

# THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER.

THE INDUSTRIAL AND EDUCATIONAL INTERESTS OF OUR PEOPLE PARAMOUNT TO ALL OTHER CONSIDERATIONS OF STATE POLICY.

Vol. 6

RALEIGH, N. C., MARCH 17, 1891.

No 4

## CIRCULATION.

The actual circulation of Volume V, which closed with the issue of February 17th, 1891, was as follows:

Month	1890	1891
February	12,840	16,680
March	12,000	16,800
April	10,950	16,800
May	10,800	17,280
June	10,800	17,280
July	10,800	18,240
August	10,800	18,240

First 6 months, 307,080 Second 6 months, 458,100

Making a total circulation for the year of 765,240; averaging for 52 successive issues, per issue, 14,716, and showing a net increase for the year of 5,400, or more than 113 per week.

The above statement is taken from the records kept in the office of THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER, and is correct to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. W. DENMARK, Business Manager.

I am Book-keeper for Edwards & Broughton, Printers and Binders, Raleigh, N. C. The press-work on THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER has been done for the past three years by Edwards & Broughton, and I have kept account of the same. I have compared the above statement with the account I have kept, and find it tallies throughout, and is correct.

J. T. BASHFORD.

Personally appeared before me, W. T. Womble, Notary Public, J. W. Denmark, Business Manager of THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER, also T. J. Bashford, Book-keeper for Edwards & Broughton, and make oath that the statements contained above are correct to the best of their knowledge and belief.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my notarial seal of office this day, February 26th, 1891.

W. T. WOMBLE, Notary Public.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

**SENATOR BUTLER**, of Sampson county, lingers in Raleigh a few days behind his colleagues of the Senate. The cause of his stay is merely conjectural. It certainly cannot be that he lingers simply and solely for the country's good. For his faithfulness to the people in the late session of the legislature was so conspicuous as to entitle him to his home away from the enjoyment of a good conscience in the privacy of his home. We have thought that his continuance amongst us may have been induced by the attractiveness of one of the galleries of the Senate wing of the Capitol. That is, he may have found his *ah!—ahem!*—the Senator is a single man, and he lingers behind.

THE General Assembly used the last moments of the late session in passing two bills in relation to the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, which, in our opinion, are of transcendent importance to the people of this State. One of these bills grants a charter to the Petersburg road for the term of two years; the other bill suspends chapter forty-nine of the Code, and repeals any charters under which the Wilmington and Weldon can build to connect with the Virginia line. The passage of these two bills leaves the matter of adjusting the differences between the State and the Wilmington and Weldon road open for the next two years. Our position upon this question is as follows: We would never compromise with this corporation short of the concession upon their part of the unqualified right of the State to tax their property, just as other property in the State is taxed. We would never grant to this corporation, or to any corporation necessary to it, one iota of privilege until it concedes the unqualified right of taxation. Whenever this corporation concedes the unqualified right of taxation, we would grant them such liberal amendments to their charter as would not be inconsistent with the public good. We think our contention of the Wilmington and Weldon road is just and fair. We think their rolling-stock, that belongs to the whole road, should not be taxed for municipal purposes. But we think any property

which road may own within the jurisdiction of any municipality should be subject to taxation in the same way and for the same purposes as other property similarly situated. This is our position upon these questions; and we mean to discuss this question from time to time, until there shall be secured some satisfactory adjustment of these matters. We suppose the Railroad Commission, after the first of next month, will have power to look narrowly into the affairs of the Wilmington and Weldon road; and we suppose it will be the duty and the pleasure of the Commission to take this matter up and press it as rapidly as may be possible.

THE Railroad Commission appointed by the late General Assembly gives almost entire satisfaction. At least we have heard but little adverse criticism. Mr. Beddingfield is so well known to the Alliancemen of the State, and to a large number of people outside of the Alliance, that his appointment could not fail to give general satisfaction. Mr. Mason is spoken of by those who know him best as a sound lawyer, as a man of splendid talents, and as a man of incorruptible honesty. Major Wilson is a man of large experience in railroad affairs; and a gentleman, who knows him well, said in our presence the other day, "he is as incompatible as Cato." We have taken some care to ascertain the general opinion as to the Commission; and we think no appointments in this State in recent years have given so general satisfaction to the people as the one we are considering. We think the best interests of the people, and of the railroads, too, will be safe in the hands of this Commission. We have said several times, and we say again, no good citizen wants the railroads to be injured. All that fair-minded men can want is a Commission that will prevent the railroads from using their immense power to evade the burdens of taxation, and that will hold them strictly to the business of serving the public good for fair and reasonable compensation. And we believe the Commission recently appointed will do their duty to all classes without fear, affection, or favor.

