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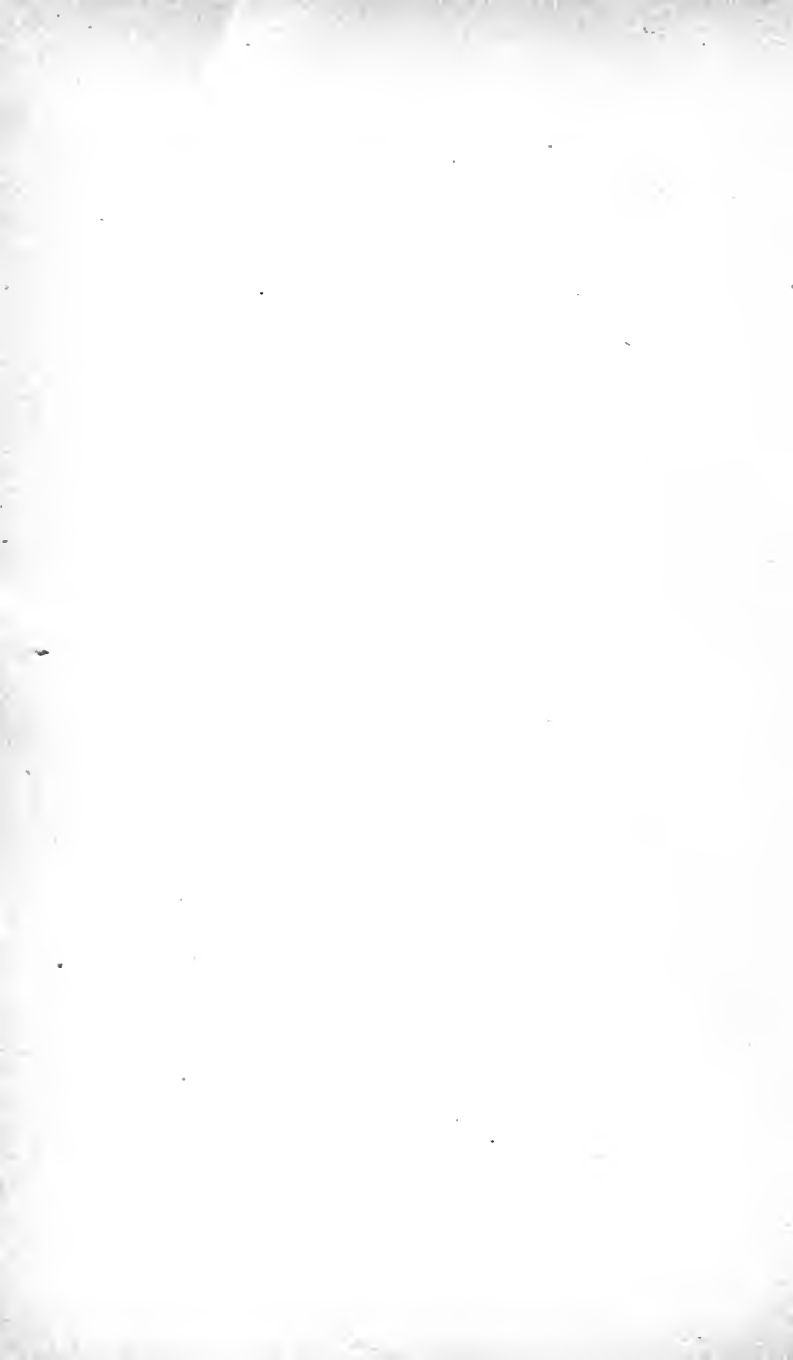


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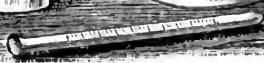
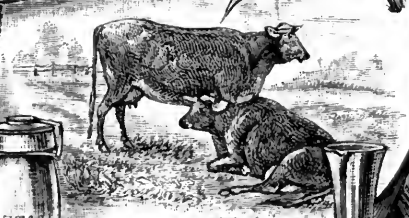
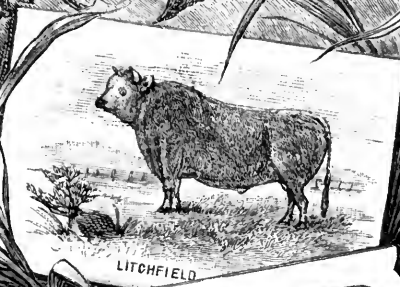




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FARM ECHOES.



