

THE DESTINY OF THE NEGRO.

Rev. J. C. Price, the colored Orator, on the Race Question.

CHESTER, January 1.—The twenty-seventh anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation was duly observed on Wednesday by the negroes of Chester. An extensive programme had been prepared and several speakers took a hand, but all the remaining features of the celebration were complete. The address of Rev. J. C. Price, D. D., of Salisbury, N. C. Dr. Price is already well known both in Europe and America. Indeed competent critics have pronounced him the foremost colored orator of the South to-day. His effort at the Court House on Wednesday was a strong proof of the wisdom of that criticism. The subject was "The negro's part in the solution of the negro problem."

Dr. Price is as black as the blackest. Only a few whites were present, though many others would have been, had it been generally known who the orator of the day was. The speaker divided his remarks into three groups, arranging them under the religious, the intellectual and the industrial phases of the subject. In the opening he made a powerful plea for trust in God, instead of a reliance upon men or parties. What was the secret of Samson's power? Was it in his sinewy arm, muscular frame, or flowing locks? His strength lay in his alliance with God, and when that was broken the giant was helpless in the hands of Delilah. If strength lie in long hair, we are indeed a race of bald heads. Samson's source of strength is yours too. All history attests this truth, that departure from God brings ruin to a race. The Babylonians gave themselves up to indulgence in sin; they just eat them up and they went down to death. Egypt's pyramids, towering toward the sky, tell of her former might; she, too, forgot God, and now a requiem of death sweeps over all the land. Many have spoken lightly of our religious natures. Taking tea as a maximum, they say the negro's religion is not worth more than 40 or 50. It is, nevertheless, true that the negro is peculiarly a religious race. Dr. Haygood, one of the foremost thinkers of the South, says he will lose confidence in the religion of the negro only when he loses confidence in religion itself. The noise the negro makes in his worship is not a peculiarity of his race, but is common with all in his condition.

While in England sometime ago, I was invited by a minister to occupy his pulpit. I went, and was the only colored man in the house. After getting started awhile and becoming warmed up a little, I was startled to hear a man near the door cry out: "Amen! Bless the Lord!" It scared me. It was so unexpected it almost took me off my feet. I soon found it was common, and even more so down in Cornwall. As men become more educated, the tendency is to repress those emotions that are allowed to run free with the ignorant. Many colored preachers take advantage of this and play upon the feelings when they ought to be informing their hearers.

And here comes in the question of education as another factor in the solution of the problem. Amid the dark days of our enslavement a little piece of chalk, a hidden page read by a pine torch, showed that there was a mind and a heart struggling for intellectual advancement, even though it was a crime to place a spelling book in the hands of a black, and the strong arm of the nation's Constitution backed that law. A white man was even present at our religious meetings to hear what we said and for what we prayed, and if you prayed for emancipation—ah, but the negro was sly. He did not pray for freedom then, but he did pray for it off by himself, and his prayers rose from the fields of the cotton and the corn, up, up, above the clouds, up, up, to the gate of heaven, and on up to the great white throne itself, until there those prayers took hold on the mighty arm of God and brought it down to earth, where it broke every letter, and God said to the nation: "Let my people go."

When we look at the progress made since then we flatter ourselves too much, and this is a hindrance. Don't look at what has been done; look at what must be done. See to it, above all things, that your children are educated. Never mind their clothes. Make that boy wear his old hat another year; let him go with a great long patch down his coat, but keep him at school; sharpen his wits, and he will pay you back and support you in your age. Don't wait on the State. Two or three months in school and the rest of the year out won't educate. Do the work yourself. Claim what the State has for you, but do not stop with that. Some have said that the negro would not take an education. Look, they said at that head; that flat nose; those thick lips; those jay-bird feet; look at that ankle joint in the bottom of his foot; why, when he makes a track, you can hardly tell from it which way he is going. A man out in Tennessee tried to show that the negro has no soul, and as the greater includes the less, if the soul is wanting there cannot be much intellect left. You can't judge a man by his physical features. These are not the measurements of manhood. Judge by what has been done, and to that record I appeal. As to losing faith in the intellectual development of my race, I'd as soon doubt the attributes of my God, who said, through Paul, that he would make one nation of all kinds and tongues.

