

State Agricultural Journal.

"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

North Carolina Forever!

RICHARD T. FULGHUM,
CONDUCTING EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.EDWARD W. POU, CLAUDE B. DENSON,
ASSOCIATE EDITORS.JAMES H. THOMPSON, TARBORO, N. C.,
Editor Department of Agriculture.

REGULAR CONTRIBUTORS in EVERY SECTION of the SOUTH.

Official Organ of the State Grange.

Secretaries of Subordinate Granges are fully authorized to solicit, receive and receipt for subscriptions to the STATE AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL.

H. J. CORRELL, ESQ., of Raleigh, is our only regularly authorized Travelling Agent.

W. J. WOODWARD, ESQ., of the New York South is fully authorized to make contracts for the STATE AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL.

Receipts by others than those named above, except the Editorial Corps and persons showing their commissions, will not be considered valid.

RALEIGH, THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 1874.

NORTH CAROLINA AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

14TH ANNUAL FAIR.

RALEIGH, OCT. 10TH TO OCT. 17TH, 1874.

Officers and Executive Committee:

PRESIDENT:

T. M. HOLT, Haw River, North Carolina.

VICE-PRESIDENTS (STATE AT LARGE):

Col. J. M. Heck, Raleigh, Hon. J. W. Norwood, Hillsboro.
Gov. T. B. Caldwell, Burke, Do.
Maj. J. A. Engelhard, New Hope, W. S. Battle, Tarboro, Dr. C. Mills, Cabarrus.

PERMANENT VICE-PRESIDENTS:

Hon. K. P. Battle, Wake, Hon. R. H. Smith, Halifax,
Capt. Jas. S. Dancy, Edgecombe.

VICE-PRESIDENTS (CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICTS):

1st District.		5th District.	
Falston, John, Person, Do.	W. W. Norwood, Hillsboro, Do.	W. W. Norwood, Hillsboro, Do.	W. W. Norwood, Hillsboro, Do.
W. W. Norwood, Hillsboro, Do.	W. W. Norwood, Hillsboro, Do.	W. W. Norwood, Hillsboro, Do.	W. W. Norwood, Hillsboro, Do.
W. W. Norwood, Hillsboro, Do.	W. W. Norwood, Hillsboro, Do.	W. W. Norwood, Hillsboro, Do.	W. W. Norwood, Hillsboro, Do.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

Dr. W. J. Hawkins, Warren,	Dr. G. W. Blackwell, Wake,
Gen. R. F. Hoke, Wake,	C. G. Yates, Guilford,
John G. Williams, "	L. C. Jones, Cumberland,
Col. J. J. Young, Granville,	J. P. Prairie, Wake,
W. G. Uphorch, Wake,	A. Pope, New Hanover,
Col. Jos. J. Erwin, Burke,	L. W. Humphrey, Wayne,
Hon. W. A. Smith, Johnston,	N. S. Hays, Wake,
Col. S. L. Fremont, New,	Col. Wm. Johnston, Mecklen,
Havener, "	"
Capt. W. H. Green, Alamance,	W. F. Askew, Wake,
Capt. A. B. Andrews, Wake,	John C. Blake, "
Len H. Adams, "	A. Creech, "
Jordan Stone, "	W. J. Hicks, "
	W. C. Stronach, Wake,

TREASURER:

P. A. Wiley, (ex officio Member of the Executive Committee,) Raleigh.

SECRETARY:

R. T. Fulghum, (ex officio Member of the Executive Committee,) Raleigh.

OFFICIAL. R. T. FULGHUM, Sec'y.

"E. C. Davidson has announced himself an independent farmer's candidate for Congress in the Sixth District."—Raleigh News, May 30th.

We make no complaint—no criticism—of the conduct of a citizen of the 6th District who has announced himself willing to accept the suffrages of his people and to represent them in Congress. He has a perfect right to offer to serve them, and they, of course, to elect him if they choose so to do. And if in the opinion of a majority of the people of his district he is the fittest man in it to take care of their interests in Congress, they will doubtless assign him to the position.

