

posing some little changes in their mode of management, and finally intimated that he should like very well to take the Cultivator. But it was a desperate case, for whatever faith Uncle Tim might have had in more distant things, it was clear that in the matter of *Agricultural improvement*, he had neither faith nor works. The old gentleman, while he felt disposed to gratify his son in all prudent desires, could not but feel vexed to find him inclined to depart so far from what he considered "the good old paths." Things went on however much after this fashion for a considerable time. Timothy would occasionally quote Judge Buel, and speak of the increased profits of the improved methods of husbandry. But to all these representations the old gentleman had always a ready answer. All this he said, might do very well for rich men who lived near a market where all the productions of the farm would sell for ready money, and plenty of manure could be had near by, and for little or nothing. But for small farms, situated as they were away back in the country, to attempt to take those big men for a guide, would be ruinous extravagance. One of Timothy's suggestions, however, rather staggered him.

"Well, father," said he one day as they went out towards the barn, just after a shower, and the streams of water as black as your hat were running out of the yard, "I think," said he, "there is one thing we small farmers in the country might do as well as the large ones that live near the cities. If we cannot buy manure, we might take care of what we have: you see that if your barn-yard was tamed bottom up, it would be just in the shape recommended by Judge Buel, and would hold all this liquid manure that we see running off into the road."

Somewhere about these days it came into the heart of Uncle Tim to visit his old friends and relations down in the land of wooden nutmegs, and as his son had never seen much of the world he thought it might be well enough for him to go along too, so after mature deliberation, it was decided that it would be most economical on the whole to go with their own conveyance. Old grey, to be sure, had been worked hard and not very high fed, and was a little thinish, but Uncle Tim guessed he would do to go well enough—he would have a good rest and good keeping down there, and plenty of time to recruit after he came back. Well, after preparing their box of provisions and their bag of oats, they set off. But Uncle Tim had never foundered a horse in all his life, by giving him too many oats, and he did not mean to begin then—so the bag was not a very big one, and the journey was somewhat longer than they calculated: old grey was a pretty slow horse the latter part of the journey, and if he could have told his mind, would probably have said he was very glad when he reached the end of it. He had then a week or two to rest, but it seemed as if hard times had got to Connecticut before they did, for the granaries were very poorly supplied with oats. The time, however, soon arrived when they were to set their faces homewards, and the poor old horse, although somewhat rested, was not very much improved in his capacity to perform a journey. Even their small bag was but scantily filled, and to buy oats on the road seemed to Uncle Tim a very improvident way of travelling. So they jogged on with such speed as the circumstance permitted; but before they were within fifty miles of home, old grey gave out, and they were obliged to haul up. The fact was, old grey was a good horse, but he was used up. Although he had been a good horse a great while, it was not old age that prostrated him. He had skin and bone and muscle and wind, and four sound legs. The machine was in order, but the moving power had been withheld. The poor old horse was as useless as the steam engine without the steam.

Well Uncle Tim and his son were in a bad fix. Their passage home in the stage would cost considerable money, and then to leave

old grey there to recruit, and the expense of sending for him, would increase the sum to a pretty important amount—and they could hardly think of selling the old horse for the small sum of ten dollars, which was the most they could get offered for him. The result of their deliberation was, that old grey was left with a farmer near by at a moderate expense, and the father and son took passage home in the stage. It so happened they were the only passengers, so they had plenty of time to think, and occasionally, as the spirit moved, to talk a little.

"Well, father," said the young man, after a pretty considerable long silence, "I do not know as you think as I do, but it appears to me that our farm and old grey are very nearly in the same situation."

"I do not know," said his father, "what there can be about a farm and a horse, that can make them resemble each other so very much."