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FARM ECHOES.

BY

F. RATCHFORD STARR, M. A.,

ECHO FARM,

LITCHFIELD CONNECTICUT.

ILLUSTRATED.



NEW YORK:
ORANGE JUDD COMPANY,
751 BROADWAY.
1883.

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TO

MY MUCH ESTEEMED FRIEND,

THE HONORABLE

O. S. SEYMOUR,

of Litchfield,

EX CHIEF JUSTICE OF CONNECTICUT,

IN TOKEN OF MY HIGH PERSONAL REGARD,

AND APPRECIATION OF THE

HEARTY GREETINGS ALWAYS EXTENDED ME

AS HIS

BROTHER FARMER.

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F A R M E C H O E S .

CHAPTER I.

WHAT LED ME TO THE FARM.

In a young and extended country like this, where new avenues to wealth are continually being opened up, it is not to be wondered at that comparatively few of its men of business work moderately. The high pressure at which others are driving their commercial affairs irresistibly impels us to put on more steam than we should otherwise do. The race in many a business career is not unlike the steamer races against both time and each other.

In common with many other men of business, I made the grave mistake of working so assiduously at my office duties as to disregard frequent admonitions that my health was thus being impaired. I vainly hoped that the incessant strain would soon so far cease as to make it safe for me to continue to labor on without rest. Such hoping against hope is a sad delusion. Could those thus circumstanced realize their position, they would speedily seek relief; but who that is thus engaged in an extensive and increasing business can calmly or rightly comprehend his condition? He must retire from it for a season in order to get a correct view of it.

The dry inland heat of Philadelphia summers told upon me the more severely because of my neglect to exchange it occasionally for my native sea-air. Before I was aware of the fact, my health had become so impaired that I was compelled to relinquish at once all office duties. Happily I did so before it was too late to recuperate. Thousands of overworked and broken down men of business, who insanely persisted in clinging too long to their business, are now dragging out a miserable existence, a burden to themselves and to all about them. Upon their monuments, when erected, should be inscribed "committed suicide by too close and persistent confinement to business." Had they but acted the common-sense part of retiring from a successful business before their health was permanently ruined, they might now be enjoying the competence their business talents secured to them. Looked at even from a selfish stand-point, every one who duly reflects upon this matter must realize that it is his interest to toil in his counting-room, or store, only so long as he can do so with a healthy brain and a healthy body. Should any dyspeptic or otherwise "run down" man of business read this, let him heed the warning before it is too late. There are so many such, it is not unlikely that this chance shot may hit some of them, whether they be such as are able to retire wholly from commercial pursuits, or the less favored ones who should temporarily rest in the business they cannot afford to give up.

After being under severe medical treatment, and finding that voyaging across the Atlantic and sight-seeing in Europe, though so charming, did not produce the desired cure, I purchased a large-sized yacht and experienced

such benefit in cruising in her, that when, at the end of the yachting season, I called upon my physician, he was much surprised at the change he saw in me, and asked what I had been doing to produce it. When informed that I had "employed another doctor," he was quite taken aback, and in a significant tone of voice asked, "What doctor?" Upon being informed that it was "Dr. Yacht," he remarked that as the sea was so beneficial to me I had "better follow it as a profession." The question of yachting was, however, otherwise disposed of, as none of my family could be with me because of their dread of the ocean, and their illness when upon it. Much of my boyhood was spent in boating, and I have always had a fondness for such amusement. If, therefore, my pen occasionally jumps the track, and makes a sudden dash for old Ocean, the reader must pardon the digression.

After searching for a summer residence among the hills of New England, I found one a mile east of, and about sixty feet above the village of Litchfield, Connecticut, the natural advantages of which so charmed me that I purchased it. Sixty-six acres were far more land than I wanted, as I had not the most remote idea of being interested in farming, but that was the size of the property I then purchased. What to do with the surplus land, and, it may be added surplus rocks, I did not stop to consider.

