

The Torch-Light.

DAVIS & ROBINSON, Editors and Proprietors.

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

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N. C.

The Dead Letter.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

And can it be? Ah, yes, I see,
'Tis thirty years and better
Since Mary Morgan sent to me
This musty, musky letter.
A pretty hand (she couldn't spell,
As any man must vote it,
And 'twas, as I remember well,
A pretty hand that wrote it!

How calmly now I view it all,
As memory backward ranges—
The talks, the walks, that I recall,
And then—the postal changes!
How well I loved her I can guess
(Since cash is Cupid's hostage)
Just one-and-sixpence—nothing less—
This letter cost in postage!

The love that wrote at such a rate
(By Jove! it was a steep one!)
Five hundred notes I calculate
Was certainly a deep one;
And yet it died—of slow decline—
Perhaps suspicion chilled it;
I've quite forgotten, if 'twas mine
Or Mary's flirting killed it!

At last the fatal message came
"My letters—please return them;
And yours—of course you wish the same—
I'll send them back or burn them."
Two precious fools, I must allow,
Whichever was the greater;
I wonder if I'm wiser now,
Some seven lustres later?

And this alone remains! Ah, well!
These words of warm affection,
The faded ink, the pungent smell,
Are food for deep reflection.
They tell of how the heart contrives,
To change with fancy's fashion,
And how a drop of musk survives
The strongest human passion!

A Heaven for Young Clerks.

That young fellow we saw last Sunday, with a streak of copperas dye on his upper lip and three long hairs on his chin, holding on to a young lady's arm and swinging his shiny number eights across the holes up the sidewalk on Fayetteville street, whose brains are printed all over with calico flowers, stuck full of needles like a pin-cushion, and whose words run off his tongue like cotton thread off a wooden spool, can just git up and git into Heaven where Angels are plenty, if he will only go to New York and leave his country for his country's good. We hain't got no special use for him here any longer now, since all the girls but his'n have got a beau, and she is engaged to be married to a little insurance agent. She waited for him, but he never said the word, and it is all up. We heard her say so. And yet there is a Heaven for the fellow. Let him remember our motto, and take off for New York right away:

"It is not power, wealth nor state
But the git up and git
That makes men great!"

Yes, sir-ee, my friend of the yard-stick and blunt-nosed scissors, there's a chance for you elsewhere. We'll tell you about it. The fact is, we have thought of applying for a situation ourselves.

What is it? Well, there has been formed at Gotham a club of young men for the purpose of supplying the ladies with escorts to places of amusement! The members all jine and pass an examination before a committee of old ladies and gentlemen on their good moral characters, store-clothes, greased 'har,' blue cravats, silk beavers and paper collars, and the single young miss who wishes to go to the show that night, and hasn't got a sweetheart, a fat 'buddy,' or a good old pappy, sends round to the club room, saying that she has two tickets also the change for hack riding and for a plate of oysters apiece on their way home, and may be a half-dollar or a dollar for her

beau according to quality and good looks; and then number three or number four is put down opposite her name, he is notified of the time and place, spruces himself up, gets hold of her arm just like that other fellow did last Sunday on Fayetteville street, and swings his number eights up Broadway or Fifth Avenue to some gorgeous theatre and back again to the fair maiden's palatial mansion.

Ah, jiminy, just think about it! What a Heaven for Peter Snooks and Robert Tomfit, Esq! Real love, angels, free tickets, free ride on the street cars, music, reserved seats, oysters, a half dollar and a girl all thrown in for nothing! We cave! It is too much. For should we ever jine that club, thenceforth we could say:

"And not a wave of trouble roll
Across our dry-goods breast!"
—Evans Independent.

Newspaper Enterprise Extraordinary.

