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

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Never Prove False to a Friend.
Never prove false to a friend,
In love and in friendship be true;
Never prove false to a friend,
So long as he's faithful to you.
He may be dishonest; a knave
In other opinions; but then
To you he is generous and kind,
And one of the noblest of men.
Is any man free from each fault,
To gossipers keep closed your ear;
Lives there a woman so perfect on earth
That she can be named but in praise?
Never speak ill of a friend,
To gossipers keep closed your ear;
An excellent rule in the main,
Is to credit one tenth that you hear.
Stand by a friend in distress,
When you know he is really in need;
What matter if even he fails,
There is honor for you in the deed.
That one may deceive you 'tis so—
Then his, not your's, the disgrace;
Because we find one man untrue,
Shall wrong or distrust a whole race?
Censure a man for his faults,
Give him honor when honor is due;
But never prove false to a friend,
So long as he is faithful to you.

SKETCHES OF NORTH CAROLINA.

The Era of Discovery.—The Clarendon Grant—A Wild Romance and Bloody Retribution.—Not as Spaniards, but Assassins!—Ten Different Forms of Government from the Colony to the Present Date, &c., &c.

BY EX-GOV. Z. B. VANCE.

Number 1.

In the leafy month of June, in the year of grace, 1667, that merry monarch, and somewhat dissolute man, Charles the Second, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, &c., &c., was graciously pleased to grant unto his right trusty and well beloved cousin and counsellor, Edward, Earl of Clarendon, our high Chancellor of England; our right trusty and entirely beloved cousin and counsellor, George, Duke of Albemarle, master of our horse, and with like expressions of courtesy and insincere regard, to the Earl of Craven, Lord Berkeley, Lord Ashley, Sir George, Carteret, Sir John Collston, and Sir William Berkeley, the most magnificent domain ever conferred by a sovereign upon subjects in modern times, or perhaps in all time. Little did Charles know what he was giving and as little did these subjects know what they were receiving. Even now but few consider the imperial character of the territory granted.

It embraced "all that province, territory, or tract of land, situate, lying and being within our dominions of America, extending north and eastward as far as the north end of Currituck river or inlet, upon a straight westerly line to Wyanock creek, which lies within or about the degrees of thirty-six and thirty-six minutes, northern latitude; and so west in a direct line as far as the South Seas; and south and westward as far as the degrees of twenty-nine, inclusive, or northern latitude; and so west in a direct line as far as the South Seas; together with all and singular the ports, harbors, bays, rivers and inlets belonging unto the province or territory aforesaid; and also all the soils, lands, fields, woods, mountains, farms, lakes, rivers, bays and inlets, &c., &c., to be found therein.

THE VAST EXPANSE

stretches across the entire continent, from ocean to ocean; five hundred miles in breadth and two thousand seven hundred miles in length, and embraces an area

of more than one million square miles. The "South Seas," meant the Pacific Ocean, whose waters were still little known to Europeans, though eighty-nine years before old Francis Drake's keels had ploughed around the bleak and naked rocks of Cape Horn for the first time. Within these boundaries now lie the States of North and South Carolina, Georgia, a large part of Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas, the Indian Territory, New Mexico, Arizona, a part of California, and a considerable portion of Mexico.

It is more than eight times as large as Great Britain and Ireland five times larger than France, four times larger than the Austrian Empire, eight times greater than Prussia, and larger, by many thousand square miles, than all these together with Spain, Portugal and Italy combined. Almost equal to one-third of Europe!—True, it may be said, that this doughty defender of the Faith and Nell Gwin, was about as much entitled to a large part of this domain as he was to be called King of France by the grace of God; but, nevertheless, as right was in those days, his title was about as good as that of any European prince to American soil. Perhaps it was even better than that acquired to all the shores washed by the Pacific Ocean by the erection of a standard on its sands and wading into its waters with a drawn sword by Balboa, for the Spanish sovereign.