Clearing and grading the house grounds, gave me a taste for such work, and I was soon busily superintending it on an enlarged scale. Acres of unproductive land were "subdued," to use a local and expressive term. The contest was, at times, such as made it also a decidedly

appropriate term. The land and rocks had long dwelt together in indolence, and were loth to part company, or to work ; but the latter were forced into substantial walls, surrounding and guarding the fields upon which they had spent so many useless years. The lands, thus freed from an incumbrance as ruinous as a mortgage, were promptly at work honestly and successfully, for their new owner, as if in acknowledgment of his claims upon them, and his detestation of indolence in any form.

Each fall I returned to my Philadelphia home, greatly benefited by my out-door occupation of the summer. So charmed were we with our country home that each succeeding year found my family and myself arriving earlier and leaving it later in the season. The sixty-six acres grew, not by natural growth, but by subsequent purchases, to nearly four hundred acres, which, with over two hundred acres leased, with the right of purchase, gave the present farm an area of about six hundred acres.

My personal attention to the work I had laid out, was absolutely necessary. I wanted certain things done in a certain way, and it was equally "certain" that they would not be so done unless under my strict personal supervision.

This, it must be remembered, was when I first came to Litchfield, years ago, and at a time when I was surrounded by "hands" temporarily employed, all of whom were strangers to me, and to my way of doing things. Among them were some excellent, reliable men, who are now permanently or occasionally working for me. General Woodruff, when called from his Litchfield farm by public duties, would instruct his men what to do during his

absence, and would invariably be provoked by finding that the work marked out by him had not been completed, if commenced, while he was away. Upon one occasion he was exceedingly annoyed to find that his orders had been totally disregarded, and he so expressed himself to his men. Among them was one whom the others supposed to be half-witted, but it may be safely questioned whether such was the fact, for he followed the General a short distance, after his out-burst of displeasure, and said to him, "Gineral! Don't you know if a man wants a thing did, he must did it hisself?" To work a farm by proxy is, as a rule, one of the greatest of follies, and it is not to be wondered at that so many who try it come to grief. If you cannot give your personal attention to a farm, you had better not have one. Nine-tenths of the pleasure of owning a farm is found in the superintendence of the work to be done, whether it be grading, draining, tilling, or "subduing" your land.

CHAPTER II.

CITY AND COUNTRY.

If city men who undertake farming would only realize their ignorance of such work, and keep this fact constantly before them during the first four or five years of country life, they would be greatly benefited by so doing. It would guard them against ten thousand mistakes, and be a saving to them of quite as many dollars. They would thus be ever learning, and would probably have more sound knowledge of practical farming at the end of the period named, than many who have spent a lifetime upon their farms, and who have never, for an instant, been out of the ruts in which their forefathers for generations back have travelled; said ruts having been made considerably deeper by each generation that got into them.

Whether it be the "greenhorn" from the city, or the equally green one, country born, he who thinks that he knows all that need be known of his particular calling, be it tilling the land, or any other pursuit, gives unmistakable proof of lamentable ignorance. It is the barren fruit tree which proudly stands erect. Such as are fruitful are humbly bowed by their own productiveness, emblematic of those whose knowledge humbles them, and makes them thirst for more. It not unfrequently happens that city men who commence farming make themselves ridiculous by aping the country laborers in their attire, etc. As well might the "farm hand," who drives his employer's herd of cattle to a city market, through mud and dust, do so in fashionable city costume as the "city farmer," so-called, and often not inappropriately, don old

worn-out boots, with hat and coat to correspond. When I see such characters, I cease to wonder why country people make sport of "city folks." I would not have those from the city dress in their best apparel while in the midst of their men superintending farm work, but there is an appropriate medium between the two extremes. No texture, nor style of dress, can make a farmer of one who is not a farmer in any costume.

The city man who goes upon his newly acquired farm for the mere pleasure of working as a day laborer, has made a mistake he cannot too soon rectify. In not a few instances this has been done "for the fun of the thing," and the results have shown that the fun was decidedly costly. A much greater amount of frolic could have been secured through other and far less expensive channels. To set before one's friends a bottle of champagne and a pitcher of milk, as has been done by a fancy farmer, and say, "Help yourselves, gentlemen, to whichever you prefer, they cost me the same," evidences that such farming is by no means profitable, however amusing.

