

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

in darkness and in unwholesome places. Break up the nests of weeds, briars and thorns in your fence corners, remove your old rotten, worm-eaten rails from the bottom of your fence and put a sound one in its place. Let in the bright sunlight and the pure air of Heaven, summon fire and water if need be, to make things clean and sweet about your home, and thus clear out and destroy the breeders of vermin and the growers of all manner of noxious weeds.

But the work of the farmer is never done. When he has done all and done his best he will have but to open his eyes to see that more is needed to be done.

But, fellow citizens, I may have wearied you already by these somewhat homespun ideas, and I will dwell upon them no longer. There is not one of them that is not familiar to you and yet some good may be done in restoring what you yourselves have thought and known, and in letting you know that I have thought and known the same things. You would perhaps, never have thought of putting a well and a wood pile into a speech, and you will wonder why I have not talked to you of something a little more out of the common way, something above the range of your every day thought and experience, and yet, I do not know what better I could have done than to talk to you as I have done. Life is made up of little things. A drop of rain, a blade of grass, a withered leaf or a blooming flower, may contain a world of thought, and may bring us much wisdom.

It would be easy to tell you of the wise things said and done by the ancients, in respect to agriculture. These are in the books and are within easy reach of any man who can read. I do not despise such learning. Neither you nor I can afford to be ignorant of the facts contained in the books. There is no danger that we shall ever know too much about farming or any other useful employment.

Colored men, the people of African descent will find no cause in the history of agriculture, to be ashamed of their color, or of the continent from which they have come. If we have any rights to glory we may well glory in our relationship to agriculture and to Africa.

I follow only the father of history—and many other authorities, when I assert that the Egyptians were black and their hair woolly. The denial of this statement is due to prejudice rather than to ascertained facts. But however this may be disputed, there is no denying that the Egyptians, Ethiopians and the other great peoples of the North of Africa, resemble more the negro, than the Caucasian race. In color, form and features we stand akin to the greatest peoples of antiquity. Greece and Rome were indebted to Africa for their civilization.

Ship building, farming and mathematics all come from North Africa and from colored races of men. Egypt taught the world to till the soil, and Carthage taught Rome naval architecture and both represent Africa.

I take it that one part of the mission of your agricultural association is the speedy and radical extinction of some of the errors inherited from slavery. It may therefore be appropriate on this occasion to point out some of the more palpable and hurtful of these, and to inculcate wiser and better ideas, suggested by the new order of things upon which we have entered. I want to say a word of the

TREATMENT OF DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

There is no denying that slavery had a direct tendency to produce cruelty and brutality in the treatment and management of animals, and especially those animals employed in the cultivation of the soil. Not only the slave, but the good natured ox and the sagacious horse came in for a share of this treatment. Like the negro, the mule had no rights which anybody was bound to respect. The master blamed and abused the overseers, and the overseers blamed and abused the slave and the slave blamed and abused the mule. Slavery was therefore a school of bad temper and cruelty for man and beast.

Now there is no successful farming without well trained and well treated domestic animals. One of the greatest sources of pleasure in tilling the soil, is contact with faithful and affectionate domestic animals. A horse ever partakes of the disposition of his master. He will be gentle or turbulent, proud or mean, steady or unsteady like his master.

A horse can be made glad at the approach of his driver, or he may be made angry at his approach. I have seen men spend valuable hours in vain endeavors to catch a horse, which but for the abuses heaped upon him i

harness and in the stable, would have come at his call. The loss of time from this source is two fold—if not more. Both the man and the beast, have been wearied by the chase, and both have lost their temper. Neither is in a condition to do his best at the work before him.

It ought to be the study of the farmers to make his horse his companion and friend. To do this there is but one certain rule, and that is the rule of kindness and sympathy. All brutal flogging and loud and boisterous driving, should be put away, and acts of sympathy and words of cheer, should be practiced instead. There is not much difference between horse nature and human nature, both need control, and both need kindness.

The best can be got out of neither except by these means. When young, untamed and untrained horse has marvelous notions of his strength and his fleetness. He runs, he jumps and stands with nostrils dilating in the pride of his perfections. He has memory, reason and affection, and is subject to law imposed by a power superior to his own. In his wild state of nature, he does not recognize authority. Like a man, he must be converted from his natural ways. In no other way can he be made useful to himself or to others. He must be made to feel that there is a power over him higher than his own, that he is a creature of law as well as a creature of freedom.

It would be easy to dwell here on the progress man has made in the matter of tilling the soil, and how the causes which have aided in this progress of late, show how much we are indebted to that Legislature which encourages diversified industry and creates a home market for the farmers produce; how improvements of rivers, harbors and canals, have helped it forward; how Railroads and steam navigation have extended the bounds of cultivation; how science, experience and observation have assisted in its enlargement while they have decreased its toils and hardships, and how human life has been elevated and made happier by this progress and improvement, but all this can be safely left to your own thought and observation.

