

**THE TORCH-LIGHT.**

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J. A. ROBINSON, Editor.  
TUESDAY, AUG. 25, 1874.

We are sorry to notice that our brother editors of the *News* and *Sentinel*, of Raleigh, have got into another warm controversy. We trust they may settle their affairs quietly, without having so much to say about it in the columns of their papers.

Thomas Blanket an English weaver invented the blanket which was called after him. Has not this forgotten contribution to our comfort done more for mankind than the whole army of Yankee philanthropists with the immaculate Henry Ward Beecher at its head.

**Young Men Follow These Rules.**

The lesson for every young man is this: As long as you have the health and power to do; go ahead; if you fail at one thing try another and a third—a dozen even. Look at the spider: nineteen times it tried to throw out its web to its place of attachment and on the twentieth succeeded. The young man who has the gift of continuance is the only one who will be able to breast the angry waters of human discouragement.

**Tomatoes.**

The proper name is tomatoes which in Arabic is said to signify "apples which cause love." The Moors introduced the tomatoes into Spain and the Spaniards translated the name into "Manzana de amor" (love apples) but the Italians who received this fruit from Spain corrupted the Spanish name into "malasadar di a mor" (insane from love). This the Germans, who in turn received the tomatoes from Italy, translated by "toll-appe" (madness apple) and hence, though cultivated as a curiosity, it is really eaten in Germany from a popular belief, derived from this unfortunate translation, that the use of it will produce insanity. So much for a name.

**Passing Away.**

We gazed on the face of an aged man whose cheeks were furrowed with many cares, and upon whose brow old age had set his seal, and whose hoary locks told that youth with its sensations had forever fled and as we listened to his tottering footsteps, each footfall seemed to say—passing away. We stood beside the couch of a young and beautiful girl upon whose cheek the hectic flush of that fatal destroyer—consumption, could be seen, and as the setting sun threw a flood of glorious light upon the dying face, her last faint moan seemed to say—passing away. All earthly things are passing away. The sparkling fountain, the towering mountain, the mighty ocean and the gorgeous snowclad hills that tower to the northern skies—are all passing away.

**Pome.**

This is a new word lately invented and being gradually brought into use, as a substitute for "postoffice money order," just as "telegram" has been adopted in the place of "telegraphic dispatch." It is a very good word, and its adoption will be a great convenience. We trust that hereafter we will find ourselves in receipt of many pomes daily.—*Er.*

The Wilmington *Star* has found the wickedest man in that town. He is a young man twenty years of age, and has never read a page in the Bible.

**"Whiskey Has Used Him Up."**

There is scarcely a community or neighborhood from Maine to Oregon where this saying is not used every day in the year, and altogether too truly. A subject of this kind is to be found in almost every town. The merchant has failed, and whiskey has done it. The lawyer with brilliant talents and a large business has fallen below the range of respectability and confidence; whiskey was the cause. The politician, with bright prospects before him played out, and the account is charged to whiskey. The judge of talent, age and respectability is the subject of private and neighborhood talk. His enemies point with derision, and his friends hang their heads in shame, and whiskey has done it. That kind hearted neighbor and hard working man has become a pest in society and trouble to his family. Whiskey has beat him. Whiskey will beat any man living, and that is just what it is made for.

**Life.**

"Life is real; life is earnest."  
Yes, life is earnest; it is not a dream as one will sometimes almost imagine it to be. Man is placed here by the great author for some wise purpose. Every one has his mission to fulfill; an influence to exert. If we all would strive for that life which is beyond the grave and seek the "pearl of great price," how different would every thing be. No contentions. No bloody battles to be fought. What a change there would be!

Life! thou art dear to youth, and full of hope and ardent impulses—ever ready to cast its bark upon thy waters; grasping at the gilded shows of this world. But there is a life eternal beyond this vale of tears; where the weary will be at rest; a beautiful land where the pretty gates are open and the walls of the Heavenly mansions, reflect with Jasper lights, and abode of endless bliss, where the harp strings are swept by angel fingers, continually sending forth praise to God, whose eye and care are over all.

**Where, Oh! Where**

Where is that comet gone? Our daily hash disquieted within us for fear it is lost! Last night from dewfall till sunrise we sat on the topmost bough of a picket fence, and swept the heavens with a wisp broom in search of that comet, but found it not.

And thereby we are made unhappy. Once we were almost certain we saw the comet's tail swinging in its erratic course about seventeen degrees above the western horizon; but a cry, not unlike a child in distress, dispelled this fancy, and to our awakened vision the supposed comet appeared as a very ordinary member of the feline race pacing back and forth on a neighboring clothes-line, while in *newsical* accents he told of woes endured and love unrequited.

We brushed him off the line with a brick-bat.

