

[From the N.Y. Tribune.]
WHAT I KNOW OF FARMING.

BY HORACE GREENLEY.

XIV.
PLOWING—DEEP, OR SHALLOW LOVE.

Deals absolutely without exception are rare; and they who do no more than I insist on plowing all lands deeply are wrong; for I hold that much land should never be plowed at all. In fact, I believe in my heart greatly as large an area that ought not as I have that ought to be plowed; by which I mean that half the land I have seen may serve mankind better if devoted to timber than subjected to tillage. I personally know...farmers...who would thrive better if they tilled but half the acre they do, by which I mean that half the labor and fertilizer they spend over the whole, even though they threw the residue into common and left it there. I judge that a majority of our farmers could increase the competence of their toil by cultivating fewer acres than they now do.

"Nor do I deny that there are soils which it is not advisable to plow deeply. Prof. Maper told me he had seen tracts in West Jersey where the soil was but eight inches deep, resting on a bed of copperas (sulfate of iron) which being upturned by the plow mingled with the soil, poisoned the crops planted thereon. And I saw, last summer, on the interval of the New River, in the western part of Old Virginia, many acres of corn which were thrifty and luxuriant in spite of shallow plowing and intense drought, because the rich, black loam, which had theretofore been deposited by seasonal inundations, until its depth ranged from two to twenty feet, was so inviting and permeable that the corn-roots can readily penetrate the furrow about as readily as above that line. I do not doubt that there are many millions of acres of such land that would produce (doubtless) and sometimes bounteously, though simply scratched over by a brush harrow and never plowed at all. In the infancy of our race, when there were few mouths to fill and when farming implements were very rude and ineffective cultivation was all but confined to mere scuff strips and patches, so that the utility of the field of deep tillage was not apparent. And we know that crops often failed utterly in those days, plowing whole nations into the miseries of famine.

The primitive plow was a forked stick or treecot, whereof one prong formed the coulter, the other and longer the beam; and he who first sharpened the coulter-prong with a stone hatchet was the Whitney or McCormick of his day. The plow in common use to-day in Spain and Turkey is an improvement on this, for it has an iron point; still, it is a miserable tool. When at five years old, I first rode the horse which drew my father's plow in, for the first time; and I have often thought of the poor old animal, who pulled him from the horse, tore the spangles from his shoulder, and made him return the horse, and pay the farmer for his trouble.

Gen. Thomas was very seldom moved to anger, but whenever it did come, the storm was terrible. An elderly colored woman, a friend from a Union farmer in Kentucky, who complained of being sent to Gen. Thomas, who plucked out a torrent of invective upon the officer, pulled him from the horse, tore the spangles from his shoulder, and made him return the horse, and pay the farmer for his trouble.

Chinese parents give away girl babies soon after birth. In this country, says the Cincinnati Times, they are retained until they become of marriageable age, when they are often regularly sold.

The New York Express gives this for testing a Christian: "Set him to putting up an old mis-matched stove pipe and keep him at it an hour. If he doesn't wear, he's seasoned."

Texas, in area, morally, is the largest State in the Union. It covers 287,500 square miles, or 152,000,500 acres, which makes it nearly three times as large as all the New England States combined.

I judge that the best Steel Pjows now in use do twice the execution that he did with a like expenditure of power—that we can, with equal power, plow twelve inches as easily and rapidly as he plowdix. Ought we to do it? Will it pay?

I first farmed for myself in 1845 on a plot of eight acres, in what was then the open country skirting the East River nearly beneath the lower point of Blackwell's Island, near Thirteenth-st., on a little indentation of the shore known as Turtle Bay. None of the Avenues east of Third was then opened above Thirteenth-st., and the neighborhood, though now perforated by streets and crowded with houses, was as rural and sequestered as heart could wish. One fine, Spring morning, a neighbor called and offered to plow for \$5 my acre of village not cut up by rows of box and other shrubs; and I told him to go ahead. I came home this evening, just as he was finishing the job, which I contemplated most ruefully. His plow was a pocket edition; his team a single horse; his furrows at most five inches deep. I paid him but told him plainly that I would have preferred to give the money for nothing. He insisted that he had plowed for me as I plowed for others all around me. "I will tell you," I rejoined, "exactly how this will work. Through out the spring and early Summer, we shall have frequent rains and moderate heat: thus far, my crops will do well.—But then will come hot weeks; with little or no rain; and they will dry up, this shallow soil, and every thing planted thereon."

The result signalized my prediction. We had frequent rains and cloudy, mild weather, till the 1st of July, when the clouds vanished, the sun came out intensely hot, and we had scarcely a sprinkle till the 1st of September, by which time my Corn and Potatoes had about given up the ghost. Like the seed, which fell, on stony ground—in the parable of the Sower, that which I had planted had withered away because there was no root and my prospect for a harvest was utterly blighted, where, with twelve inches of loose, fertile, well pulverized earth at their roots, my crops would have been at least respectable. When I became once more a farmer in a small way on my present place, I had not forgotten the lesson, and I tried to have plowed deeply and thoroughly so much land as I had plowed at all. My first Summer here (1858) was a very dry one, and crops failed in consequence around me, and all over the country; yet mine were at least fair; and I was largely indebted for them to relatively deep plowing. I have suffered from the frost (on my low land); from the rotting of seed in the ground; from the ravages of insects, &c.; but never by drought; and I am entirely confident that Deep Plowing has done me excellent service. My only trouble has been to get it done; for there are apt to be reasons—fear, laziness, in the season, &c.—for plowing shallowly for "just this time," with full intent to do henceforth better.

I close this paper with a statement made to me by an intelligent British farmer living at Maidstone, south of England. "He said:

"A few years ago, there came into my hands a field of twelve acres, which had been an orchard, and the trees were hopelessly in their dotage. They must be cut down; then the roots must be dug out; so I resolved to make a clean job of it, and giving the field a thorough trenching. Choosing a time in Autumn or early Winter when labor was abundant and cheap, I had it turned over three spits (27 inches) deep; the first being merely reversed; the second reversed and placed at the bottom; the third being reversed and placed above the second. The soil was strong and deep, so that an orchard should be planted; I planted the field to Garden Peas, and my first picking was very abundant. About the time that peas usually begin to wither and die, the roots of mine struck the rich soil which had been the firstroot, but was now the second, and at once the stalks evinced a new life—threw out new blossoms, which were followed by pods; and so kept on blossoming and forming peas for weeks, until this first crop far more than paid the cost of trenching and cultivation."

Thus far my English friend. Who will try a year to catch a Pea on a plat made rich and mellow for a depth of at least two feet, and frequently moistened in Summer by some rude kind of irrigation?

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