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RECRUITS FOR THE COUNTRY.

If the proposition be sound, that the strength of the soil is the main source of the national life, then it follows that the chief faculties, opportunities and intellectual gifts of the people should be bestowed upon the culture of the soil.

They seem to imagine that there is degradation in agriculture, and honor in almost any employment in the crowned city. This delusion is not confined to any particular class, and its mischievous effects are not limited to any particular department.

Why should not young men without fortune or family influence, even though they have never handled a plow, leave the herded populace and adopt farming as an avocation. It is not the worst course they could adopt by any means.

The country furnishes advantages for a sound, moral education, which can be obtained nowhere else. The inducements to dissipation, which are so many gilded snares in the path of unwary feet; the unhealthy friction of appetite and desire; the

weary waiting upon the favors of fickle fortune, which is as the mirage that deludes the gaze of the mariner at sea; the wasting idleness, which is to the intellect and character what a fatal lung disease is to the beauty and vitality of the body; and the effeminate views, feelings and habits, which grow like destroying parasites upon the soul;—all these things are absent from the purifying, energizing atmosphere of a country life.

No inconsiderable item in this important inventory of results is the physical development which the free air and unrestrained liberty of the hills and plains will impart. The most powerful constitution will wither in the pent up city if it never has rest among the trees and flowers. Hence the open and beautiful parks, which are called the lungs of great capitals. The people flow into them for refreshment and recreation, and are never so happy as when listening to the rustling leaves of the elms and oaks. We sincerely believe that if the citizens of our towns and villages, like the scholars and orators of the old Roman days, would take a greater interest in agriculture; that if our professional men, merchants and mechanics could arrange to diversify their labors by participating in the employments of the farm, we should not only have fewer men of contracted and illiberal minds and principles, but our average population would enjoy sounder health, and the duration of human life would be very greatly increased.

But the strongest argument, after all, for demanding recruits for agriculture is, that the highest interests of the whole nation require it. The young man who can find nothing to do in the city, at least, nothing suited to his talents or inclinations, will, nine times out of ten, improve his circumstances by going into the country. It matters not how tenderly he has been reared, he will lose nothing if, like the pure-minded Joseph or the valiant son of Jesse, he follows the sheep, or, like Cincinnatus, has to be summoned from the plow to minister to the wants of his countrymen. He may blister his hands, lose the brightness of his complexion and the softness of his skin, but he will get backbone to his young manhood, learn the uses of economy and patience, stiffen up and widen out in his views of human character and motive, and put dollars in his pocket which will stay there for the rainy days of the future.

And then, consider the immense saving which these recruits would make in the wasted substance of the country. The robust colored laborers who hang about the corners and the market places, refusing to work upon the farms; who seem, in their poverty and rags, to eat nothing but penny watermelons the whole summer round; who can notoriously live on less and eat more than any people in the world;—all these are consumers of our annual products, and never restore anything for what they consume. The same principle is true, however humiliating the fact, in the case of our respectable

young men who idle away their time in the villages and towns, loafing about restaurants, stores and hotels, either because they can find no occupation, or because they prefer idleness to work. They are consumers and non-producers to an alarming extent. They would themselves be startled if they could know how much they contribute to the bankruptcy and suffering of the times by their criminal neglect to add their portion of industry and enterprise to the common fund.

We say, by all means let us have recruits for the country. There is no dishonor in such a choice, but, on the contrary, honor, influence and profit. The time is coming when a dense population shall cover this continent, and each man's acres shall be comparatively few. There is nothing like getting the first blow at the soil. It is like lodging the first stroke in a personal battle. He who goes in as a landed proprietor at a late hour is likely to have to put up with the rich man's crumbs. Of course, if any of our youth are better adapted to a learned profession or a trade, or can make more money in mercantile pursuits, they should follow the bent of their genius. Otherwise they should help develop the agricultural resources of the nation.

L—G.

CULTIVATION OF THE GRASSES.

It is laid down as an axiom, by a practical Southern writer, quoted by Judge Fullerton in his admirable address before the Piedmont (Va.) Agricultural Society, that "without exception in Europe and America, where a large portion of land is in grass or in forage crops the price of land is high. On the other hand, without exception, wherever in either continent the grasses do not receive this attention, landed estate is of comparatively little value;" and to sustain his proposition, the writer quotes the prices of land in England and in Holland—the latter being a continuous meadow—where land for farming purposes is held after at one thousand dollars an acre, and contrasts these prices with that of the lands of Spain, where grass receives no attention. The points of comparison are not altogether just, since stability of government, and agricultural intelligence have their advantages over political chaos and apathetic ignorance.

Nevertheless, it is impossible to gainsay the abstract accuracy of the writer's assumption, since the fundamental basis of all permanent improvement rests upon the application of animal manures; and the abundance of these depends upon the cheap and ready raising of cattle, whose dependence is upon a full supply of nutritious grasses. If there is abundant grass, there are numerous cattle; and where there are numerous cattle, there the land improves to that condition which always ensures high prices. No one can deny the converse of the proposition. The first is the condition of the lands in the Northern States; the latter, that of those in the South.

