

The Torch-Light.

DAVIS & ROBINSON, Editors and Proprietors.

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

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NO. 7.

There's no such Thing as Death.

"There's no such thing as death,"
To those who think aright;
'Tis but the racer casting off
What most impedes his flight;
'Tis but one little act
Life's drama must contain;
One struggle keener than the rest,
And then an end of pain.

"There's no such thing as death,"
That which is thus mis-called,
Is life escaping from the chains
That have so long enthralled;
'Tis a once hidden star,
Piercing through the night,
To shine in gentle radiance forth
Amid its kindred light.

"There's no such thing as death,"
In nature, nothing dies!
From each sad remnant of decay
Some forms of life arise.
The faded leaf that falls,
All ere and brown to earth,
Ere long will mingle with the shapes
That give the floweret birth.

"There's no such thing as death,"
'Tis but the blossom spray,
Sinking before the coming fruit,
That seeks the summer's ray;
'Tis but the bud displaced,
As comes the perfect flower,
'Tis faith exchanged for sight,
And weariness for power.

A Race for a Bride.

Love laughs at bolts and bars,
and yet at the same time, there is
"many a slip between the cup and
the lip." The following true story
pungently illustrates both of the
above truisms. It happened in
an adjoining county. A comely
youth fell madly in love with a
rural belle. She smiled upon his
suit and doubtless sighed upon
his waistcoat. They resolved to
become "twain of one flesh," but
the stern father of the would-be
bride was dead against it, and
fiercely forbade the bans. But
"love laughs at bolts and bars,"
and the young couple stole away
amid the friendly darkness of a
moonless night, fled to a neigh-
bor's, and about dawn the next
morning succeeded in procuring
the services of a parson. All
things were made ready to tie
the knot, and the hopes of the
lovers beat high with the joys of a
speedy fruition. But right here
the parson manifested some doubts
as to the propriety of the proceed-
ing, and insisted on sending for
the cruel parent and getting his
consent before proceeding with
the ceremony.

After much arguing, and his
promising to intercede with the
girl's father, and convincing that
success would certainly crown his
appeals in their behalf, they final-
ly consented, and the irascible
old gent was sent for.

Here comes in the other truism:
"There's many a slip between the
cup and the lip." In due season,
and within the hour for the mes-
senger to return with the cruel
parent, a fierce clatter of hoofs
was heard down the lane, and a
voice wildly shouting: "I won't
consent, I solemnly forbid them
bans," struck consternation and
terror into the hearts of the would-
be bride and groom.

The groom ran to the door, and
looking down the lane, saw at its
foot the infuriated father
"coming like the wind, under whip
and spur, hat in hand, his white
hair wildly streaming, and shout-
ing with every breath, "I won't con-
sent," etc.

With the promptness of a veter-
an, the lover seized his intended
bride, and mounted his steed in
hot haste, bore her off in an oppo-
site direction at a furious speed.
The father, with the vigor of de-
spair, plunged his spurs deeper
into his foaming horse, and gave
hot pursuit, followed by the par-
son and the assembled guest, all

mounted, and taking a lively in-
terest in the sequel of the race.
Down the road over hills, through
the mists of valleys, into a forests
vocal with songs of the morning,
they held their wild career. But
the steed that bore the lovers grad-
ually slackened his pace under
the double burden, and the aveng-
ing parent steadily gained on
them. Finally, he overtook the
flying pair, and reaching forth,
snatched his daughter from her
lovers grasp, wheeled his panting
steed, and bore her rapidly to-
wards home.

The lover, maddened, but not
despairing, gave chase; and back
over the same road, cheered by
the shouts of the excited party,
rushed the father, daughter and
lover. The young man soon de-
voured the distance between him
and his intended bride, and with
a grasp of iron tore her from the
perential arms and aayed to bear
her off in triumph. But the old
man, brave to the last, renewed
his strength and speed, and again
seized his daughter, and a furious
struggle for possession ensued.
But the party of friends and the
parson put an end to the struggle
by giving the girl to her father
and advising the young man to
wait for a more propitious occa-
sion.

Thus ended, but not finally, we
feel assured, one of the most excit-
ing races for a bride known to
either truth or fiction.—*Jackson
(Tenn.) Whig.*

Josh Billings Under Oath.

