesting facts about sun-light, perhaps the most common of which is that each beam is composed of eight primary colors, which can be separated by means of a prism, and color owes its existence to light. Different substances being so constituted as to reflect one or more of these primary colors, producing the various shades. There are numerous artificial lights, the most powerful of which is produced by fixing a piece of charcoal between the opposite poles of a galvanic battery. There is also a metal called magnesium which being burned makes a most brilliant light, in fact so bright that it is used in taking pictures at night.

But of what benefit would this miracle of light be to man were it not for the eye, the most delicate and only organ of the human system affected by light? And of what use would the eye be without it? Without light this world would be to its inhabitants as an unknown shore to exiles abandoned to it after their eyes were put out. Their perception would be limited to the length of their arms and every step would bring them in imminent peril of their destruction.

How thankful we should be to God for his wise distribution of light, and for the organs to enjoy the effects of that light.

Light is often employed in a figurative sense. The bible says, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven." Now be it far from me to hold the place of an idle flatterer, but will only say that this is what the editors of the Torch-Light are doing and may they continue.

Light is again figuratively employed in its grandest and most beautiful sense. "I am the Light of the world, he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness but shall have the light of life." E.

She Will Come.

A young lady of Holly Springs, Miss, has been residing for some months in Boston, and indites therefrom to the Memphis *Avalanche* a gossipy, witty, humorous, epistle, paragraph:

"Sweet women of the South! I thought of you as I had known you. In your homespun dress or your plain black robes; your eyes shining with faith and hope; your steady white hands binding ragged wounds, or pointing the way to heaven to dying eyes; your toil, your suffering, your courage in those stern, sombre days when our beautiful country stood all bleeding desolate and despairing. My eyes grew dim. Dressed up dolls! Quarrel then with angels because their snowy wings were fair. But oh, Southern women! when will one among you arise with head enough to do justice to your hearts?"

Advertise in this paper.

DON'T BE A TALKER.

One-half of the mischief in the world is done from talking, and one-half the difficulty we get into, as we go along through life, is the result of our saying, what we might as well not have said. There is much wisdom in the old maxim. "Keep your mouth shut and your eyes open; there is, rely upon it."

I do not know anybody, in my situation or profession in life, to whom this advice is not applicable. It is sometimes said that lawyers make their living by talking; that is their trade, and so on; but the fact is, the lawyers are as apt to talk too much as anybody, and to suffer as much by it. To spin out a long argument they necessarily fall in the habit of dealing more in fancy than in facts, saying things about parties and witnesses that do no good and much harm, and their reputation for candor will generally diminish in the same proportion as that of loquacity increases. To hear some men at the bar, you would suppose that if they were held by the feet, the words would run out of their mouths by mere force of gravity for a week at a time, without troubling their brains at all.

Our legislators talk too much; and nine-tenths of all the speech making in Congress and the Legislature is the "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal" of vanity and egotism. Your really sensible men, such as Benjamin Franklin and Roger Sherman, never got up unless they had something to say, and always sat down as soon as they had said it.

Our politicians talk too much. It is really refreshing, and uncommon as it is refreshing, to hear a sensible man talk sensible on his subject for fifteen minutes. But if one listens to the street rant of the day, the whole science seems to be twisted into a Chinese puzzle, that nobody can find the beginning nor end of.

Some young people have a notion that they can talk each other into matrimony. It is a mistake; in such a delicate matter as this, the tongue had better be contented with playing a subordinate part. The eye can tell a better story, the language of actions will make a better impression, the love that grows up in silent sunshine; which congenial hearts reflect upon each other is the healthiest and most endearing. The manner will always sink deeper than the language of affection. But this is a matter in which people are so bent upon managing their own way, that I doubt whether my advice will be worth the ink and paper.

An editor who speaks with the air of a man who has discovered a new fact by experience, says the new way to prevent bleeding at the nose, is to keep your nose out of other people's business.

Speaking of newspaper selections, a cotemporary very truly remarks that it takes quite as much brains to run a good pair of scissors as it does a pen.

An Irish paper says that "In the absence of both editors, the publishers have succeeded in securing the services of a 'gentleman' to edit the paper this week."

"Among all my boys," said an old man, "I never had but one boy who took after me, and that was my son Aaron, who took after me with a club."

When an Oxford gallant is refused permission to escort a lady home, he asks permission to sit on the fence and see her go by.

THE FARM.

TOBACCO.

BY BART.

The subject matter of this discourse was suggested to the writer by a slight incident, illustrative of the vast importance of the tobacco crop. When I was attending court last week, I observed a colored politician in earnest conversation with a fellow citizen. He was emphasizing his remarks by expressive gestures of that hand in which he held his cigar. Now there is seldom as much in the matter as in the manner of doing a genteel thing. The manner in which our hero held his cigar was peculiar. It was held between the thumb and fore finger of the left hand with the fireless end pointed towards his companion, exemplifying in a striking manner the truth of that trite description, "Fire at one end and a fool at the other." The fool in this instance being not the smoker but the poor deluded wretch who was so patiently listening to his eloquent remarks. Being a farmer I am naturally proud of anything that emanates from the farm, and you can't imagine how vain it made me to think that this identical cigar was made of tobacco, and tobacco is a product of the farm!

