

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, DECEMBER 22, 1874.

NO. 30.

Oxford Advertisements.

Drs. Paschall & Young,
OFFER their professional services to the citizens of OXFORD and vicinity.
Office at T. D. Crawford & Co.'s Drug Store. Feb. 61y.

SURGICAL.
D. E. W. OWEN wishes to ever borne in mind that he is still living in Oxford and is prepared to supply the place of lost dental organs with artificial ones for \$25.00 per set; and to perform all operations in his profession in a skillful and satisfactory manner. Sep 86m

THIS SPACE BELONGS TO
J. K. Wood,
WILLIS LANDIS,
BARBER,
Corner Broadway and Hillsboro St., OXFORD, N. C.
Shop lately occupied by H. T. Hughes. All work done in the best style of the torsorial art.
In addition to my shop, I will open an Oyster Saloon, where oysters may be had at all hours and all styles, stewed, fried, raw, and scalloped. Also for sale by the gallon or smaller quantity. I return my sincere thanks to my customers for their past patronage, and hope by close attention to business to merit a continuance of their favors. I shall endeavor in the future, as in the past, to make it to the interest of all to give me their orders.

Hurrah for the Holidays!



T. M. LYNCH,
(SIGN BIG WATCH.)
OXFORD, N. C.
WITH his dealings with Santa Claus he has succeeded in purchasing many fancy Holiday Gifts and Bridal Presents such as Silverware, Watches, Clocks, Toys, Fancy Goods, Yases, &c., &c.
SPECTACLES.
He has spectacles for the old folks. Call and see him, he has old Santa Claus on exhibition. Admission free. dec 15f

Attention!
Great Bargains for Cash Purchasers.
J. N. W. HUNT,
Main Street,
OXFORD, N. C.
Has for the Holidays
CAKES, CANDIES, NUTS, CRACKERS, and FANCY ARTICLES, CEGARS.
He also keeps on hand the best CEGARS, TOBACCO AND SNIFF on the market. Among the substantial, helius Flour, Fish, Axle Grease, Hats, and various other articles too numerous to mention. Call and examine his new stock. dec 15f

CLOSING OUT STOCK.
Having determined to close out our stock of Goods, we are now offering
GREAT BARGAINS
In every line of goods and especially in Dress Goods, Trimmings, Ribbons, Notions, Clothing, Boots & Shoes, Hats and Caps, Etc., Etc.
We invite your special and early attention to our Stock of Goods, Now is the time
TO BUY GOODS CHEAP.
WE MEAN WHAT WE SAY.
Crawford & Co. W. OF W. HERNDON, Oxford, N. C.

Jesus Walking on the Sea.
On life's sea in storm toss'd weather,
Mid the gloom and dark of night,
When the wind and waves together
Blat the harbor from our sight;
When our little bark is tossing
And we know not how 't will be,
'Tis then the Nazarene comes crossing,
Walking t'wards us on the sea.
Then the black clouds part asunder,
And the storms no more divide;
While the rolling, rumbling thunder
Makes no more a terror wide;
When our dearest hopes shall wither,
Oh, Thou Man of Galilee,
Turn thy watchful footsteps hither,
Come Thou walking on the sea.

When the mists of death are falling,
And life's voyage all is made,
We shall hear the Saviour calling:
"It is I, be not afraid."
Life is short and time is fleeting,
Ever watchful let us be,
Till we hear our Master's greeting
Meet us walking on the sea.

The Close of the Year.
BY POLLY PEPPER.

The days have come and the days have gone; the months have passed away, second by second, tick by tick; and now we stand on the crumbling verge of the old year. Never do the past, present and future seem to approach each other so near as on the night of the 31st of December at 12 o'clock. While the clock is on the stroke of twelve and we are on the dividing line between the old and new year, standing as it were, in the brilliant light of the present, with one foot on the brink of a dying past, and one on the verge of a dim future, the three great tenses seem to float up to each other and render the round of Time complete. The spheres roll on. The past fades away. The present glides along with us. The future, revealing through its misty veil the outlines of airy castles, still recedes as we advance.