In regard to the industrial phase of the question, it was once thought that the sting of the bull whip must be felt before the black man could be spurred to action. Up in Massachusetts recently a man said to me: "What are the negroes doing now, anyway? When I was down South they seemed a miserably lazy set, spending their time holding prayer-meetings and sunning themselves along the fence rows. 'When were you South?' I asked. 'Along in the sixties.'" "Well, sir," said I, you misunderstood the situation. That was not laziness you saw.

It was rest. For 250 years the negro had been working for his food and clothes, while his master rested in the shade, living in luxury and ease. From this the negro took it for granted that freedom meant rest, and he prayed to the Almighty for freedom, promising Heaven's star when he got it he would take a long rest. He was true to his promise. The negro is learning now that freedom means work; he feels it, the South feels it. Slavery robbed labor of its dignity; freedom restored it. The negro now realizes that his tutelage was wrong; and he is at work. There are lazy negroes and lazy whites, I despise them both. Many have erred in judging the race by a few unworthy specimens. A negro misappropriates a chicken, and they say the race is one of thieves. A white man steals a bank and runs to Canada, and they call him a boodler, without once reflecting on his race. Because there are black loafers, that does not prove that we are a lazy race. You would not say that there is no work going on Philadelphia and New York because you see hundreds of loafers around the saloons. There were many significant facts in the Boston speech of the lamented Grady along this line. The cotton yield has been doubled since the transition from slave to free labor, and the negro makes nearly all of it. The negro lazy! Look in the fields, on the rail roads, in the kitchen, wherever the muscular arm is needed or the hand of business applied, there you will find the negro; and the whitening cotton, the yellowing grain, the tall, tasseling corn, all proclaim to the world the negro's faithfulness to labor.

Some are worrying themselves to know what is to become of the negro. Where will he be fifty years from now? Men said to Lincoln, "If you free the negro his race will die out. He knows nothing of the laws of health, of physiology, of hygiene, and if left to himself he can't exist. An eminent statistician says that the negro race doubles every twenty years. Consult the census and see if that looks like dying out. Do you feel lonesome? I don't. Why some of our kind white friends want to send us home to heaven too soon. The negro wants to go there, but not in a hurry. He's sympathetic, and he wants to stay here awhile and help others on the way, and then he'll come on in due time. Others say we'll disappear into the white race by assimilation and amalgamation and absorption. I have read Prof. Scoville's article in the December Forum, but I have no faith in the doctrine of assimilation. The ancestral pride of the white man, the growing pride of the negro, forbids that this amalgamation take place save on the high ground of matrimony, and there is only one intermarriage out of every 200,000. Some blacks want this. They say that their color is against them; if that could only be changed all would be well. I believe that color has nothing to do with the question. Black is a favorite color; a black horse we all admire; a black silk dress is a gem; a black broadcloth suit—its a daisy. Black only loses its prestige, its dignity, when applied to a human. It is not because of his color, but because of his condition, that the black man is in disfavor. Whenever a black face appears it suggests a poverty-stricken, ignorant race. Change your condition; exchange immorality for morality, ignorance for intelligence, poverty for prosperity, and the prejudice against our race will disappear like the morning dewdrop before the rising sun.

Others would have us disappear by emigration. Your distinguished Senator has just introduced into Congress a measure intended to help us away. As for me, I don't want to go. (No! No! from the audience) This sunny Southland, where lie the bleaching bones of my fathers, is dear to me, and I, too, feel to the manner born. This soil is consecrated by the labor, the tears and the prayers of my ancestors. Talk about Ethiopia, talk of Africa, but I believe that God intends the negro race to work out here in the South the highest statue he has ever attained. If anybody wants to go to Mexico, or Kansas, or anywhere else, let him pack his trunk and go of his own free will. Let Congress appropriate if it wants; I will respectfully ask them to take back my part. It may be that God means us to go some day, but that is not the way and this is not the time. When we have gathered up the prosperity, the intelligence, the Christianity of this great, grand nation, then will we heard the mutterings in the mulberry trees, and God will give his marching orders, and we shall go forth to lighten the dark places of Africa, and to tear down every blood-stained heathen altar, and to overthrow the strongholds of satan's dominions and to build up the indestructible Kingdom of Christ, the Lord.

Remember, friends, that long ago two little barks came to America. One landed at Plymouth her load of freemen; the other came to Jamestown with a freight of bondmen. Two separate civilizations sprang into being from those two ships; but we are all away from home. The red man alone is at home here and he won't be much longer, if they keep on pushing him westward into the Pacific. When Congress legislates the black man back to Africa it would be just as wise to legislate the white man back to Europe. When one goes the other ought to go too. I am here to stay. I have an unbounded confidence in the future of the Southland; her broad rivers, her rich fields and well-stored mines, will one day produce the richest harvest of prosperity the world ever saw, and I want to help reap and enjoy it.

