

The Torch-Light.

DAVIS & ROBINSON, Editors and Proprietors.

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

TERMS—\$1.50 per Annum, in Advance.

VOL. 1.

OXFORD, GRANVILLE COUNTY, N. C., TUESDAY MORNING, MAY 19, 1874.

NO. 23

Somebody.

Somebody's eyes have grown dimmer,
Out in some quiet old home;
At morn, when the eve'ing stars glimmer
Watching for some one to come—
Watching while heart grows the sicker,
As day after day glides along,
Watching while tears fall the thicker,
Choking the lullaby song.

Somebody's wandering over
Lands far away from his own,
Scents as of old the sweet clover
That grows by the old door-stone;
Longs to go back and mingle,
As in the dim days of yore,
With those round the old cottage ingle—
Those who, alas! are no more.

Somebody's prayers are ascending,
Ever for dear ones away;
Prayers that, His blessings attending,
May keep them from going astray;
Prayers that float nearer and near
The throne of the father above,
And, reaching the ear of the hearer,
Are answered with infinite love.

Somebody's life-work is ended,
Patiently they wait to go;
Long have they faithfully weeded
Toil-some paths here below.
Soon the reward they'll be reaping,
That to the faithful is given,
"Well done; come up!" and be keeping
Watch for somebody in Heaven.

THE FARM.

THE CELEBRATED SHAKE-RAG WAGON-BED LAWSUIT.

BY BART.

The farmer leads a quiet life, but its dullness and monotony is sometimes relieved by little incidents which go to prove that the innocent old grangers of our day and generation are descendants of the first tiller of the ground. Once upon a time there lived in that section which is honored by the euphonious title of *Shake-rag*, two farmers who were also neighbors and brothers-in-law. These descendants of Cain though brothers-in-law were enemies in fact as the sequel of this story will prove. One of them is known as "Shingle Bill" and the other I will call Coin and not miss his real name very far. Before the war Shingle Bill had what had once been a box wagon-bed, but which one Snipes had used during the war as a *cow-trough*. When the cruel war was over the said wagon bed or *cow-trough* was left in possession of a neighbor, and from his premises it was abstracted by the aforesaid Coin either with or without proper authority, and by him used for the space of five years more or less. At the expiration of the five years Shingle Bill claimed of his brother-in-law the sum of three bushels of wheat as compensation for the wagon-bed; but the bad Coin became very much offended at such an exorbitant charge and refused to pay any part thereof whereupon Shingle Bill through his attorney brought an action to recover the same in such manner as is provided by the laws of his country.

This famous cause at length came on to be heard before a Justice of the Peace, and all Shake-rag was aroused to a pitch of intense excitement which was prolonged by such delays as are common to courts of justice, the case being continued for two or three terms. In the meantime I secured from an eye witness a full description of this famous bone of contention in the shape of a wagon-bed; as follows: 2 planks, four old horse-shoes, 7 hickory withs, 3 grape vines, 4 shingles, 8 pine boards, about 20 nails and sundry strings and straps not particularly set forth; the whole being worth at a fair valuation about 25 cents for kindling wood. The defendant entered sundry pleas, as fol-

lows:—first, that the bed or trough was not worth three bushels of wheat, 2d that it was not worth a peck of wheat, 3d that it wasn't worth shucks, 4th that it wasn't a wagon-bed no-how; but could be identified as Snipes' cow trough, 5th that no matter what it was or, what it was worth, it was not the property of Shingle Bill, as he didn't have the shadow of a claim to any part thereof excepting two planks, 6th that the plaintiffs' claim to the two planks was barred by the statute of limitations, and obscured by much doubt and uncertainty, 7th that two planks cannot by any means be called a wagon-bed, although they might constitute a trough.

The two planks were the only parts that could be identified as belonging to the original bed that Snipes had transmogrified into a cow trough, and according to the plea of the defendant 2 planks could not properly be brought under the definition of a wagon-bed. The court evidently concurred in this view, for it decided in favor of the defendant and Shingle Bill had to pay the costs. Nor was this all he had to pay, for I am reliably informed that his attorney received as his fee, *one quart of Shake-rag corn whiskey* in a little brown jug.

