

STATE AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE MATERIAL INTERESTS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

VOL. 2--NO. 40.

RALEIGH, N. C., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1874.

WHOLE NO. 92.

State Agricultural Journal.

RICHARD T. FULGHUM,
CONDUCTING EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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Poetry.

A Small Girl's Wishes.

I want a piece of calico,
To make my doll a dress;
I don't want a big piece,
A yard'll do, I guess.

I wish you'd mend my needle,
And find my fiddle, too—
I has such heaps a sowing,
I don't know what to do.

My Hepsy tore her apron
A tum'lin down the stair,
And Brudder's lost his pantaloons
And needs anozer pair.

I wants my Maud a bonnet,
She hasn't none at all,
And Fred must have a jacket,
His ozer one's too small.

I wants to go to grandma's,
You promised me I might;
I know she'll like to see me—
I wants to go to-night.

She lets me wash the dishes,
And see in Grandpa's watch—
Wish I'd free, four pennies
To buy some butter-scoth.

I wants some newer mittens—
I wish you'd knit me some.
'Cause most my finger freezes,
They leak so in the fum.

I wore'd 'em out last Summer,
A pullin' George's sled;
I wish you wouldn't lugh so—
It hurts me in my head.

I wish I had a cookie—
I'm hungry's I can be;
If you hasn't pretty large ones
You'd better bring me free.

Miscellaneous.

Eggs vs. Meat.

Would it not be wise to substitute more eggs for meat in our daily diet? About one-third of an egg is solid nutriment. This is more than can be said of meat. There are no bones and tough pieces that have to be laid aside. A good egg is made up of ten parts shell, sixty parts white, and thirty parts yolk. The white of an egg contains eighty-six per cent. water, the yolk fifty-two per cent. The average weight of an egg is about two ounces. Practically an egg is animal food, and yet their is none of the disagreeable work of the butcher necessary to obtain it. The vegetarians of England use eggs freely, and many of these men are eighty and ninety years old, and have been remarkably free from illness. A good egg is alive. The shell is porous, and the oxygen of the air goes through the shell and keeps up a kind of respiration. An egg soon becomes stale in bad air, or in dry air charged with carbonic acid. Eggs may be dried and made to retain their goodness for a long time, or the shell may be varnished, which excludes the air, when, if kept in a moderate tempera-

ture, they may be kept for years. The French people produce more eggs than any other, and ship millions of them to England annually. Fresh eggs are more transparent at the centre, old ones on the top. Very old ones are not transparent in either place. In water, in which one-tenth of salt has been dissolved, good eggs sink and indifferent ones swim. Bad eggs float in pure water. The best eggs are laid by young healthy hens. If they are properly fed, the eggs are better than if they are allowed to eat all sorts of food. Eggs are best when cooked four minutes. This takes away the animal taste that is offensive to some, but does not harden the white or yolk as to make them hard to digest. An egg if cooked very hard is difficult of digestion, except by those with stout stomachs; such eggs should be eaten with bread and masticated very finely. An excellent sandwich can be made with eggs and brown bread. An egg spread on toast is food fit for a king, it kings deserve any better food than anybody else, which is doubtful. Fried eggs are less wholesome than boiled ones. An egg dropped into hot water is not only a clean and handsome but a delicious morsel. Most people spoil the taste of their eggs by adding pepper and salt. A little sweet butter is the best dressing. Eggs contain much phosphorus, which is supposed to be useful to those who use their brains much.

Be Cheerful at the Table.

Harper's Bazar, edited by a lady who probably knows whereof she affirms, has some very truthful remarks concerning a matter of interest to all the people, though perhaps designed more particularly for the eyes and ears of city folks. Listen:

Hasty eating is universally disapproved, and cheerful sociability recommended. Yet how often is the dinner hour the special time when the tired husband is treated to a detailed account of difficulties with servants and children, or the wife receives a depressing record of business troubles! The cook may have given warning. Willie may have ruined his best jacket, your pocket have been picked, or your day's work brought no gain; but these things will keep; talk them over at another time, but let the dinner hour be free from troublesome topics. Perhaps nothing is more prejudicial to the proper assimilation of food than disputation. The mind becomes irritated, and instantaneously the stomach sympathizes. A dinner-table is the worst possible place for an argument which may easily become heated and acrimonious. Nor should it be a place where children are constantly reproved, or their bad conduct suffered to destroy the comfort of the meal. Discipline in the household is highly necessary, but the wise mother will not make it a prominent feature at the table. Good news, happy thoughts, innocent mirth and cheerful evenings are the most efficacious relishes, and should be used freely. An uncomfortable meal, whatever may be the cause, is almost certain to produce indigestion. And though such small matters may be thought by many unimportant, they go very far toward the establishment of good health, and even the most robust cannot neglect them with impunity.

