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"God—and our Native Land."

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Agricultural.

Improvement of Worn Out Lands by the use of Peas and Clover.

BY H. K. BURGWYNN, ESQ., OF JACKSON, NORTHAMPTON COUNTY, N. C.

Having heard, from various reliable sources, of the great success of Mr. Burgwynn in renovating worn-out lands in North Carolina, we were particularly anxious to obtain, from his own pen, an account of his practice in this important matter, for the Agricultural part of the Patent Office Report. At our request, Mr. B. sent the following able and instructive essay, which we take the liberty to publish in the *Cultivator* simultaneously with its going through the press at Washington.—*Southern Cultivator.*

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There are large bodies of land lying in Eastern and Middle Virginia and North Carolina, which have been so much reduced by continued cropping, planting tobacco, cotton, and sowing oats, as no longer to pay the cost of cultivation, and are "turned out as waste lands." These really still possess a good share of fertility, and, by a very moderate expenditure of labor, and attention to common sense principles of agriculture, may be reclaimed and have their productiveness increased from 100 to 150 per cent. They can be made truly valuable; and I do not hesitate to say, as the result of my experience, that they will give a greater profit in the course of five years' cultivation than can be derived from clearing any except our rich river lands.

This is the method I have adopted, and by which I have increased the product of such lands from 1 1-2 or 2 barrels of corn to 4 barrels per acre; and from 4 or 5 bushels of wheat to 10 and 12 bushels per acre. The increase in wheat is proportionably greater than that in corn. My system of cu ture is substantially as follows:

If the "broom straw," in which these waste lands always grow up, retains any sap, by which, when turned under fermentation will ensue; and cause the straw to rot, let the land, *as it is*, be plowed with the largest size plow drawn by three or four horses, running as deeply as possible—say, not less than ten inches—and turning every thing under. If the straw has no sap, it will not rot in a year; and, in that case, burn it off, and plow as before. If possible, follow each plow with a subsoil plow, and go 6 or 8 inches deeper. This will make the stiff clay, which almost everywhere underlies our land, more open to the genial influences of the sun and air, and enable it to get rid of the surplus water of winter, and of heavy rains in other periods of the year.

About the middle of June, following, when the weeds a. about half grown, before they have formed their seeds, sow the land broadcast at the rate of a bushel per acre, with any of the numerous varieties of peas common among us, except the "blackeyed," which, having very little vine, affords little shade. In all cases, I prefer those which have the most vine, and ripen earliest. When the land has much of weeds or grass upon it, turn under the peas with any kind of plow, running not over three inches deep. If the land is bare of weads, I prefer covering the peas with a large, heavy harrow, running it both ways—first lengthwise, and then across the beds. As it is important to give the peas a start over the weeds and grass, I soak them six hours in water, and rub them in plaster of Paris; and, when they begin to leaf out and branch, say, when 12 inches high, I sow plaster at the rate of a bushel per acre. This stimulates their growth, and they overpower the weeds and grass.

When about half the peas are ripe——not "half ripe"—hogs should be turned in to trample and cut up the vines otherwise it is extremely difficult to turn them under. So soon as this can be done, the hogs should be taken off, for the peas are useful in shading the land from the summer's sun—a most important matter in all improvement—and in giving to the thin soil a large mass of vine-leaves and other vegeta-substances. From experience in the use of both, I think peas not inferior to clover (to which family, indeed, it belongs,) as a specific manure for wheat.

After this mass of vine has been turned under, you have 'pea-ley,' over which sow a bushel and a half of wheat per acre, and six quarts of clover seed.—Harrow both in thoroughly, and let the work be finished by the middle of October. The return will of course, depend somewhat on the quality of the "old field;" but I venture to affirm, that it will amply repay all labor and outlay, and astonish by the great result apparently from so trivial a cause.

I am familiar with the great increase of crops from the use of lime and clover, and I do not mean to compare the two methods for renovating land as aqual; but, where lime is not to be had, there is no application that can compare for a moment, on well drained land, (if it need draining) with plaster, peas and deep tillage. No gold mine is so valuable as a good marl pit. I am, however, confining myself to interior districts, where neither lime nor marl can be had.

