

dantly fruitful field. I was accidentally prevented from visiting the farm of Mr. Peters, near Calhoun, in Georgia, but was informed that it was conducted on the same principles, and with the same gratifying results.

8. In conclusion, allow me yet to remind you of the vast importance of the grass culture to the prosperity and political importance of our Southern States. You can easily produce on your own farms, the cattle that are to supply us with food—beef, veal, butter, and milk, and the sheep that are to furnish us with mutton and wool. All this while, however, we are dependent on Kentucky and Ohio for our beef and pork. The hides of our cattle are sent to New England and to be returned to us in Yankee pegged shoes. In passing, recently, through Carolina and Georgia, I observed abundant crops of Crab and Crowfoot Grasses. The hay that could be made in these two States, from these grasses alone, would feed all the cattle in the Union; yet, on my return to the city, I have, this day, been compelled to purchase hay shipped from Connecticut, and of inferior quality, and paid \$1.75 per hundred seventy pounds weight. I was informed that one cause of these high prices was the fact that the stock was reduced in consequence of so much of their hay being sent to Columbia, Camden, Aiken and Augusta!!! Our butter, (not over fresh) Goshen butter it is called, (Goshen must have grown rapidly from a township to an Empire State, since it furnishes an incredibly supply) comes, also, from the North, where their summer pastures are no better than ours might be rendered, and where they have no winter pastures, but are compelled to house their cattle through a long and dreary winter. These farmers, however, convert their grass into hay at the proper season, whilst our grasses are, in too many instances, left standing to ripen, to wither and become tasteless, like broom straw. On some plantations, that shall be nameless, you may, late in October, witness an ancient mode of mowing going on between the corn beds. A hoe is first sharpened, (I have seen this done with a brick) and the withered grass is mowed by this primitive scythe. A considerable portion of the roots, with much sand and gravel attached, is brought up by each cut of the hoe; the materials thus detached from Mother Earth are finally raked up and called hay. No chemical analysis, that I am aware of, has been made, in order to decide on its nutritive properties. In the winter our cattle, for want of hay, which we might have had for the cutting, are left to luxuriate on dry broom sedge, which possesses fattening prop-

erties about equal to that of dry pine leaves. Towards spring the cattle, thus pampered, become thin, weak and tottering, and may be classed among "Pharoah's lean kine." Some ditch or morass where they had strayed to find a mouthful of fresh grass as a change of food, (as the epicure varies of turtle steak and plum pudding) becomes their last resting place. The Turkey Buzzards will direct you where to find their bones.

In the preservation of our sheep we are even less fortunate. The worthless curs of squatters and petted negroes kill them, and our independent Legislators, fearful that a law to chain or hang the curs, might endanger their popularity and lessen their votes, seem to have concluded to spare the dog and surrender to his tender mercies all that was once so confidently anticipated of the wealth and comfort that was to flow into our Southern States from fine wool and delicious mutton and lamb. The sheep culture being abandoned, our last resort must be to the Goat; and if the Angoras and Cashmeres fail, (which I think they will not) or the dogs begin to relish kid, when deprived of lamb, all our woolly prospects will have faded into thin air. All this while we have the finest climate in the world, and suitable pastures for sheep. How easily could this stain on our Agricultural escutcheon be removed. J. B.

DIVISION OF THE FARM AND CLOVER CULTURE.

A subscriber at Pomónkey, Charles County, takes us to task with a good deal of severity for delinquency in passing over a matter which he thinks, and justly we admit, of much importance; viz: the proper division of the farm. He concludes his letter with the hope that he "has not trespassed on our time, patience or temper." Our time and patience are very much at the service of our readers, and as our friends seems to have calculated largely upon our *temper*, we take the compliment, and are rather pleased at his good opinion of our amiability. I reply to our correspondent at *Summit Point*, N. C., we asked that some of our experienced correspondents would let us hear from them on this subject of the division of the farm, and in expectation of a response, postponed the matter. As we are thus far disappointed we will throw out some views of our own, hoping that the introduction of the subject will lead to something better.

The three field system which our friend says is practiced by himself and his neighbors, was denounced by Col. John Taylor in his *Arator* as "the