

# 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. 27.

## Only Waiting.

[A very aged man in an almshouse was asked what he was doing now. He replied, "Only waiting."] Only waiting till the shadows

Are a little longer grown;  
Only waiting till the glimmer  
Of the day's last beam is flown!  
Till the night of earth is faded  
From the heart, once full of day;  
Till the stars of Heaven is breaking  
Thro' the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers  
Have the last sheaf gathered home;  
For the summer-time is faded  
And the autumn winds have come,  
Quickly, reapers! gather quickly  
The last ripe lions of my heart,  
For the bloom of life is withered,  
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting, till the angels  
Open wide the mystic gate  
By whose side I long have lingered,  
Weary, poor and desolate.  
Even now I hear their footsteps,  
And their voices far away;  
If they call me, I am waiting,  
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows  
Are a little longer grown;  
Only waiting till the glimmer  
Of the day's last beam is down.  
Then from out the gathering darkness  
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,  
By whose light my soul shall gladly  
Tread its pathway to the skies.

## Fidgety Folks.

### Messrs. Editors:

It has been said that it takes a great many sorts of folks to make a world. I am satisfied of one thing; there are several sorts of folks on this little rolling ball we live on. They are too numerous to mention, so I will pass them by for the present, simply presenting a few of the features of the class named at the head of this article. When I speak of fidgety folks I make no allusion to little boys who are so unfortunate as to have parents that do not feel it their duty to instruct them in the way they should go. When I see such pinching and hunching each other slyly during church service, I feel that they are to be pitied, and hope when they grow older they may be improved in their manner by mixing in well behaved society. Such little fellows generally mean no harm, but are mischievously exercising a privilege granted them by parents who think such conduct is pretty in children. The class I wish to describe are those who think they are old enough to walk with the "girls" to church, with a little down just beginning to peep out on their upper lips. If they knew what a gossling appearance they made while twisting, peeping, ogling and grinning at the "girls" in church, disturbing well behaved persons near them, they surely would quit acting in that way. Would it not be best for smart young men, who wish to indulge in disgusting grimaces of the phiz in church, to take a little pocket looking-glass with them, so they could enjoy the full benefit of their ill-timed distortions.

On one occasion I was in church with two young fellows sitting near me. They were slyly grinning and peeping at some one on the ladies' side of the house. I expected that of them. Soon one of them slyly doubled up his fist and punched the other under the short-ribs; pushing him up against me. Not wishing to be disturbed by them, I moved further off to give them more room for their sports. Pretty soon one of them, who had evidently come a near way, through some grog-alley on his way to church, showed some disposition to use me as a resting post to lean against for repose. I reminded him that an upright po-

sition would be more indicative of a gentleman in church. For the honor of my village, I will state that he was not a native sprout, although a few sprouts of bacchus might be found, by close inspection, of native grown among us. Some of our fidgety fellows don't seem to mean any harm by it. It seems to be a habit with them, and I can't help liking them, although sometimes in their eagerness to keep their eye on the "girl" they came with, they don't seem to know or care whether they are sitting on some one's hat or the bench. I don't know whether all hats mashed by fidgety fellows are felt hats or not, but one thing I know, many a gentleman has felt for his hat and failed to find it until he found it on some vacated seat in pan-cake shape. Would it not be best for such fidgety, cupid-stung youngsters to whet off the wiry edge of their curiosity by constant employment in some useful calling? I do not think such fidgety folks should keep away from church. By no means. But think they might learn something by watching more closely the conduct of discreet and quiet ones around them.

Oxford. We differ with "Oxford" in that respect. We think they should stay away until they know how to act like gentlemen, and not stand around church doors, smoking, chewing and spitting their nauseating filth over steps and every approach to the Sanctuary. A gentleman goes to the house of God, he goes in, behaves himself during the services, not whispering all the time, as some do. "There's a chell among ye takin notes, an faith he'll prent em." Names and all!—Ems.

## Gems.

No cross no crown.  
Out of debt out of danger.  
Diligence is a fair fortune and industry a good estate.  
Be not too prodigal; the kettle when too full puts out the fire.

