

Ed. Geo. Little

NORTH-CAROLINA

THE ARATOR.



Agriculture is the great art, which every Government ought to protect, every proprietor of lands to practice, and every inquirer into nature to improve.—JOHNSON.

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE AND ITS KINDRED ARTS.

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By THOS. J. LEMAY, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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For the Arator.

MR. EDITOR: Agreeably to promise, I now proceed to give you some examples of improvement within my own knowledge, and to show that our people will do better to hold on to their homesteads and improve them, than to sell and remove to another State.

1. My neighbor A., a very plain man, in moderate circumstances, blessed with good hard sense, also that important faculty called order, and that no less important habit styled industry, a few years ago purchased an old worn out farm, and set in with the right sort of resolution to improve it; and he succeeded beyond all expectation, by a very simple and cheap plan. His land, when he commenced, would not produce more than five bushels of corn to the acre.

His first step was, to ditch and under-drain his wet low lands, and hill-side

ditch and horizontalize his rolling fields. He had but two hands at first, to help him, except such as he hired to aid in ditching.

His next care was his stable, cow and hog pen manure. He kept his stables well supplied with straw, leaves and other trash, and when cleaned out, hauled it to a place in the field, where it was to be used, and mixed it, with alternate layers, at once, with rich woods mould or swamp mud, five or six loads to one of stable manure—leaving the heap thickly covered with earth and turf; always taking care to sprinkle his stables with salt and water or powdered charcoal, just before cleaning out, to prevent the escape of ammonia.— Thus he raised from three horses, a large amount of manure.

He took great pains with his cow-pens, always locating them on spots with a view to improve the places, and to make also manure to haul away.— He, therefore, kept the pen well littered from the jump, with leaves, straw and stalks, and woods mould. He regularly broke up the pen with a turning plow the last Saturday in every month, scraped up the manure in piles and hauled it out to the field, as he did the stable manure, mixing it in the

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