The value and dignity of Agriculture are most manifest when we venture to reflect upon what would come upon the world if men should all at once cease to till the soil even for a single season. Nearly all other forms of industry might cease and human life go on for a time, if not happily, yet tolerably. Our coats and hats, and our household furniture would endure for a time and we could make out pretty well; but stop the farmer and you break the staff of life, and strike down the whole fabric of human society. No tongue could tell, no pen could describe, no pencil could paint the picture of the midnight gloom, the appalling hush and horror, that would come upon the world in such an event. In the presence of famine, manners, morals, religion, and all elevating tendencies disappear, and we hear amid the common anguish, only one self-cried cry for bread, bread! Stop the plow and you stop all other valuable things that live and move, and have their being on the earth. Commerce would leave the sea. Ships rot in the harbor, the locomotive would stand motionless on the track—men cease to go too and fro in the world; home would cease to be home, the fire would die out on the hearth, all light vanish from the eyes of loved ones, and mankind would be wrapt in a night of dissolution and despair.

The tillers of the soil are sometimes sneered at, by the vulgar, and the sneer is worthy of its Parentage. It would be pleasant if there were time to give you, hard handed tillers of the soil, the real wealth producers of this and all other states, the high testimony of poets, scholars, and philosophers of all ages and countries in praise of your vocation, to exalt country life, to follow especially the retiring statesman worn out and broken down by the storms and burdens of State, covered with honors as well as with care, to the old farm house of his birth and paint the scene of peace and sweet content in which he may spend the declining years.

One might dwell long upon the moral aspects of the country. I believe it was Cowper, who said God made the country. Man made the town and certainly when the morals of city and country are compared, the idea is sustained.

We might too, dwell at large upon the soothing charms of nature as presented in the country, the many colors that please the eye the many sounds that please ear, and that freedom from the hum and din of city life, which leaves a man free to commune with his own soul, and to examine himself, and study the accult springs of his

actions.

I might dwell too upon the happiness derivable from the honest affection and truth of well-trained and treated domestic animals, to prove that among the truly beautiful and healthful scenes of this world, there is none more beautiful and healthful in every way than a well managed farm. But gentlemen, this is an opportunity too unusual, an occasion too peculiar, and my relation to you is too singular to make such a disposition of your time justifiable.

THE WANTS OF OUR RACE, ARE

herequite in place. If we look abroad over our common country North and South, East and West, and observe the condition of the colored people, we shall find their greatest want to be that of regular and lucrative employments. We want the means of making money and the ability to keep it when we have made it.

Poverty is the colored mans greatest social enemy. Freedom is a great blessing and we have at last got that; but what is freedom without the respect and friendship of the people among whom we live? This cannot be obtained by poverty and destitution by black or white.

As a people we are poor, very poor—especially the newly emancipated class. The sentiment that greeted the colored people nearly all over the South, when they were liberated from slavery, was naturally enough an unfriendly sentiment.

Perhaps, there never was a people emancipated under circumstances less favorable than the colored people of this country. When the Hebrews were emancipated they were told to spoil the Egyptians. When the Russian Serfs were emancipated the heads of families, were given three acres of land; But in the case of the colored people no provision was made for their protection and preservation. They were emancipated in an hour of angry passion. Their freedom was born not so much of moral conviction as of military necessity, not from love for the slave as from love of the Union. Smiling under a sense of defeats, and in some sense, charging that defeat to emancipation, the old master class naturally enough, felt unfriendly towards the emancipated, and showed their little sympathy in the new relation which had come to them. The Southern people always did love the negro as a slave, but hated him as a free negro.

I have sometimes wondered in view of the manner in which freedom came, that so many colored people are found in the census. Though turned loose, to the open sky, old and young, sick and well, with neither money nor friends, with neither houses to live in, nor land to live upon. We seem to have held our own pretty well. I doubt if any other emancipated people would have done as well.

Our old masters at the first, in many cases drove us away from the old quarters. They said, the Yankees have freed you, now let them feed and shelter you. They sent us out to live under the open sky, without a shelter. But this was temporary it was passion not reason. The sober second thought came. They found that they had driven away the hands and had left the mouths—and some of them allowed reason to control, so far as to call back their slaves and set them to work, and hence we live and move and multiply and replenish this Southern earth to day.

