

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. 2.

OXFORD, GRANVILLE COUNTY, N. C., TUESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 29, 1874.

NO. 18.

A Compassionate High-Priest, Heb. IV. 15.

All poetry is supposed to be written from inspiration. Whether this be so or not, we contend that all true poetry is suggested "from the inmost leaves of the heart." The following was written by Judge Badger, of North Carolina, when grieving over the loss of a bright and promising boy:

When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He feels my grief, he sees my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do;
Still, he who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies,
Then He, who once vouchsafed to hear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When, sorrowing, o'er some stone I bend
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,
Thou Saviour, cease the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And, oh! when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still, unchanging watch beside
My bed of death, for thou has died,
Then point to realms of endless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

MARRYING A FORTUNE.

"Yes, I'll do it, Ralph, even if she is a scraggy, worthless, hairless, dried up, yellow, vinegar-faced old maid. I'll marry her, or, rather her fortune!" and, so saying, he leaned himself back in his chair, and commenced puffing away as coolly at his cigar as though marrying were the most commonplace, uninteresting affair ever dreamed of.

"You speak quite confidentially, young man," returned his companion, "perhaps the lady in question won't have you—Don't be too conceited, if you have been called irresistible."

"Fiddlesticks! I guess my uncle's fortune was the most irresistible part to the New York belles, and I am certain now that my greatest expectations have passed away, there isn't two of them even remembered associating with me. I tell you Ralph, love is all moonshine—a mere creature of the fancy—for I have never seen a pretty girl yet that could set my heart a palpitating. Money is what a poor, briefless lawyer wants, not love; it's a great deal more substantial, too."

"Don't doubt it; but I wouldn't be tied to an old vixin for any consideration," responded Ralph, and, in my opinion, Bart, you are a fool if you heave yourself away there, now, that advice is free gratis—no fee asked—only do tell me the whole story."

"I can do it in a few words. About a week ago I saved a fine looking but gony old gentleman from being upset out of his carriage on Broadway. He was profuse in his thanks, learned my name, and said he knew me by reputation, told me he was wealthy, with but one child, a daughter, and if I would come down to Sea View, where he intended to pass a few weeks, he would make a match between me and her. I modestly suggested that the lady in question might object, but he insisted that she could not; she was devoted to him and heart-whole. There it is verbatim. I then made inquires of a friend what kind of a girl Mr. Lafourn's daughter was and they told me she was a scraggy old maid. I

have her in my mind's eye, but its no drawback. I'll marry for money, and let her afterwards take to her cats, just the same as she does now. That's all. I'm too lazy to work."

And he relapsed into a profound silence, wondering secretly what time on the morrow Mr. Lafourn and daughter would arrive.

"There, pa! do you, dear old goose, listen to the description of your Nell? exclaimed pretty little Nellie Lafourn, arranging the curtains so that the old gentleman could overhear the conversation on the piazza between the two young gentlemen just mentioned.

"Confound his impudence!" growled the old man in a rage, bringing his cane down lustily, "I'd like to see him get my darling, the heartless wretch, and my money, even if he has got you mixed up with your aunt Lucille."

"Slightly mixed up, ain't it pa? But, after all, how much the picture is like her," and she burst into a merry laugh; that caused a dozen dimples to play hide and seek around her cheeks and lips.

"He may be blest! I'll send for him this moment, and I'll—I'll—I'll cane him!" almost shouted the irate old gentleman.

"No, indeed you won't, pa; you let me manage him, won't you pa? Let him come—let him imagine Lucille is your daughter and heiress, and I your niece, with no expectations. We'll see how he will carry himself."

On the next day Mr. Albertine Gower waited upon Mr. Lafourn, and was formerly introduced to Miss Lucille Lafourn. He inquired after the old gent's health very affectionately, and soon became quite engrossed, apparently in the conversation that was started, but secretly eyeing his intended bride, and he confessed to himself that the enthusiastic description he had given his friend Ralph, did not belie her, or scarcely do her justice. Just then the door opened, and a graceful young lady, with a great abundance of golden curls and very large eyes, walked in.

"My—my niece, Mr. Gower; Mr. Gower, Miss Lee," observed Mr. Lafourn; and Miss Lee acknowledged it with a slight but nevertheless, graceful bow.

Mr. Gower was enraptured, and the contrast only made his bride-expectant more ridiculous; however, he determined to act his part, and, as a chance presented itself, he whispered in modulated tones to Miss Lucille that he hoped to become better acquainted with her, though he hated himself for it two minutes after, when he saw Miss Lee's mischief-loving eyes resting upon him, and realized that she had heard him, too.

Day after day he called, and proportionally he fell in love with laughing Nell, and fell out with Miss Lucille; while she became apparently, desperately enamored of him, and wrote him poetry by the sheet, expressing her everlasting affection which he assured his friend Ralph, she meant to mean oldness of her love, for he was sure she was invented in Noah's ark.

In vain he tried to make love to Nell. She accepted no attentions from her cousin's lover, so she assured him, and left him more despairing than before.

At last he could not endure it any longer, and accordingly sought an interview with Mr. Lafourn.