Josh Billings, being duly sworn
testifies as follows:
Eight won't go into six and
have much ov anything left over,
Menny a yung-fellow haz found
out this sum in arithmeticks by
triering to get a number eight foot
into a number six boot.

Virtue, in no respect is like
munny. That which we hav to
work the hardest for, stiks tew us
the best.

I hav often heard their waz
men who neu more than they kood
tell, but I never met one. I hav
often met those who kood tell a
grate dele more than they did
kno, and waz willing to sware to
it besides.

To be proof agin flattery, a
man must hav no vanity, and
never existed; if he did, he iz one
ov the lost arts.

Hope haz made a grate manny
blunders. There iz one thing
about her that I alwus did like—
she means well.

Sum people are good simply be-
cause they are tew lazy tew be
wicked, and others, because they
han't got a good chance.

There is one thing that I am
not only certain, but proud ov—
there iz more people in this world
who hav changed from bad to
good, than good to bad.

In munny, interest follows the
principal; in morals, principal of-
ten phollows the interest.

You will notis one thing—the
devil seldom offers tew go into
partnership with a bizzy man,
but will often see him offer tew
jine the lazy man, and furnish
all the kapital.

Patrick Henry left in his
will the following important
passage: "I have now disposed
of all my property to my family. If
there is one thing more I wish I
could give them, and that is Chris-
tian religion. If they had that
and I had not given them one
shilling, they would be rich; and
if they had not that, and I and
I given them all the world, they
would be poor."

Did you ever see a fly on
the wall.

Lonely at Night, Love.

Husband traveling.—Scene 1.
Room in the hotel. Spittoons
full of cigar stumps. Bourbon
whiskey. All hands equipped for
a night's spree. Husband in a
hurry to be off, writing home.

Dearest Susie; My time is so
occupied with business that I can
hardly spare a moment to write
to you. Oh, darling, how I miss
you and the only thing that sus-
tains me during my absence is the
thought that every moment thus
spent is for the benefit of my dear
wife and children. Take good
care of yourselves, my dear wife
and children. Feed the baby on
one cow's milk. Excuse haste, etc.

Wife at home.—Scene 2.—
Parlor.

All the gas lit. Thirteen grass
widows; Fred from around the
corner, with his violin on his arm;
Jim from across the way, with
banjo; Jack from above, with
his flute; lots of other fellows,
with their instruments. Dancing
and singing, sideboard covered
with nuts, fruit, cake, cream, wine
whiskey and so forth. Wife in a
hurry to dance, writing to hus-
band:

Dear Hubby: how lonesome I
feel in your absence. The hours
pass tediously. Nobody calls on
me, and I am constantly thinking
of the time when you will be at
home, and your cheerful counte-
nance light up the routine of every
day life. My household duties
keep me constantly employed, I
am economical as possible, know-
ing that your small income will
not admit of frivolous expense.
But, now, dear, I will say good-
bye or I will be too late for the
monthly concert of prayer. In
haste, yours, etc.

Facts for Farmers.

If you invest money in tools
and leave them exposed to the
weather, it is the same as lending
money to the splendor—*a dead
loss in both cases.*

If you invest money in books,
and never read them, it is the
same as putting your money in
bank, but never drawing either
principal or interest.

If you invest money in fine stock,
and do not feed and protect, and
properly care for them, it is the
same as dressing your wife in silk
to do kitchen work.

If you invest your money in a
good farm, and do not cultivate
it well, it is the same as marry-
ing a good wife and so abusing
and enslaving her as to crush her
energies and break her heart.

If you invest your money in
every new wonder, that flaming
circulars proclaim, it is the same
as buying tickets, at a lottery
office, where there ten blanks to
one prize.

Local Enterprise.

Some people cannot fathom the
meaning of the term, "Local
Enterprise," and some may un-
derstand it but are too selfish to
countenance anything that may
savor of such a thing. A live and
public spirited citizen will always
do that which will beautify his
town, and be willing, without
grumbling, to pay his share of the
expense. He will keep his capi-
tal at home, patronize home in-
stitutions, encourage the merchant
of his town with his individual as
well as his family patronage, al-
ways get his work done in his own
town if it be can done, and subscribe
and otherwise support his home
newspaper. If a town does not
improve when its citizens carry out
these ideas, we should like to hear
of it.—*Statesville Landmark.*

Pay what thou owest.

Confirmed in Her Habits.