When the tree is fallen every man goeth to it with his hatchet.  
Never do anything hastily; remember it is the last cup of tea which is the strongest.

Live near to God, but let your communion with the sons of men be joyous and cheerful.

The light of friendship is like the light of phosphorus—seen plainest when all around is dark.

The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the greatest art in life is to have as many of them as possible.

Habits of thought as well as speech get control of us, and more upon the force of habit than the power of will depends the success and failure.

The true way to feel for the poor is to feel in your pocket; yet how many move feelingly in that direction? The sordid hut of cheerless poverty is rarely invaded by those who wear the badge of opulence on their sleeve. And, in this connection, we would remind those who are able that the season of dispensing charity is upon us with a wild field for favors. Deeds of charity don't stay with us forever and men cannot do better than to sometimes court the offices of soft humanity.—Milton Chronicle.

A young blood at a hotel was requested to pass a dish near him. "Do you mistake me for a waiter?" said the exquisite. "No, sir; I mistook you for a gentleman, was the prompt reply.

## Review of the Oxford Markets.

SUGAR.—Sweetened sand is at 10 cents and upward, according to quality.

COFFEE.—Owing to a fire rose suddenly; an order for ten cups unsettled the market.

TEA.—Wishy-washy at a spoonful for each person and one for the pot.

WHEAT.—The inquiry has been very husky.

CORN.—Has suffered from the pressure of leather, the reapers, however, are ready.

CANDLES.—Dull in the forenoon, but towards evening brightened up considerably.

FISH.—A few transactions in Cat principally for account of Biddy & Co. Flounders are flat but disposed to come round. Lobsters claw lazy at the opening and closed heavily; those who had a hand in them wished themselves out again.

SPICES.—A party who kept too close an eye on pepper suffered greatly.

EGGS.—Looked promising yesterday, but opened badly this morning.

BUTTER.—Not so firm as last month, market it soft.

MILK.—A late rise in chalk has unsettled prices of "fresh from the cow."

COAL.—There has been a further reduction in the size of the ton to meet small demand; to spare the horses it is proposed that hereafter a ton of coal small nearly fill a hand-barrow.

PIGS.—Taken by the leg, are stationary; by the whole hog, are lively.

PURTY.—One cent's worth of this article can still be had at the same price if applied for soon.

PEA-NUTS.—Were freely taken by doubtful parties when the owers backs were turned.

GRAPES.—Unusual sour at a dollar per pound to parties who could not purchase.

RHUBARB.—By the stalk, rather flat; by the pill, could be taken in round lots at usual discount.

HORSERADISH.—Feverish.—OXIONS.—watery to near-sighted lawyers.

THYME.—Much of this article was lost by a misunderstanding among dealers.

IRON.—Flat-irons brisk Tuesday and Wednesday, but quite at close of week; Pig dull.

MONEY.—Buoyant and considerable amounts flew from the hands of loose holders. Lenders not so bashful as last month. The acceptors of some over-due bills were anxiously inquired after, without however, drawing any out. A party with capital entered the market this forenoon, but a stranger made a rapid transfer of the funds and withdrew immediately.

MATRIMONIAL.—Market steady; Liberal offers difficult to obtain; therefore, acceptances are at a large discount. Kisses—in great demand and have met with fair returns. Maternal Frowns—neglected and, in consequence, time-bargains are easier of settlement. Heavy purses are wanted, but stocks with small capital are overlooked. In hands—the demand has been flat. Sly squeezes—usually brisk. Hearts to be had for love went off unsteadily; those for money are a drug. Bright eyes—looked up occasionally, but soon fell again. Yes's—in plenty, but no takers. Blushes are very scarce; none on the market for a long time. Jealousy has risen considerably. Free-and-easies have advanced to a high figure and driven Genuine modesty out of the market. Other stock are quite, excepting Scandal, which is rather on the advance.