In natural fertility, and especially for the cultivation of certain staple crops, the lands of the South in their virgin state surpassed those of the North. The alluvial soils of the river borders even now are apparently exhausted in their richness. The uplands, once almost as exuberant in productiveness, have withered under the blight of improvident cultivation and only repay the planters toil by the aid of imported foreign concentrated fertilizers. By these, and to happy influences of climate almost alone, is the South enabled to compete for the production of what were once her unrivalled monopolies. It is no longer to her natural fertility, but to climate and to artificial aids that she is able to continue the contest. Upon climate, she possibly can always rely. But can she always afford to pay out to foreign States half the grass proceeds of her production that she may wear the empty honor of providing a throne for King Cotton, or

of wreathing her brow with the golden diadem of "bright yellow tobacco?" Common sense answers "No." A self dependence must be attained, and without it, stable prosperity is impossible. What is the remedy? The answer seems to be in the recognition of the force of the axiom quoted at the beginning of this article.

But is the idea a practicable one for the South? That section has accepted with a trusting faith the inseparable concomitancy of a fervid sun and an herbless soil; and on the other hand, inferred that nature had made the cold skies of the North and its verdant pastures to go hand in hand, with a little contemptuous compassion, we fear, for that section which could hope to grow rich on grass alone while the South had the command of those semi-tropical productions whose possession was wealth, and whose control was a monopoly. But there are other conditions of prosperity than natural fertility; and Providence never intended the Anglo-Saxon to fall back indolently upon the spontaneous bounties of nature. Upon him, specially was laid the burden—not the curse—of our first parents: Wherever he relaxes, then Providence deserts him to that moment when he rouses to the responsibility of that gift of peculiar energy and intelligence.

This is the point to which the Southern farmer has come. He has wasted his heritage. He has squandered his patrimony. He has worn out his lands, yielding all too readily to his improvident demands; and now want stares him in the face, and his intelligence is called into play to meet his emergency.

He finds, that though the very articles that constitute his staple crops are natives of tropical climates, yet their flexibility of habit has made their cultivation profitable in a temperate clime, and he reasons justly when he infers, that if the natives of the tropics can be made to flourish by his care, the products of a more inhospitable region may not only survive—but prosper in his hands.

As we have indicated, Southern soil is naturally bare of the grasses that form the hay crops of cooler and moister regions. Only do they grow without care in wet meadows, and in these are found the only exception to a nakedness relieved only by the cultivation of the staple crops or by the after growth of luxuriant weeds. But experiment and the experience of the more enterprising or thoughtful farmer has demonstrated that the same flexibility through which the cotton of the tropics has adapted itself a climate as far North as that of Illinois, can attend the grasses of the North in their Southward progress. They are pioneers in this work of acclimation, if it may be necessary so to style it, who will live to see themselves successful revolutionists against old beliefs, old prejudices and old traditions; men who have not only realized the need of such revolution, but have put its theories into action.

We mean no invidious distinction when we name such a one. We name him, because it was our good fortune to see more of the fruits of his labors than of others. Mr. D. W. Kerr, of Alamance had on exhibition at the late State Fair samples of those grasses held by most of our farmers as peculiar to the North. There was Timothy five feet in height, Herds and Feather grass of fine growth, Orchard grass, twenty inches high, the third cutting of this season, Clover, eighteen inches high from last spring seeding, Blue grass, eighteen inches high from the third cutting of this year; besides the forage crops of German and Hungarian and other Millet.

These are no new crops to Mr. Kerr. He anticipates our views by several years, and has in full fruition what we suggest to the practice of others. He has fine cattle, and plenty of them. He makes butter equal to the best New York Orange County. He makes abundant barn yard manure, and

his lands improve in value every year.

What Mr. Kerr does, is what every farmer almost in North Carolina can do. His lands are similar to nine tenths of the land west of Wake county; land, that without the imitation of his practice, must ultimately go down to the fate of the desolate and mournful old fields that disgracefully re-approach the Southern farmer's thoughtlessness; with such imitation, must attain the value of his, and like his go on to increasing yearly valuation, to both private and public advancement.

J. D. C.

FORREST.

Lieut. General Napoleon Bedford Forrest, the Southern Murat, died at Memphis on Monday night last, of general debility, resulting from chronic dysentery. He was buried from the Cumberland Presbyterian Church of Memphis; Rev. Dr. Stainback, who had been a private soldier under him, officiating. Jefferson Davis, Jacob Thompson, Gov. Porter and others were the pallbearers. Business was suspended, and thousands joined in the funeral cortege. At Washington, Generals Chalmers, Dobbrell, Cook, and others, of Forrest's old followers, who are now in Congress, passed resolutions of unusually glowing eulogy.