Some time since the editor of the Colorado Herald had occasion to leave town for a few days, and intrusted his organ to the care of a novice in journalism, instructing him to pile it on as thick as he could whenever he had a chance to advertise the Herald. He then went away, and the following night his wife died very suddenly. This is how the assistant editor mentioned the circumstance:

Gone, but not forgotten.—We are compelled this morning to perform a duty which is pecuniary painful to the able assistant editor who has been engaged on this paper at an enormous expense, in accordance with our determination to make the Herald a first-class journal. Last night death unexpectedly snatched away from our domestic hearth (the best as advertised under the head of stores and furnaces, upon our first page) Mrs. Augusta P. Burns, wife of Rufus P. Burns, the gentlemanly editor of the Herald. (Terms three dollars a year invariably in advance.) A kind mother and exemplary wife. (Office over Coleman's Grocery, up two flights of stairs; knock hard.) "We shall miss thee, mother; we shall miss thee." (Job printing solicited.) Funeral at 4.30 o'clock from the house just across the street from the Herald office. (Advertisements inserted at ten cents per square.)

But his efforts were not appreciated, and we relate the sequel of the story with sorrow: The editor arrived home that day at noon. Slowly and sadly he was observed to arm himself with a double-barrel fowling piece, into which he inserted two pounds and a-half of bullets. He marched over to the office, followed by an immense crowd. The assistant editor was busy in painting a big placard to be tacked on the hearse. It bore the legend, "Buy your coffins of Simms, over the Herald office." The assistant editor cast his eye around and perceived his chief. Care sat upon that wan cheek, and thunder clothed his brow. He leveled his gun. The assistant did not wait. With one wild and awful yell he jumped from the second story window, and struck out for the golden shores of the Pacific. It is believed he eventually swam over to China.

A popular clergyman says it is interesting to observe how many people go to the circus "just to please the children," and very curious to notice that sometimes it takes several able-bodied men and motherly women to look after one little boy or girl on such an occasion.

What is pity—Cheap charity.

Golden Thoughts.

The evening of life brings with it its lamps.

We all have enemies and all have need of friends.

One who meriteth esteem need never lack a friend.

A strong mind may be tempted, but will not yield.

Many men know how to flatter, few how to praise.

A proud heart and lofty mountain are never fruitful.

If thou hopest for mercy in Heaven, show justice upon earth.

So long as you are innocent fear nothing. No one can harm you.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

Each word of kindness, come whence it may, is welcome to the poor.

Unbelief is the confluence of all sins, and binds all down upon us.

'Tis God-like magnanimity to keep, when most provoked, our reason calm and clear.

Laws, like sausages, would fail to inspire respect if all people knew how they were made.

It is not miserable to be blind; he only is miserable who cannot acquiesce in his blindness with fortitude.

It is not sufficient that we are praised by the good; we have failed in our duty somewhere if we are cursed by the bad.

Labor is the law of the world and he who lives by other means is of less value to the world than the buzzing busy insect.

When a noble life has passed old age, it is not the decline it reveals, but the first days of immortality.

Call him not a king who needs must please the world; 'tis he alone who in his actions does not heed the fickle approbation of mankind.

All the good things of this world are no further good to us than they are of use; and whatever we may heap up to give to others, we enjoy only as much as we can use and no more.

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it stoutly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life.

Gone Out Forever.

Like dropping, dying stars, our dearly loved ones go away from our sight. The stars of our hopes, our ambitions, our prayers, whose light ever shines before us, suddenly pale in the firmament of our hearts, and their place is left empty, cold, and earnest light that beamed through wants and sorrows; a father's strong, quick light, that kept our feet from stumbling in the dark and treacherous ways; a sister's light, so mild, so pure, so constant and so firm, shining upon us from gentle, loving eyes, and persuading us to grace and goodness; a brother's light, forever sleeping in our soul, and illuminating our going and comings; a friend's light; true and trusty—gone out forever! No! the light has not gone out. It is shining beyond the stars, where there is no night and no darkness forever and forever.

The Wilmington Journal has been shown a Jewish shekel that antedates the Christian era. It is about the size of a silver half dollar and bears on one side an illustration of the pot of incense in Solomon's Temple, with the inscription in Hebrew characters, "Shekel of Israel," and on the other Aaron's deed, with the words, "Holy Jerusalem."

