



Raising Hemp.

EDITOR DESERET NEWS:

Having been requested to give a few items concerning hemp raising I cheerfully comply, knowing the importance of the subject to us, as a community, in our isolated condition, inasmuch as hemp is one of the most profitable crops that can be raised in Utah, and if produced here in sufficient quantities to supply the demand would create employment for many, and add materially to the wealth of the country.

The soil and climate of this Territory, I believe are suitable for the growing of hemp, and all that is necessary is a proper knowledge of the mode of culture, rotting, breaking, dressing and manufacturing into cordage and coarse cloths for which there is, and will be a great demand. Cold wet land is not suitable for hemp, but soil that will produce good crops of corn or wheat, will also produce good hemp, the culture of which is no more expensive than that of wheat. The land should be mellow and well prepared. I should prefer plowing in the seed with a light plow, after which the ground should be thoroughly harrowed, then furrowed for irrigating, and if the cradle is to be used in gathering the crop, it would be well to roll it, to make the surface as smooth as possible, that it may be cut low, otherwise much of the crop will be lost. It can however be pulled, or cut with a hemp hook.

Two bushels of seed to the acre is generally sowed, but if a coarse stout crop is wanted, less seed will be required and more when a fine article of hemp is wanted. I would recommend to sow the seed in April, for if sowed early, the crop will need but little attention, until it is ready for the hemp hook or the cradle. The bark changes color when it is fit to cut, the straw becoming yellow, but if intended for cloth, it should be cut a little sooner, and rotted soon after.

When cut or pulled, it should be tied up in small bundles, and when dry, the seed should be shelled out by whipping the bundles over a rail, and not by thrashing on a hard floor.

Those who make hemp-raising a regular business, should have a vat, in which the hemp should be placed, packed close, and fastened down with poles, before water is let in. If not properly fastened down in the vat, some of it will not get sufficiently rotted, as it will float in the water, when the rotting process shall be completed, which may be ascertained by examination, as when sufficiently rotted, the lint will freely part from the stalk. That should be the test, and not the number of days it should be under water. It generally takes about nine days to rot hemp sufficiently, but sometimes longer and shorter, according to the temperature of the water. Hemp can be rotted without a vat by placing it in a creek or pond, but it must be then well fastened down by weights to keep it completely under water.

When taken from the vat the bundles should be opened and the hemp spread out on the ground to dry, then tied up again and set up in shocks, not larger than corn shocks, and if it is to stand out in winter, the tops of the stacks should be tied up, to keep out the rain, and prevent the wind from blowing them down as would be the case if not properly secured. When hemp, after rotting, gets wet and remains so any length of time, it often mildews and spoils.

The best way is to break it as soon as possible after it is rotted and dried. In breaking, the shives will come out easily if well rotted and thoroughly dried, but if rotted too much, the amount of lint will be greatly diminished while being dried. I have broke and swung hemp by machinery for some of the principal hemp raisers in Illinois, but I would prefer hand breaks when rightly made and used by careful hands, as machinery cuts many, and wastes the hemp. With a hand break a good hand can easily break from fifty to one hundred pounds per day, and some more than the amount of his wages, as compared with the waste in breaking with machinery.

A hemp break should be made strong. The swords or slats should be long, with a square tenant, and to keep them from twisting, should be let into the stools in a square mortice. The upper edge of the lower swords should stand up three or four inches above the stools, and the upper ones should come down that much below the head so as to crush the shives thoroughly. In that way hemp can be cleaned more easily and much quicker than by a less thorough process. Before swinging, if the seed end has not been well rotted it should be hatched, and if intended for cloth, the whole should undergo that process, but for ropes, the swinging knife will dress it sufficiently for use.

An acre of good hemp will produce from eight hundred to a thousand pounds of lint, which at this time is worth forty cents per pound for cordage or twine, and when made up into those articles, is worth more than double that amount and would be equally valuable manufactured into cloth for sacks, wagon covers, tents, etc. The seed from an acre of hemp would pay the expense of raising several acres aside from the lint. Seed can be raised by planting in hills like corn. When planted in that way, it can be planted and hoed, and the slaths will branch out and yield

seed in abundance; but otherwise they would be of little value.

WILLIAM FAWCETT.

