

The Torch-Light.

DAVIS & ROBINSON, Editors and Proprietors.

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

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Go and Learn a Trade.

Sung by a little blind boy—a pupil of the N. C. Deaf and Dumb and Blind Institute, before the N. C. Press Association, on Wednesday, May 14, 1874.

I'll sing a little song to-night,
And every word is true,
You'll find that every word is meant,
Young gentleman for you!
I've no intention to offend,
In what is sung or said,
The sum and substance of it is,
To go and learn a trade.

CHORUS—The "coming man, is he, who lives,"
To see his fortune made,
Whom everybody will respect,
Because he learned a trade.

Your education may be good,
But time is flitting by,
Instead of loafing don't be fooled,
The old man may not die;
And if he should the chances are,
The will may be mislaid,
Or you cut off without a cent,
So go and learn a trade.

CHORUS, &c.
This country's full of nice young men,
Who from their duty shirk,
Who think 'twould crush their family pride
If they should go to work;
Take off your coat, (your father did,)
And find some honest maid,
Who'll help you make your fortune when
You've learned an honest trade.

CHORUS, &c.
Be temperate in all you do,
Be faithful to your "boss,"
You'll find the more you do for him,
Will never prove a loss.
You'll find in fifty years from now,
When fame and fortune's made,
The best step that you every took,
Was when you learned a trade.

For the Torch-Light. WHAT'S IN A NAME.

BY SILVER STAR.

Surely it was an unusually quiet time to be prevalent in Calton Hill, it being the only watering place for many miles around and was generally attended by a large crowd every summer and fall. But not so this time for I had now begun there upwards of six weeks without any notable change occurring to disturb the monotonous quietude of the famous summer resort of invalids and pleasure seekers. I was seriously thinking of removing my situation to one more calculated to banish the tormenting blues, when one day I had just returned from a long stroll over the grounds, tired, lonesome and greatly depressed in spirits, I threw myself upon a sofa in the elegantly furnished parlor, caught up a newspaper and commenced carelessly perusing it. The old paper, like a multitude of others, containing nothing of interest to me. It's columns being entirely taken up with the discussion of that treacherous subject politics, consequently my mind and the paper wandered off into different directions, and as it fell from my hands, I was thinking of flirting with a beautiful girl enrobed in about fifty yards of some sort of costly material. As the woodbine twineth so did about fourscore yards of ribbon encircle the waist, head and neck of that angelic creature. My reverie was brought to an unlimited end just as I was calculating whether (if I was to marry the fashionable belle,) my wholesale establishment of ladies dress goods would or not continue in its present prosperous condition, and was about to arrive at the conclusion that it would not, when from the opposite side of the apartment there came in quick succession and with considerable emphasis the words, "My cousin to-night," I looked up and lo, I beheld Miss Amelia Finch, one

among many of those troublesome old maids who generally make their appearance when their company is least desired and moreover render themselves happy and you miserable by entering upon the matrimonial question. You must invariably coincide with them, for if you differ in opinion you are immediately subjected to a longer lasting, however, I have known some of them that were too old to marry, talk about it until they seemed to be inhaling the coveted breath of sweet sixteen and would become so interested that they would exclaim "oh! for the fount of youth that Ponce de Leon failed to discover."

"Who is your cousin," I expostulated, apparently unconcerned, but must confess that I felt somewhat interested in whoever he or she might be, especially if their presence would contribute anything to my enjoyment.

"Oh, she is the dearest, sweetest girl in the whole world. Lillie O'Loireing is her name." It was certainly a peculiar denomination. Is supposed that I must either have blushed or looked greatly surprised for Miss Finch unchained her unruly tongue; that which comes nearer being perpetual motion than anything it has been my misfortune to listen to, and began instructing me as to how I must appear in the presence of her cousin. Well nigh frantic with despair I made a precipitate retreat, stopping my tantalist by placing about a mile of old mother earth between us. I continued walking the remainder of the evening and at night was so fatigued that I concluded to postpone my supper until next morning.