A strong, healthy man who enters upon such a calling as a business, and who conducts it in a sensible, business-like manner, will soon find that, however much he may desire to work with his hands, this must not be done to the exclusion of the brain work necessary to enable him successfully to accomplish what he has undertaken.

Countrymen have long been the laughing-stock of a certain class of city people, and *vice versa*. This debit and credit account is, I think, pretty equally balanced, so that neither side need feel much chagrined.

Small communities frequently, but not necessarily,

make small minds. A conceited countryman, who has always lived within himself, who imagines that he knows all that is worth knowing, and who does not believe in any world outside of his own immediate surroundings, is quite as despicable an individual as is to be found in any city upstart. There is as much conceit beneath the coarsest garment, as can be found in those who are the most foppishly dressed.

Why some city people who visit the country should disregard, except by ridicule, the polite, if rustic, bow of country adults and children, I have never, from early years, been able to comprehend. Every such salute, not as respectfully acknowledged, proves the saluting party the better mannered of the two, no matter what the difference in their external surroundings. A very good story is told of a country girl thus rudely treated. A teamster, bound for the city with a load of slaughtered hogs, received a polite courtesy from her, and insultingly laughed at her for "bowing to a lot of dead hogs."—"Oh, no," replied the girl, "I bowed to the live one!"

Like city, like country. "Second-hand" articles of various kinds are for sale everywhere. Who has been accustomed to see auction stores, or depositories where "second-hand" goods were for sale, and has not wondered why "third" and "fourth" hand goods were not advertised, some of the articles having been in at least "thirty" hands.

This chapter upon the relative politeness of city and country people, must contain my grateful acknowledgment of the disinterested generosity of some of my newly-made country acquaintances, else their generosity will exceed my gratitude.

It was touching, the promptness and eagerness with which they sought me, when I first came here, and offered me "second-hand" wagons, "second-hand" harnesses, and "second-hand" articles too numerous to specify; all "nearly as good as new," and all "very cheap."

There were lots of—not second-hand—but broken down horses offered me, also whole farms, and many of them; but I cannot say through how many "hands" they had passed. I do not ask the reader to suppose that they who so generously proffered these things were actuated by any other than disinterested motives. He must draw his own conclusions. The eagerness with which the articles were offered, certainly proved the hearty desire of the owners that I should have them, and hence my hearty thanks. Happily this sort of thing did not last long. I had often received similar attentions in my city life, and was fully prepared for them. I tried to give a civil refusal to all such proposals, and hope I succeeded in so doing, though I am inclined to believe that some of my rejections were decidedly emphatic, and that they aided not a little in stopping the annoyance.

It was so evident that some who came to me on such errands paid me the compliment of taking me for a fool, if I may be permitted to use such a word, that I hope I was justified in seeking comfort, I will not say revenge, in feeling that they admirably personated that character themselves. These cases were, on the whole, exceptional.