We are sorry the legislature did not tax the dogs. Few men have any adequate idea of the drain entailed upon the prosperity of the State by the keeping of worthless curs. The argument against the taxation of the dogs, that they belonged to the poor, and must not be taxed out of tenderness to the poor and humble, is about the most perfect piece of cheap nonsense that we remember to have seen. The poorer a man may be, the less use he has for a dog. There is absolutely no income derivable from dogs. Would it not be kind to the very poor man to tax dogs until he would not be able to keep one to divide the bread and meat with his children? There is neither rhyme nor reason in refusing to tax dogs upon the ground that they have any value at all to the poor man, or to any one else.

THE General Assembly is gone. We can say most truthfully that we miss our friends. We think the State will have no cause to regret the work of the legislature of 1891. The only regret we have in connection with the coming and going of our law-makers has relation to the agonies that certain political prophets of several sorts and complexions must be suffering at this very moment. These same confident prophets told the people of the State and of the world at large, that a farmers' legislature could be relied upon to ostracise lawyers and other professional men, to enact the most odious class legislation, to discredit the character and standing of our good old State, and to make fools of themselves generally. Well, a farmers' legislature has come and gone. The lawyers are about as numerous and cheerful as we have ever known them—no one of them that we know of complains of having had his name written upon a shell. We have heard of no odious legislation, and we know of no discredit done to the State at the late session of the General Assembly. And certainly no one who watched their behavior during the two months they were in Raleigh, will say that they conducted themselves otherwise than as enlightened and patriotic gentlemen. We are sorry that the persons who lately indulged so freely in gloomy predictions regarding a farmers' legislature are compelled to be regarded as false prophets. But when men take up callings for which they are fitted by neither nature nor grace, they must take what follows.

## THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA, AT CHAPEL HILL.

University of North Carolina was established in obedience to a clause of section XLI of the Constitution of the State, adopted on the 18th of December, 1776, viz: "All useful learning shall be duly encouraged and promoted in one or more Universities."

The charter was granted in 1789. The Trustees were among the most distinguished citizens of that day. Samuel Johnston, one of the first Senators of the United States from North Carolina, was chairman. Governor Benjamin Smith was the first benefactor, giving twenty thousand acres of land in Tennessee. The most active worker for the new institution was William Richardson Davis, called the "father of the University," afterwards Governor and Commissioner to France.

On October 12th, 1793, annually commemorated as "University Day," the cornerstone of the old east building was laid. The buildings are nine in number, with ample dormitories, recitation rooms, laboratories and public halls, situate in a campus of fifty acres, covered with fruit trees, and adjoining over five hundred acres of University woodland.

The University has been a very important factor in Southern education. Its alumni have been leaders in all professions and pursuits in the States south of the Potomac. Among them were President Polk, Vice-President King, Secretaries of the Navy Graham and Dobbin, and many Federal Senators and Representatives, and also numerous Governors and Supreme Court Judges of the Southern States. At the beginning of the civil war the University had nearly five hundred students. It was the only institution of its rank, which continued its exercises through the war.

Among the best-known members of the faculty of the past have been Presidents Caldwell and Swain, Ethan A. Allen, a great author of classic textbooks, and Denison Olemstead, afterwards of Yale University; Dr. Wm. Hooper, Dr. Elisha Mitchell, who lost his life in exploring the mountain named from him the highest peak of the Alleghannies; Rev. Drs. James and Charles Phillips, Professors of Mathematics; Walker Anderson afterwards Chief Justice of Florida; Dr. Wm. Green afterwards Bishop of Mississippi; Dr. Chas. F. Deems now of the Church of the Strangers, New York; Nicholas M. Hentz, a leading authority on entomology; Dr. F. M. Hubbard, Professor of Latin; Wm. H. Battle, late Judge of the Supreme Court of North Carolina; B. S. Hedrick, afterward chemical expert in the Patent Office, U. S. A.