The weary hours of darkness at last lingeringly retired before the great beam of light that made its appearance in the East, and sun-up found me sitting in my room listening for some assurance of the arrival of Miss O'Loireing. The breakfast bell rang and I made all possible haste to comply with its summons. Unfortunately for me my mother was very circumspect, teaching her only child to never appear forward when a boy, consequently diffidence had grown as fast as I had so that at twenty-five I could scarcely look at a lady without blushing to the very eyebrows. Walking in I was presented to the fair lady and in a moment of intense excitement I pronounced the name as Miss O'Loireing. One of the most aggravating peals of laughter I ever heard was indulged in by those assembled at the table. I think that all the blood in me instantly rushed to my face and had it come in contact with any inflammable matter the result would have been either a blaze or a very warm application. The laugh at last subsided into a very broad grin, while I with some difficulty succeeded in appropriating a portion of the spread to the gratification of that gnawing sensation and subsequently retired from the scene of action, and commenced promenading in the singular number out on the long piazza. I was not destined to long enjoy this kind of sport for a voice clear and musical issued from the parlor saying, "It is not pleasant to be out there Mr. Alston; come in and join us in singing." I reluctantly obeyed the call. Now as for singing I entertained an utter contempt for it, horrible when I entered it was unanimously agreed upon that I should conduct that part known to professed vocalist as bass, I hadn't the slightest knowledge of it at all. I do not remember of ever hearing the word before. The school boys used to play a game by that name. If I recollect correctly it was spelt with an

"e" and from what I afterwards learned its meaning was also different, however, I was prevailed upon especially by the fair Lillie, whose name I had learned to pronounce correctly to make an attempt. Therefore we bore down with astonishing avidity upon the then popular tune of "Mollie Darling," I making a noise deep and hoarse that I could compare to nothing except the joyous notes of one of the long eared race. After numerous instructions and close application I made (as it was termed) the average baster of the period.

What a transformation! I could hardly believe it. Things were gay enough since the arrival of the fair Lillie, for such she was. We walked, we talked and went boat riding, and at last there was something struggling in my bosom which I felt sure could be nothing but love. The merciless frost was beginning to make its appearance when "Bart" likes to sit on the fence and see the boys hoe corn, and the season was over. The parting gave me fits, but through the instrumentality of my old maid accomplice, Miss Finch, I obtained an invitation to visit the fair Lillie at her own home. In less than a year, dear reader, I quit keeping bachelor's hall.

Speak Kind Words.

Children catch cross tones quicker than parrots, and they often become permanent habits in them. When mother sets the example, you will scarcely hear a pleasant word among the children in their plays with each other. Yet the discipline of such a family is always weak and irregular. The children expect just so much scolding before they do anything they are bid, while in many a home where the low, firm tone of mother, or the decided look of her steady eye, is law, they always think of obedience, either in or out of sight. Oh, mother! it is worth a great deal to cultivate that excellent thing in woman, a low, sweet voice. If you are ever so much tried by the mischievous or willful pranks of the little one, speak low. It will be a great help to you to even try to be patient and cheerful, if you cannot succeed. Anger makes you wretched, and your children also. Impatient, angry tones never did the heart good, but plenty of evil. You cannot have the excuse for them that they lighten your burdens at all; they make them only ten times heavier. For your own as well as your children's sake, learn to speak low. They will remember that tone when your head is under the turf. So, too, will they remember a harsh and angry tone. Which legacy will you leave to your children?—*Exchange.*

Life is like a roll of costly material passing swiftly through our hands, and we must embroider our patterns on it as it goes. We can not wait to pick up a false stitch, or pause too long before we set another. Only, if we keep our eye ever on our great Exemplar, we shall find when he finishes off our work, and smooths out its rumples, and cuts away its frayed ends and mistakes, fall into a purpose in its plan.

These are the days in which she says, "I don't care—I wish I was dead!" and he sympathetically rejoins, "Hang the bonnet!—You are never satisfied!"