How WE FADE.—As the trials of life thicken, and the dreams of other days fade, one by one, in the dim vista of disappointed hope, the heart grows weary of long continued struggle, and we begin to realize our insignificance.—Those who have climbed to the pinnacle of fame, or revel in luxury and wealth, go to the grave at last with the poor mendicant who begs by the wayside, and like him are soon forgotten. Generation after generation, says an eloquent writer, have felt as we feel, and their fellows were as active in life as ours are now. They passed away as a vapor, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when the Creator commanded her to be. The heavens will be as bright over our graves as they are now around our path; the world has the same attraction for offspring yet unborn that she once had for ourselves, and that she now has for our children.

LUCKY FARMER.—The Rev. Mr. John Anderson, who gave \$9,000 for a tract of land on the Dan river a year or two since, has a crop of tobacco made this year, supposed to be 15,000 pounds, for which he has refused \$35 a hundred. This would make nearly enough to pay for the land in one year. We have this from good authority. It is considered to be one of the best crops in Rockingham county. —Danville Times.

"A Leader Wanted."

"A Leader is Wanted," says our foreman in the typing department on the busy morning of publication day. The call sets us to thinking about leaders in the various walks and ranks of life and the scarcity of the genuine article. Let us pursue the subject a few moments—for the idea may prove at least suggestive.

Leaders are wanted in numerous places and positions all over the land and world. Many nations and governments have incompetent leaders—such as prove a curse rather than a blessing or benefit—and hence the want of intelligence, principle and nerve at the head of affairs. Wise and conscientious statesmen are wanted to aid and advise Presidents, Kings, Queens and other head centres in the management of vast Republics, Kingdoms, Provinces States, &c.—to prevent wars or restore peace and otherwise maintain or secure the prosperity and happiness of various peoples and nations. For upon the wisdom and discretion of those in authority largely depend the very existence of many nations and the progress of civilization throughout Christendom.

In our own country the right class of leaders is wanted almost everywhere—for in nearly every department there are some vacancies. Not that we have no good men at the head of National, State Municipal and other affairs, for we have—some; but the incompetency, dishonesty, corruption and general demoralization so alarmingly prevalent clearly demonstrate what is wanted to secure the prosperity of the people and the perpetuity of the Republic. The old political cry or axiom of "Principles not Men," will not suffice for the people (or any party) now—for we need not only principles, but men of pure principle at the head, and as members of all our governmental and legislative bodies—National, State and Local—and in all corporations, institutions and organizations designed to promote the mental, moral and material interests of the body politic.

Aye, "A Leader is Wanted"—one who is judicious, wise, exemplary—in almost every school district, town, village, city, county and State in the Union—and that leaders efforts for good should be seconded by all who have at heart the welfare of the community. Verily, the people want the right kind of leaders—those possessing ability, integrity, and stamina—in every department of official business and private vocations, from the highest to the lowest. As officials—governors, legislators, judges, preachers, teachers, etc.—indeed to every position of responsibility where there is lack of capacity or direction of duty, there is necessity for a leader. Every family and farm, and even the household or "kitchen cabinet," requires and efficient and authoritative head to secure and promote harmonious action, facilitate progress and assure prosperity. —Rural New Yorker.

The Blue Grass Girls of Kentucky.