Under Professor Olemstead, in 1824, was organized the geological survey of the State, believed to be the first in the Union by public authority. In 1831 was built, by President Caldwell, the first astronomical observatory in the Union. Its operations were discontinued after his death in 1835.

The University has been of great service to public school education by the successful inauguration of summer normal schools in the South. A great impetus was thereby given to the training of teachers and the establishment of graded schools.

On the re-organization of the University in 1875, it was determined to adopt courses which have the advantages of the "Old Curriculum" with proper adaptation to the needs of those not having the time and inclination for classical studies. There are four regular courses; one including Latin and Greek, a second having only one ancient classic, and the third and fourth having neither and substituting scientific and other literary studies. These courses are equivalent, leading to degrees of equal value. Besides a student not desiring a degree can pursue an elective course; provided he takes studies enough to keep him employed. Those wishing law instruction are not obliged to take any other branches. It is believed by the best judges that the great question of debate between the advocates of the old-fashioned curriculum, and of the fullest election has been solved.

Since the re-organization of the University the overflow of students to the institution north of us has been stopped. The University is giving a strong impetus to higher education. Its graduates are spending additional years within its walls for receiving post-graduate instructions—a one year's course in at least three departments leading to the degree of Master of Arts, and a two year's course to the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, the candidate in either case standing an approved

examination. The Mitchell Society, a scientific association among its professors and students has made original researches and publication, noticed even in the London scientific journals. The Shakespearean Club, the Historical Society and the Seminary of Literature and Philology are stimulating among the students strong literary and scientific tastes. The Young Mens' Christian Association is very flourishing and fosters a high moral and literary tone.

A medical department has been recently organized and also a department of civil engineering and electric engineering. The alumni and other friends of the university have also established a Chair of History, which, it is expected, will stimulate the study of the history of our State.

## FROM YORK STATE.

YORKSHIRE, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., February 27, 1891.

MR. EDITOR:—Having passed through a severe illness and resigned my position in Auburn, N. Y., from which place my last letter was sent, this day finds me on my farm in Cattaraugus county, where I expect to gain health, but no money, during the coming season.

And it is a wild day. The wind sweeps by on rapid wings, carrying in its arms great banks of snow that rise and fall, and whirl away to find a resting place at last in some deep hollow. My chores are done, but with every lift of fork, or throw of shovel the old problems that have perplexed me for many a year, have been surging through my brain, and the one great question, "why," for all the weary labor of the year, for all the days spent turning the sod or following the harrow, scattering the seed, subduing the noxious growth in the fields of corn and potatoes, for all the days working in the harvest field while the hot sun scorches and burns the smarting flesh, for the final gathering of autumn fruits from vine and orchard, and the season of "chores" in the dreary winter. Why is there no corresponding recompense?

On our dairy farms we labor from 4 o'clock a. m. until darkness sweeps over the hills; and for it all, each autumn finds us deeper in the mire than when we started.

The one great question "why?" I commenced to ask when my hands held the plow, and the furrow curled behind me, and when the harvest yielded its fruitage, the problem became complex.

For my potatoes, my oats, my cheese and butter, the buyer only offered me rates that after paying my hired help, my seed and fertilizer bills, left me nothing to meet the taxes, and nothing but experience for all my labor, and yet in the city a few miles away, tired workmen of the shops, weary toilers at the forge, passing through to market place when the day's work was over, beheld the same articles on exhibition, but marked at prices which they could not afford to pay, or buying which not a penny was left to lay by for a rainy day. In the autumn my orchards were laden with fruit—the ground blossomed with the luscious production, but could not get enough money for it—the gold of our mighty Wall street, to pay for the barrels, but in that same city little children with wan faces and pinched hands, dressed in tattered garments would gaze eagerly at the fruit spread on some old woman's market table, and when asking the price thereof be told that apples are from one to five cents each. Between these two points, one of production and poverty, the other of consumption and poverty, but a few miles intervened, and this distance was spanned by a railroad. The market wagon of the past was done away with. No more starting at midnight with a load of produce for the city 36 miles away, to be in the market stall at day-break, and return over the tiresome journey with a load of goods for the country merchant, but instead, a buyer at your door, a railroad station a mile away, a car loaded in twelve hours. But I thought what of the former system of exchange? With the slow journey and the seemingly clumsy methods, the debts of the farmer steadily disappeared, the mortgage gradually melted away, new buildings replaced the old; the children were educated first at the district school then at the academy, some money was always in the pocket—enough for the farmer's needs.

