

AGRICULTURAL



CULTIVATION OF THE WHITE BEAN.

We have repeatedly advocated the more extensive cultivation of the bean in this country. It is one of the few plants adapted to our dry climate, that admits the use of the horse-hoe, and which at the same time does not impoverish the soil. It is a "fallow crop." Were it consumed on the farm, and the rich manure made from it returned to the soil, it would prove of great value in enriching the land. It differs from Indian corn in this important particular, that while corn is a cereal, and like wheat, barley, oats, rye, etc., is believed to take from the soil more nitrogen or ammonia than the crop contains when grown, beans organize all the ammonia they obtain from the soil, from dews, rains and the atmosphere, and retain it with little or no loss. The bean, like peas and clover, is a leguminous plant, and like them, contains a large amount of nitrogen. And it is certain that its growth and consumption on the farm would add greatly to the value of the manure and the fertility of the land. Thus, according to Mr. Lawes, the manure from one ton of beans is worth \$15.75, while from a ton of Indian corn it is worth only \$6.65. These figures may not be applicable to this country, but they unquestionably represent the comparative value of manure made from beans and Indian corn. For enriching the soil, and for cleaning it at the same time, there is no better crop than beans.

We are aware that beans are seldom raised for feeding out on the farm, and thus we lose one of the principal benefits to be derived from their culture. Still, when raised for market, they are not a crop that is hard on the soil, and in many sections their culture might be profitably extended. If war continues, there will be an increased demand for beans, and farmers should make arrangements to provide an adequate supply. There is no danger of raising too many, for should prices rule low, they might then be used as food for stock on the farm.

Last year we published a statement from a farmer in this vicinity, who had fed his cows with a mixture of bean and corn meal, in equal parts, and the effect was so good that he made up his mind "to sell no more beans, but feed them to his cows." Another correspondent of the *Genesee Farmer*, in Ohio, says that in 1859 the frost cut his beans while many of the pods were still green. When threshed, these green beans turned, and spoiled the crop for market. His neighbors told him they were lost, as nothing would eat beans.—He fed them to his cows, however, both boiled and ground mixed with corn, and the cows not only ate them, but seemed to relish them very much, and gave "large quantities of milk." For sheep, beans have long been known to be excellent. The stalks, too, make good fodder.

In England, the bean is generally grown on a heavy clay soil. It is seldom sown on land that is adapted to turnip culture. The turnip is the "fallow crop" of the light-land farmer; the bean that of the clay-land farmer. It is sown on land intended for wheat, and the use of the horse-hoe between the rows, leaves the land in good condition for wheat in the fall. The white bean of this country differs considerably from the horse bean of England.—The stalks are not so stiff, and the beans, as a general rule, not quite so large. They are not so well suited for heavy clay land as the English bean. They rather prefer a light, dry loam, but with proper culture will succeed on almost any soil except those of a mucky or peaty character. It is very desirable to have the crop ripen early and evenly, and hence a warm soil is desirable.

Beans do well on an old sod. Some prefer to plow it in the fall or early in the spring. But it may be ploughed just before planting, and after the other spring work is done. Be careful to cover all the grass, so as to save labor in hoeing. Harrow lengthwise of the furrow, and make the soil as mellow and deep as possible. The first week in June is the usual time of planting in this section. If sown with a drill, the rows are made thirty inches apart, and the seed dropped in the drills from three to two inches apart. If planted in hills, less labor is required to keep them clean. In this case mark out the land with a marker two and a half feet apart, and plant across the rows from fifteen to eighteen inches apart, dropping four or five beans in each hill. The seed should be covered about an inch deep. One of our correspondents says he finds an old tin coffee pot or tin pail, with a cover to it, an excellent thing to sow the beans, when you have no drill. Fix it on a handle sufficiently long to enable you to stand out and hold it near the ground. Punch a hole in the bottom large enough to allow the seed to pass through freely, and planting beans will no longer be a tedious operation.

Beans on sod land plowed up fresh are not likely to be troubled much with weeds. Be this as it may, however, all weeds should be destroyed by the use of the horse-hoe, as soon as they appear. This should be done when the weather is dry, and when there is no dew or rain on the leaves, as the earth falling on them in this condition will produce rust, and ruin the crop. Clean culture is very desirable, and the horse-hoe cannot be used too

frequently. The stirring of the soil is very beneficial, especially in a dry season, and the cleaner the land the better the crop, and the better will it be for the wheat in the fall. It is usual to finish the culture, when the beans are about six inches high, by throwing a light furrow towards the plants with a plow.