Some thoughtless people are addicted to speaking lightly of tobacco but to us farmers it is no joking matter. We make tobacco to get money to buy our meat and bread and a total failure in the tobacco crop would produce a famine. A succession of failures for many years might reduce us to the necessity of raising our estates at home, a condition of affairs which our people look upon with abhorrence; for then we would soon accumulate vast sums of money, like our Northern brethren, and should be always in dread of a further expansion of the currency. The first lover that addresses himself to the tobacco plant is the hornworm and he is perhaps the most sensible of all the consumers of the weed. He takes it when it is young and tender and it is probably more digestible in that state than afterward. To some people tobacco may be a luxury but to the hornworm and the farmer it is an article of prime necessity since from it they derive a subsistence. The former takes the staple in a crude state while the farmer exchanges it for corn and bacon which he imagines are more palatable. Doubtless however it is only a matter of taste.

When I see a youngster with a cigar or pipe in his mouth, I feel convinced I have stumbled on one of those fellows who is to make his mark in after life. In all human probability he will bear upon his face the unmistakable mark that distinguishes the average tobacco-chewer. His lips and whiskers will be dyed that beautiful color known as dirty brown while his breath will emit an odor—namely of roses nor any other French perfume—but reminding us rather of the American odoriferous skunk. There is one misfortune, however, that must befall him. In selecting a wife it is next to impossible for him to find a companion capable of appreciating the qualities inherent to the consumers of tobacco, as ladies have peculiar ideas in regard to decency of person, and in selecting perfumes they hardly ever choose anything stronger than musk. He must turn his eyes to that class of ladies who may be properly called the special patrons or guardian angels of tobacco. I allude to the dippers of snuff, to whom we are indebted for much of our fame abroad, inasmuch as a

celebrated brand of snuff bears the proud title of "Carolina Belle." These Carolina belles will one day be immortalized in marble as more polished and chaste goddesses than their rude predecessors, those Indian lassies in short dresses, whose wooden images adorn the stands in front of tobacco stores in the cities. O, woman, thou art ever bewitching with thy matchless charms. Thou wert lovely even before they ever taught thee the art of dipping snuff; but now to mankind thou art invincible. Beforetime thou couldst bring laughter to his lips or tears to his eyes—smiles to his brow or color to his cheeks; but then thou didst not meddle with his nose. That organ was untouched save by the rosy finger of wine; but now if he approaches too near thee he is easily brought to his senses. Speaking of the smell of tobacco, allow me, gentle reader, to remark that as I am possessed of timid olfactory nerves and am consequently somewhat choosy about my smelling, I prefer, when it is necessary, to inhale the odor at all, to take it as it floats in its original elements. And this I say with all possible respect to those who prefer to take it second hand.

Sal and Jake.

"About yew nasty puppy! Let me see, or I'll tell your ma' about our Sally to her lover Jake, who is about ten feet from her pulling dirt from the chimney jam."

"I ain't touchin' on you Sal, responded Jake."

"Well, perhaps you don't mean to bother—do yer?"

"No, I ain't."

"Cause you're fearful scary! you long legged, lantern-jawed, slab-sided, pigeon-toed, gangled owl, you haven't got a bit o' sense, git along home with you."

"Now Sal, I love you, and can't help it, and if you don't let me stay and court you my pap will sue your'n for that cow he sold him father day. By jingo, he said he'd do it."

"Well, look here, Jake 'if you want to court me you'd better do it as a white man does that thing, and not set off that as if you thought I was pizin'."

"How on airth is that Sal?"

"Way ride right up here, and hug and kiss me, as if you had some of the boue and sinner of a man about you. Do you suppose a woman's onley made to look at you 'fool you?"

"Well, said Jake drawing a long breath, 'if I must, I spose, I must, for I love you Sal! and so Jake commenced sidling up to her. Laying his arm gracefully upon Sal's shoulder, and placing himself in a theatrical attitude, we thought we heard Sal exclaim in a sweet silvery notes like those of a dying swan:

"That's the way to do it old hoss—that's it." "Oh! Jerusalem ben-dancakes!" said Jake drawing the back of his hand across his eyes.

"Buckwheat cakes, slap-jacks and hush-cakes, ain't no whar, long side o' you Sal! Here their lips came together, and the report that followed was like pulling a horse's hoof out of the mud."

The newspaper imp is responsible for the following cure for being sick with salt water. This will make the bugs dry, and while they are after a drink move your head into another room.