On glides the barque of life upon its eventful voyage down the stream of time to the shoreless ocean of eternity. Through bright days and through dark, through sunshine and shadows, the barque moves along bearing us still onward. Now bright angels are our companions, and wave their shining pinions over us; then like birds of flight they vanish, leaving darker spirits to accompany us along the chequered journey of life. Dull Care sits beside us with pale Grief, and Sorrows overshadow us with their wings. The angel of Death hovers near. But the skies brighten. The gentle spirits of Consolation and Hope administer to the wounded soul, and the spirits of darkness return to their gloomy abodes. Now we pass along by rich fields where the fruits are ripe and the vintage inviting; and by meadows blooming and fragrant with a thousand variegated gems. Fain would we pause and luxuriate, but the stream of time flows on, flows ever, and ere we have tasted the tempting treasures of the land, we are borne far beyond them. They lie enshrined like a dream of beauty in the never returning past, while we strain our eager eyes to pierce the misty shroud that enwraps the ever glowing prospects of the future.

Onward, still onward, through the spring of childhood, fresh and fair with the dews and budding promises of the morning of life. Onward through the summer of youthhood, flowery and fragrant with the odor of the elixir of life. On through the autumn of manhood, flowerless, but rich with the fruits of labor and prosperity. On into the winter of age, when the sun of life is low on the horizon

of the world. When buds, flowers and fruits are gone and the night of death is coming on. When his hair is white with the frost of age. When Hope has bidden him adieu, or lingers only to point out the light which gleam like stars in the night upon the distant plains of Heaven.

The last sad scene closes in. The frail barque of life, beaten by the storms of years, is broken and shattered. As it reaches the eternal ocean it goes down with a lurch. The attendant spirits vanish in the gloom. The sun disappears behind the clouds. The mortal shell, the casket of the living soul, sinks beneath the waves. The spirit leaves it, as the butterfly the shell of her chrysalis, and enters that mysterious "bourne from whence no traveler returns," and into which no mortal eye can pierce.

Thus life fleeth like a shadow and passeth like a tale that is told, and man goeth to his long home where the weary are at rest and the wicked cease from troubling.

Such are some of the sad and solemn thoughts that hover around me, seeking utterance and speaking in the funeral dirge of the dying year. And ere we say farewell to the parting year, or welcome the new with festive joys, let us ask ourselves if we are a year wiser and better, as well as a year older. If we have improved each golden hour as it passed. If we have endeavored to conquer "envy, hatred and malice, and all uncharitableness." If we have been generous to the poor and just to all? Let us weigh ourselves in the balance of self-examination, and if we find ourselves wanting, let us mark out a better and nobler course for the coming year. Let us greet it with noble resolves to grow better and wiser as we grow older, that when at last our shattered barque of life goes down in the gulf of Death, some friendly hand may mark the spot, and write this noblest of epitaphs upon our tomb:

"HE DID NOT LIVE IN VAIN."
Oxford, N. C.

Mark Twain's Adventure.

I got into the cars, took a seat in juxtaposition to a female. The female's face was a perfect life insurance company to her. It insured her against ever getting married to any person except a blind man. Her mouth looked like a crack in a dried lemon, and there was no more expression in her face than there is in a cup of cold custard. She appeared as if she had been through one feminine and got two thirds of the way through another. She was old enough to be a great grandmother to Mary who had a little lamb. The was chewing prize pop corn and carried in her hand a yellow rose, while a band box and cotton umbrella nestled by her side. I couldn't guess whether she was a mission of charity or going West to start a saw mill. I was full of curiosity to hear her speak, so I said: "The exigencies of the time requires circumspection in a person who is traveling." "What?" says she, "The orb of day is resplendent in the vault above," says I. She twisted around uneasily, and then raised her umbrella and said: "I don't want any of your sass—git out!" And I did get out.