The small or "medium" bean is considered on the whole the most profitable variety for ordinary farm culture.—[*Genesee Farmer* for June.

Raising Calves.—After trying various ways in raising calves, I find the following not only the cheapest, but for aught I see as well for the animal as to let them suck the cow or feed them with warm milk from her, wintering better, and worth more when one year old.

Take them from the cow at three days old, milk and feed them till three or four weeks old, and the next three weeks use a small tea-cupful of wheat shorts well stirred in a small quantity of cold water, then add as much boiling water as will make one half the meal for feeding, putting in new milk for the other half, or even skim milk that is sweet, and the calf will not scour, but will do first rate, if you give scalded shorts alone the fourth week.

About Geese.—Rearing geese for the profit derived from their feathers, is practised by a large number of the farmers, back some little distance from the large towns. Near large cities, land is too valuable to devote to their use, and dogs are so numerous that it will not answer to let them run in the streets. In breeding geese, however, few ever consider the kind, but without care or thought, breed on from year to year, geese that weigh when dressed from seven to ten pounds, when with care they might be bred up to weigh one-fourth more. The feathers of a goose, it is said, weigh from fifteen to seventeen ounces a year, and sell at an average of fifty cents a pound, while their eggs are numerous, and in cooking, one is counted equal to three hen's eggs.—[*Ohio Farmer*.

Raspberry and Blackberry plants.—The crop of fruit next year will depend much upon the number and vigor of the new shoots grown this season. Persons ignorant of their nature have hoed up all young canes, as so many trespassers. Of course they got no fruit the following year, as the shoots only bear the second season, and die in the fall. Others, again, allow too many canes to make a weakly growth, with not enough vigor to produce a full crop of fruit. Avoid both extremes, leaving just sufficient good, strong shoots to keep the patch in a vigorous condition. The oldest planted raspberry roots in the writers grounds were set fifteen years ago, and they are now the best, yielding large strong canes which bear abundantly.—[*American Agriculturist*.

To free Swine from Vermin.—"If your hogs are lousy, go to their rubbing place, or what is better, take a rough twelve-foot log to the feeding place, and keep it constantly smeared with tar. No spaniel ever loved water better than a lousy hog loves tar, and he applies it himself to the most infested spots on his body, so effectually that the lice speedily disappear. I have seen ninety-five out of ninety-six hogs smear themselves with tar in less than thirty minutes after they had access to it; and not one had ever known its use before."—[*Southern Planter*.

Whitewash.—Whitewash adds so greatly to the picturesque in the cottage and the farmhouse, and is such an absorbent of impure odors that it should be freely used, at least in the spring. Take half a bushel of fresh burned white lime, and slake it either with hot or cold water, in a tub or barrel. When thoroughly slaked, dissolve in the water required to thin the lime, two quarts of common salt; stir it thoroughly; add one quart of sweet milk, and it is ready for use, to put on with a brush, frequently stirring it up. Glues and gums cause it to scale off in hot weather.—[*Halls Journal of Health*.

Tomato Catsup.—To a gallon of ripe tomato, put four table spoonfuls of salt, four of ground black pepper, three of ground mustard, half a table spoonful of allspice, half a spoonful of cloves, three peppers, ground fine; simmer the whole slowly, with a pint of vinegar, three or four hours, then strain through a sieve; bottle and cork tight. The catsup should be made in a tin, or porcelain utensil, and the later in the season it is made, the less liable it will be to spoil.—[*Rural New Yorker*.

Forking Borders.—This is far better than digging them with a spade, as it injures less the roots of shrubs. Indeed, the fork has nearly superseded that old emblem of the gardener's occupation—the spade. A four pronged fork for stiff soils, and a five pronged fork for sandy soils, work them quite as thoroughly as the spade, and with the expenditure of much less strength from the workmen.

Alfalfa.—We have observed in this vicinity, alfalfa or Chile clover growing luxuriantly on spots or patches of ground that, after trial, failed to produce anything else. No matter how dry or scant the soil, this clover grows with great rapidity, so that at least two heavy crops of hay could be cut in a season.—[*Amador (California) Ledger*.