Organization of a Branch, Agricultural Society, in Cache County.

LOGAN, Cache County, Feb.

EDITOR OF THE DESERET NEWS:

Agreeable to appointment, the President, S. M. Blair, and four of the Directors, viz., John Neilson, J. P. Hawkins, Christian Hyer, and Sylvanus Collett, of the Auxiliary Deseret Agricultural Manufacturing Society for Cache County, elected on the 2d inst., met in the Counting room of Blair & Farnsworth, in this place, and organized a branch of the Deseret Agricultural and Manufacturing Society. It was resolved, that R. J. Livingston act as Secretary and M. F. Farnsworth act as Treasurer.

Moved and carried, that the Secretary report the organization of the Cache County Auxiliary Deseret Agricultural Manufacturing Society to the President and Board of Directors of the Parent Society at G. S. L. City, and that they be requested to receive and adopt this Society as such, and inform us of their action and forward such instructions as they may think beneficial to this Society.

It was resolved that the Secretary request a copy of the Constitution and by-laws of the Parent Society to be forwarded to the President of this Society. It was resolved, that the rate of membership to this Society, shall be for the first year, one bushel of wheat or its equivalent in other grain, and a half bushel of wheat annually thereafter to secure a continuance of membership. It was further resolved that the following persons be appointed to act as agents in their respective settlements, to receive members and receive pay for membership: for Logan, W. B. Preston; for Wells-ville, William Maughan; for Smithfield, John G. Smith; for Hyrum, Bingham; for Franklin, Preston Thomas; for Richmond, Thomas Tidwell; for Providence, R. W. Williams; for Millville, Joseph G. Hovey; for Hyde Park, William Hyde; for Mendon, A. P. Shumway.

The meeting adjourned till Monday the 4th day of March next, to meet at the same place. Our prospects, in this county, are very encouraging. Farmer's clubs have been, or are being formed in every settlement, and much will be done the coming summer towards developing the agricultural resources of Cache valley.

R. J. LIVINGSTON.

Maturing Wine.—A wine maker in Bordeaux, France, struck with the fact that the maturity of wine depended on the temperature of the cellars in which it was stored, made a series of experiments by regulating the pressure of the atmosphere upon the barrels, which resulted in the production of wine in as many days as it formerly took months. Age according to this theory, is not necessary for the perfection of wine.

THE RESTORED,

A THRILLING REVOLUTIONARY TALE.

God is everywhere. His words are on our hearts. He is on the battle field or in the peaceful home. Praise be to his holy name! It was on the wilds of Wissahicon, on the day of battle, as the noon-day sun came thro' the thickly clustered leaves, that two men met in deadly conflict near the reefs which rose like the rock of some primeval world, at least one thousand feet above the dark waters of the Wissahicon.

The man with the dark, brown face and darker grey eye, flashing with deadly light, and muscular form, clad in a blue frock of the revolution—is a continental, named Warren. The other man, with long black hair drooping along his cadaverous face, clad in half military costume of a tory refugee. This is a murderer of Paoli, named Dehaney.

They met by accident and now they fought, not with sword and rifle, but with long deadly hunting-knives they struggled, twining and twisting on the green sward.

At last the tory is down—down on the turf, with the knee of the continental on his breast—the upraised knife flashing death in his face.

"Quarters! I yield," gasped the tory, as the knee was pressed upon his breast. "Spare me, I yield."

"My brother," said the patriot soldier in a tone of deadly hate, "My brother cried for quarters on the night of Paoli, and even as he clung to your knees you struck that knife into his heart. O, I will give you the quarters of Paoli."

And as his hand raised for the blow and his teeth were clenched with deadly hate, he paused for a moment, then pinioned the tory's arms and with a rapid stride dragged him to the verge of the rock, and held him quivering over the abyss.

"Mercy," gasped the tory, turning ashy pale by turns, as that awful gulf yawned below. "Mercy, I have a wife and child at home—spare me."

The continental with his muscular strength gathered for the effort, shook the murderer once more over the abyss, and then hissed his bitter sneer in his face.

"My brother had a wife and two children. The morning after the night of Paoli, that wife was a widow, those children orphans. Would you not like to go and beg your life of that widow and her orphans?"