It is true that they swing the scythe and the cradle, and slowly bound the golden sheaves and threshed the grain with the rhythmic swing of flails, but with it all, there was plenty. I was farming with the most improved machinery. With mowers for the meadows, self-binders for the harvest fields, and steam threshers to quickly separate the stalk and kernel. These are supposed to be invented to lessen human toil, and bring about a great profit, but with them all had come no lessening of labor, and no increase of profit. These, with the new system of transportation, had brought increased poverty, scarcity of money, and the mortgage began to grow, the house became weather-beaten, and the very roofs moss grown, and desolation, brooded with wings of darkness over field and forest.

The first question in the train of "why?" that I tried to answer was, "Is this due to my shiftlessness?" and when the answer came that sixteen hours a day of labor, and economy practiced in every branch could not be the cause, and extending the view to my neighbor, and realizing that all burdened with debt (and these were in the majority) were in the same plight, I found the cause to be outside the province of my farm. The first truth that dawned upon me was the fact that the farmers were eaten up by transportation and middlemen.

Production and exchange are the natural conditions of the human race, and anything that hampers or interrupts this natural law throws the balance out of poise. One man produces cloth and another wheat, and they desire to exchange and *must* exchange. The trade is of mutual benefit and you meet half way (in theory) and the bargain is consummated. Both are benefited and in equal degree. Your transportation is your own, and the profits are none, as equal exchange is equal benefit, and profit in the modern sense is not known. In a natural government, founded on principles of equality, this simple and primitive method of exchange begets a healthy growth in the people both in a moral and financial sense. Poverty will be unknown and wealth in a modern view, unheard of. Our own government for years was a dim reflection of this ideal state, but soon changed front and methods and brought about by slow degrees, colossal fortunes and abject poverty.

Go back a moment to the ideal, primitive state mentioned and see how the change comes about. The producer of grain and cloth, the producer of nails and lumber, and of food, meat and exchange their products. Money is unknown and not needed. In time some man too lazy to be a legitimate producer, and too sharp for his neighbors, conceives the idea of becoming a medium of exchange, or middleman, and says to the farmer, "you are too busy to take your produce to the factory, let me do it for you and bring home the things needed. It will be cheaper for you to keep to the fields." "But," replies the husbandman, "what security have I for the load that you will take away?" and the trader replies, "see here are some round pieces of gold that are of great value, and these you can have until I return." And the brightness of the coin dazzles the sight of the tiller of the soil, and he parts with his wheat and corn. On returning the trader says, "I found a scarcity of the things you wanted and now return me the gold, and I will give you of my goods." But the quantity was so much less than formerly, that the farmer remonstrates. He is told in return that a lack in the market is one and the trader's profits the other cause. The farmer not doing the business himself cannot dispute the first statement.

In time the middleman does all the trading, gives the gold as security and manipulates both ends, or markets as he calls them, at his own sweet will. You see in time that this gold or money brought into operation as an addition to the middlemen, begins to measure the value of things. A certain amount of gold affects a given quantity of goods. If the gold is double the number of bushels then the ratio of money to produce will be two to one. If the former is lessened in quantity then the ratio will be reversed. As the years sweep over this primitive land that I am picturing the methods of trade change. Formerly the farmer said, "I will give you so many bushels of wheat for so many yards of cloth, I will give you so many pounds of pork for a thousand feet of lumber, or a hundred pound of nails," etc., etc., but by the introduction of money by the middleman, the farmer began to say, "I will give you so many dollars for cloth, so many dollars for lumber, nails, coffee, tea, etc." The former products were his by right of labor. They were the things he could legitimately exchange, the only things he was sure of possessing, but instead of changing to the things real, and dealing in a manner that could bring no loss, but absolute plenty, he exchanged them for the things ideal—the middleman and money—and thus reduced himself to poverty.