This morning a stranger rescued us from our perilous position on the fence, and we rewarded him with a two-cent piece.

Now we want to know where that comet is!

Life wont be worth a cent to us until we find out.

A destructive tornado passed through Dixon, Ill. Monday night, and did great damage to crops, fences, and other property in that vicinity.

**THE TORCH-LIGHT ABROAD.**

**OLD VIRGINIA.**

The Junior Among the Scenes of his Childhood.

"Mid palaces and pleasures tho' I may rosin.  
Be it every so humble, there's no place like home."

No! there's no place like home unless 'tis your sweetheart's. I am now amid the scenes of my earlier years. I have greeted great many old comrades and friends, and two or three old sweethearts (but many a blast has blown over the garden of my memory since then.)

The sun is casting his last golden rays over the mountains. The busy hum of the little village of Orange is fast dying away. No sound is heard save the tinklings of the cow-bell and the cows come to their milking. The azure sky peers softly through the tree tops. The hum of the summer insects in the air, and I live over again the days of my early recollections.

Home is a sacred spot to me, for was it not here my battle of life began? It was indeed a cradle of hopes and expectations, few of which have been realized.

But now the shadows of night are falling. The golden tree-tops have assumed a sombre shade, the azure sky has changed its hue, and in its bosom the evening diamonds are twinkling far above, and the gentle breeze is whispering through the trees, and I think mayhap the same wind may sweep over the very spot, and very ones my memories musings has conjured up. So mote it be.

But I am trespassing upon your patience, kind reader, with the thoughts that crowd my mind, so I will bid you adieu for the present.

**"ROBIN."**

This is the practical joke in the West: A man runs into a saloon, the bartender of which he knows, and says excitedly, "Give me a drink, quick! There'll be the biggest row you ever saw in about two minutes!" The bartender sets out the whiskey bottle, and the man nervously fills his glass to the brim, drinks it off at a swallow, and looks at the chambers of his revolver. Leaving his hat where it was thrown, he hurriedly goes to the door, looks out a moment, and then exclaims, "Yes, in less than half a minute there'll be an awful time here! Give me another drink, quick!" The bottle is again passed out, another glass drained, and the man picks up his hat and leisurely walks away. The bartender calls after him: "Say, look here! What's all this about a row? You jest come back here and pay for those drinks, or I'll let daylight into your hide!" At this the joker turns and coolly says, "There you go! Didn't I say there'd be a fearful row here in a minute? I knew it. There you go, just as I expected." Of course the drinks are not paid for.

**Apopleptic Apothegms.**

Always "take to the right" on the sidewalk. Otherwise you must be left out among the incurable greenhorns.

A half truth is generally more influential for evil than an out-and-out whopper.

Snooks says this is the irony age; leastwise the age of "Christian statesman."

A single swallow does not make a summer, but several swallows surely make a summer.

Say nothing but good about the dead, is a peremetary code in mano a case for you to keep your mouth shut about that scoundrel.

**Too Much Learning is a Dangerous Thing**

A celebrated doctor says that "walking is a perpetual falling, and a perpetual self-recovery." Up to the time we read this, we enjoyed walking. Now that we know that it is hard work—instead of relaxation, as we have all along supposed—the edge of our enjoyment is blunted.

"Who was the meekest man?" asked a Sunday-school teacher. "Moses." "Very well. Who was the meekest woman?" "Never was any."

**Wild Oats.**

Those who have never patiently and thoughtfully endeavored to analyze human actions and to trace them back to their first impelling motives would be vastly surprised were they to learn how strongly the current of popular opinion and the bias of personal conduct is set in any given direction by the early instilling of some illogical deduction, or even the acquaintance of some radically false maxim. The supposed harmlessness or even desirableness of young men's sowing a certain amount of "wild oats," is an apt illustration of this. "Oh, he'll come out all right, he is only sowing his wild oats," is the opinion one often hears given in partiality or mere thoughtlessness, of some youth who is fast forging a chain of vicious indulgences that will bind him in a life-long slavery.

Wild oats indeed. Why what a mad fellow he would be called, who should first sow his intended wheat field with cockles, or his garden with spices with nettles as preparation for the valuable crop! "Do men gather figs from thistles?"

It is a short sowing but along harvest. Many a man whose bowed form and feeble step of the narrow house, has been for long years slowly breaking down under the burden of that harvest whose sowing was soon to be over,—so friends thought in those far back days when he was the pride and hope of loving household. Nor is the harvest limited by this present life. It extends on, and on, and on, far beyond the reach of imagination even, and from the lips of its reapers now comes the glad shout of harvest home. "He that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption." Once sown, wild oats are so hard to eradicate.