The proposal made by the continental in mockery and bitter hate, was taken in serious earnest by the terror-stricken tory. He begged to be taken to the widow and her children, and

to have the privilege of begging his life. After a moment's serious thought, the patriot soldier consented. He bound the tory's arm still tighter, placed him on the rocks again, and led him to the woods. A quiet cottage, embosomed among the trees, broke on their eyes. They entered the cottage. There, beside the desolate hearth-stone, sat the widow and her children.

She sat there, a matronly woman of about twenty-three years, with a face faded by care, a deep dark eye, and long black hair hanging in a disheveled state about her shoulders. On one side was a dark-haired boy of some six years, on the other side a girl one year younger, with light blue eyes. The Bible—an old and venerable volume—lay open upon the mother's knee. And now the pale-faced tory flung himself upon his knees, and confessed he had murdered her husband on the night of Paoli, and begged his life at her hands.

"Spare me for the sake of my wife and children."

He had expected this pitiful moan would touch the widow's heart, but not one relenting gleam softened her face.

"The Lord shall judge between us," she said in a cold, icy tone that froze the murderer's heart. "Look, the Bible is in my lap; I will close the volume, and this boy shall open it, and place his fingers at random upon a line and by that you shall live or die."

This was a strange proposal, made in good faith of a wild and dark superstition of olden times. For a moment the tory, pale as ashes, was wrapped in deep thought—then in a fainting voice he signified his consent.

Raising her dark eyes to heaven, the mother prayed to the Great Father to direct the finger of her son. She closed the book—she handed it to that boy whose cheek reddened with loathing as he gazed upon his father's murderer. He took the Bible, opened its holy pages at random, and placed his finger upon a verse.

There was a silence. The continental soldier who had sworn to avenge his brother's death, stood with dilating eyes and parted lips. The culprit kneeling upon the floor, with his face like discolored clay, felt his heart leap to his throat.

Then in a clear, bold voice the widow read this line from the Old Testament. It was short yet terrible:—

"That man shall die."

Look! the brother springs forward to plunge a knife into the murderer's heart; but the tory, pinioned as he is, clings to the widow's knees. He begs that one more trial may be made by the little girl, that child of five years old with the golden hair and laughing eyes.

The widow consents. There is an awful pause. With a smile in her eye, without knowing what she was doing, the little girl opens the Bible as it lay on her mother's knee; she turned her face away and placed her finger upon a line.

The awful silence grows deeper. The deep drawn breaths of the brother, and broken gasp of the murderer, alone disturb the stillness; the widow and dark-haired boy are breathless. The little girl, as she caught a feeling of awe from those about her, stood breathless, her face turned aside, and her tiny finger resting on the lines of life and death.

At length gathering courage, the widow bent her eye upon the page and read. It was a line from the New Testament:—

"Love your enemies."

Oh, book of terrible majesty and child-like love—of sublimity that crushes the heart with rapture, you never shone more strongly than there in that lovely cot of the Wissahicon when you saved the murderer's heart.

Now look how wonderful are the ways of heaven. That very night as the widow sat by her fireside—sat there with a crushed heart and hot eyelids, thinking of her husband who now lay mouldering on the drenched soil of Paoli—there was a tap at the door. She opened it, and that husband living, though covered with wounds, was in her arms.

He had fallen at Paoli, but not in death, he was alive, and his wife lay panting on his bosom.

That night there was a prayer in the wood-embowered cottage of Wissahicon.

Oppression in Mississippi.

The Louisville Journal says: The Secessionists of South Carolina and Mississippi are particularly anxious to keep the world from knowing somethings that are going on in those States. Yesterday a gentleman, formerly a member of the Kentucky Legislature, stated that he was just starting for Mississippi to endeavor to relieve his brother in that State. The brother had written him that a tax was imposed upon every slave-owner in the State of \$12 for each negro; that, unless the tax should be paid within a very few days, the negro property was to be confiscated to the public use; that his own negro tax amounted to \$1.50, which he had no means whatever of paying; and that hundreds of slave-proprietors were hurrying their slaves out of the State to escape the intolerable oppression. He moreover wrote that this was known to be only the beginning of a terrible system of taxation, and added the expression of his perfect conviction that the people would not stand it—that within thirty days they would rise up in their wrath and their strength and crush oppression and oppressors alike beneath their feet.