A smile many be bright while the heart is sad—the rainbow is beautiful in the air while beneath is the moaning of the sea.

For the Torch-Light. THE RIVER BERESINA.

There is a thrilling incident connected with the disastrous retreat of Napoleon from Moscow. Marching to Russia with the "grand army," to humble the pride of Alexander, and bring him in humble submission at his feet, he found himself awakened from his dreams of conquest by the thundering artillery of the invisible Suwarrow at Borodino. As the leaden-hail of the intrepid defenders of their soil swept down the dwindling cohorts of the invading foe, Napoleon read in the indomitable firmness of the Cossack the dread augury of his wavering power. He had borne the insignia of his country's glory over many a victorious field of blood, as his "star of destiny" shone forth in appalling brightness o'er the trembling nations in humble prostration at his feet.

Instead of wintering in Moscow, luxuriating on the spoils of the city, he found the chivalrous spirit of the Moscovites displayed in the curling flames of their devoted city lifting themselves in awful grandeur to the skies. Failing to humble the pride of Alexander, and strike terror in the fearless Cossacks, he wished to immortalize himself by blowing up the Kremlin. As the thunders of the mighty explosion rolled off in the distance, and the darkened atmosphere threw its showers of cinders on the blackened waters of the Moskva, he found himself the beleaguered dupe of his ambition, compelled to retreat turning his back upon the smoking ruins of the coveted riches of Moscow.

Nothing in history furnishes a parallel to this dreary and disastrous retreat. With the once splendidly equipped legions of the "grand army" pinched by hunger and assailed by the freezing elements, which left thousands of the fallen soldiery to commingle their stiffened forms with the drifting snows, with the remnant of his haggard and dispirited followers, on the 25th day of Nov. 1812, Napoleon reached the river Beresina. Here a scene of confusion and suffering ensued which should have forever cooled the ardor of the Emperor for military achievement and fame. To cut off his retreat the enemy had destroyed the bridge before him, while the booming cannon of the Cossack told that a vengeful foe was on his track. There was no time for delay. The river must be spanned or his "star" would lose its lustre in the gloom of unconditional surrender.

Day and night they toiled until two rude structures were completed, over which the harassed and eager soldiers commenced pressing their eager way. Marshall Victor with his veteran comrades was in the rear, struggling to check the advance of the pursuing foe until the pressing multitudes could reach the farther shore. Hundreds of groaning and shrieking victims fell beneath the crushing artillery which like immolated victims beneath the wheels of Juggernaut. While the dense mass was pressing its way across the rude structures, quivering in the piercing winds of a darkening snow-storm, one of the bridges gave way, precipitating the crowding mass above into the chilling waves beneath. Pressed forward by the multitudes behind who knew nothing of the disastrous fate of those in front, there was for a while one continued stream of immortal's tumbling headlong o'er the fearful precipice into the jaws of death below. The pen of man is powerless to describe the horrors of the tragic scene. Says the historian, "For a long time

the dropping of the head of the column over the edge of the chasm formed a living cataract of men."

Reader! hast thou ever paused, for a moment, to reflect on the solemn thought of the many millions, on the march from time to eternity, who have made their fearful leap into the dark and chilling river of death, and sank to rise no more on the stage of human existence! Didst thou ever consider seriously the great truth that ever since the death penalty was pronounced upon man for his disobedience, man has been on one continued retreat from time, and that as one generation disappears over the dread precipice of death to commingle with preceding ones in the dismal vale, the succeeding generation is pressing its way to a like sad destiny! As friend after friend measures out his fleeting existence and disappears, leaving thee no chart to guide thee amid life's breakers, save the illuminating light of truth divine, hast it ever occurred to thee that time is but a span on which eternal consequences hang! As thou has looked upon the hoary locks and calm demeanor of a temulor's pilgrim leaning on his staff, with his eye of faith spanning the river of death drinking in the enrapturing beauty and brightness of the purer land, hast thou not felt the importance of being "also ready" when death shall summon thee to the dread tribunal to which thou art hastening? There is a precipice in thy pathway around which thou canst not pass. The Beresina bridge by extraordinary effort could be repaired; but when thy clay tenement shall feel the demolishing hand of death, there will be "no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest." OXFORD.