The danger to the farmer in agreeing to pay in money arises from the fact that money and goods will not maintain a fixed ratio. Any change in the supply of either renders the basis unsettled. Supposing that in the picture I am making, the makers of money produce large quantities, and thus make the ratio of money to goods two to one or three to one, and encourage the farmers to run in debt heavily on that basis, then when nearly all are involved suddenly reduce the quantity

of money so that the ratio stands one to two or one to three, "where is the farmer? In the ditch of course, and the money maker has his lands, his stock, his tools. Had the farmer maintained his primitive methods, and agreed to pay in pounds and bushels, he would have passed through it all undisturbed.

The second answer to my "why?" was, first, that the middlemen and transportation were eating up the farmer. In proof of this do we need any other illustration than the price of our goods at home and to the consumer? Last year, when corn was selling in Kansas at eight cents per bushel and the cry came up that cattle were starving in West Virginia is further proof of the theory. If this horde of useless men are not fattening on unpaid labor, why should the product be so low in one State that it meant ruin to the farmer, and so high in another that the farmer could not afford to buy?

But a short distance intervenes, and this is spanned by many railroads, and yet, as I said before, one terminus was cursed with production and poverty, and the other with consumption and poverty. The second answer was, that money, by a wrong conception of its use, dominates and controls the world. Instead of remaining the servant of the people, it has become the master. Instead of remaining in a state bordering on the primitive condition of the miniature country I have been illustrating from, the farmers have placed themselves in the hands of middlemen-sharks and government-sharks, until all that is left are weary bodies, mortgaged homes, and ruin over hill and valley. By measuring values in money, the farmer places himself wholly in the hands of the government, and this government, run by the aristocracy of the land, run by the protected manufacturers, by the money power, by pension agent sharks, changes the amount of money in circulation whenever they see the opportunity, to enrich themselves. By constant manipulation of the circulating fluid no semblance of a natural ratio between money and products can be maintained, and when the contraction that has since followed began in 1873, it simply commenced to shove the farmer into the ditch, and if these above-mentioned powers can have their way, not a single change will be made until as in my previous illustration they have our lands, our stock, our tools, and if they could be of any service, and could be exchanged into gold, they would take our wives and babes also. These are some of the questions I answered to myself while following the plow, and when to save the home I was forced back into the school room in order to meet my interest, and from there to a government position under Cleveland, the thought still followed me, why with increased civilization, with improved machinery, increased means of transportation, does there come increased poverty and want. And the reasons so far as I have solved, have been told night after night from the Democratic platform in this State in the campaigns of 1888 and 1890, and between these dates whenever the opportunity presents, and shall continue to do so until the day of redemption comes.

But the question is deeper than I have yet touched in this letter, and if the editor wishes I will give more of the result of my investigation in subsequent ones. I should not have ventured to write this, but have received several letters from North Carolina in answer to my previous communication, all breathing that deep brotherly love that I knew filled your Southern hearts. (Some thoughts in one I will reply to through your paper if I can have the room.) And to-day across the many miles of forest, hill and valley, across the fields of snow to where the sunshine woos with kisses soft and tender eternal summer from the earth and sky, I extend my hand, for I know that you are brothers.

Mr. Editor, before closing this letter I want to show your earnest Alliance workers all that the order amounts to in this section of the country. Coming home last week I found an Alliance had been organized during the winter in this town. It has a large membership, and is made up mainly of Republicans. Our yearly election of town officers occurred last Tuesday, and the Alliance finally decided to put a ticket in the field.

The caucus, after considerable quarrelling, nominated a man for Supervisor who has been a farmer all his life—a man without a blemish on his character, honest, manly, true. But in politics he had always been a Democrat, and what did this noble Alliance proceed to do? Why, slaughter their own man. Members of the order rode for days to encompass his defeat. The argument used was this. "Of course he is a good, honest man and worthy citizen, but he has been a damned old copper-head, and secessionist and we'll beat him."

Is the war over with us up here yet? O, no! with all our churches, preaching charity, with all our free schools and wonderful intellectual (?) growth, we are just fighting the battle, and "freeing the nigger."

The meaning of the Farmers' Alliance here is that we are Republicans, born Republicans, and will live Republicans "world without end—amen."

The compositor made some funny mistakes in my last article. For instance "over whose waking hours there floats the perfume &c." read, "over where raking horns." &c.  
W. C. WARNER.