But we suppose that the E. C. Davidson referred to above, is the Steward of the State Grange. And we are obliged to infer, from his course in announcing himself as the "farmer's candidate" for Congress, that he is asking for, and presuming upon, the support of his brother Patrons of Husbandry, not because of his peculiar fitness for a seat in Congress, but, mainly, because he is a Patron of Husbandry. If he is thus seeking the support and influence of the Granges of his District, then we enter our earnest and emphatic protest against his action, and call upon the members of our Order to rebuke his pretension by ignoring altogether his candidacy.

And this we do entertaining the kindest feelings personally to the Worthy Steward.

The National Grange, at its recent session,

in St. Louis, issued a manifesto of the purposes of the Order so distinct and unexceptionable as to call out expressions of approval and admiration from every party and every interest in the nation. One of the most satisfactory declarations in that manifesto was the following:

"Fifth—We emphatically and sincerely assert the oft-repeated truth taught in our organic law that the Grange, National, State or Subordinate, is not a political or party organization. No Grange, if true to its obligation, can discuss political or religious questions, nor call political conventions, nor nominate candidates, or even discuss their merits in its meetings."

What a pitiful evasion of this pledge will be our action if we allow members and officers of our Order to solicit and obtain the votes of Patrons solely on the ground of Grange fraternity!

Segregated as we are by our conditions of residence and occupation, we have founded a National Cooperative Union for our intellectual and social elevation, and for our mutual protection from certain pecuniary burdens that we think the commercial world has unjustly and unnecessarily laid upon us. These impositions, we think, have been heretofore successfully fastened on our backs by certain secrets of the trade. To rid ourselves of them effectually we are compelled to have our secrets. These secrets are justly the property of our grand co-partnership. We exclude from our deliberations and from our Order all who are not interested in agriculture. We make no apology for this exclusion. We say we are attending simply to our own business in our Order and are not attacking outsiders—not passing any judgment on any rights of outsiders. But what becomes of this triumphant vindication of our right to exclusiveness and secrecy if, with doors closed to our neighbors engaged in other avocations, we select officers to make, interpret and execute laws for them as well as ourselves? Our exclusion of them then becomes tyranny—our secrecy then becomes conspiracy.

No! let our noble Order keep entirely aloof from all political contests, avowed or dissembled. Its promises are a new evangel to the tillers of the soil. They are to-day elated with hope of blessings fast ripening to fruition. But the hour the Grange is recognized as a political organization, its brilliant promises are a delusion, with its mission not fulfilled.

Since the foregoing was put in type, we have received the following note from Mr. Davidson. We are glad that Mr. Davidson resigns his office in the Grange. We think, however, if he will persist in running as the "farmer's candidate" he ought to withdraw from the Grange altogether, not remaining even a private member of the Order:

Capt. R. T. Fulghum:

DEAR SIR:—You will please give notice in the STATE AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL of my resignation of the offices of Steward and State Deputy in the State Grange, P. of H. of North Carolina.

Yours most respectfully and fraternally,
E. C. DAVIDSON.

Editorial Correspondence.

WILMINGTON, N. C., May 27, 1874.

DEAR JOURNAL: I send you some notes of a brief visit to this place: Running down by the Chatham Road and the Western R. R., we reached Fayetteville in the evening, about 8.30.

Sanford, at the junction of the roads, is a thriving little village, and ought to grow to considerable size. Marks of improvement were to be seen at most of the other stations also. We found the ancient town of Fayetteville also looking better than at the date of our last visit a year ago. Among others, the elegant Lilly building had been erected. Rebuilding is going on at several points. Our party was comfortably entertained at Overbaugh's and drove to the steamer early the next morning.