Noah was the first architect.

Apples Picked by Lightning.

The thunder of Thursday morning last, which passed off in rather an eventful manner here, seems to be much more startling in its effects further up the valley. In the vicinity of Yountville, many trees were struck by lightning, some of them set on fire, and pieces of the trees hurled a distance of forty to fifty feet. In one case, at the place of Mr. Edington, near Yountville, one of these detached pieces struck an apple tree in its flight with such force as to shake off the fruit, giving the proprietor, his family and the guest the novel enjoyment of apples picked by lightning. A friend who passed the night at Mr. Edington's thus describes the scene: "Whilst enjoying our breakfast, unmindful of the falling rain or the pealing thunder, there came a bright flash, followed by such a roaring crash as made the house tremble and cause our ears to tingle. The young lady of the house gave a spasmodic shriek, as she clasped her hands to her ears in terror. Passing out to see if any of the hills were gone, we saw a smoke in an old dead tree, which looked suspicious, and on approaching it we saw where the lightning had struck in the top, setting it on fire, and passing down had plowed a furrow in the side of the tree, tearing up the ground, scattering the limbs, and hurling pieces of wood forty to fifty feet. There was also a tree set on fire on A. G. Clark's place, and several others in the valley."—Napa Register, July 11th.

Two Conundrums.

A young lady, when riding from her father's country seat to a neighboring village met a young man on foot, who was carrying a jug. She at once reined in her horse, and asked him what he had in the jug.

Looking up with a comical leer, he simply winked one eye and smacked his lips, to indicate that it contained something good.

The young lady, supposing he meant alcohol, immediately began to talk temperance, but her auditor requested the privilege of first asking her one question.

"What is it?" she asked.

"It is this," he replied; "why is my jug like your side-saddle?"

She could not tell.

"It is because it holds a gal-on," said he.

"What trifling!" exclaimed the indignant young lady, and then continued:

"Young man, do you perceive—"

"Just one more question," interrupted her auditor, "and then I am done. Why is my jug like the assembly-room of a female seminary at roll-call?"

"I am sure I don't know," petulantly replied the young lady.

"Well, it's because it is full of lasses," said the incorrigible auditor.

The fair lecturer touched her spirited horse with her whip, and was soon out of hearing the rude young man.

Cool Impudence.

To invite an editor to attend a picnic, hop or other amusement, in another State, and then call on him for money to pay musicians—exactng more than any other one has to pay—and then expect half-column puff from this knight of the quill. Shame! however, we never hesitate to pay our way when called on.—Roanoke News.

This is one of the hardest cases on record. We believe it is unprecedented.—Ral. News.

That's where She made a Mistake.

A ludicrous scene was witnessed on a Rensselaer and Saratago train the other day. A newly-married couple entered the car and took a seat. The husband wanting to smoke, left his wife and went into the smoking-car. The bride began to doze, and while she slept a stranger entered the car, and as it was crowded, quietly took a seat beside the young wife. Shortly she began to nod, and doubtless imagining that her husband was still in the seat, gently reclined towards the stranger, and soon her head fondly nestled on his breast. At this juncture the husband entered. He stood in mute astonishment in the aisle until the lady awoke, and, realizing the situation, drew back in amazement suffused with blushes. Stranger explained, husband was satisfied, and the wife tried hard to appear unconcerned.—From the Troy Times.

A Spitzbergen "Cold Snap."

Says a writer; "No description can give an adequate idea of the intense rigor of the six months' Winter in Spitzbergen. Stones crack with the noise of thunder; in a crowded hut the breath of the occupants will fall in flakes like snow; wine and spirits turn to ice; if iron touches the skin it brings the flesh away with it; and soles of stockings may be burned off your feet before you feel the slightest warmth from the fire; linen taken out of boiling water instantly stiffens to the consistency of a wooden board, and heated stones will not prevent the sheets on the bed from freezing. If these are the effects of a climate within an air-tight, fire-warmed, crowded hut, what must they be among the dark, storm-lashed mountain peaks outside."