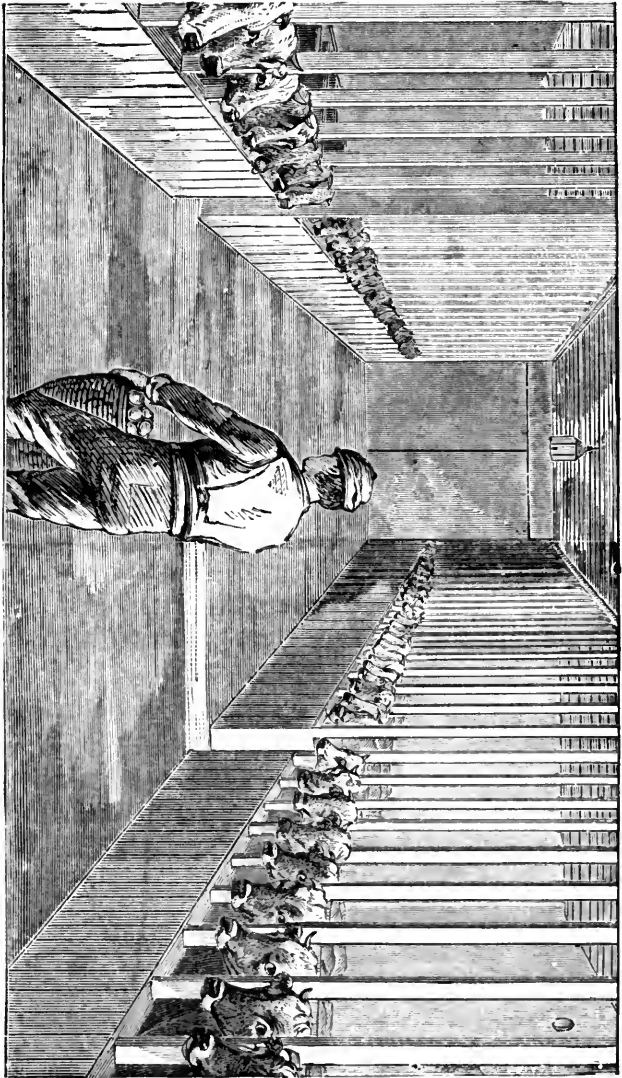
Not a few of the farmers around me have proved themselves as noble specimens of refined and honorable men as can be found anywhere. Beneath a rough and unpolished exterior, which might, perhaps, provoke a smile

from the city exquisite, I have often found men of the keenest and most delicate sense of refinement and honor.

There is a saying more ancient than elegant, telling who made the country and who the city; one decidedly complimentary to the former, but tremendously severe upon the latter. However distinctly the lines of separation may have been drawn in "the good old times," but few traces of them are now left. City and country have so intermingled as almost entirely to erase these lines. Each, to a great extent, shares the good and bad of the other. Each sustains the other.

Do not give this part of the country credit for the following, for it belongs to another rural district.

It is said that three farmers went to New York to sell an article in which they were jointly interested. Having disposed of it advantageously, and being flush of money, they resolved to go to a leading and fashionable restaurant and have "a grand dinner, New York style." It was left with the proprietor of the establishment to furnish what he considered "first-rate." They made up their minds that they would have to pay probably as much as five dollars each, fifteen dollars in all, and were astounded when called upon to pay forty-five dollars, fifteen dollars each. Of course, there was nothing for them to do but settle their bill and leave. Out they went, full of wrath because of the imposition which they supposed had been practised upon them. Two of the three kept up a long and lively abuse of the proprietor, when the third came to their relief with the consoling announcement "Never mind, my friends; that bad man has been punished for his sin. I have his spoons in my pocket."



INTERIOR OF COW STABLE. THREE O'CLOCK.—TIME FOR REFRESHMENTS.

CHAPTER III.

LITCHFIELD.

Though New England abounds in charming villages, none are more lovely in aspect or healthy in location, than Litchfield, Connecticut. Nowhere in our country is there a more intellectual and delightful society than here, though there evidently was a time in the early history of the village when this was not the case, for the wife of one of the first settlers wrote home to her family in England that she "had no society but wolves and Presbyterians." Poor secluded lady! It is a pity she did not explain which she most dreaded.

Litchfield has its Episcopal, Congregational, Methodist, and Catholic Churches, its first National Bank, its "Litchfield Enquirer," its three Hotels, and numerous boarding-houses for the summer boarders, who come here in large and annually increasing numbers.

Extensive manufactories of various kinds are successfully worked in surrounding towns, but there are none in this village. Its "aristocracy" is accused of having retarded its commercial prosperity. Whether this be the case or not, the refining influences which have so long pervaded the community are noticeable everywhere.

The longevity of some of its inhabitants is, certainly, a proof of its healthfulness. There are several remarkable cases of advanced age in this neighborhood. It was stated by one that the period between the ages of ninety-nine and one hundred was the most critical of human life, so that it is impossible to say who will reach the five score.

Some years ago a member of the Litchfield Congrega-

tional Society attended service in the church on the one hundredth anniversary of his birth. The pews were then so arranged that the congregation faced the door, and as he entered all rose as a mark of respect, and remained standing until he was seated in his pew.