Thus ended the most noted lawsuit known to the jurisprudence of Shake-rag, involving many points of general interest to the farming community. In the course of the trial it was shown that a piece of property may be borrowed and lent from one neighbor to another until the original owner loses all title to it. And it was also shown that a brother-in-law is sometimes as expensive a luxury as a mother-in-law.

A Beautiful Young Lady of Raleigh Narrowly Escapes Drowning.

Last Saturday evening two young ladies and gentlemen went out fishing and sailing in Penny's pond four miles from this city. They divided themselves in pairs and each had a boat. The first couple sat in their boat and fished near the shore. The second were just crossing the pond when the young lady lost her balance and fell overboard into the water thirty feet deep. The young man rushed to the spot where she fell and the boat dipped and keeled over. The young lady had sunk twice and as the young man rose from the water he seized her and began swimming for the shore. He struck a stump five feet under the water and clamping it with his feet held on for dear life, the precious burden aloft of water and his own head and shoulders just barely out. Mr. Winston of the first boat put the lady with him ashore, and rowed for life to the rescue, where they were gotten safely in his boat and all returned to shore. The young lady is one of Raleigh's fair daughters, and her name as well as the name of her gallant preserver is withheld from motives of modesty. *Crescent.*

When alone in your study let these thoughts occupy your mind; "I am now watched by my God, no human eye beholds me, but God trieth my heart. He knows why I choose this subject; and why I propose to treat it in this manner, whether it is to display the power of genius, or simply to do good; he knows whether I aim to display my skill and ability, or his wisdom and grace."

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

DRIVING OXEN.

BY M. QUAD.

I never had any trouble driving oxen, though I know a man who'd as soon try to drive lions, as to pick up a whip and undertake to "haw Buck," and "gee Bright."

Always commence right with oxen. They don't appear tender-hearted, and don't seem to the casual observer to be longing for sympathy, but oxen have feelings which must be consulted. If you want to yoke up your oxen, take the yoke on your shoulder and gently approach the starboard ox. If he moves away, throwing his heels in the air, turn about and approach the other, for in the long run it doesn't make a cent's worth of difference which ox is yoked up first, though there are men who always pull on the left boot first, and would persist in it if the house was on fire.

If the larboard ox runs away, don't throw the yoke on him, and jump up and down and howl. You can't throw a yoke over twenty yards at the most, and the chances are you wouldn't hit him. Take the yoke on your back again and saunter across to the first ox. Approach him as if you didn't care a cent whether you got the yoke on him or not. Let your face wear a smile, and whistle some careless air. If he shows a disposition to run away don't go to howling:

"Whoa there—hold on—I'll kill you—blast your eyes—hold on!"

Keep up indifferent demnaor, and in about one hour and a half you can put your hands on the ox. Rub his back and speak encouraging words to him, and let him see that you are his true friend. In a little time you can put the yoke on him, and then start off after the other ox on the far side of the field. If he makes a bolt for the barn preserve your careless air, and above all, don't you pound the ox you have already secured. By a persistent exercise of patience, you can get the pair yoked up and ready for business by ten o'clock, if you commence early enough. Don't chain 'em to a stump and maul 'em with a rail after you have them in your power; seek to conquer by love rather than force.

Few farmers know how to draw out the full strength of a pair of oxen on a dead pull. They set the team off with a yell, kick one, pound the other, scream at both, jump over the log and whoop, and the result is that the bovines jerk and jump and waste their strength. The right way is to send them off gently. Pretend that you are unhitching the chain to go home, and you don't know how much this will encourage them. When the chain is taut, and the oxen are ready for the pull, give them a kind word, tell them their motto should be "Excelsior," and that England expects every man to do his duty. Don't throw rocks at them. An experience of forty odd years has convinced me that nothing will discourage an ox so quick as to hurl a stone quarry at him when he is doing his level best to accommodate you.

