

THE NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS.

WADESBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1875.

Miscellaneous.

A Negro Layman's Prayer.

Alexander Clark gives in his Methodist Recorder a graphic description of "A Layman's Prayer" being called upon to pray for the people of North Carolina.

"I pray for you, my God, in that city. We take from its spot of characteristic natural beauty, of its clayey soil, of its fertile soil, of its smiling hills, of its smiling valleys, of its smiling streams carrying fertility and beauty; there are plains and forests capable of a high state of improvement, the latter of which are useful in ship building, making railroads, framing houses and the like; there are bold rivers with falls which would impart millions of spindles—in a passage through these places and opportunities for all who have skill and industry sufficient to make their fortunes under favorable circumstances."

"The trouble has been these facts have been hid under a bushel or light has not shown. We have needed an apostle of enterprise to go forth and proclaim this Gospel to the whole world, and encourage men everywhere to heed and take advantage of it. We should have a corps of lively agents in Europe this day walking up peasant and burgher on this great question of finding a free and good home among a homogenous people in a climate of unparalleled salubrity and pleasantness. Instead, few of our liberal advantages of soil and climate are known abroad to the masses. It is time, we repeat, that this spirit of doing nothing should be driven out as an unclean devil doing harm while it possesses us. Let us have the free spirit of enterprise in its stead. We should redouble our efforts in this direction. We are a hopeful, helpful, constantly increasing and reliable influx of population. The State's resources are vast, and the necessities of our situation are pressing. Let us act—Wilmington Star."

"Oh! Lord, our blessed Father of Love, thou knowest the 'diction of the world'—Thou knowest the poor miserly sinner whom thou dost love; Thou knowest his steps in the wilderness, and you see of blooming roses grow in the garden of his life's path; Thou knowest his dark way of sin and death, while delectable paths of duty are shown in his eyes. Oh Lord, thou knowest the soul of a sinner, a dove thro' de storm an' speak peace to his wretched soul 'fore 'tis e'er e-lain' to late! Show him de slippery rocks and de miry clay. Make him see dat Satan follows 'em trippin' at his heels, and hell yawns open to catch him when he falls.—Oh! 'rest him by de mighty power of dy grace. Pur down your mery like rain from de summer clouds. Make him open his blind eyes to see de beauty of dy holiness a-shinin' in de face of your beloved Son like de rainbow when de storm done gone and passed away."

"Oh, thou great King of Glory who rides in de golden chariot in de New Jerusalem, above de sea, I 'sech an' 'pr ay you drive dy white horses down de way; and when de ho-o-f-s of de horses strikes de lower world, 'an de dashin' wheels come in our sight, stop dy chariot at Washington, and 'light in loving kindness at de door of dy servant, de President Grant, an' tell him 'xactly what to do. 'Soun de meanin' of your will into de Congress hall, an' tell de great men 'tween de own axin' how to serve dare 'sout'ly best. Purge de hearts of de senseless 'an' sentatives from de love of de 'self, 'an' de dar de stumbling stones, 'an' de snares of 'hell.—'Help me, O Lord, 'an' de temptations, as Jesus was, 'an' the sinners. Thin out the 'sire of home' of the love of salary from their 'soul's 'an' de suckers out'n corn; and may your name be above every name, and dy kingdom come into de high places and de low like the light of mornin' comes to de hills an' de valleys de same. Af'r leavin' Washington city, an' takin' dy time, drive your chariot down over de fields and reign up dy horse out of fire at de capital of Old Virgin'y. 'Light out at de Governor's door, and go into his house, an' tell him what 't'ings he ought to say, an' show him what things he ought to do, like a fa-t'her who 'struets his own child."

"Come to North Carolina. Now while immigration lags, pray to the overaction in all branches of industry North and West. It is of the opinion that the best thing the Southern people can do is to turn their thoughts to building up their waste places. To North Carolina with her wonderful resources and great variety of inducements it is a sacred duty to encourage by any and all means this grand work of recuperation and progress. Let us first do as much of this work ourselves as our means will allow. Then after these have been exhausted, or while we are doing our best, let us call in the assistance of the sturdiest class of English, Irish, Germans, French, etc.—men who come with their families and have money enough to purchase a small farm, or orchard or vineyard. The class of skilled mechanics might also be invited, and work might be found for them to do in our shops for wood and iron manufacture and those which ought to be built in eligible localities. North Carolina is rich in opportunities. Citizens are hearts and generous."

Climate from the cool shades of the Alleghenies to the warm, temperate, long-leaf pine belt with its balmy air, including the rolling oak and ash belt of the interior and the short leaf pine country between the middle of the State and the "low lying levels." There are mountains that tower in sublime grandeur above all others east of the Mississippi; there are delightful low hills and smiling valleys with purling streams carrying fertility and beauty; there are plains and forests capable of a high state of improvement, the latter of which are useful in ship building, making railroads, framing houses and the like; there are bold rivers with falls which would impart millions of spindles—in a passage through these places and opportunities for all who have skill and industry sufficient to make their fortunes under favorable circumstances.