A gentleman of excellent habits
and very amiable disposition, was
so fortunate as to have a wife of
a very different character; in
short, one that would get beastly
drunk. Being in company with
a few intimates, one of them re-
marked to him, that if she were
his wife—since all other things
had failed—he would frighten
her some way so that she would
quit her evil habits; and propos-
ed the following method; that
some time when druhk, she should
be laid in a box shaped like a
coffin and left in that situation
until her fit should be over and
consciousness restored.

A few evenings after, the dame
being in a proper state, the plot
was put into execution; and after
the box lid was properly secured,
the party before alluded to watch-
ed, each in turn, to witness the
result. About daylight next morn-
ing, the watch heard a movement,
laid himself down by the box,
when her ladyship, after bumping
her head a few times was heard
to say; "Bless me! why, where
am I? The outsider replied in a
supulchral tone: "Madame, you
are dead and in another world!"

A pause ensued, after which
the lady again inquired:

"Where are you?"
"Oh! I am dead, too," said he.

"Can you tell me how long I've
been dead?"

"About three weeks."
"How long have you been
dead?"

"Four months."
"Well, you have been here so
much longer than I have, can't
you tell me where I can get a lit-
tle gin?"

"Is you a friend of de Cullud Man?"

"Here's your nice roast chick-
en," cried an aged colored man
as the cars stopped at a North
Carolina railway station.

"Here's your nice roast chick'n
'n taters, all nice an' hot," hold-
ing up his plate and walking the
platform.

"Where did you get that chick-
en, uncle?" asked a passenger.

Uncle looked at the intruder
sharply and then turned away,
crying:

"Here's your nice roast chick'n
gentl'm'n, all hot; needn't go in
de house for dat."

"Where did you get that chick-
en?" repeated the inquisitive
passenger.

"Look-a-yer," says uncle speak-
ing privately, "is you from de
Norf."

"Yes."
"Is you a friend ob de cullud
man?"

"I hope I am."
"Den don't nebber ask me
whar I got that chick'n agin.—
Here's yer nice roast chick'n all
hot."

The train started.

The Havoc Dogs Commit.

A writer in the New Haven
Press makes some startling asser-
tions about the depredations of dogs
among the sheep. From 1858 to
1861, he says, 10,600 were slaugh-
tered by dogs in the state, and
New Haven county has been al-
most depopulated. Once, he says,
lamb were plenty in the market
at ten-cents a pound, but now
enough for the demand cannot be
procured within a radius of many
miles. And hundreds of acres
are going to waste that might be
devoted to the pasturage of sheep,
if it were not for the dogs.

"I say, Pat, are you asleep?"
"Not a sleep. Then be after lendin'
me a quarter." "I'm asleep be-
jabers!"

The Editor.

BY POLLY PEPPER.

DEAR TORCH:—I can't imagine
anything next to the satisfaction
which a woman experiences when
she gets a big wash on the line,
than a jaded editor's feelings on
Saturday night with his week's
work done, his hands paid off, and
ten cents left in his pocket-book.
The former empties her tubs and
turns them up to dry; then seat-
ing herself in view of the clothes-
line, she shakes out her apron,
folds her arms and says, "O, dear!"

The latter tips back in his chair,
throws his feet on the railing of
the porch, and looks down on the
pretty maidens promenading the
streets. Perhaps he falls into a
pleasant reverie on the old home-
stead and the tender hearts which
he knows are beating so warmly
for him beneath its sacred roof.
Perhaps he has a vision of her,
if he is a bachelor, that is to be—
some "pretty cousin" with dimpled
arms and rosy cheeks, neat in ap-
pearance and modest in address,
with a little head full of sense and
a big heart of love, of a soul that
tells of a religious devotion through
a bright and honest eye.

Perhaps he meditates on the
inequality noticeable among men
—how little the editor gets for his
ceaseless round of perplexing toil,
while Presidents wave their hands
and the wealth of nations fall at
their feet.

Perhaps he falls asleep and
dreams of a time when the arms
of a happy home shall embrace
him; when he shall eat four inch
strawberries of his own raising,
swimming in cream from his own
cow. He rests well from his labors.
He resumes work with a better
heart and a more vigorous will,
feeling that after all an editor's
life is not an unmixed evil.

The Smallest Steam Engine in the World.