With this grant of land was also conferred upon the Lords Proprietors, jurisdiction as ample as the territory to establish government, convene legislative assemblies, make laws to pass upon liberty, property and life; to grant pardons, regulate commerce, collect customs, wage war, grant titles of honor, and many other things pertaining to a vice regal government that was in substance absolute; the only proviso being "That said laws be consonant to reason, and as near as may be conveniently agreeable to the laws and customs of this our realm of England."

THE NAME CAROLINA

was first applied to this whole Atlantic coast, and in this respect Virginia is the child of her daughter, the child being christened first. In 1562 Gaspard de Coligny, the great Admiral of France, dispatched the expedition of two ships under Ribaud on a voyage, the real purpose of which, under pretense of discovery, was to select a home for himself and his persecuted fellow Huguenots in the wilds of the new world, should they be unable to maintain themselves by arms at home. Ribaud landed near the present site of St. Augustine, on the northern border of Florida, explored the country, and returned with glowing descriptions of the land and climate. The admiral was so charmed with the report returned that he determined to found a colony of his Protestant countrymen there, and accordingly, in 1564, he dispatched six ships with about 500 souls, under the charge of Rene Laudonniere. They landed on the same spot as Ribaud's party, built a fort which they called *Carolina*, or Fort Charles, and named the country *Caroline* or *Carolina*, after the wretched bigot, Charles IX of St. Bartholomew memory. Twenty years afterwards, when Walter Raleigh's colony, under Ralph Lane, was first established on Roanoke Island, and Amidas and Barlow had carried back to Queen Elizabeth their enchanting stories of the country, its inhabi-

tants and products, she was so pleased that she ordered the land to be called Virginia, in honor of her virgin self. Thus the name of Virginia superseded that of Carolina, until subsequently revived by the patents of Elizabeth's successor and applied to the territory south of 36 degrees, thirty minutes. The fate of this colony gave rise to one of

THE MOST ROMANTIC

and heroic incident even of those chivalrous and adventurous times. The Spaniards, who claimed the whole continent, resented this intrusion of the French Protestants, and sent a force under command of Admiral Menéndez against them. They surrendered to overpowering numbers on a promise of safety, but with a perfidy which no modern European except a Spaniard could ever equal, they were immediately slaughtered. A few who escaped to the forest were captured and hung upon the trees with the cruel but characteristic inscription upon their bodies, "Not as Frenchmen, but as Heretics."

The blood of these murdered Frenchmen cried in vain to the corrupt and bigoted French court. The gratification of intolerant hatred to Protestants, in hearing of their slaughter, was so great as to drown even the voice of national pride; and no redress for the cruel outrage was demanded by the Government. But it was not so with their brave countrymen. A Gascon gentleman, Dominique de Gourgues, a bold, patriotic and glory loving soldier and navigator, after exhausting all other efforts to avenge the murder of his countrymen, resolved to do it himself. Selling his entire estate he built a few small ships, fitted them out at his own expense, and with a band of chosen companions into whom he had infused his gallant spirit, boldly set his prow towards a coast 3,000 miles distant, across an ocean swarming with the ships of the mightiest power in Europe, in search of the murderers of his countrymen. In due time he found them, and with his Gallic blood all on fire, came down upon the Spanish colony like the avenger of blood. The woods of the coast of Carolina resounded with the desperate conflict as he drove them from fort to fort, slaying as he went. The few that escaped the sword were hung to the wide-spreading branches of the great live oaks on the shore, and to their bodies were affixed inscriptions which so well illustrate the retributions of history, "Not as Spaniards, but Assassins!" Honored be the memory of that brave and chivalrous French gentleman, throughout all Carolina!

THE FORMS OF GOVERNMENT TO WHICH

THE PEOPLE OF NORTH CAROLINA

HAVE BEEN SUBJECTED.

First, we have the Royal Government of the Province of Carolina, under the first charter of the Lords Proprietors. This charter was dated the 24th of March, 1663, but the government under it properly began in September following, when George Drummond was appointed first Governor. This lasted until June, 1665, when by the second charter of King Charles the powers of the Lords Proprietors were enlarged and governmental authority was conferred upon them, and by them the first General Assembly was convened.