Timothy then undertook to explain. "There is, said he, what was once a good farm, and the foundation on which to make a good farm now. So there is what was once a good horse, and a good frame to make a horse of now. But both have been overworked and poorly fed that they have become exhausted, and are of but little value. The farm, you know produces little if any thing, more than enough to pay for the labor we bestow upon it, and the value of old grey we have had a pretty good opportunity of testing. Now it appears to me that I can convince you that under a different course of management, both the farm and the horse would have much more than repaid the extra expense bestowed upon them, and been worth at this day more than double what they are. I am very certain I can as respects the horse, and it is equally clear to my mind with respect to the farm. Suppose then, we had given the horse one peck of oats per day, for the last two months in addition to what he has had—would not that have enabled him to work considerably harder than he has done, and kept him in good condition? The old gentleman could not but admit that he thought it would. Well now, said Timothy, do you not think that if old grey was in good working order, he would sell for forty dollars? Yes, and more too. Was his father's prompt reply. Now said the young man, let us calculate the cost of oats; one peck a day for two months, would be nearly sixteen bushels—that is twenty-five cents per bushel, would amount to four dollars: and as things have turned out I am sure you will be willing to admit that sixteen bushels of oats disposed of in that way, would have been a very judicious expenditure, as, according to our calculation, it would have produced a difference of thirty dollars in the value of the horse. But, said his father, old grey is actually worth more than ten dollars, as it will not cost thirty dollars, to recruit him up. Perhaps not, said Timothy, but whatever it does cost, added to the extra expense of our getting home, and the loss of the work of the old horse after that would at any rate, have been saved by the four dollars worth of oats. And now, said he, with regard to the farm, you have always told me that it was originally rich and produced great crops, and if it were as good now as it was then, could we not make one hundred dollars more easily than we can fifty now? Yes said his father, I suppose we could. Well, now, resumed the young man, the only question is whether or not it could have been kept up in its original state of fertility till this day, with the ordinary available means, by a different course of management. I think that it could, and will try and explain as well as I can with my small knowledge of improved husbandry, what course of management would have been required to effect so desirable a result. The first great object would have been to increase, by all prudent means, the quantity of manure, and either to use it in a fresh state, or prevent waste by washing or evaporation; and one means of accomplishing this would have been, to sell no hay, unless a corresponding amount of manure could have been

purchased—but to keep more stock, or, perhaps, to feed what was left better so as to consume all the fodder at home. The next change would have been to divide the farm into smaller lots, so as to pursue what is called a rotation of crops, that is, that the whole may be in turn mowed and appropriated to the different kinds of crops; other changes would have been to cultivate the land better—to procure more and better manure, and to pay more attention to the breeding of animals of all kinds.

"These are the important changes required by what is called 'improved husbandry.'" "There are of course many small matters belonging to each that I have not mentioned."

And now, although the farm is as we say, run out, a resort to the same measures will raise it to the desired state of fertility; but the improvement must of course be very gradual, unless considerable expense is laid out at the commencement for manure, fencing, &c. I am aware that this may not appear so plain a case as that of the horse, but I am not able to see how any one can, upon reflection, avoid coming to the conclusion that the two cases are precisely similar. The fact is they have both been starved, and for all useful purposes, in their present state, are of very little value. By good feed and proper management both may be restored.

Uncle Tim kept cool all this time, but it was evident from the way he used up the cuds of tobacco, that he felt a little uncomfortable.

Well, said he, I do not think that I shall ever become much of a book-farmer myself, but as I am getting old and as I expect the farm to be eventually yours, and as you are so confident that these new ways are the best, I am willing that you should take the management, and try, and satisfy yourself and me too. I will try and look on your management without prejudice, and at the end of three years, should we both live till that time, if I feel satisfied that the new way is the better way, you shall have a deed at that time. We will only add that sometime before the three years expired, Uncle Tim's deed was made out, "signed and sealed," and what was still a greater wonder, he had become a constant reader of the Cultivator, and said he really did think that Judge Buel had done some good in the world.

Finally, we cannot but hope that many Uncle Tim's are every year becoming converted from the error of their ways by means of the *Central New-York Farmer*.

CHARCOAL.

(To the Editor of the *N. Y. Mechanic & Farmer*.)

MR. FLEET.—Nothing has surprised me more than the fact that so little is known of the use and benefit of charcoal. Five years ago I witnessed immense benefit from its use in Ohio. It is estimated that the wheat crop of Franco has been increased many millions of bushels yearly. An English gentleman, travelling in France, within two or three years observed the general improvement of the wheat crop, from what it was years before in the same section of the country. Upon enquiry, he found that the farmers had been using fine charcoal, sowed on the ground broadcast. In 1842, R. L. Pell, Esq., of Pelham, Ulster County, N. Y., cultivated a field with a hoed crop, and used three hundred bushels of oyster-shell lime to the acre; in the fall he sowed it down with wheat, and added fifty-two bushels of fine charcoal to the acre. The wheat before sowing had been soaked in strong brine, and then rubbed in charcoal and slacked lime. The product was at the rate of seventy eight bushels and three pecks to the acre.