

## A STORY FOR LARGE FARMERS.

The last number of the *Farmer's Magazine* contains the following under the head of "Mr. Bakewell's anecdote, *alias* good farming in a nutshell." The lesson inculcated is one which so many farmers would profit wonderfully by learning, that we transfer the article to our columns:—

"The far-famed Mr. Bakewell, of Dishley, Leicestershire, the founder of the new Leicester sheep, and the man who lived a century before his day, used to tell an anecdote with exceedingly high glee as a farmer of the olden school and golden times. This farmer, who owned and occupied 1,000 acres of clay land, but poor in point of money, had three daughters looking their father very hard in the face for money. He went to Mr. Bakewell to know what to do for them. Mr. Bakewell told him to keep his money and give each daughter some land, and make it known that he would do so, and he would very soon lessen his family at home. He then made it known that he would give his eldest daughter 250 acres of land. I need not add that the lady had forthwith plenty of beaux to choose out of: the father's house was haunted with young men, and she soon got married, and the father gave her the portion that he promised, but no money; and he found by a little more speed and better management, the produce of his farm increased. Three years after he made it known that he would give his second daughter 250 acres of land, which drew shoals of beaux, and she soon got married, and her father gave her her portion. He then set to work and begun to grub up his furze and fern, and ploughed up some of his poor furze land—nay, and where the furze covered in some closes nearly half the land. After giving half his land away to two of his daughters, he found the produce of his farm increased; because his newly broken up land brought him excessive crops. At the same time he farmed the whole of his land better, for he employed four times the labour upon it; had no more dead fallows the third year; instead of which he grew two green crops in one year, and ate them upon the land. A garden, Mr. Bakewell told him, never required a dead fallow. He no more folded from a poor grass close to better the condition of a poor ploughed one. But the great advantage was, that he had got the same money to manage 500 acres as he had at first to manage 1,000 acres.—Three years after the second marriage, he made it known that he would give his third and last daughter 250 acres of land. She had a beau who stood in readiness, and three or four more within call, and she was married in a week. She thought it never too soon to do well, and the father portioned her off with land. He then began to ask himself a few questions, how he was to make as much of 250 acres as he had done of 1,000 acres. He found necessity was the mother of invention. He then paid off his bailiff, who weighed twenty stone; he found that he had been helping the men to manage the master, instead of helping the master to manage the men. He then rose with the lark in the long days, and went to bed with the lamb. He got much more work done for his money, for instead of saying to his men, 'Go, and do it,' he said, 'Come, my boys, let us go and do it.' He found a great difference between "come" and "go." He made his servants, labourers, and horses move faster—he broke them from their snail's pace: he found the eye of the master quickened the pace of the servant. He grubbed up every bit of furze on the farm, and converted a great deal of corn into meat. He preserved the black water, the essence of the manure, and conveyed it upon the land. He cut down all his high hedges, straightened his zigzag fences, cut his serpentine water-courses straight, and gained much land by so doing: made dams and sluices, and irrigated all the land he could. Some of his hedges and borders were covered with bushes from ten to fourteen yards in width, and some of his closes were no wider than streets; and there he grubbed up the hedges and borders, and threw several little closes into one. He found that, instead of growing little thorn-hedges and haws, to feed foreign migratory birds in the winter, he ought to grow food for man. "I sold him long-horned bulls, and let him rams," said Mr. Bakewell," and told him the value of labor, and what ought to be performed by a certain number of men, working oxen, or horses, within a given time. I taught him how to sow less, and plough deeper and better, and that there were limits and measures to all things; but, above all, the husbandman ought to be stronger than the farm. I taught him how to make hot land colder, and cold land hotter; light land stiff, and stiff land lighter. I advised him to breed no inferior cattle, sheep, or horses, but the best of each kind, as the best consumed no more food than the worst. Size has nothing to do with the profit. It is not what an animal makes, so much as what it costs making.

My friend became a new man in his old age, and died rich, by Mr. Bakewell's improved management.