Valuable Sheep.—F. D. Douglas of Shelburn, sheared this season, from five two-year-old ewes 67 pounds, 6 oz. of wool, of 11 months' growth, while the aggregate weight of the same sheep after shearing, was but 332 pounds.—[*Nashua Gazette*.

Cogitations and Prognostications of a Southerner.

The following communication from one of the transient merchants who came to this Territory with, or soon after the army, was received too late for publication last week, as was the wish of the writer. He is evidently, if a Union man, not a supporter of Mr. Lincoln's administration, and is not well pleased with the prospective recall to the States, of the few troops stationed in Utah, the marching hither of which, he admits "brought ruin, disgrace and bankruptcy upon the country," and their removal, he is of opinion will be particularly ruinous to the merchants, as it doubtless will to all, who are dependant on the army and its followers for support, in the sale of their commodities. "Further, deponent saith not;" time will disclose.

FORT CRITTENDEN, U. T.,
JUNE 30th, 1861.

EDITOR DES. NEWS:

DEAR SIR:—The eighty-fifth Anniversary of American Independence being just at hand, and hearing that your city is preparing to celebrate it in grand old fashioned style, some thoughts have been impressed upon my mind when looking around and seeing the present distracted and divided state of our country.

It affords me some pleasure to know that there is still left a portion of our Union that are a unit in feeling and sentiment, and can meet together on the annual return of this National Jubilee, and say to kings and despots that we still cherish the memories of our forefathers, that the Declaration of Independence that was proclaimed to the nations of the earth, July 4th, '76, and that cut us loose from crowned heads and let fall our chains of oppression and slavery, is still dear to our hearts, and that we will continue to hold it up and read it to mankind on its annual return, while we claim to be freemen; and sir, while I would be proud to meet with you and let the thanks of my heart (with yours) ascend to the God of nations and battles for the liberty and unmerited blessings he has conferred upon us in times past, yet I am forced to pause and enquire, is this the birth day of American freedom? Is this the day that our revolutionary sires proclaimed to the crowned heads of Europe, that we were not born to be slaves; that our rights were inseparable with our liberty, and that we would maintain them or we would perish in their defense. Then let me, ask can we still meet as one great common brotherhood, and say that our Union is safe, that we are still invincible, that each and every constitutional right that was admitted, and secured in the Federal compact, is still respected, and that the administration of the Government is in the hands of men, who are following in the footsteps of Washington, Jefferson and Jackson; or on the other hand, shall we exclaim "the mighty are fallen," "the die is cast," "the Rubicon is crossed." Fifteen stars have fallen from the great American constellation, and the stars and stripes that have waved over every sea and land, with pride and admiration, no longer command the respect of the millions of freemen, who have clung to them with an idolatrous love.

Mr. Editor:—Truly may you rejoice in your peaceful mountain home, for while the judgments of the Almighty are being dealt out with a liberal hand upon the Gentile world, his goodness reigns in Zion. "Mormonism" doubtless, has been greatly strengthened by the present difficulties in the States, and many of the brethren would as soon doubt their own existence as question the prophetic mission of Joseph, and his divine inspiration in relation to the overthrow of our Government.

"Those whom the Gods wish to destroy, they first make mad;" hence the bitter strife that is going on between the two great sections of our country, and which must result in the overthrow of the Union. That goddess of liberty that left the sunny isles of ancient Greece, and for a time lingered among the glazied mountains of Switzerland, before she planted her standard upon Plymouth Rock, will again be driven from her resting place, by the sword of a despot that has been drawn to shed the blood of her votaries, and whether these valleys and mountains are to be her last resting home where her temple shall be built, never more to be thrown down, remains yet to be seen. The knell of American freedom is heard, the winding sheet and coffin of Uncle Sam are made, and very soon we may expect Abraham, the modern exponent and personification of the Federal Constitution, to make his crowned ascension over the ruins of niggerdom. Oh ye gods! what an achievement! What a recompense for all the toil, for all the privations our fathers endured to purchase this legacy for their children.

Sir, let us go back a little. We were told that Mr. Lincoln's unmeaning inaugural was a peace measure—that the most he dare contemplate was to retake captured forts, arsenals, etc., and collect public revenue—that the constitutional rights of each and every State should be inviolate and that the law should be administered as it had been by his distinguished predecessors, and that he would yet prove to the world that we still had a union that was indissoluble.

In sixty days we were told that all would be restored. Where is your revenue? Where your captured forts, arsenals, etc.? And lastly, where your union and the abolishment of slavery? Alas! Echo answers where?