The sentiment of hostility, I am sorry to say, has not disappeared even from this most liberal of the Southern States. There are still men in this State, who will refuse to rent or sell land to a colored man—men who ask God every morning to give themselves and their families their daily bread—who still would deny to their colored brother the means of obtaining his daily bread. I am not dealing in denunciation, but in sober facts. If they are not creditable to the civilization and christianity of the South, let every good North Carolinian assert whatever moral power he has to reform his State, and bring her into a right line with the humanity of the age. I am not exalting the North above the South in this respect. The spirit of illiberality and proscription is there as well as here. It is the same in quality, though not equal in quantity and vehemence. There are various mechanical and other associations at the North, which exclude colored men from trades which they have mastered, and will not if they can help it—allow them to enter a work shop or a printing office. It is easier to day to get a colored lad, into a lawyers office to study law, than into a blacksmith shop to hammer iron.

In this respect, the South is more liberal than the North. A colored man can learn and work at a respectable trade in North Carolina. I met a col-

ored man lately in the State of Indiana, who told me he learned his trade on the same bench with the late Andrew Johnson.

The effects of being ruled out of all respectable trades at the North, has compelled the colored people there, to crowd the cities, the lanes and allies—and live by work which no other class of people will do. This work being occasional, coming at intervals, and never long continued, exposes them to the ten thousand evils of enforced idleness, and poverty.

The urgent need of the hour is regular and better remunerative employment—something more than white-washing, in spring and wood-sawing in the fall—something more constant than waiting on the table at a Hotel during court week and watering places during the summer, where is learned only the follies and vices of the rich without the ability of the rich to support them.

But it is said, what shall we do—where shall we go? All other avenues of industry are closed against us. I know that our case is a hard one, and it is easier to say what ought to be done, than to do what should be done. The case is hard, but not entirely desperate. We have one friend left that will stick closer than a brother. The land, the land, is the colored mans best friend. Our ground and old earth is too grandly large to be meanly small. In its dealings with men, it shows no prejudice against any on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude, she welcomes to her ample breast, men of all races and colors, and offers to all the needy, succor and relief. But she imposes condition. She demands work, hard work, wise work and timely work.

Agriculture, which we are here to honor to day, means compliance with the earths demands and conditions. It means simply the acts of cultivating the soil, so as to secure its largest and best productive results.

There are special and pressing reasons why we, of all the people of this country should thoroughly master this great orb. It is our last resort and if we fail here, I do not see how we can succeed elsewhere.

Much that is possible to others in other directions is impossible to us. We are not like the Irish banded together by a common church and bound to a single political organization, following the lead of an ancient Priesthood. We are not like the Israelites who can make fortunes out of old clothes. We are not like the Germans, who can spend half their time and half their money, in a Lager Beer Saloon, and yet be so economical in other directions as to get rich. But we are just what we are, a laborious, thoughtless, joyous, improvident and self-indulgent people, just released from slavery and still subject to many of its vices and hindrances, and if we are ever to improve, we must begin at the foundation and learn to make the willing earth not only a support, but educate and elevate us to the highest point of manhood of which we are capable.

I have already referred generally to the favorable conditions afforded to successful agriculture on our part. Besides land, labor, skill, and fertilizers there must be heat and moisture, and these must be supplied by nature. Man is required to get his bread by the sweat of his brow, but nature helps those, who help themselves, and supplies this help in some sections more than in others.

In the far North where ice and snow are almost perpetual, and in the far South where a vertical sun drinks all the moisture and leaves the earth a sandy and barren desert, agriculture is impossible. Happily, you are subject to no such extremes here. No State in this vast union, is more highly favored than North Carolina. She has mountains, valleys, rivers and plains, a temperate climate, well diversified seasons and is blest with needed warmth and moisture, and is thus capable of the highest agricultural results.

Some old citizens, especially of the old master class, regret the changes which has taken place in your condition, and think of it and speak of it as the ruin of the State. They think in the loss of slavery they lost everything.

There are many errors in the world, and some more hurtful than others, but there are few greater and more hurtful than this. Emancipation was not the destruction, but the salvation of North Carolina. It was not only a blessing to the slave, but a blessing to the master.

It has not paralyzed the arm of industry, but has supplied it a new and stronger motive and quickened its energies.

I put it to the common sense of the old master class, some of whom may hear me to day. What earthly motive

could any slave have for a careful and successful cultivation of your fields? What concern could he have for increasing your wealth or for improving and beautifying your houses? He had no share in your wealth, and no complacency in your superior condition. With his limited ideas of political economy he saw that every crumb of bread that passed to you, was so much bread taken from him, and the greater your wealth, the deeper was the chasm between him and you—and the less sympathy there was between him and you.

The small slave owners, who could not own a large number of hands, went to the field with their men, and worked side by side with them from morning till night. Common toil, fatigue and privation made master and slave in some sense friends. But the reverse of all this was true of the large slave-holder. He could afford to live in affluence and ease. His hands were not subject to toil. They had no adequate knowledge of the hardships under which their slaves staggered.

[CONTINUED ON SUPPLEMENT.]

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