After the wheat comes off in June following, the clover, if sown early in October, will have grown so as to shade the land pretty well, even on the waste lands I speak of. It should not be grazed the first year, at all; in the February after, top-dress it with all the manure to be had, not forgetting to apply all the *old ashes* within reach. This time of the year, (winter) is best for applying manure in our country, where the hot sun acts so injuriously on a bare surface. The roots of the young clover being protected from hard frosts and sudden changes by the manure, it shoots forward with the earliest warmth of spring, and smothers all weeds. When weeds mature their seeds, they draw upon the fertility of land equal to most crops. Clover gives a crop as profitable as any other, and it is all returned to the land in the droppings of the stock while grazing upon it. As proof of its profit, for three years I have never fed my working horses but at mid-day on grain or fodder, from the middle of May till the clover fails. They are turned on the clover-field after the day's work is over, and taken up in the morning in good condition for service. I have never lost one by this managment; in fact they improve from the time they are thus treated, and work better.

After the clover has been on the land for two summers, during which period it has dropped three crops of leaves and stalks, and thereby greatly improved the land, either turn it under as before in September or October, for wheat, or later in the fall for corn the ensuing year. In the former case, you will find your land as thickly set as before with volunteer clover, which ought to remain as a pasture for the summer, after the second crop of wheat comes off. If corn, instead of wheat, be grown, sow peas broadcast among the corn at the last plowing, soaking the seed and rolling them in plaster as before. After the corn crop, do not suffer the land to "lie out." No error can be more opposed to good farming, than that which assumes that land is improved by "lying out" and permitting a crop of weeds to mature upon it. If we had duly reflected, this error would long since have been apparent, in the continued sterility of thousands of acres lying waste around us, *not a whit improved by "lying out."*

After the soil has once been brought up by peas, subsoiling, or deep plowing and clover—all within reach of the farmer even in the interior—it will not again relapse, unless the former barbarous and senseless practice of exhaustion and negligence be again adopted. If lime can be had, even at a cost of 20 cents a bushel, I would in all cases spread it on the land, after the first crop of peas had been turned under, to the amount of fifteen or twenty bushels per acre. This quantity will greatly benefit the land, and enable the owner shortly to repeat the application of a like quantity.

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NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—If the Agriultural Report (of which one branch of Congress has ordered 100,000 copies to be printed, and the other will, doubtless, order half as many more,) contained no other information than the above paper, from an eminently practical man, on the improvement of "Worn-out Lands," we should regard the money as well expended. A very large share of the $32,000,000 annually paid into the national Treasury, is drawn directly or indirectly from the soil. Hence, its preservation and economical improvement, are the most important of our public interests.

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Progress of Tea Culture in the United States.

Our fair readers will be much exhilarated by the following letter, showing, apparently, the entire success of the experiments made in South Carolina, by Dr. Junius Smith, formerly of this city, in the cultivation of the tea plant. It would appear, also, that there is a prospect of obtaining a much more delightful tea on this our republican soil, than ever has been or can be, brought from Imperial China. Oue thing, though, is indispensible, if we would enjoy this pleasure, viz: we must *hold fast to the Union*; otherwise none of the choicest teas will be permitted to cross Mason and Dixon's line.—*N. Y. Jonrual of Commerce.*

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"GREENVILLE, S. C. May 1, 1850.

"DEAR SIR: Although the winter has been rather severe, and the spring remarkably cold and wet, and protracted a month later than it was last year, yet I am happy to say the tea plant maintains its original physiology. The same laws which govern the plant in China, Java, and India, govern it here. Not a single deficiency in my small garden. Every plant has taken effective root, and early in April the leaf buds came out in great profusion, all starting from the foot of the old leaf stalk. About the 20th April, the buds influenced by increased temperature, followed their Chinese paternity, and began to develop an abundance of the most delicate leaves in regular season for the first gathering for the manufacture of the choicest quality of tea.—Were it prudent to relax in the slightest degree the reciprocal action of root and branch, and thus delay the vigor, growth, blossom and fruiting of the matured plant, I could now gather a sufficient quantity of leaves to make a small supply of first-rate tea. But I compel myself to forbear the indulgence of a curiosity dear to my heart.