An ingenious Worcester
(Mass) mechanic, D. A. A. Buek,
by name, has constructed a com-
plete little steam engine of the
following extraordinary lillipution
dimensions: The Engine, Boiler,
Governor and pumps stand in a
space 7-16ths of an inch square,
or the area of a silver three-cent
piece, and 5-8ths of an inch high,
containing 148 distinct parts, most-
ly of Gold and silver, fastened to-
gether with 52 screws, the largest
of which is 1-80th of an inch, and
the smallest about 1-100th of an
inch in size. All the bearings are
supplied with regularly turned oil
cups. The boiler is supplied with
a safety valve. There are all the
Valves, Gearing, &c., to be found
upon an ordinary Horizontal En-
gine, Boiler, Governor and pumps,
and all work admirably. Three
drops of water fill the boiler to its
proper capacity. The Engine
alone weighs but 15 grains; the
whole together, including base, but
2 dwt. 18 grains. Troy weight.
Diameter of Cylinder, 1-16th inch,
Length of Stroke, 3-32.

The black flies collected on
the track of an eastern railroad in
such numbers, the other day, that
they stopped a train of cars, act-
ing like grease, and sand had to
be applied before the cars could go
on.

The Columbus, Ga., Enquirer
says: "We are going to quit the
newspaper business; it doesn't pay
to run a paper in town where
business men read almanacs, and
pick their teeth with the tail of
a herring."

A Frenchman claims to
have produced a chemical sugar
at a cost of half a cent a pound.
Cheap enough!

How to Diminish Taxes.

Keep away from cross road gro-
ceries; work yourself; stay with
your hired hands; hand out all
manures; attend to your stock,
and stop the little leaks. Have a
place for everything, and keep
everything in its place. This will
stop a heavy tax in the shape of
expenditures for gear, plows, hoes,
axes, etc., and will save at least
ten days in the year, lost by hun-
ting up misplaced articles. Do
everything in season. Watch the
markets, and sell when the best
prices prevail, and in order to do
this take a good paper. Study it
and watch the crop reports. Do
not be deceived by the plausible
showing of speculators. Many
farmers have lost two-thirds of
profits by heeding the flattery of
sharp fellows who live on their
wits. Do not invest all your capi-
tal in land. This makes to-day
the heaviest tax paid by farmers
of this State.

Try and manage so as to have
ready money enough to carry you
through the year. This will save
from ten to twenty per cent, on
purchases and a heavy tax. Ad-
opt the English plan, and have
a working capital equal to your
fixed capital. Five thousand dol-
lars in land and five thousand in
cash is much better than fifteen
thousand invested in land alone.
Keep money to buy implements
and manures, to pay for labor and
stock, and to enable you to
hold your produce for the best price.
By doing this, taxes will be
diminished fully three-fourths,
and you will feel like a prosperous
free man and will be sure to be
a contented one.—*Exchange.*

Pay as You Go.

The Southern papers are de-
scanting on the ruin sure to fol-
low getting in debt to carry on
the farming operations. One
farmer who stopped giving and
asking credit a few years ago re-
cords it as his experience that he
can now buy more than he ever
bought before, and sell more.
The case is mentioned of the
French, who never go in debt,
and who, having been saving
money since the days of the first
Napoleon, have become the rich-
est nation in the world, which
is proved by the fact that the Ger-
man indemnity of a thousand
million of dollars which they were
obliged to pay, has all been dis-
charged in two years, while we
have been struggling for eight
years with twice as much. Per-
haps the wealth of the French
farmers arises as much from the
small farm system and the high
cultivation they give the soil.
There is a vast difference between
farming in a loose way and hav-
ing all work done in the best
manner.—*Exchange.*

A Midnight Adventure With a Robber.

A Suffolk gentleman was awak-
ed about midnight recently by a
lady member of his family, who,
in great alarm, informed him that
a robber was at his chicken coop.
He jumped out of bed, sized his
gun, rushed frantically to the door,
saw the man (or supposed he did)
and fired. He then returned and
procured a light, and then went
out to see the effect of his shot. A
post standing by the coop was
"peppered," the cow had one eye
put out, three chickens and a
gobbler were killed outright, and
several others wounded, and a
coffee-pot which was sitting on
the post, was ruined.—*Suffolk
Herald.*

Have nothing to do with
a man in a passion, for man are
not like iron, to be wrought upon
when hot.