Bedford Forrest was a waif of the war, and one of those men whom Shakespeare designates as "born great." He was so poorly educated as to be scarcely able to read, but he had what education does not give, the power to read men, and to almost read the future. He was six feet two inches in height, erect, well proportioned, and though very spare, very muscular and active. Dark skinned, dark haired, dark bearded, dark, heavy eyebrows, his face while not disagreeable was far from handsome. He was a native of Tennessee—born of Hollandese parentage; his father having emigrated to Kentucky with Daniel Boone. While yet a farm-boy, Bedford developed uncommon sharpness. Getting possession of a fast quarter-acre, he made a tow through the Southwest and cleared \$4,000, which he exchanged for an hotel at Hernando, Mississippi, where he married a worthy lady, who bore him one son. Foreseeing the future of Memphis, he removed there and amassed a fortune. Presently he bought a magnificent farm in Bolivar, Miss., and stocked it with an hundred negroes—fifty of each sex. He knew how to select "likely" negroes, for the bulk of his fortune was made in "negro-trading."

After Tennessee seceded he joined a military company as a private, but afterwards went in person to St. Louis and Cincinnati and bought horses, arms and equipments for a regiment of cavalry, and brought them safely through the lines.

Then began his wonderful cavalry career which made him, as the Washington resolutions say, "the terror of one army and the admiration of the other." At Fort Donelson he refused to surrender and cut his way out. At Shiloh he was wounded in the thickest of the fray. At Murfreesboro he dashed into the rear of Rosecrans' army and burnt his trains. At Lebanon he captured an whole brigade.

His career was one continued success, raising him from a private to a lieutenant general.

After the war he devoted himself to railroad building and other peaceful enterprises, until his health was broken down. He then retired measurably from public life, and became deeply interested in religious matters. "Such was his strange, eventful history!"—stranger and more eventful than one often hears of outside of fiction.

THE STORY OF THE LEAVES.

The fierce winds and bleak airs are beginning to touch the woods with yellow and crimson, and soon the leaves will be falling in the sad autumnal weather. It is the sad story of human life, the poetry of sorrow, repeated in the beautiful things of the natural world. The spring time of the trees, of the fields and of the gardens, is the spring

time of the human body, with its dewy freshness, its innocence and its budding joy. Then comes the summer with its heavy crowns of glorious flowers, its treasures of golden fruitage, and its fragrance that burdens every breeze, which, after all, is only youth fetching the golden galleys to the land of promise, to the Hesperides of the ancients, where young romance builds its air castles, and life is filled with the sweet dreams of the troubadours. But summer fades, and autumn comes at last, when the stern realities of life have put out the lights, hushed the music, and arrested the feet of the dancers. What, then, are the tender blossoms, the brilliant fruitage and the delicate odors? Gone, all gone, like the earliest love of our childhood, with its purity, its gentleness, its wealth of fair tresses, and its soft, dreamy eyes.

But as the leaves fade upon the trees, and soon begin to rustle up the blast, do they not remind us that, though physical beauty may decay, and airy castles may vanish, there is a higher manhood refined by suffering, a grander womanhood carved and sculptured by sacrifice. Yea, verily; and it is in the bowers of the cemeteries of the world, broken columns and its withered flowers, that such characters feel the triumph of that peace which casteth out fear. Who, then, is so weak as to think only of sorrow and corruption in the midst of the mournful drapery of nature? Who is so completely of the earth as to look no further than the dark portals where the leaves and the body together turn into dust? There is another spring time coming, more radiant than any which have gone before, when the air shall beeping, the fruits more golden, the flowers more fragrant, and the leaves shall never fall again forever.

L—G.

CONCERNING DOGS.

A statement is going the rounds, showing the number of dogs in certain States, and the loss entailed by keeping them. In Missouri, for instance the number is stated at 400,000, and the calculation is that each dog eats enough to fatten a hog to the weight of 200 pounds—equal to a dead loss of provision for human food to the extent of eight million pounds, not to speak of the destruction of sheep from the same cause. At four cents a pound, a low estimate the money loss is over three million dollars. The Richmond Whig makes merry at such calculations, and remarks, if by the presentation of such estimate, the value of wasted things is to be sought, and money is to be made by economy directed to out of the way sources, then the human family can reach that point by confining their diet to the commonest articles and converting all other results of their labor into money. It is the greatest amount of human comfort that we aim to attain, and the foundation of this is an abundant supply of cheap wholesome food, the surplus of which to be converted into money or exchanged for other articles of comfort, or made the basis of growing capital. The South more than any other section needs have it attention called to these economical sources, and hence we think frequent reference to the dog question an act of duty.

J. D. C.

AN AGRICULTURAL PHILANTHROPIST.

Such a title surely is deserved by Mr. Lawes, of Rothamsted, England, who for nearly forty years has been conducting experiments in agricultural science; devoting a large fortune thereto. Mr. Lawes inherited the Rothamsted estate in 1834, but his investigations did not begin on a systematic scale until 1843, when a full chemist's laboratory was established in one of his barns, and Dr. Gilbert was given charge of it. In 1855 a new laboratory was built by subscription of land-owners, who had benefited by Mr. Lawes' publications, and was presented to him. And Mr. Lawes, not to be outdone, has set apart half a million of dollars to be expended in continuing the scientific experiments after his death. In these investigations three chemists, two or three assistants, three or four record keepers, and large numbers of laborers are employed; while the range of experiment has covered every variety of soil, plant and mode of cultivation. Much of the high order of husbandry in Great Britain is due to these investigations.