Passing through the falling houses and deserted gardens of Campbellton, it seemed to us that the artist might find here a scene, which, if sad in some respects, was exceedingly picturesque, and well worthy of the pencil. The Cape Fear is crossed here by one of the most substantial structures for a private bridge that we have ever seen. Four steamers lay at the landing. We took passage on the Wave, Capt. W. A. Robinson, and were soon gliding down the lovely stream.

Green to the water's edge, with overhanging foliage, in nature's wild profusion and endless variety, the rapid changes at the frequent bends of the stream, were kaleidoscopic in beauty. The cool breeze was laden

with the perfume of the wild grape, now and then a kalmia flung out its graceful bloom, all along the superb deciduous cypress of the South, (Taxodium,) stood sentinel-like, arrayed in the most weird and striking panoply of green and gray, the pendent masses of gray moss adding greatly to the beauty of the fresh green leaves, so fringe-like and cut. Near the entrance of Black River stands the noblest Magnolia Grandiflora we have ever seen. It was apparently four or five feet in diameter, through the trunk. In full bloom as it stood, it might well deserve the title "Queen of the Forest."

At this season, it is a luxury to make the river trip. The motion of the boat creates a pleasant breeze, and with good company, and the day's journey before one, we knew no better place to woo the *dolce far niente*.

We had the clergy, and finance, and the school room, and the work day world represented, and, need I say, the omnipresent insurance man, with his pleasing volume for instructive reading yeapt the Monitor? There was an octogenarian with us, with a memory rich in anecdotes and incidents of the lives of our best and greatest Carolinians, and we drew freely from his rich stores of experience. It is a pity the bright and shining wit of the ancient fathers of the bar should be lost for the want of some faithful Boswell.

The Cape Fear is believed to be the best freight river in the South, and is the most constant in the supply of water. It usually suffers from low water only from September to November. The freight down the river is mainly naval stores, and general merchandise up from Wilmington. It is curious to see how deftly the negroes manage the long trains of barrels of turpentine, down the steep banks leading to the landings. The freights up are comparatively light, but upon inquiry, we do not learn that the connection at Sanford between the R. & Augusta Air Line, and the Coal Fields R. R. has injured the river trade to a great extent, nor will it, unless a lower schedule of freight is adopted, to the connection at Norfolk.

The navigation interests on the river are owned by the Express Steamboat Co. and the Cape Fear Steamboat Co. They bought the stock from the State some years ago. As they have the expense of keeping the river navigable, the vessels of other parties pay toll, to defray a proportionate share.

The light draught of the steamers would surprise many. Loaded down as was our boat, the Wave, she only drew twenty-four inches of water. At high water, the boats go up readily twenty-five miles above Fayetteville, to Averbaboro', for cotton and naval stores. The scenery of that portion of the river is said to be very beautiful; the bottom is rocky, and the course very straight.

Approaching the end of our journey, we see the desolate rice fields, spreading far and wide, in utter loneliness, the banks broken down, the weeds running riot, the busy workers all gone.

The rice field is the scar yet left of the wounds of war. No industry of the South was so vitaly struck. Unlike the production of corn, wheat, or cotton, rice culture demands an organization of acclimated labor, that shall be available throughout the year, and at any moment. It almost seems to demand, if not slave labor, still a perfection of control equal in its results to the requisitions of an absolute master. This seems hard, but will be at once understood if we notice but a fact or two.

Suppose a northeast storm in the night and the banks break, how long will it do to wait for help to drive back the water? Or imagine the hands going off in a body just as hoeing is needed. What shall be done when the birds come? They must be kept off, whether it be Sunday or any other day—and for weeks too.