I recently visited a lady residing about four miles from me, who is more than a hundred years old, having been born February 12, 1780. Although suffering from the effects of a cold which had troubled her for several weeks, she bore none of those signs of extreme old age which are so distressing to behold. For eighty years she has occupied the house in which she now lives. In early youth, if not in childhood, she became "a child of God," and seems to have had great enjoyment in her religious experience. When I dwelt upon the many years she had been spared to test the power of religion, and asked if she had ever had cause to regret the choice she made in early life, she answered most emphatically, "No, indeed." At the request of her grandson (himself the head of a family), she sang a hymn for me, and I was impressed by the selection she made :

"O when shall I see Jesus?"

No wonder this aged pilgrim, longing for her eternal home, was prompted to ask this question in sacred song.

The dryness of the atmosphere in this region of country is remarkable. Though the thermometer registers a lower temperature than in New York, or Philadelphia, for instance, the winter's cold is not felt so much as in those cities. There is no such dampness here as there, piercing one through and through.

The history of Litchfield is too well and too favorably

known to call for any extended publicity at my hands. Interesting histories of this town have been written by Hon. George C. Woodruff and by Mr. Payne K. Kilbourn, who narrate numerous thrilling incidents connected with the Indians in the early settlement of the town, and with the War of Independence, Litchfield having been an important depôt for military stores and provisions, at the latter period. From these historians I shall make several extracts.

The Indian deed of this town was executed March 2, 1715-16. It may gratify some of my readers to know by whom it was signed, though I do not suppose they will recognize among the signatures those of any old personal acquaintances, unless it be one in the list who certainly has numerous descendants at the present day, scattered everywhere, and I fear not a few of them "descend" fearfully low. It is correctly placed as the second "C," so liable is it to cause people to see double. Who that seeks the companionship of such a crooked thing as a "corkscrew" can expect to keep straight?

(COPY.)

Signed, sealed, and delivered in our presence.

Weroamaug <i>R</i> his mark.	Chusqunnoaz <i>†</i> his mark [L. S.]
Wognacug <i>3</i> his mark.	Corkscrew <i>0</i> his mark [L. S.]
Tonhocks <i>†</i> his mark.	Quiump <i>∂</i> his mark [L. S.]
John Mitchell.	Magnash <i>†</i> his mark [L. S.]
Joseph Minor.	Kehow <i>8</i> his mark [L. S.]
	Sepunkum <i>0</i> his mark [L. S.]
	Poni <i>6</i> his mark [L. S.]
	Wonposet <i>2</i> his mark [L. S.]
	Suckqunnackqueen <i>†</i> his mark [L. S.]
	Taweeume <i>12th</i> his mark [L. S.]
	Mansumpansh <i>U</i> his mark [L. S.]

The legal phraseology now in use, "Know all men by these presents," does not seem to have been observed in those by-gone days ; nor yet the one substituted for it, doubtless by some miserable, disappointed, and cross-grained old bachelor, "Know one woman, so that all men will be sure to know."

The following interesting narrative is from "Travels in New England and New York," by President Dwight, of Yale College :

"Not many years after the county of Litchfield began to be settled by the English, a strange Indian came one day into an inn in the town of Litchfield in the dusk of the evening, and requested the hostess to furnish him with some drink and supper. At the same time he observed that he could pay for neither, as he had no success in hunting, but promised payment as soon as he should meet with better fortune. The hostess refused him both the drink and the supper ; called him a lazy, drunken, good-for-nothing fellow, and told him that she did not work so hard herself, to throw away her earnings upon such creatures as he was.

"A man who sat by, and observed that the Indian, then turning about to leave so inhospitable a place, showed by his countenance that he was suffering very severely from want and weariness, directed the hostess to supply him what he needed, and engaged to pay the bill himself.

"She did so. When the Indian had finished his supper, he turned to his benefactor, thanked him, and assured him that he should remember his kindness, and, whenever he was able, would faithfully recompense it.

"For the present, he observed, he could only reward him

with a story, which, if the hostess would give him leave, he wished to tell. The hostess, whose complacency had been recalled by the prospect of payment, consented.