## Little Things.

"When Canova was about to commence his great Statue of Napoleon, his keenly observant eye detected a tiny red line running through the upper portion of his splendid block of marble." Now without doubt this must have cost him a large sum, but it is said he would not place a chisel on it. That tiny little red line came near being the ruin of this great sculptor. So it is written of Herschel, while working out the problem of telescope lenses. He made scores upon scores ere he could get one to satisfy him. One little scratch like a spiders line, sufficed to vitiate what had cost him many weeks of toil. We all know the result of a tiny leak in a huge ship and the measure of the ship, to resist the shock or strain of wind is not its strongest but its weakest part. How many lives would be saved from a watery grave if the little leak was remedied as soon as discovered in many ships. During the late war a leakage was noticed in a war ship that seemed superficial. The officers noticed it, but thinking it was very slight, they determined to carry her in the conflict. With a strong force they battled with an inferior, and lost the day. The gunpowder magazine was filled with powder upon which victory or defeat hung. Through the little leak the sea water oozed in and ruined the powder. Just one little fault, one sin, is the cause of complaint. Think how easy it is, dear reader, to remedy that one little sin, ere it is magnified and from its growth becomes your eternal ruin. Recollect the smallest spark has flashed into a conflagration. The tiny leak, has sunk the proudest Capt's ship. The slight neglected sickness, has brought down to the grave, and the smallest consciously neglected sin unchanged, and therefore unpardoned, must lose your soul. Only one little ride on the Sabbath day—one little break of one commandment. One little chat standing in the way of sinners, one little departure from Christ's territory, one little evil association and one hour, just one hour, in evil company, one word, one note passed where you go expecting to meet Christ. Oh, that one little sin, that fault, that could be so easily remedied and shown that "there is nothing in or about sin except in the relation of words." Little sins are and ever must be sin and sins only, sin absolutely and sin eternally, until we take them to the Lord in penitent confession and find deliverance by placing them beneath the sprinkling blood.

## That boy!

A promising lad is he! He perambulated the streets to a late hour last Wednesday night whooping and yelling like a Comanche Indian. He carried not less than a quart under his shirt. Bright youth—most "promising boy!" He'll land in the penitentiary ere his ma'ma knows he's out! He toys at midnight with John Barleycorn, and John is piloting him to that institution made for rascals, thieves and murderers near Raleigh. Go it, young one!—As we have said, you're a "promising boy!"—Milton Chronicle.

John Fork lent a stranger a dollar at Richmond in 1856, and the other day the stranger paid him back \$20,000. Step this way stranger.

Good morning Smith; you look sleepy. "Yes," replied Smith, "I was up all night." "Up! where?" "Up stairs in bed."

## Mr. Smiley's Gun.

Max Adeller relates the story: Recently it occurred to Mr. Smiley, of Derby, that it would be a good thing to go out and see if he couldn't shoot a rabbit or two. He always kept his gun loaded and ready in the corner of the room, so he merely shouldered it and went out. After a while he saw a rabbit, and taking aim, he pulled the trigger. The gun failed to go off. Then he pulled the other trigger, and the cap snapped again. Mr. Smiley used some extreme language, and then, taking a pin, he picked the nipples of the gun, primed them with a little power, and started again. Presently he saw another rabbit, but both caps snapped again. The rabbit did not see Smiley, so he put on more caps, and they snapped too. Then Smiley cleaned out the nipples again, primed them, and fired the gun off at a fence. Then the caps snapped again. Then Smiley became furious, and in his rage he expended forty-seven caps in an effort to make the gun go off. When the forty-seventh cap missed also, Smiley that there might, perhaps, be something the matter with the inside of the gun, so he tried the barrels with his ramrod. To his utter dismay he discovered that both barrels were empty. Mrs. Smiley, who is nervous about firearms, had drawn the loads without telling Smiley, for fear of making him angry. If there had been a welkin anywhere about, it would have probably been made to ring with Mr. Smiley's excited denunciations of Mrs. Smiley. Finally, however, he became cooler, and, loading both barrels, he started again after rabbits. He saw one in a few moments and was about to fire when he noticed that there were no caps on his gun. He felt for one, and found to his dismay that he had snapped the last one off. Then he ground his teeth and walked home. On his way there he saw at least six hundred rabbits. He has been out hunting every day since, however, with his gun in first-rate order, and he has never laid eyes on a solitary rabbit. Smiley is beginning to think something is wrong in the government of the universe.