"So you have come to propose for my daughter, Mr. Gower? queried the gentleman, when he was ushered in.

"No, sir, I have not," he emphat-

ically replied. "I have come to make a confession—to ask your forgiveness, and crave a boon. You know how you came to make me the offer, which you did. Well, having been brought up to believe myself independant of the world, and to study a profession more for pleasure than aught else, after finding myself bereft of all hopes, and poor, I gladly accepted of your proposal. I scorned the idea of love; I vowed I loved my ease better than any woman on earth, and though I was informed your daughter was—was—"

"A scraggy old maid," slyly interposed Mr. Lafourn. Bart blushed at his own remark, but proceeded:

"I determined, provided she would accept me, to marry her for her money. There, sir, is the truth, and I know I cannot but be lowered in your estimation. Since I have met your niece, and I've—"

"Fallen in love with her," observed the father, aiding him along.

"Yes, sir, exactly so; and I am willing, if she will have me, to give up all ideas of wealth obtained by such mean practice, and go away and work for her.—Do you think there is any hope? Will you forgive me?"

"Certainly," he responded. "I should not want my daughter wedded to any man from such mercenary motives. I'll call Nell and see what she says." And sutting the action to the word he summoned Nellie.

"This gentleman has withdrawn his claim to your cousin's hand," he observed, taking Nellie by the hand, "and actually has the audacity to ask for yours. What shall I tell him?"

"And I am poor, Nellie," ejaculated Bart; "but you shall see that I am no conceited jackanape. I will go away and commence the practice of my profession if you will give me hope."

Nellie looked at her father through her blushes.

"But I would be a penniless bride—"

"And all the dearer! If you are not worth working for, you are not worth having."

"If, then," she returned slyly, "you wait a year and do not change your mind, if uncle is willing—"

"Which he will be," interrupted the gentleman.

The ruse was still kept up. Mr. Lafourn gave him letters of introduction to several influential friends, and he went away and set up work in earnest. For a while he was successful; at last his talents began to be appreciated, and he was on a fair way to prosperity. At the end of the year he wrote and told Mr. Lafourn how he had succeeded, and asked if he would have any objection to his wedding taking place then. He returned, and when he arrived he found his Nell prettier than ever. Mr. Lafourn said nothing, and Bart wondered at his giving such a costly wedding to his niece; but when he, as the bride's father, gave her away, he was dumfounded. As soon as the ceremony was over he rushed to his father-in-law:

"What does it mean?"

"It means that you have married my daughter, sir, responded the happy parent, "and we have been deceiving you all the while. Lucille is my maiden sister."

Bart was paralyzed.

"Your daughter?"

"And my money, as I promised! Nellie and I heard your conversation and determined to test you. We did so, and Nellie still insisted on your being tried, and—"

"You have taken the deceit out of me."

But, though rich, he did not leave his profession and enter into his careless idle life again, he steadily pushed his way up, and is now one of the most influential men of the times—which he always avers is more due to Nellie's stratagem than 'Marrying a Fortune.'

Beautiful Allegory.

Crittendon, of Kentucky was at one time engaged in defending a man who had been indicted for a capital offense. After an elaborate and powerful defense, he closed his efforts with the following beautiful allegory:

"When God in his eternal council conceived the thought of man's creation, He called to him the three ministers who wait constantly upon the Throne; Justice, Truth and Mercy, and thus addressed them: "Shall we make man?" Then said Justice: "Oh, God, make him not for he will trample upon thy laws."—Truth made answer also: "Oh, God, make him not for he will pollute Thy sanctuaries." But Mercy dropping upon her knees, looking up through her tears, exclaimed: "Oh, God, make him: I will watch over him with my care through all the dark paths which he may tread."—Then God made man and said to him: "Oh man, thou art the child of Mercy; go and deal with thy brother."

The jury, when he finished were drowned in tears, and against evidence, and what must have been their own conviction, brought in a verdict of "not guilty."

Does The Cricket Fiddle or Sing.

The chirping and singing of the cricket and grasshopper are frequently spoken of; but they do not sing—they fiddle. By rubbing wings and legs together—in a manner peculiar to the species—these insects produce the sounds which characterize them. Perhaps our best instrumental performer is the "katydid." Each wing contains a little tambourine, and by opening and shutting the wings they are rubbed against each other, and produce the sounds of "katy did she did," which can be heard at such a long distance and gives the insect its name.

To Preserve Grapes.

Take seven pounds of good, sound grapes on the stems, the branches as perfect as possible, and pack them snugly without breaking in a stone jar. Make a syrup of four pounds of honey and one pint of good vinegar, with cinnamon and cloves to suit (about 3 to each is our rule), boil them well together for 20 minutes, and skim them, then turn boiling hot over the grapes, and seal immediately. They will keep years if you wish, and exceeding nice. Apples, peaches and plums may be done in the same way.

Two young men out riding were passing a farmhouse where a farmer was trying to harness an obstinate mule. "Won't he draw?" said one of the men. "Of course," said the farmer, "he'll draw the attention of every fool that passes this way." the young men drove on.