"The fact that the foliage puts out at the same time that it does in China, affords another practical evidence of the adaptation of the American climate to the growth of the plant, and demonstrates the physiological fitness of a plant indigenous to China to the culture of our own country. The final result depends upon our own industry, and we have no more ground for fear or apprehension of failure than we have in transplanting a peach tree from France to America. The leaf is now of a light pea-green color, and nothing can be imagined more tender and delicate. I can now understand why it is that we cannot obtain the first quality of tea from China. The first growth of the last leaf is so delicate that it is quite impossible to divest it of humidity by firing or roasting to sustain so long a voyage, besides the almost certainty of utterly destroying its rich and precious aroma. I can now understand why it is that a Chinese official of wealth and dignity will pay a hundred dollars a pound for tea grown in his own country. The quatity of buds and early leaves, compared with a general gathering of leaves fully grown, must be small indeed, and the value enhanced in proportion to the scarcity.

"We have yet to learn the effects of different soils, climate, and locality, in the various tea-growing districts of our own country, both upon the growth of the plant and the quality of the tea.—We have no reason to suppose that these effects will be less diversified here than they are in China; but gathering instruction from the cultivators in China, Java, and India, I think we have no occasion to caltivate a poor soil in a tropical climate, or one bordering upon it, and thus produce an inferior quality of tea. We certainly ought to produce the best, and none of the inferior qualities grown in China. In many respects we possess natural and peculiar advantages, which neither China, nor Java, nor India do or can possess. Our market, whether European or American, lies at our door. We are spared the expensive and injurious process of firing or roasting the tea-leaf to prepare it for foreign markets. We have abundance of fine cheap lands, with all the diversity of soil, climate and aspect that the plant can require. Our transportation, facilitated by rivers, canals, and railroads, is so short to shipping ports, that the actual cost will not be one quarter so much as it is from the tea plantations of China to Canton, the port of shipment. More than all, every farmer, certainly in the middle and Southern States, may grow his own tea in his own garden, without the slighest interference with his ordinary agricultural pursuits. With these exclusive privileges in our hands, if we do not cultivate our own tea then I think we ought to be tributury to those who call us barbarians.

"Yours, truly, JUNIUS SMITH."

Miscellany.

The Belle of the Ball Room.

'Only this once,' said Edward Allston, fixing a pair of loving eyes on the beautiful girl beside him—'only this once, sister mine; nay, I will even kneel to you,' and he bent, half playfully, half seriously, before her. 'Your dress will be my gift, and will not therefore, diminish your charity fund; and beside, if the influences of which you have spoken do indeed, haunt so alluringly about a ball-room, should you not seek to guard me from their power? You will go, will you not? for me—for me?'

The Saviour, too, whispered to the maiden: 'Decide for me, thou redeemed one—for me.' But her spirit did not recognize the tones, for of late it had been bewildered with earthly music.

She paused, however, and her brother pressed a kiss upon her thoughtful brow, and waited her reply in silence.

Beware! sweet Helen Allston, beware! The sin is not lessened that the tempter is so near to thee. Like the sparkle of the red wine to the inebriate are the seductive influences of a ball-room. Thy foot will fall upon roses, but they will be the roses of this world, not those that bloom for eternity. The holy calm of thy closet will become irksome to thee, and thy power of resistance will be diminished many fold, for this is the first great temptation.—But Helen will not beware. While the warm kiss is on her cheek, she forgets her Saviour. The melody of that rich voice is dearer to her than the pleading of gospel memories.

Two years previous to the scene described, Helen Allston hoped she had passed from death unto life. For some time she was exact in the discharge of social duties, regular in her closet exercises, ardent, yet equal in her love. Conscious of her weakness, she diligently used all those aids so fitted to sustain and cheer her.—Day by day she kindled her torch at the holy fire which comes streaming onward to us from the luminaries of the past—from Baxter, Taylor and Flavel, and many a compeer whose name will live in the hearts, and linger on the lips, of the generations which are yet to come. She was alive to the present also. Upon her table, with a beautiful commentary upon the yet unfulfilled prophesies, lay the record of missionary labor and success.