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He drove his team up to the fence, got down, and rapped at the door. The widow Gilkins opened it, who said, "Mrs. Gilkins I am cognizant of your situation, and I am sure you are a woman of noble character, and you are a widow, left alone to struggle down the journey of life through a cold and hard world—no longer sustained and encouraged by the noble one you have given the treasures of your affection, and bowed down by manifold cares and responsibilities incidental to the rearing of eight children on five acres of sterile and stony limestone land, yet you are aware that the world is now approaching when the clouds of danger and anxiety will be so thickly scattered about you, and when zig-zag lightning will dart promiscuously around and thither, rendering this habitation unsafe for yourself and those dear little ones, hence, therefore, let me sell you a copper wire, silver tipped, and magnetic lightning rod."

The woman staggered back a few paces and yelled: "Narcis unfisten old Crouch!" In another instant a savage bull-dog came darting around the corner of the house with bristles up, thirsting for gore. The dog had already mangled a machine agent and a patent soap man, and was held in great esteem by the better class of citizens for his courage and service; but when his eye met the hard, penetrating gaze of Mr. Parsons, his chops fell, and he slipped off and hid in the currant bushes. Then the man said: "My dear lady, you seem to be excited. Now, if you will allow me to explain the probable inevitable—"

"Dern ye, I know what will start ye," said Mrs. Gilkins, as she stepped under her bed clothing, and brought out a horse pistol; but owing to the short condition of her nerves, her aim was unsteady, and the charge of buckshot saved where a few scattered ones might have checked and glanced off. A comic smile spread over his countenance as he leaned his shoulder against the door frame, and again commenced: "My dear madam, such spasmodic manifestations of your disinclination to make a judicious investment of a few paltry dollars—"

"Hi—col!" shrieked the widow, and collapsed into a kind of jerking swoon, and before she had recovered, a highly magnetic lightning rod decorated her humble domicile, and Parson had the blank note filled out already for her signature.—Madison (Ky.) Courier.

A man lives in Cincinnati by the name of John H. Rell. He presented the Board of Education a bill of \$4.15 not very long since, and, as it seems, some doubts were expressed as to the legality of John's bill, whereupon a little fire and brimstone was beginning to be smelt, and the Board wilted. They unanimously agreed that

Extension of the Granger Idea to Commerce.

Preparatory steps are being taken to bring about a system of International Exchange between Great Britain and the United States, through the medium of the co-operative societies in Great Britain and the Patrons of Husbandry in America.—The Central Co-operative Board of the Co-operative Societies has been in correspondence with Secretary Kelley of the National Grange, for some time past, relative to the project, and at a meeting of the Executive Committee of the National Grange next week, this subject will be formally presented by a deputatation from the Co-operative Societies, now en route to the United States. The object is to reform commercial abuses, get rid of middlemen, restore integrity in dealing, equalize wealth, &c. The British gentlemen claim that a much greater quantity of American products would be sold in England were it not for the extravagance of middlemen, and that the same is true of manufacturing articles sent to America from England. They propose to operate on direct trade lines, sending their own ships, freighted with their own goods, to exchange for American products, such as wheat and cotton, on fair, equitable, and economical terms. The co-operative societies of Great Britain number about 500,000 members, while the number of Grangers is estimated at about 2,000,000. As the latter already have State agencies established for the purchase, at wholesale rates and on cash, of all the articles they desire, the plan of exchange proposed, is believed to be possible.

It was a great many years ago that the story was told of Miss Hannah Ann Sterry, a commonly mature virgin who had never been persecuted with masculine attentions because of the vigorous manner in which she shunned the face of man. It was believed that Mr. Theophilus Wimblebee, a department, occupying single quarters in the neighborhood of Hannah Ann's apartments, called on the spinster one afternoon to borrow a match. Hannah was not easily fooled. Folding her arms on her level breast, she backed Theophilus Wimblebee into a corner and thus addressed the intruder: "Match! Oh, yes; give me a match, you want! You don't want no match, and you know you don't. You've come over here 'cause I'm alone—to hug and kiss me—that's what you've come for—but you never shall do it in the world unless you are stronger than I am; and then she added, in a softened tone, "and the lord knows you are." A friend of Hannah Ann's, reading a letter from a public man the other day in which the writer said: "To reciprocate, I am not nor never have been a candidate for reelection; I would not accept of it if it were tendered, unless it should be under such circumstances as to make an imperative duty, circumstances unlikely to arise," laid down the paper with a sigh, and remarked, "Ah, how much that reminds me of poor dear Hannah Ann."

The widow laid down its arms and acknowledged the defeat of the opinions for which it was contending, but it has never abandoned its hero-worship or ceased to venerate the men who led its armies and its councils.—Tribune.

The above remark is elicited by the fact that the ladies of Texas are endeavoring to raise a fund for the purchase of a heritage for Hon. Jefferson Davis, and in such "hero-worship" we hope the South will never be wanting. Mr. Davis, with other Confederate leaders, fought and was impoverished for a cause which he believed to be just, and his people sustained him. They have accepted honestly the results of failure, but it would be eternal degradation if they now repudiated the chief with whom they acted, and that they do not conceal their regard is the strongest proof of the sincerity of their professions. It was a mistake in the United States Government to single out Mr. Davis for special indignity, and the noble address he recently delivered in Texas, show how little he deserved it. Making this slight provision for her comfort, the ladies will do a praiseworthy act, and to all cavaliers there is but the one answer, that the Southern people will no more consent to stultify their past history than to disregard their existing obligations. "If this be treason, make the most of it."—Ball. Gazette.

CONSOLING WORDS.—"E. it were not so I would have told you." Precious words! How much we may infer from what the Saviour has not told us. Not only is no statement to be made from the words of Jesus, but those of his disciples.

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