A correspondent of the New York South thus describes the beauty of the Blue-Grass girls of Kentucky:

"The fame of the beauty of the girls of the Blue-Grass region has gone to the ends of the earth. Newspaper correspondents have sung their praises in words that did but feeble justice to the enchanting subject, and in attempting the task at which so many have failed I feel somewhat timid. First of all, the representative Blue-Grass girl is a little above the medium height, with a form that might put Venus of Milo to shame. There is nothing frail about her, and while she has every appearance of perfect health, there is none of that coarseness in her beauty which calls for the use of such adjectives as 'buxom' and 'florid.' Her complexion is of an olive color, which gradually changes to a dainty tinge of red in the cheeks; her hair varies from light golden to dark brown; her eyes are brown and full of expression; her lips are like to a scarlet thread—and as red as crushed strawberries; her smile—but I must call in the poet:

'Her smile is sunlight, and her laugh
That sunlight set to music.'

She is anything but delicate, for the pure, healthy air of the Blue-Grass region, and her morning and evening exercise on horseback, remove her a great distance from the hot house flowers of the large cities. There is only one word that will do justice to her beauty, and that work is perfection. It is a fact that has been before noted that the average intellectual

standard of the Southern girls is higher than that of the men. Especially is this true of Central Kentucky. There is a chivalrous sentiment in the south that gives a girl greater advantages than fall to the lot of a boy, and a Kentuckian loves his wife and daughters almost as much as he does his horses.

Learn a Trade.

The men always in demand are the first-class workmen on articles used by the million. Carriages, cars, all sorts of iron work, furniture, and the myriads of fabrics in daily use by the civilized world, all need workmen, by the hundreds of thousands. The man who is a master of his business walks the street with a self-poise that the restless, nervous bookkeeper or clerk never can feel. If the latter lose their positions, they know how hard it will be to get others; applicants out-number the vacancies a hundred to one. Day after day you may see the same advertisement for a skilled workman in some particular branch in the column of "wants" in a city newspaper.

Begin early to learn your trade, and perfect yourself in it. Do not fool away time when the "boss" is away, thinking it will make no difference with you; you will get paid the same. It will make a vast difference with you. Not only will a foreman, with half an eye open know which boys are shirks, and treat them accordingly, but you are forming a habit which will not soon be shaken off. It will stand in the way of all advancement in your future career. You will not half learn your business, and so will be compelled to take your station in the ranks of the third-rate workers. Oh, boys, despise that. Shun such a snaken rock in your voyage of life. There are signal warnings enough in the smallest neighborhood. Look around you and receive instruction. Look at that poor, shiftless fellow, with both elbows out, who is a third of the time without work. See his tumble-down home, rented at that, with his poor wife going out washing and scrubbing to help piece out a living! Do you want such a home? Idle apprentices are very sure of such, if they persevere long enough. Industry in some department of labor that the masses call for, will be pretty sure to earn for you a competent support. Of all others, perhaps, the farmer's work is the surest, for people must have food, if nothing else. But whatever your business, never allow yourself to become third-rate.

Returning Home.

When in Gaston county, last week, we heard of several persons who had moved away from North Carolina some time ago returning home after having tried some of the Western States.

One gentleman who moved from Gaston county to Arkansas about two years ago with \$2,500 in his pocket, recently returned with about \$1,000 less than he started with. He says the health of himself, wife and children was bad, and that the land was no better than can be found in this section.

We learn from those who are returning to their old homes that many North Carolinians in Arkansas, Texas and Mississippi would gladly return if they had the money to defray their expenses. They have found from experience that there is no better country in the world than North Carolina, and that if a man will work he can live as well here as anywhere else. —Charlotte Democrat.

North and South.

These two great sections are indissolubly connected by commercial bonds, and mutually dependent in a very great measure upon each other. The North purchases our cotton, tobacco, rice, sugar turpentine, sirups, lumber, cattle, oranges, lemons, fruits, and vegetables of all kinds, and we, in return, receive their millions of useful and indispensable manufactures. The one is emphatically an agricultural and the other a manufacturing people, and therefore indispensable to each other. It would be a great blow to the South to lose its Northern patronage, and a greater one to the North to be deprived of our Southern products. The relations between the two should, then, be pleasant, and it is gratifying to see all bitterness rapidly passing away from both sections. —Sunny South.

Illinois raises nearly three times as much cotton as Old Virginia. The latter in 1872 yielded 183 bales; Illinois, 502. During the war, when cotton rose to fancy prices, Illinois raised 8000 bales, and even Indiana and Ohio raised some.