The true epic of our times is not arms and the man, but tools and the man—an infinitely wider kind of epic.

Early to bed and early to rise will all be in vain if you don't advertise.

OUR TOWN.

Messrs Editors:

There was a time when the swelling soul of an American reached its full proportions while standing by a "furrerer," talking about "our country." Why haven't we as much right to boast of "our town" as the revolutionary patriot did of his country? Our town will compare favorably with any town of its size. 'Tis true some of our young men, like some of our leaky houses, show a tendency to blight and mildew on account of too much moisture. Occasionally some old foggy suggests that the drying process of a little more sunshine would improve them. Some of them are boys of genius, and would make their mark had they more scope for the exercise of their faculties. They can take a top-heavy countryman that happens to be left over in town after dark, and so effectually disguise him that on his arrival home his wife would have to put on her spectacles to ascertain whether he was the man that left her house the day before, or one of the "new issue." Some artists work by skylight, but the darker the night the better our boys can paint and varnish the pictures. Some of them are a little fastidious in their notions, and sometimes become a little provokingly wild in the exhibitions of town pride. They seem to think our town constable is too ancient in his ideas of architecture, and whenever he builds a bridge across a ditch or the sidewalk, instead of hurting his feelings by complaining of the rude structure, they will go of a dark night and give him a modest hint by removing it. If the streets have not been properly worked, or are a little uneven after a rain, at their own expense they get ropes and tie them across the sidewalks to warn ladies and gentlemen coming from the churches, reading clubs, &c., that there is danger ahead. For this art of politeness some captious relics of another generation have suggested that they ought to be honored with a "rope dance" above terra firma. Some who attend our churches, reading clubs, tableaux, &c., have hinted that they think the chasms created by torn up bridges and cross-ties on the streets, are more dangerous to the limbs of home-bound ladies and gentlemen than the antique appearance of the side bridges and little unevenness of the side ways. But our polite, tasteful, night police do not see it in that light. Various opinions are entertained with regard to their over-politeness in trying to modernize our town by forcing the town constable to build bridges according to their notions of symmetry and beauty. Some think a fellow that will tear up an old fashioned bridge, and precipitate a lady on her way home at night, into a deep and muddy ditch, ought to have the "bridge" of his nose broken by the gentleman that kindly escorted her. Other think in addition to our reading and other clubs in town, we ought to organize a "hickory club" for the special benefit of those who volunteer their services in erecting dangerous chasms and placing obstructions across the side ways of our town. While some think our constable might display more architectural skill, we do not think our polite regulators will make themselves many friends by sneakily demolishing the old cross ways, unless they kindly place more beautiful and stonger ones in their place. Now boys, let me say to you, if you don't like the style of our town bridges, don't take them away at night. By so

doing you might cripple your mother on her return from a visit to a sick friend. Your father, brother or sister might be the unsuspecting victim of your sport. And, furthermore, don't be guilty of an act of meanness you would be afraid to own, the recollection of which might bring a tinge of shame o'er your cheeks in sober years. Your father, mother and sister love you, act in a manner to excite their admiration, confidence and esteem, by exhibiting the manly traits of a noble nature. Act worth of the christian parents that nourished and caressed you. Go with your sisters to the house of God, and by your gentlemanly demeanor evince to others your appreciation of church privileges, christian surity and the teachings of your kind and anxious parents. I may allude to our town again. If necessary, with gloves off.
Oxford.

Don't do it.