Three months and a half have gone by and still the South lives, and she will continue to live, for heaven has written a solemn protest upon the hearts of Southern men and their children that they will have their State rights or they will welcome their oppressors with "bloody hands to hospitable graves."

The troops from this Post, Bridger and Laramie are expected to move very soon. What! Cannot Mr. Lincoln carry out his coercive war and conquer the "handful of starved Southern rebels" without sending, half across the world, for these few troops to come to the rescue, thereby abandoning a place where they are so much needed? After all that has been said and written, by the party in power, of the utter folly and incompetency of the South sustaining herself and maintaining her rights. How is this? What freak of mind has haunted his restless pillow and said to him, that with a proffered army of two hundred and fifty thousand men already in the field, he could not carry out his unrighteous purpose of subjugating one half this nation without appealing to this dire resort. But a short time ago, the Congress of the United States appropriated near a million of dollars for the establishment of the Overland mail; the contract was taken; the men and stock are now here; and they deserve all praise for the energy and efficiency they have used in getting the daily line in full blast; but how crippled, how paralyzed they feel when they see this protection removed at the very time they so much need it; and which movement must be attended with the most ruinous consequences, not only to the Government, but to every business house in the Territory.

It will require two hundred and fifty wagons to move from this post alone. What are the available means now on hand? About eighty wagons and five hundred head of cattle. Let the contract of freighting out and it will cost from seventy-five to one hundred thousand dollars.

Millions of dollars have already been expended by an Administration that has just ended, in sending an army here, and this, with other useless expenditures, has brought ruin, disgrace and bankruptcy upon the country; and now to complete the last acts in this great political drama, Mr. Lincoln orders the withdrawal of the troops, after all that has been expended for army, mail, &c., merely for the purpose of quartering armed troops all over the Union.

Take away these forces—break up these military posts, and the scalping knife and tomahawk of the savage will be seen leaping from their scabbards to shed the blood of unoffending women and helpless children. How strange, how inconsistent, how unwise and unpolitical would this movement be, at this time, and what good can it possibly accomplish; or, as I before said, has some unseen spirit whispered to Abraham that his scepter was about to depart, that soon, very soon, he would be called from earth, that the giant South, and not the infant rebel, is whetting her sword to cut them down?

Is he about to learn that the strength of this government lies in the will and hearts of its patriotic freemen, and not in the sword of a sectional tyrant, whose military fiat has set at naught the civil authority of the land? Is he about to discover that the palaces of political demagogues and despots can never be built upon the liberties and over the heads of a chivalrous and proud people? Is he about to learn that such usurpation and abuse of power, brought the head of Charles the First to the block, and is he beginning to tremble at the awful results of this cruel and inhuman strife? Has he come to his second, sober, reflections, and is he beginning to count the cost? Has he heard the wailing cry of the heart broken widow, whose husband has been hurried to a premature grave, or that young and bleeding victim, who fell but a short time since, by the ruthless hand of a merciless soldier in the city of St. Louis, while she was innocently looking on, while her father and brother, probably, were being marched through the streets as prisoners of war to be incarcerated in the walls of an arsenal, unless they took the oath of allegiance to that country, under whose flag they were found? Yes, could he have followed the honest convictions of his heart, instead of being led blindfold by partisans and fanatics—in lieu of the dark cloud of war that is now mantling our Union from Maine to Georgia, the sun light of Heaven would be smiling upon thirty millions of freemen, whose march would still be onward to greatness and to glory.

Security, sir, to life and property is the design of all good government, and whenever it fails to give this, it then becomes the imperative duty of the people to challenge the authority which creates it, or the Executive who administers the same.

Let the South submissively bow to the oppressors hand but this one time—let armed forces be quartered in every State in the Union over the heads of their Executives, and in the face of the law, and then tell me not of your State and Territorial rights, they are forever gone. How inglorious will be the connection, how dishonorable, how detestable will be the rank that the South will hold in the eyes of the civilized world. The conquered provinces of an Administration that has been operating under the false pretext of taking back government property, and yet all the while is even waging a war upon those border States that have been the very last to let go the sinking ship of State.

These are your forts, these your arsenals, these your public revenue, and Sumpter still the prisoner of Beauregard! "Tell it not in Gath, proclaim it not in Ascalon!"

CONSTITUTION.