Next were introduced in 1669, the "Fundamental Constitutions of Carolina," prepared for the Proprietors by the celebrated John Locke, author of the "Essay on the Human Un-

derstanding," under which they governed, or professed to govern, the province until 1693, when they were abrogated, and the direct rule of the Proprietors was resumed, and continued until 1729.

In that year, the charter was surrendered by seven of the eight Proprietors, and the Royal Government was resumed, which continued until the beginning of the Revolution.

Then under the State government and the Central Centennial Congress until 1778.

Then under the Constitution of the United States until 1861.

Then through the mixed and mingled mazes of bayonets, military satraps, extra and unconstitutional rescripts of Congress, until the readmission of our delegates to the National Legislature, and the downfall of the carpet-bag dynasty.

I make no less than ten radical changes in the form of the powers by which we have been ruled in our history from 1663 to 1870, a period of 207 years. These changes have averaged about one for every twenty years! A striking commentary on the stability of governments, truly; and more so, when the history of North Carolina is usually characterized as comparatively uneventful!

I shall close this paper with SOME OBSERVATIONS UPON THESE CONSTITUTIONS OF LOCKE.

Although they proved entirely impracticable, and were soon abrogated, they are of infinite service to the wise statesman, as proving conclusively the worthlessness of governmental theories concocted in the closet of the scholar. If intellect and study, abstracted from all contact with actual life, could under any circumstances found a government adapted to the wants of a distant people, it would seem that this great Englishman, who had sounded the depths and shallows of the human mind, would have done it. Yet his work, prepared with the utmost care, and tried with patient fairness, proved an utter failure. The simple conceptions of the rude pioneer, squatting in the forest, without books, papers, or learning to read them, in regard to the laws he wanted, were worth all the fine meditations of the disciples of Aristotle and Plato. Laws are suggested by the daily recurring wants of actual life, and these wants are as varying as the conditions and circumstances by which men are surrounded. A government so framed as to be promptly responsive to these wants will constitute the perfection of human rule. Necessarily such an one must be made peace-meal.

GOVERNMENTS GROW, and this growth is slow and natural, and dependent, like other products, upon soil, climate and cultivation. Hence the utter folly of the Lords Proprietors in employing a metaphysician to draft a constitution for their colony scarcely yet born, 3,000 miles distant in a land that he had never seen. Prenatal baby garments are never remarkable as fits, and I fancy the crude, red-faced, squalling colony of Carolina, wrapped in the flowing and courtly robes of the "Fundamental Constitutions," resembled very much a new infant (though born to be a bruiser), done up in one corner of a suit of long clothes. Practice people could see an abundance of government but very little baby, and surely if a man of common sense, will look over the 120 sections of that instrument, and compare its absurdities and

sentimental refinements with the rude but homely and vigorous code the colonists built up for themselves, piece by piece, each born of a want and tested by the fire of experience, he cannot fail to see where the fine gold of governmental policy is dug up, and he will feel that thus great folly of making a Utopian constitution to order and shipping it to a strange people like a cargo of shoes regardless of sizes and numbers, is only atoned by a grim joke of pious King Charles expressed in the first chapter to these Lords, wherein he says they have sought the grant, "being excited with a laudable and pious zeal for the propagation of the Christian faith!" No doubt of it all. One of these zealous propagators was a member of the infamous *Cabal*, and several of the others stood high in the wicked annals of that licentious Court. But such were the beginnings of great events. Results are in the hands of God; and no matter what the motives was, these chapters were the genesis of mighty things in America.

Who Were The Great Men.