The labor is performed among ditches under a tropical sun; it is hard and unremitting, and the acclimated race has scattered. The rice field negro was a peculiar type, distinct from all others. His very language was peculiar, his broken and singular expressions would hardly be understood by the African of the highlands. Yet he was happy enough—he threw where a northern negro would have died in a few weeks. Scarcity was unknown to him—the very bounty of the fields and woods, the streams around were sufficient well nigh. The very ditches by which he labored, gave him delicious turtle, and fish in abundance. Yams grew almost abundantly, and his master's hog was his own. Every year this branch of labor added wealth to the Cape Fear; mills were going up for cleaning it at home, and prosperity smiled on every hand,

when the arresting hand of war, put a stop to it all. The negro will not work in the rice field ditch now, not he. Of a happy family we knew, where once a hundred were gathered together, living in peace, and harmony, and content, with religious services near, with a Sunday school at the master's house, for the children, with care and watching, assiduous nursing and Bible reading for the sick, now more than one-half fill untimely and wretched graves around Newbern and Wilmington, a few gain a living by crime, a few lie in the penitentiary, a few gain a precarious living on the outskirts of the towns, and a very few exceptional cases still band together, and makes a little rice, in small plots, as best they can. The rice field negro is to be pitted more than any of his race. It may be that the Chinaman may yet be available to restore the cultivation of rice in that large and valuable section of the State so well adapted to it.

But we have wandered away too far. Our boat sweeps through the draw of the splendid railroad bridge, a structure of wonderful strength combined with lightness and grace. It is said it was necessary to go down seventy feet to find a solid foundation. The great swinging gate is moved by a single person, through its delicate balancing, and by appropriate machinery. The well known works of the justly celebrated Navassa Guano Company are in sight on the right as we glide down to Point Peter and over to our resting place.

What a change across the river, on the Brunswick side, as compared with the night we saw it last, lit up by the flames of the burning Navy Yard, and close at hand, the gleaming bayonets of the Federal army, while on our side we were bidding adieu to beloved friends, and making our departure with due dignity.

Here comes a little puffing tug, towing a special institution of Wilmington, a barge fitted for excursion parties. They have been for black fish, and are returning triumphant. We round her very handsomely, and pass in to our wharf. Ye lovers of pleasure, who suffer the *res angusta domi*, think of a trip of a hundred and twenty miles, with two of the most symptomatic meals we have seen on any boats in the country included, for four dollars. * * *

Water Ways Between the West and the South.

Editor of the State Agricultural Journal:

I have seen in a public journal an abstract of the proceedings of the National Agricultural Congress, which assembled recently at Atlanta, in which it is stated that a resolution was unanimously adopted, declaring it to be the duty of the government of the United States "to improve the rivers of the interior, and connect them with the ocean by artificial water ways, giving the Mississippi valley continuous water transit to the seaboard."

The proceedings of this Agricultural Congress, representing different sections of the country, and composed of able men, must necessarily command attention and respect. They are not, however, above respectful criticism. I propose to examine briefly the question whether the construction of canals connecting the waters of our Southern Atlantic rivers with those of the Mississippi, is calculated to benefit the producer of the South.

It is claimed by their advocates that these artificial ways will enable the producer of the West to pour out upon the South a vast abundance of corn, flour, bacon, pork, lard, &c., at a reduced expense. Conceding this, the question is, how will this condition of things affect the producers of the South? Upon the class who still produce grain and meat for market, the effect of the competition with the Western producer, will evidently be injurious. But this is comparatively a small class. The great body of our farmers and planters no longer produce a surplus of these things, but on the contrary, consume all they produce at home, and are purchasers of Western provisions, to supply the deficit in home production. Suppose that by means of artificial water ways, grain and meat from the northwest can be laid down at our doors at lower figures than they now command—cheaper in general than we can produce them on our light lands with free colored labor, what will follow? In that event, we may reasonably expect that the production of provisions in the South will rapidly fall off. Only the strongest soils will then be planted in grain; and the question how to employ the land and labor heretofore devoted to this purpose, will press upon the planters for solution. It would result in the production of more cotton. Instead of four million bales, we should rapidly run up to five millions, perhaps six million