The sewing circle busied her active fingers, and the Sabbath School kept her affections warm, and rendered her knowledge practicable and thorough. But at length, the things of the world began insensibly to win upon her regard. She was the child of wealth, and fashion spoke of her taste and elegance. She was very lovely, and the voice of flattery mingled with the accents of honest praise.—She was agreeable in manner, sprightly in conversation, and she was courted and caressed. She heard with complacency reports from the gay circles she had once frequented, and noted with more interest the ever-shifting pagentry of folly. Then she lessened her charities, furnished her wardrobe more lavishly, and became less scrupulous in the disposal of her time. She formed acquaintances among the light and frivilous, and to fit herself for intercourse with them, sought the books they read, until others became insipid.

Edward Allston was proud of his sister, and loved her, too, almost to idolatry.

They had scarcely been separated from childhood, and it was a severe blow to him when she shunned the amusement they had so long shared together. He admired, indeed, the excellence of her second life, the beauty of her aspirations, the loftiness of her aims, but he felt deeply the want of that unity in hope and purpose which had existed between them. He felt, at times, indignant, as if something had been taken from himself. Therefore he strove, by many a device, to lure her in the path he was treading. He was very selfish in this, but unconscious of it. He would have climbed precipices, traversed continents, braved the ocean in its wrath, to have rescued her from physical danger; but, like many others as thoughtless as himself, he did not dream of the fearful importance of the result; did not know that the Infinite alone could compute the hazard of the tempted one. Thus far had he succeeded, that she had consented to attend with him a brilliant ball.

'It will be a superb affair,' he said half aloud, as he walked down street. 'The music will be divine, too. And she used to be so fond of dancing! 'Twas a lovely girl spoiled when the black-coated gentry preached her into their notions. And yet—and yet—pshaw! all cant! all cant!—What harm can there be in it? And if she does withstand all this, I will yield the point that there is something—yes, a great deal, in her religion.'

So musing, he proceeded to the shop of Mrs. Crofton, the most fashionable dress maker in the place, and forgot his momentary scruples, in a consultation as to the proper materials for Helen's dress, which was to be a present from himself, and which he determined should be worthy her grace and beauty.

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The ball was over, and Helen stood in her festal costume before the ample mirror in her chamber, holding in one hand a white kid glove she had just withdrawn. She had indeed been the belle of the ball-room. Simplicity of life, and a joyous spirit, are wonder-workers, and she was irresistably bright and fresh among the faded and hackneyed frequenters of heated assembly rooms. The most delicate and intoxicating flattery had been offered her, and wherever she turned she met the glances of admiration. Her brother, too, had been proudly assiduous, had followed her with his eyes so perpetually as to seem scarcely conscious of the presence of another; and there she stood, minute after minute, lost in the recollections of her evening triumph.

Almost queen like looked she, the rich folds of her satin robe giving fulness to her slender form, and glittering as if woven with silver thread. Point lace, broad and exquisitely fine, fell from her short sleeves over her snowy arms, and gave softness to the outline of her bust. A chain of pearls lay on her neck, and gleamed amidst the shading curls, which floated from beneath a chaplet of white roses. She looked up at length, and smiled upon her lovely reflection in the mirror, and then wrapping herself in a dressing-gown, took up a volume of sacred poems. But when she attempted to read, her mind wandered to the dazzling scene she had just quitted.—She knelt to pray but the brilliant vision haunted her still, and ever as the wind stirred the vines about the window, there came back that sweet alluring music.

She rose with a pang of self-reproach.—Instead of the confidence, the consciousness of protection, the holy serenity with which she usually sought her pillow, she experienced an excitement and restlessness which nothing could allay. She attempted to meditate, but with every thought of duty came memories of the festive garlands, and the blazing lamps and the flitting figures of the merry dancers.

An open Bible lay on the window seat, and as she passed it she read:—'Another parable put He forth unto them, saying, The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man, which sowed good seed in his field. But while he slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat and went his way.'

Tears sprung to her eyes, and she exclaimed, 'In the field of my heart hath the enemy sown tares.' She took up the book and read again: then too soulfull to remain quiet, she rapidly paced her chamber. Resolutely and carefully she reviewed the past, back to her first faint trembling hope. Rigorously, as in the presence of her Maker, she scanned her first departure from the narrow path; her earlier convictions were pungent, ten-fold more intense was the agony of this, her second awakening.