The Detroit Free Press relates this story about a young man from the country: Wednesday afternoon a linen-suited individual, who came from some town in Genesee county, was noticed wandering around Franklin street, having considerable money and being under the influence of liquor. A policeman spoke to him, and warned him that he had better look out for himself, when the young man replied: "Look out for my self! You bet I will! Why, mister, I'm chain-lightning rolled up in a ball and stuck full of red-hot bowie-knives! I'm a thunderbolt from the north, I am a regular trip-up thunderbolt—and folks want to let me alone; they do!" Yesterday morning the same individual lying asleep back of a coalshed. His eyes were battered, there was a hole in his head, and his watch and money was gone.

"Here," said the officer, as he woke up the man with his club—"say, aren't you that thunderbolt from the north woods?" The man sat up, looking around in a dogged way, and slowly replied: "No; hain't zackly a thunderbolt, but I'm the darned fool who thought he was!"

"Let's Git."

The other day an aged couple drove into an Indiana city just as an under-aking firm was moving into an old church, which had been purchased for a shop. The old gentleman stood up in his wagon, his mouth and eyes distended, as the men silently carried coffin after coffin into the church. At last he turned to his awe-stricken better-half and gasped: "Sary, by golly, it's the cholera! Let's git!"

A man of parts—An actor.

A Cure for Corns.

Who has not suffered from corns? A French medical journal reports an infallible cure for them. It is by the morning and evening application, to the corns, with a brush, of a drop of the solution of the perchloride of iron. It states that after a fortnight's continued application, without pain, a patient who had suffered martyrdom for nearly forty years from a most painful corn on the inner side of each little toe was intirely relieved; pressure was no longer painful, and the cure seemed to be radical. Other and similar cases are reported as equally successful under the same treatment.

Borrowing a Frying-pan.

A soldier on picket reserve went to a farm-house, as he said, to borrow a frying-pan; but for what his comrades could not imagine, as they had nothing to fry. Preferring his request to the good dame who answered his knock at the door, the pan was duly transferred to him. He took it, looked in it, turned it over, and looked on the bottom, and then turned it over again, and looked into it very hard, as if not certain that it was clean.

"Well, sir," said the lady, "can I do any thing more for you?"

"Could—could—could you lend me a piece of meat to fry in it, ma'am?" and he laughed in spite of himself.

He got it.

A Connecticut newspaper says: "Notwithstanding the great public stare, newly-married couples from the country will come to town and be blamelessly conspicuous. They came in Saturday. He was in black. She was in blue, with a gushing blue parasol, and she made a just visible effort to reveal her snowy skirt, with molasses cockle-embroidery. He was very attentive, and was all graciousness. They dined about the restaurant after dinner, looking about making purchases for a prodigious paper bag which the groom carried about as if it was a baby. They put in sweet cakes and candies, and then candies and sweet cakes, until at last her hand (with a coral ring on it, and the color of a lobster) grasped a great lobster and stowed it securely away."

One of Nature's Poets.

It is said that on one occasion, as Miss Wordsworth, sister of the poet, was passing through the woods which the stock-dove was filling with its soft music, she fell in with a country woman who exclaimed: "I am a fond of stock-doves." "Oh," thought Miss Wordsworth, "but I have come on one of nature's poets, with the soul to appreciate the beautiful music of the birds." Very ruthlessly was the dream dispelled by an explanatory remark of the woman. "Some likes them in pies, and some likes them roasted; but for my part I think there's nothing like them stewed with onions."

Let mechanics in the country keep out of Chicago for the present. The fire has created no necessity for them. There are already many more laborers in the city than can find employment, even should building in the burnt district progress vigorously, and to multiply them is simply to augment the army of idlers.—Chicago Times.

Those who have tried it say that kissing is like a sewing machine, because it seems good.