The negro is an imitative creature, and this is a sign of much hope. The Indian always does the opposite from what he sees the white man do, hence he has gone down. It is just the reverse with the negro. A white man gets a house painted white with green blinds, the negro does the same; the white man rides in a buggy, the negro gets him one too; the white man drives a horse, the negro buys him a horse, maybe built in the Gothic order with rafters in view, but it's a horse. This promises well. Rome imitated Greece; England imitated Rome; America imitates En-

gland, it's a help every time, and the negro is following right on in the white man's steps.

Their Business Booming.
Probably no one thing has caused such a general revival of trade at Robert R. Bellamy's wholesale and retail drug store as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size \$1. Every bottle warranted.

One reason why a man can't wade through a creek in his back is because he can't get his boots off, on account of his lame back.

Poor Humanity!
The common lot is one of sorrow, say—at least—the pessimists, they who look at the worst side. Certainly that would otherwise be a bright existence, is often shadowed by some ailment that overhangs it like a pall, obscuring perpetually the radiance that else would light the path. Such an ailment, and a very common one, is nervousness, or in other words, weakness of the nervous system, a condition only irremediable where inefficient or improper means are taken to relieve it. The concurrent experience of nervous people who have persistently used Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is, that it conquers entirely supersensitiveness of the nerves, as well as diseases—so called—which are invited and sustained by their chronic weakness. As the nervous grain stammas from the great tonic the trouble disappears. Use the Bitters for malaria, rheumatism, biliousness and kidney troubles.

The average countryman is in a jugular vein about this season of the year.

Temperance Wine for Invalids.
It is well known that there are cases when the most strict advocates of temperance are obliged to use some sort of wine, especially those who are old and infirm. Many weakly females as well as invalids and debilitated persons in warm weather need a little strengthening wine. The great difficulty has been in procuring a rich wine that is reliable. There are many cases where wine would be used to great advantage in place of alcoholic drinks, if only a genuine article could be had, and upon which physicians could rely as being strictly pure. The Wine of Alfred Speer, of Passaic, New Jersey, and his Analyzed Grape Juice have been analyzed by chemists in nearly every State, and have always been proved strictly pure and beneficial. These wines are now being used in hospitals and by families for medicinal purposes, also by Churches for Communion service. It is principally sold by druggists. Mr. Speer's mode of preserving is such as to retain the rich flavor and sweetness of the fruit.—*Transcript.*

What is the greatest athletic feat ever performed? Why, the holding up of a train by masked men.

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W. P. McDaniel, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "I was much emaciated and had rheumatism so bad I could not get along without crutches. I also had neuralgia in the head. First class physicians did me no good. Then I tried B. B. B., and its effects were magical. I cheerfully recommend it as a good tonic and quick cure."

Mrs. Matilda Nichols, Knoxville, Tenn., writes: "I had catarrh six years and a most distressing cough, and my eyes were much swollen. Five bottles of B. B. B., thank God! cured me."

John M. Davis, Tyler, Texas, writes: "I was subject a number of years to spells of inflammatory rheumatism, which six bottles of B. B. B., thank heaven, has entirely cured. I have not felt the slightest pain since."

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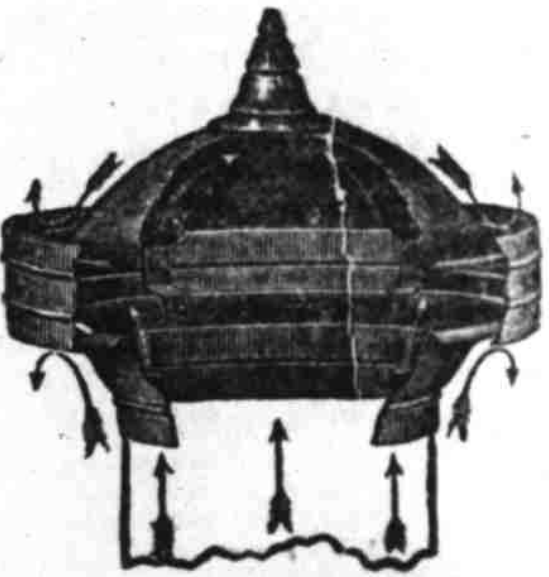

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