In the solitude of his chamber, Edward thought with less elation of his successful plan. He believed that Helen would have yielded to no ordinary temptation, and he felt that he had been scarcely generous to enlist her affections against her principles. His repeated, 'It is but a trifle,' did not satisfy him; and when he had listened hour after hour, to her footfall, he could no longer restrain his inclination to soothe her emotion. In vain he essayed all the arguments, all the sophistry, which the world employs to attract the luke-warm professor.

'Do not seek to console me,' said Helen; 'for such tears are salutary, my dear brother. I have virtually said that the joys of religion are fading and unsatisfactory; I must sometimes seek for others. I have quieted more than one uneasy conscience, by throwing the influence of a professing Christian into the scale of the world. I have wandered from my Father's side to the society of his rebel subjects. And yet, I have cause to mourn less for this one transgression, than for the alienation of heart which led the way to it. Had I not fallen far, very far, from the strength and purity of my earlier love, even your pleadings could not have moved me.'

'But the Bible says nothing about such amusements, Helen.'

'Not in words, perhaps, but in effect. Put the case to your own heart, Edward. Would you wish me to indulge in a course of conduct which would estrange me from you? Would you have me choose for my companions those who treat you with neglect? Would you wish me to frequent places whence I should return careless and cold in my manner towards you? Ah, brother! I loved God once. I saw his hand in everything around me. I felt his presence perpetually, and trusted, child like to His protecting arm. But now I regard him less, read less, and give less.—And then she revealed to her brother her beautiful experience—beautiful till she grew negligent and formal—with a truth, an earnestness, a loving simplicity, that, for the first time, gave him some insight into the nature of true piety. 'And now, dear Edward, she said, 'read to me Christ's prayer for his people, that I may feel sure that they prayed for me.'

As she listened the varying expressions of her countenance indicated many and varied emotions. Submission, sorrow, love and faith—all were there. When Edward had finished, they knelt together, and Helen, sorrowfully, yet hopefully, poured out her full soul in confessions, and most touchingly she besought the divine compassion upon her erring brother.

The carol of birds went up with the whispering Amen of the penitent, the blossoms of the climbering honeysuckle sent in their fragrance, and the morning sun smiled on them as they rose from prayer. The face of Helen reflected her inward gladness, and restored peace shone in her dark eyes and tranquil countenance. 'Thou art happier than I,' said Edward, and with a light caress he turned from the chamber.

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One year went by, and Edward Allston awoke from an uneasy slumber. Slow and insidious had been the approach of disease. Softly, and in many disguises had the spoiler come to him. He had stolen the strength from his manhood, the roundness from his form, the mellow expression from his eye, but he brought no terror. 'Bear me to Helen's room,' said the sufferer, and the attendants performed his b ding.

It was the anniversary of the ball night, and the room was unchanged, save that no festal garments were scattered about it.—The open window with the luxuriant honeysuckle bursting through and resting on the open pages of a Bible, the chairs on which the two had sat, the cushions on which they had knelt, each with an arm about the other, all were familiar. The invalid examined each well known object, and then looked fondly upon his sister, his prayerful teacher, and unwearied nurse.

'It was fitting that I should come here to die,' he said, 'for it was here that I first learned who maketh the death-bed easy. Oh, my sister, had you not been true to yourself, to your God, to me, where now would be my hope! where my consolation! Oh, dear Helen! if, in years to come, the voice of temptation be sweet to thee, if thy foot should falter, and thou should'st step aside to gather a light flower, or stoop to a painted toy, then remember that ball night, and let thy repentance be as full, as free, as humble as it was then. Let my memory be with thee, too, as thou walkest onward through life, that so thou may'st win others as thou did'st me, with the purity, the vigor, the warmth of thine own hopes and experiences. One kiss dear one, and then pray with me for the last time.

Unusually earnest and rich in faith were the low accents that filled the chamber.—There was in them a tone not of earth, a melody caught from the heaven towards which they floated. More and more triumphant grew the thanksgiving of that gentle sister. Ever brighter grew the countenance of the dying. To his ear, the songs of angels blended with that earthly voice which was so dear. More and more perfectly harmonized the two; he doubted if there were, indeed, any distinction; he smiled faintly, and then the freed and ransomed spirit sped upwards to the bosom of the Eternal.