Don't linger where your love lies dreaming, but wake her up and show her how to get breakfast.
Don't turn up your nose at light things. Think of bread and taxation.
Don't insult a poor man. His muscles may be well developed.
Don't put on airs in your new clothes. Remember that your tailor is suffering.
Don't stand still and point the way to heaven. Spiritual guide boards, save but few sinners.
Don't ask your pastor to preach without notes. How else can he pay his provision bill?
Don't fret. The world will move on as usual after you are gone.
Don't be too sentimental. A dead heart, properly cooked will make a savory meal.
Don't write long obituaries. Save some of your kind words for the living.
Don't depend altogether on Spauldings prepared glue. It will not mend a broken promise.

The Penitentiary Crowded.

We are furnished with reliable statistics of the number of convicts in our penitentiary. On the 31st of October they numbered 455 strength. To-day they number 528. They have increased more than eighty in a little over a month, and are still coming in at the ratio of two and a fourth per day. What shall be done with them. There are so many they can't all be worked. They are now packed like sardines twenty or thirty sleeping together in a room, and present a nice promise of disease and pestilence for the coming summer. Why can't we build our railroad with convict labor? The State of Georgia hasn't a single convict in her prison. She works them on her railroads, and her dividend from these roads is nearly enough to pay all the expenses of the State. It seems to us there is a chance here for some really useful and practical legislation.—*Raleigh Sentinel.*

J Billings says: "When we come to think there ain't on the face of the earth even one hat too much, and there hain't been, since the daze of Adam, surplus mukeeter's egg laid by accident, we can form sum kind of an indee how little we know, and what a poor job we should make of it running the machinery of creation. Man iz a phool enny how, and the best of the joke iz, he don't seem tew kwo it. Bats have a destiny to fill, and I will bet 4 dollars they fill it better than we do ours."

American Wonders.

The greatest cataract in the world is the falls of Niagara, near Lockport, N. Y., where the water from the great upper lakes forms a river of three-quarters of a mile in width, and then, being suddenly contracted, plunges over the rocks in two columns, to the depth of one hundred and seventy feet each.

The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky, where any one may make a voyage on the waters of a subterranean river, and catch fish that are without eyes.

The greatest river in the world is the Mississippi, four thousand one hundred miles long.

The largest valley in the world is the valley of the Mississippi. It contains five hundred thousand square miles, and is one of the most fertile and prolific regions of the globe.

The greatest city park in the world is in Philadelphia. It contains over 2,000 acres.

The greatest grain port in the world is Chicago.

The largest lake in the world is Lake Superior, which is truly an inland sea, being four hundred and thirty miles long, and one thousand feet deep.

The longest railroad in the world is the Pacific Railroad, over 3,000 miles in length.

The greatest natural bridge in the world is the Natural Bridge over Cedar Creek, in Virginia. It extends across a chasm eighty feet in width, and two hundred and fifty feet in depth, at the bottom of which the creek flows.

The greatest mass of solid iron in the world is the Iron Mountain, of Missouri. It is three hundred and fifty feet high, and two miles in circuit.

Sluth.

Sluth will eat the core out of enny man.
If envelopes like a dream and eat like a kanker.
It destroyed more hopes than misfortune haz, and wherever it settles leaves its mark like a kloud at noon-day.
Sluth is a syren, and he who listens to her songs will wake up to despair.—*Josh Billings.*

A ragged, forlornlooking urchin entered a store in New Orleans recently, and, addressing the merchant piteously asked a nickle to get my mother a loaf of bread—please, sir?" A jovial neighbor, also a merchant, with a sly twinkle in his eye, thinking to have a joke with the boy, produced a nickle and said: "My son, this nickle I worked for; now what will you do for it? Quick as thought the boy "went down into his clothes," and producing a nickle exclaimed: "I'll match you, sir!"

At a recent meeting of a society in N. York, composed of men from the Emerald Isle, a member made the following motion:

Mr. President, I move that we whitewash the ceilin green, in honor of the ould flag."

"Well, mine Shone," said a wealthy Israelite to his hopeful, who had asked for a nickle. "I don't mind de value of de fiffe sheats; but shust dink vot de interest on dot sum would be in von hundred years."

Saduey Smith said that to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can.

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