In driving oxen before a wagon don't carry a bean pole with a brad-awl fastened into the end. The ox is not as swift on foot as the antelope or gazelle, and they shouldn't be made to gallop over ten miles without a rest. There is nothing so good to rule the brute creation as kindness. The true farmer will, if necessary, sit up all night with a pair of wild oxen, giving them kind advice, explaining matters, and rubbing their spinal columns with a cob to

bring out their gentle natures and win their confidence and esteem.

A DAY OF HEAVEN UPON EARTH.

O Sabbath!—needed for a world of innocence—without thee, what would a world of sin be! There would be no pause for consideration, no cheek to passion, no remission of toil, no balm for care! He who had withheld thee, would have forsaken the earth!—Without thee, he had never given to us the Bible, the Gospel, the Spirit! We salute thee as thou comest to us in the name of the Lord—radiant in the sunshine of that dawn which broke over a nation's achieved work—marching downward on the track of time, a pillar of refreshing cloud, and guiding flame, interweaving with all thy light, new beams of discovery and promise, until thou standest forth more fair than when reflected in the dews and imbedded by the flowers of Eden—more awful than when the trumpet rang of thee in Sinai! The Christian Sabbath! Like its Lord, it but rises in Christianity, and henceforth records the rising day. And never since the tomb of Jesus was burst open by him who received the rose, has awakened but as the light of seven days, and with healing in his wings! Never has it unfolded without some witness and welcome, some song and salvation! It has been from the first until now the sublime custom of the Church of God! Still the outgoings of its morning and evening rejoice! Life's sweetest calm, poverty's birthright, labor and only rest! Nothing has such a hoard of anti-uity in it! Nothing contains in its such a history! Nothing draws along with it such a blaze of glory! Nurse of virtue, seal of truth. The household's richest patrimony, the nation's noblest safeguard! The pledge of peace, the fountain of intelligence, the strength of the law!—The oracle of instruction, the ark of mercy! The patent of our manhood's spiritual greatness! The harbinger of our soul's sanctified perfection! The glory of religion, the watch-tower of immortality! The ladder set upon earth and the top of it reached to Heaven, with the angels of God ascending and descending upon it.

Josh Billings' Maxims.

There iz one critter in this world whose troubles yu kant console, and she iz—a settin hen.

Those people who spend all ov their spare time watching their symptoms are the kind who enjoy poor health.

Whenever a minister has preached a sermon that pleases the whole congregashun, he probably haz preached one that the Lord won't endorse.

Everbody seems tew be willing tew be a phool himself, but he kant bear tew have enobody else one.

Truth iz the edict of God. The philosophers as a klass, are a set of old grannys, who possess grate knowledge, part of which haz been handed down to them, and the balance they guess at.

About the fust and last thing a human being daz in this world iz tew shed tears.

There iz no greater proof ov the power ov luv than that the crimes committed in its interests are in a measure hallowed.

I kan tell exactly how mi nabors' yung ones ought tew be fetched up, but I ain't so clear about mi own.

A lofer iz a person who is willing tew be abused for the privilege ov abusing others.

Love onanother.

A SCENE FROM LIFE.

A young man entered the bar-room of a village tavern, and called for a drink—"No," said the landlord, "you have had delirium tremens once and I cannot sell you any more." He stepped aside to make room for a couple of young men who just entered, and the landlord waited upon them very politely. The other stood by silently and sullen, and when they finished he walked up to the land-lord, and thus addressed him: "Six years ago, at their age, I stood where those young men now are. I was a man with fair prospects. Now, at the age of twenty-eight, I am a wretch, body and mind. You led me to drink. In this room I formed the habit that has been my ruin. Now sell me a few glasses more and your work will be done! I shall soon be out of the way; there is no hope for me. But you can be saved. Do not sell it to them. Sell it to me and let me die, and the world will be rid of me; but for heaven's sake sell no more to them!" The landlord listened, pale and trembling. Setting down his decanter he exclaimed, "God help me, this is the last drop I will sell to any one!" And he kept his word.

Out at Nights.