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From the Boston Transcript, May 15.

Mrs. Osgood's Last Poem.

We publish below, the last lines of the departed Poetess, Frances Sargent Osgood, who died in New York last Sunday, and whose mortal remains will be carried to their resting-place this (Wednesday) afternoon, from the house of her brother, in Washington st., above Dover, at the moment when this last touching effusion, the swan's dying song, will first meet the eyes of the readers of the *Transcript*. It will be seen from this brief but beautiful poem, which was written a week ago yesterday, that Mrs. Osgood had a full premonition of her approaching end.—She was well aware that she would not live to see the roses of June. Her presentiment has been fulfilled. She saw the white and crimson blossoms and the green buds of the young Spring, but not its fruits and flowers. She well knew, however, that they would come forth in their season though her mortal senses might be sealed to their hues and their fragrance; and she was equally assured that there was a life within the husk of our animal organization, which would bloom imperishable when our material part was dust and ashes. Strong in this faith, she welcomed "death's gracious angel," with serenity and a child-like trust. Long will her many friends lament her early departure, and feel how "blessings brighten as they take their leave"—and that,

> "When such friends part,'
> 'Tis the survivor dies!"

The lines which follow, were addressed to "a lovely young girl who came one evening to amuse her by making paper flowers and teaching her to make them. You know how much she loved the beautiful."

> You've woven roses round my way
> And gladdened all my being;
> How much I thank you none can say
> Save only the All-seeing.
>
> May He who gave this lovely gift,
> This love of lovely doings,
> Be with you whereso'er you go,
> In ev'ry hope's pursuings!
>
> I'm going through the Eternal gates
> Ere June's sweet roses blow!
> Death's lovely Angel leads me there—
> And it is sweet to go.

May 7, 1850.

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Cromwell's Army.

In war, this strange force was irresistible. The stubborn courage, characteristic of the English people, was, by this system of Cromwell, at once regulated and stimulated. Other leaders have inspired their followers with a zeal as ardent. But in his camp alone the most rigid discipline was found in company with the fiercest enthusiasm. His troops moved to victory with the precision of machines, while burning with the wildest fanaticism of crusaders. From the time when the army was re-modeled, to the time when disbanded, it never found, either on the British Islands or on the Continent, an enemy who could stand its onset. In England, Scotland, Ireland, Flanders, the Puritan warriors, often surrounded by difficulties, sometimes contending against three-fold odds, not only never failed to conquer, but never failed to destroy and break in pieces whatever force was opposed to them. They at length came to regard the day of battle as a day of certain triumph, and marched against the most renowned battalions of Europe with disdainful confidence. Turenne was startled by the shout of stern exultation with which his English allies advanced to the combat, and expressed the delight of a true soldier, when he learned that it was ever the fashion of Cromwell's pikemen to rejoice when they beheld the enemy; and the banished cavaliers felt an emotion of national pride, when they saw a brigade of their countrymen outnumbered by foes and abandoned by allies, drive before it in headlong route the finest infantry of Spain, and force a passage into a counterscarp which had just been pronounced impregnable by the ablest of the marshals of France.

But that which chiefly distinguished the army of Cromwell from other armies was the austere mortality and fear of God which pervaded all ranks. It is acknowledged by the most zealous royalists, that in that singular camp, no oath was heard, no drunkenness or gambling was seen; and that during the long dominion of the soldiery, the property of the peaceable citizen and the honor of woman were held sacred. If outrages were committed, they were outrages of a very different kind from those of which a victorious army is generally guilty. No servant girl complained of the rough gallantry of the red coats. Not an ounce of plate was taken from the shops of the gold smiths. But a Pelagian sermon, or a window on which the Virgin and Child was painted, produced in the Puritan ranks an excitement which it required the utmost exertions of the officers to quell. One of Cromwell's chief difficulties was to retain his pikemen and dragoons from invading, by main force, the pulpits of ministers whose discourses, to use the langage of that time, were not savory.—*Macaulay.*