Now is the time when the irresponsible urchin glueth the house-fly's wings together and walketh him against time around the nose of his sleeping grandfather.

Thoughts from the Talmud.

The thought of sin is worse than sin. The older the wise man gets the wiser he grows; the fool when aged, becomes but an old fool. He who studies for a good purpose, to him his study becomes a blessing; to him who does not, it grows into a poison. A bad wife is like a hailstorm. Do not dwell too long on your friend's praises; you will end in saying things against him. Do much or little, so that you do it for a good purpose. Refined music is liked by refined people; weavers do not much care for it. Three cry out, but get no pity, viz.: He who lends out his money without witness, the hen-pecked husband, and he who cannot get in one place, and does not try another. Even the common talk of the wise should be pondered over. One goose generally follows another. Bad servants first ask only when they have committed a blunder. The load is laid upon the camel according to its length. If a word is worth a pound, silence is worth two. A pig is the richest animal, everything is a piece of goods to him. Whoever does too much does too little. The greater a man the greater his passions. He who presses the hour, the hour will press him. May our future reward be like that of him who remains silent under a false imputation. One pepper-corn is better than a hundred gourds. A learned man whose deeds are evil is like a man who has a door and no house. He who prays for his neighbor will be heard first for himself. He who marries his daughter to an uneducated man throws her before a wild beast. He who throws out suspicions should at once be suspected himself. Three keep out fellowship—strangers, slaves and ravens. A fool always rushes to the fore. Do not cry out before the calamity has really happened. If a man says something strange, beware to mock at it wantonly. Passion is at first like a thin reed; by and by it becomes like a cable.

The Quaker and the Skeptic.

A skeptic young collegian confronted an old Quaker with the statement that he did not believe in the Bible. Said the Quaker: "Does thee believe in France?" "Yes; for though I have not seen it, I have often seen others that have. Besides, there is plenty of corroborative proof that such a country does exist."

"Then thee will not believe anything thee or others have not seen?"

"No; to be sure I won't."

"Did thee ever see thy own brains?"

"No."

"Ever see any that did?"

"No."

"Does thee believe thee has any?"

The Postoffice Department has lately issued an order which is of interest to persons in the rural districts. The order requires country postmasters to keep their offices open every day during the usual business hours and to attend at all other times that may be required to receive and dispatch the mails; and also requires them to open their office one hour on Sunday if a mail arrives at the office on that day.

"It's awful lonesome in Mexico just now, and tears trickle down the father's cheeks as he takes his son on his knee, and tells how the country used to be blessed with a revolution about every three weeks.

A New Thing.

Paper flour barrels are being made in Iowa. They are said to be air-tight and water-proof to weigh much less, than the ordinary wooden barrels, and to be able to stand more rough usage. One of the manufacturers predicts that in five years every barrel of Western flour will be sent East in barrels made from the straw the wheat grew on.

Paxton had a fascinating widow who, one day last week called on Mr. Graves editor of the *Advance* and after a pleasant chat said she would subscribe for the *Advance* for three months, tendering him a pouch worth fifty cent currency in payment. G. looked at the patched shiplaster hesitatingly, and the widow anticipating him in the sweetest of tones asked: "Mr. G. would you like a better lot?" G. blushed painfully, and after he had cleared his throat of something that happened to slip down accidentally, remarked, "I've been thinking some time of that matter." The widow blushed and said, "I mean a better half dollar." Mr. G. "Ah! this will do."

One of the queerest duels on record was that in which the Sainte Beuve was engaged. It began to rain slightly after he had taken up his position, whereupon he coolly held his umbrella over his head with his left hand while holding the pistol with his right. The expostulation of his witnesses had no effect upon him. "It is all very well to be killed," said the famous essayist; "but I object to catching cold in my head."

It is estimated that there are one hundred and fifty candidates for the clerkships and "doorkeepers" of the two houses of the North Carolina Legislature, yet strange to say, we have not heard of one independent candidate for any of these positions. All seem willing to submit their claims to the caucus. We hav'nt space for the naming of all the candidates, but will merely say "they are all honorable men."

There are interesting discoveries. The Cleveland *Lead's* correspondent in Persia has found pieces of bricks which the monogram of Nebuchadnezzar. Thus we see, says the *Courier-Journal*, that in the days of Nebuchad, etc., the mills ground out letter paper exceedingly slow, the gentleman of the period having to carry on their correspondence with brick-bats.

Henry C. Hardison, residing about five miles from Little Washington, was attacked in his field on last Tuesday of last week by four wild cats. They all jumped on him at once and came very near stifling him to death before he could extricate himself. A party of his friends pursued the varmints and succeeded in killing one. The *Washington Echo* is responsible for this cat-tail.

"Be careful how you drink or you'll wash the color from your cheeks!" said a gentleman at a fashionable party, as he handed a glass of water to a lady. "There is no danger of your ever taking water enough to remove the color from your face," was the good-natured retort.

"Do you need a rifle company?" asked the *Union Herald*, of Columbia, S. C. Not much. There's been too many killing companies down that way already.—*Washington Chronicle*.