Fathers and mothers, look out for your boys when the shadows of evening have gathered around you. Where are they? Are they at home, at the pleasant, social fireside, or are they running in the streets! Are they acquiring a street education? If so, take care; the chances of their ruin are many. There is scarcely any thing so destructive to their morals as running around at night. Under covers of darkness they learn to be rowdyish, if not absolutely vicious; they catch up loose talk; they hear sinful thoughts and see obscene things, and they become reckless and riotous. If you would save them from vulgarity, save them from ruin, set to it that night finds them at home. Let parents solemnly ponder this matter, and do all they can to make home attractive to the children, so attractive that boys will prefer it to roaming in the streets. There is no place like home in more senses than one—certainly no place like home for boys in the evening.

A Whole Family in Heaven.

We take this eloquent passage from one of the sermons of Rev. Albert Barnes:

"A whole family in heaven! Who can picture or describe the everlasting joy? No one absent. No father nor son, nor daughter, are away.—In the morning of the resurrection, they ascend together. Before the throne they bow together in united adoration. On the banks of the river of life, they walk hand in hand, and as a family, have commenced a career of glory which shall be everlasting.—There is hereafter to be no more separation in that family. No one is to lie down on a bed of pain in heaven never is that family to move in slow procession, clad in the habiliments of woe, to consign one of its members to the tomb. God grant in his mercy every family may be thus united."

The reason an urchin gave for being late at school Monday was, that the boy in the next house, was going to have a dressing down with a bed cord, and he wanted to hear him howl.

Remember the sick.

WHAT CAN I DO.

A lady was going to visit a poor woman, when her nephew, a boy five years of age, brought a biscuit to her and begged her to take it to the sufferer.

"I can do without lunch," said the child, "I have had a good breakfast;" and accordingly, he did without lunch, that the poor woman might have his biscuit.

This was a very small act of kindness, but it showed a desire to give, and may have been pleasing in the sight of the Lord, who hath promised that he who bestows a cup of cold water in his name shall in no wise lose his reward.

Say not that you are too poor to do good. Ask your own conscience these questions, and let it give to them an honest reply:—

Are there none poor whom I can help?

None blind to whom I can read?

None sad whom I can cheer?

None sinful for whom I can pray?

Why should we anxiously try to help and do good to oneanother?

Because the Lord Jesus has said: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Because he has spoken these words:—

"Love oneanother as I have loved you."

TIME THE GREAT HEALER.

Time heals the griefs, even the bitterest, and it is well that it should be so. A long indulged sorrow for the dead, or for any other hopeless loss, would deaden our sympathy for those still left, and thus make a sinful apathy steal over the soul, absorbing all its powers, and causing the many blessings of life to be felt as curses. As the bosom of earth blooms again and again, having buried out of sight the dead leaves of autumn, and loosed the frosty bands of winter, so does the heart—in spite of all melancholy poets write—feel many renewed springs, and summers. It is a beautiful and blessed world we live in, and while life lasts, to lose the enjoyment of it is a sin.

The habit of hanging mackerel on a nail near the door to drip broke up a match on Essex street Wednesday night. The couple got home late in the evening, and going around back of the house so as not to disturb the folks, they sat down on the stoop to think. During the process she leaned her head on its new spring hat against the house, and became absorbed in the stars and other improvements, while he tenderly eyed his boots. About a half-hour was spent in this profitable occupation, when the young man felt something tickling down his neck. "Don't weep, Julia," he softly murmured. He looked up, and his eyes rested on an oozy substance back of her head. "What's that on the back of your hat?" he said. She jumped up at this interrogation, and instinctively placed her hand on the back of her head, and drew it away again full of an unpleasantly flavored slime. With shrieks of rage and passion the infuriated girl tore the mackerel from the nail, and trampled them beneath her feet, while she snatched off her hat and tore it in shreds with her livid fingers. The horror-stricken young man not knowing what else to do, jumped the first fence, and disappeared, and hasn't been seen since by the unfortunate girl.—*Danbury News.*

Riches come better after poverty than poverty after riches.