Many a man who seems to be a model of christian integrity and zeal, could tell you that often he finds himself on the very verge of despair as he discovers this seed of his early sowing sprouting out, here and there, in his inner life, just where he thought it was entirely uprooted. As in the fable, the dragon's teeth, when sown, sprung up around men, so from every wild oat sown, springs up an armed foe, obstinately contesting every approach to peace, virtue, and eternal life.

**A Minister Whips his Wife for Breaking The Sabbath.**

The Presbytery of Chesapeake met in Baltimore, Wednesday, to try the case of the Rev. H. E. C. Baskerville, of Laurel, charged with whipping his wife. The specifications is that one Sunday, a short time since, the reverend gentleman, who is the provider for the household, having failed to procure anything for breakfast except bread and butter, was surprised to find some eggs on the table, and being informed by his wife in response to an inquiry, that she had borrowed them from a neighbor, said he would teach her how to break the Sabbath, and did so by slapping her jaw—one of the slaps striking her on the eye and "blacking" that orb in to which he had so often fondly gazed.

**What Nonsense!**

An exchange devotes a quarter of a column to tell "how mirrors may be ruined." The whole thing could have been explained in two lines, or in one if you didn't want to fool with the English language. Why couldn't the editor have said: "How mirrors may be ruined.—Mash 'em with a hammer." We believe in condensing things.

The tobacco crop in Person, Orange, Granville and Caswell will not be over two-fifths of what it was last year.

**News of the Week.**

Caswell crops are flourishing. Charlotte has had a terrible thunder storm.

There are now 445 Granges in the State.

The famous Yarbro' House at Raleigh is now finished.

Charlotte is to have a new Masonic Temple.

A Monument has just been erected over the grave of Gov. Ellis.

A new post-office has been opened at Patterson's Mills in Orange Co.

Hon. W. A. Smith gave one hundred dollars in cash to the Orphan asylum at Oxford.

A fire has occurred at Montreal Canada, causing the loss of one life and a million dollars.

The government expenses for the fiscal year ending June 30th are two hundred and eighty-seven and one half million.

Cotton in Alabama is suffering from drought, though a good crop will be made. The average in cotton is 25 per cent less than last year.

The Pennsylvania railway company has issued an order for the abolition of bar rooms connected with eating houses or parlors of the company.

John Payne, who resided in Alexander county, was bitten by a copperhead snake, a few days ago and died from its effect in a few hours.

The people of Raleigh seem to be excited over the coming of old Jack Robinson's show.—"Tom pays your way and takes your choice."

Saturday afternoon policeman Edward McGrath, of New York and a young woman named Kittie McGuire, who had accompanied him to Coney Island, were drowned while bathing at that place.

Col J. J. Hickman, R. W. G. T., left the city last week, taking his wife with him, for a brief trip to North Carolina, going via Washington City and Richmond, Va. We wish him a very pleasant and safe journey.—*Temperance Advocate*

The Milton *Chronicle* says: In the Olive Hill township, Person county, reside two Stephenes, two Samuels and one Elijah, all born the same day and same hour in 1795. They were reared in the cradle of poverty and raised on corn-bread. They are now active and industrious men, as erect and straight as an arrow.

The Junior is absent on a visit to his friends in Virginia and job work and other pressing duties of the present week, must be an apology for the lack of the usual amount of good reading matter in this issue of the "Torch" but we trust kind reader, you will not

"View us with a critics eye. But pass our imperfections by."

There is but little news afloat and nothing to offer the reader at this dull season of the year, and in the heated term with the thermometer in the nineties. The election having passed, other subjects will claim public attention, among them the industrial branches, agricultural, mechanical, and others. Upon all our people are to look for their material prosperity and should encourage with might and main, the Torch-light, as in the past will be devoted to all these interests, and in turn we hope for encouragement from those who are so laudably engaged in those honest, honorable and useful vocations upon which rests the whole fabric of individual and national prosperity. Honor us with your subscription and we will give you a paper well worth your patronage.

There has been no rain in Caswell county to do any good since the first of June.

We do not think that our readers have lost anything by refusing to soil our columns with the details of the Beecher-Tilton Scandal. Whether true or false, and the public mind is much divided upon the subject, of this affair and ventilation which it has received through the public Journals, has done more to damage the morals of many of the people who have read the meaitricious scandal than any other event that ever happened on this continent. That editors should continue to load their columns with a subject so loathsome, and press it upon the attention of their readers, is an outrage against society, and constitutes the commission of a gross crime, for which, unfortunately, no adequate punishment is provided by law. Will not the press cease from pro rating, whether true or false, before the eyes of the people of all classes, a scandal so damaging to morals!

Bro Hampton, what has become of the *Crescent*, we haven't received a copy for "lo many a day."

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