How beautiful how noble is the poet's art when used to soothe the mourning heart! One of the sweetest and tenderest specimens of elegiac verse has been composed by an English gentleman who accidentally got the remains of his four wives somewhat mixed during their removal to a new burial ground. He was determined, was Mr. Sparks, that there should be no mistake as to the various Mrs. Sparkses' last abode; and accordingly calmed his wounded spirit and displayed strict truthfulness by the composition of the following beautiful inscriptions: "Here lies Jane (and probably Susan) Sparks." "Sacred to the memory of Maria) to say nothing of Jane and Hannah) Sparks." "Stranger, pause and drop a tear, for Susan Sparks lies buried here; Mingled in some perplexing manner, with Jane, Maria and portions of Hannah."

"I wouldn't be a cook for the whole world!" said a fashionable young lady to her betrothed husband. "Of course not!" he replied; "If you were to cook for the whole world you would never be able to get through your work; but you'll be able to manage it nicely for our little family."

Josh Billings says that in the beds of many hotels "yn sleep sam, but role over a good deal!"

## Passing Away.

We have often remarked the unconcern of visitors to one of our beautiful cemeteries, as they traverse the avenues and comment on the good or bad taste of the monuments erected. The visit in most cases is one of mere curiosity. Although every tablet and inscription is a direct sermon to the living—Thou art mortal, and must die—the appeal reaches not the heart as a truth not to be safely trifled with. The fact that all are mortal is not denied, but its personal application is evaded. Death is regarded as remote—it will come, but not for many years—"Thou dies in human hearts the thoughts of death." The most impressive lessons are set aside as not demanding immediate consideration, and are regarded as obtrusive if they for a moment check the spirit of intense worldliness. The solemn awe which for a moment is produced by the entrance into the family of a stern messenger, striking down its head, is soon replaced by the eager calculations of worldly profit which the world may bring in its train. It is not uncommon that disputes arise about the division of property left by the dead, and the house of mourning being converted into a scene of angry quarrels. So little is the voice of Providence regarded. The obituary columns of a newspaper, in which are recorded the exit of the distinguished instead of admonishing us of the vanity of human life, impart feeble impressions, soon to be effaced. The voice is silenced in death of one who figured in the forum, the cabinet, the senate, or the pulpit, and after a few formal regrets, the strite is who shall succeed to the place vacated. Men eager for wealth and honors, ride recklessly over the graves of the dead, not laying it to heart that the closing history of others will soon become theirs.

It is a fatal error to believe that to love to pray, and sing, and go to church is religion; and it is a great mistake to suppose that because one is true in his words, and honest in his dealings, and does to all men as he would be done by, that he is a Christian.

That is only one side of the Christian life; and the other side is the higher duties we owe to God of faith and love, worship and obedience, and providing for the support of His religion among men at home and abroad.

The General Assembly, now in session, may be considered rather a strange *Boddie* as the *Fingus* and *Footle* are brought so close together, and on *Morchead* than is usually found on bodies of this kind. It *Centwell* be denied, however, they are *Albright* and though *Young* and noisy as a *Parrot* of a twittering *Martin* their ideas will be found as clear as the sound of a *Bell*. It is to be hoped they will not be found *Green* in their work, but make a *Strong* fight for the *Good* and *Profit* of the State.—*Raleigh News*.

It is comfortable for a young wife to feel that her husband is a good provider, and that she will never want for the necessities of life. A newly-married man, was recently directed by his wife to order some yeast, and, not having a very definite idea of the article, he told the baker to send up \$5 worth.—*Pulper Observer*.

"Lemme brother's body here!" asked Pat of the morgue-keeper. "I canno," "Och," said Pat, "you'll know him in a minute by an impediment in his speech."