Wasted Hours.

Oh, how many of these upon the record of our past! How many hours wasted, worse than wasted, in frivolous conversation, useless employment; hours of which we can give no account, and in which we benefited neither ourselves or others. There are no such hours in the busiest lives, but they make up the whole sum of the lives of many. Many live without accomplishing any good; squander away their time in petty, trifling things, as if the only object in life were to kill time, as if the earth were not a place for probation, but our abiding residence. We do not value time as we should but let many golden hours pass by unimproved. We loiter during the daytime of life, and ere we know it, the night draws near "when no man can work." Oh, hours mispent and wasted! How we wish we could live them over again. God will require from us an account of the manner in which we spent our years, and He will judge us so differently from our own judgment. The years that we spent in promoting our selfish motives, ignoring our soul's salvation, these all in his sight will be wasted. Let us be prudent then in the employment of our time, that when the Great Judge investigates the works of each one, He will not say that we have lived wholly in vain.

Happy is the man who has that in his soul which acts upon the dejected as April airs upon violet roots. Gifts from the hand are silver and gold, but the heart gives that which neither silver nor gold can buy. To be full of goodness, full of cheerfulness, full of sympathy, full of helpful hope, causes a man to carry blessings of which he is himself as unconscious as a lamp is of its own shining.

A Story of Heroism.

There is not a finer story of heroic life and death in modern times than that afforded by the short and obscure career of George Gordon, Sixth Earl of Aberdeen, who was lost at sea three years ago while serving as mate on an American sailing vessel in the West Indies. He was one of those young noblemen, of great wealth and greater heart, who believe that humanity has some claim upon him, and he proposes to prepare himself for the duties of his exalted station in life by practical experience of the struggles and privations of the poor. He came to this country, and, under an assumed name, worked for a living with his own hands, gaining the regard and confidence of his fellow-laborers, who never suspected his real rank and position. He became an able seaman at last, and was lost in a storm in 1870. His mother, the Countess of Aberdeen, has just sent a contribution of \$1,600 to the American Seaman's Friend Society of Boston for the purchase of books for the use of sailors. If a proper history of his romantic life could be written, from materials now in the hands of his family, it would be extensively read among the fashionable society of England, and might induce some young gentlemen, now at the crossing of the ways, to devote their lives to something better than horses and ballet dancers.

A Judge.

The Irishman took the contract to dig a public well. When he had dug about twenty-five feet below the surface, he came one morning and found it caved in, filled nearly to the top. Pat looked cautiously around and saw that no one was near, then taking off his hat and coat he hung them on the windlass, and crawling into some bushes, he waited the result of events. In a short time the citizens discovered that the well had caved in, and seeing Pat's hat and coat they supposed that he was at the bottom of the excavation. Only a few hours of brisk digging cleared the loose earth from the well. Just as the citizens had reached the bottom and were wondering where the body was, Pat came walking out of the bushes, and very good-naturedly thanked them of relieving him of a very job. The tired diggers were disgusted, but the joke was too good to allow anything more than a hearty laugh, which soon followed.

Genius.

Without a rich heart wealth is an ugly beggar.
Women have more heart and imagination than men.
Business is the golden chain by which society is bound together.
Eternity is a sort of eternity to prodigals and perpetuity to error.
Genius is the gold in the mine; talent is the miner who works and brings it out.

The most brilliant fortunes are often not worth the labor required to gain them.

Our sorrows are like thunder-clouds, which seem black in a distance, but grow lighter as they approach.

Witty sayings are easily lost in the pearls slipping off a broken string; but a word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. A seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up into a flower.

Cremationist's epitaph—the soul has flown and the body's hue.