Major Anderson's Parentage.

The father of Major Anderson, Capt. Richard C. Anderson, of Scott's Virginia Regiment, was the man whose little band surprised an outpost of the Hessians, at Trenton, on the night before the decisive battle of that place, an attack which Gen. Rahl, then on the lookout for Washington, construed to be the whole assault against which he had been previously warned, and so dismissing himself and German troops to the enjoyment of a Christian Eve, was laid open to the rout which gave our struggle so much impetus. Gen. Washington met Anderson retreating with his company, and was quite indignant at what they done, thinking it would only the more prepare the enemy against their coming. The effect proved to be quite the reverse, and Anderson was then complimented for his exploit. Capt. Anderson was with Washington throughout the New Jersey campaign, and the patriotic blood of the father is not and will not be disgraced in the son.

The Louisville Journal says: "He was also in the battle of Brandywine, and in other actions in the North. But his services in the South are of more interest to us at this time. He was at the siege of Savannah in 1779, and in endeavoring to scale the ramparts was thrown, or fell, from such a height that he met with an injury by the shock from which he never recovered. On the death of the gallant Pulaski he received, as a gift from the dying hero, his sword, which was for a long time in the possession of the family, but was unfortunately lost by the burning of a house in which it was deposited. In 1786 the Colonel—then a Major—endured the siege of Charleston, S. C., and was of course taken prisoner, remaining there in that condition for several months, but being exchanged in time to be present at the siege and capture of York. On this occasion he served as an aid to Gen. Lafayette, who (it may be remembered by many citizens of Louisville) recognized the Colonel on his last visit to this country, at his arrival at Portland, as his old friend and companion in arms."

It is not a little singular that the son of this officer should now be in defense of the same city for which his father fought eighty years since, but against enemies how different.—[Sun.]

War Taxes in South Carolina.

The committee of the Legislature of South Carolina, to whom was referred the subject of raising supplies for the present fiscal year, reported a deficiency of \$1,647,496, to raise which sum they submitted a bill of taxation which it was estimated, would produce \$1,724,000. Among the items of taxation were the following:

Upon every one hundred dollars of the value of all lands an *ad valorem* tax of \$2; on all slaves, a tax of \$1 66 per head; \$3 25 on each free negro, mulatto, or mestizo, between the ages of fifteen and fifty years, except such as are incapable of procuring a livelihood; twenty-seven cents *ad valorem* on every one hundred dollars on all lots, lands and buildings within any city, town or village; one hundred cents per \$100 on factorage, and all professions and employments, except clergymen and mechanics, the same on commissions, etc.; forty-five cents per \$100 on capital stock of all incorporated gas companies, and one and a half per centum on all premiums taken by insurance companies; twenty-eight cents on every \$100 of the sales of merchandise, etc., made between the 1st of January, 1860, and January 1st, 1861, (the products of the State and the unmanufactured products of any of the United States are excepted from this provision); \$100 per day for all circus exhibitions, and \$20 per day for all theatrical or other shows; \$1 50 on every \$100 of interest received during the past year on all bonds and notes; \$2 50 on every private carriage, (not kept for sale,) and \$1 50 on each buggy, provided that not more than one tax of this kind shall be charged against any one individual; \$1 upon every gold watch used in the State, etc.

Treason in the Army.

The Washington correspondent of the Toronto (Canada) Leader says: I had occasion a few days ago, to visit the arsenal. Asking the sentinel the direction to the office I desired to visit, he inquired in an under tone, "Any further news from the South, sir?" "None," I replied, "beyond the taking of the Georgia forts." "There will be war, sir," he rejoined. "I am afraid so; the South will fight rather than surrender its rights." "Well, sir," he said, dropping his voice almost to a whisper, "I can tell you that there are many United States soldiers who will never pull a trigger against the South." I nodded and passed on, satisfied that the talkative sentinel had touched a point for which General Scott cannot possibly provide. There are officers and privates in every company who will never shoot southern citizens for resisting federal coercion. On the same ground, the preparations of the Executive for calling out the militia of the District of Columbia are of doubtful expediency. Many of the rifles served out to the volunteers will be turned against the government.

—The house in which Thomas Jefferson was born, at Shadwell depot, Va., was burned on the night of January 31.