Franklin was a printer.
Boliyar was a druggist.
Mohamet Ali was a barber.
Virgil was the son of a potter.
Milton was the son of a scavenger.
Horace was the son of a shopkeeper.
Demosthenes was the son of a cutler.
Robert Burns was a ploughman in Ayrshire.
Shakespeare was the son of a woolstapler.
Cordinal Woolsey was the son of a pork butcher.
Oliver Cromwell was the son of a London brewer.
Whitfield was the son of an innkeeper at Gloucester.
Columbus was the son of a weaver, and a weaver himself.
John Jacob Astor once sold apples on the streets of New York.

Happiness in The Cottage.

If men did not know what facility dwells in the cottage of a virtuous man—how sound he sleeps, how quiet his breast, how composed his mind, how free from care, how easy his provision, how healthy his morning, how sober his night, how moist his mouth, how joyful his heart, they would never admire the noise, the disease, the throng of passions, and the violence of unnatural appetites, that fill the house of the luxurious, and the hearts of the ambitious. *Jeremy Taylor.*

A village shopkeeper, on entering his shop one morning found Robby attempting to throw all sorts of somersets and kicking up as great a rumpus as a seal in a tub. "What are you about?" he inquired looking at the wild revolutions of the boy. "Oblige, Martha, sir," replied the almost exhausted youth. "She has writ me a letter, and says at the bottom of the page, 'turn over and oblige,' and I've been going it for more'n half an hour."

Croup can be cured in one minute, and the remedy is simply alum and sugar. The way to accomplish the deed is to take a knife or grater and to shave off in small particles about a teaspoonful of alum; then mix it about its quantity of sugar, to make it palatable, and administer it as quickly as possible. Almost instantaneous relief will follow.

Seventy Pairs of Hands.

The variety and number of needles made in these days are wonderful: the surgeon, harness maker, book-binder, felt-worker, saddler, glover, embroiderer, and house-wife, each wanting needles of all shapes, and sizes and lengths. And when you think that each needle has to pass through seventy pairs of hands before it is finished and ready for use, you see what pains is taken to reach excellence in very small things.

Seventy pair of hands is to make a needle! and each pair necessary to make the needle perfect. If only one pair refused to do their part, the whole would be a failure—not a needle would be right.

You see it is painstaking in little things and in small parts which leads to excellence and success. We are apt to slight bits of work, thinking it is no matter and of no account. But it is not so. The details of a plan must be faithfully carried out in order to make the plan a success. If the parts of the work are all well done, the whole will be complete, and only then.

And it is just so in making the moulding character. It must be well done in parts, faithfully finished in bits, in order to make a complete and beautiful whole.

Always be sure that all the small and common work which you have to do is thoroughly done. It is faithfulness in little things which makes you reliable in great things.

Little Graves.

Sacred places for pure thoughts and holy meditations are the little graves in the churchyard. They are the depositories of the mother's sweetest joy, half unfolded buds of innocence, humanity nipped by the first frost of time, ere yet a canker worm of corruption has nestled among its embryo petals. Callous indeed, must be the heart of him who can stand by a little grave-side and not have the holiest emotions awakened to thoughts of purity and joy which belong alone to God and heaven, for the mute preacher as his feet tell of life begun and ended without gain; and surely if this be unsafe to mortality, how much purer and holier must be the spiritual land, enlightened by the sun of infinite goodness, whence emanated the soul of that brief sojourner among us! How swells the heart of the parent with mournful joy while standing by the earth-bed of lost little ones! Mournful, a sweet treasure has been taken away—joyful, because that precious jewel glitters in the daisies of the Redeemer.

Definition of a Fool.

A fool is a fool who fools with another fool. None but a foolish fool would fool with a fool, and a fool that is fooled is a fool for being fooled. Fools fool none but fools. The foolishness of a fool who ever fooled a fool who was already fooled. There now.

A schoolboy's composition on tobacco: "This noxious weed was invented by a distinguished man named Walker Raleigh. When the people first saw him smoking they thought he was a steamboat, and as they had never heard of such a thing as a steamboat they were very much frightened."

"I am glad this coffee don't owe me anything," said a boarder at a breakfast table. "Why," asked Smith, "because I don't think it would ever settle."