“The Indian, addressing himself to his benefactor, said : ‘I suppose you read the Bible?’ The man assented. ‘Well,’ said the Indian, ‘the Bible say God made the world, and then He took him and looked on him and say : ‘It’s all very good.’ Then He made light, and took him and looked on him and say : ‘It’s all very good.’ Then He made dry land and water, and sun and moon, and grass and trees, and took him and looked on him, and say : ‘It’s all very good.’

“‘Then he made beasts, and birds, and fishes, and took him and looked on him, and say : ‘It’s all very good.’

“‘Then He made man, and took him and looked on him and say : ‘It’s all very good.’ Then He made woman, and took him and looked on him, and He no dare say one such word.’

“The Indian having told his story, withdrew.

“Some years after, the man who had befriended him had occasion to go some distance into the wilderness, between Litchfield, then a frontier settlement, and Albany, where he was taken prisoner by an Indian scout, and carried to Canada. When he arrived at the principal settlement of the tribe, on the southern border of the St. Lawrence, it was proposed by some of the captors that he should be put to death. During the consultation an old Indian woman demanded that he should be given up to her, that she might adopt him in the place of a son whom she had lost in the war. He was accordingly

given to her, and lived through the succeeding winter in her family, experiencing the customary effects of savage hospitality.

“The following summer, as he was at work in the forest alone, an unknown Indian came up to him, and asked him to meet him at a place which he pointed out, on a given day. The prisoner agreed to the proposal, but not without some apprehensions that mischief was intended him. During the interval, these apprehensions increased to such a degree as to dissuade him effectually from fulfilling his engagement. Soon after, the same Indian found him at his work again, and very gravely reproved him for not performing his promise. The man apologized awkwardly enough, but in the best manner in his power. The Indian told him that he should be satisfied if he would meet him at the same place on a future day which he named. The man promised to meet him, and fulfilled his promise. When he arrived at the spot, he found the Indian provided with two muskets, ammunition for them, and knapsacks. The Indian ordered him to take one of each and follow him. The direction of their march was towards the south. The man followed, without the least knowledge of what he was to do, or whither he was going, but concluded that if the Indian intended him harm, he would have dispatched him at the beginning, and that, at the worst, he was as safe where he was as he could be in any other place. Within a short time, therefore, his fears subsided, although the Indian observed a profound and mysterious silence concerning the object of the expedition. In the day-time they shot such game as came in their way, and at night

kindled a fire, by which they slept. After a tedious journey of many days they came one morning to the top of an eminence presenting a prospect of a cultivated country in which were a number of houses.

“The Indian asked his companion whether he knew the place. He replied eagerly that it was Litchfield. His guide then, after reminding him that he had so many years before relieved the wants of a famishing Indian, at an inn in that town, subjoined, ‘I that Indian; now I pay you, go home.’

“Having said this he bade him adieu, and the man joyfully returned to his home.”

The famous Law School of Judges Reeves and Gould, established here by the former in 1784, and continued by the latter until 1833, has given Litchfield an almost world-wide reputation. Judge George C. Woodruff says: “Young gentlemen from every section of our nation were educated here, and not a few have been distinguished as statesmen and jurists.” He also refers in complimentary terms to the Female Seminary opened here by Miss Pierce, in 1792, and continued under her superintendence for nearly forty years.

Aaron Burr (brother-in-law of Judge Reeves) “became intimately associated with Litchfield.”

Colonel Tallmadge, who had charge of Major Andre, and to whom that unfortunate “Adjutant-General to the British Army” gave his open letter of confession, who escorted that brave, but doomed man to the scaffold, and who subsequently wrote: “I became so deeply attached to Major Andre that I can remember no instance where my affections were so fully absorbed in any man,” made

Litchfield his home after the war, and the Tallmadge House, on North street, is an object of no little interest.

General Oliver Wolcott, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, resided in Litchfield. It was in his house, also a prized relic of the past, that the leaden statue of George III., destroyed in New York, and sent here for that purpose, was melted into bullets. His son, Governor Oliver Wolcott, Jr., was born here, as was also General Ethan Allen, the hero of Ticonderoga.

The Rev. Lyman Beecher was for sixteen years pastor of "The First Ecclesiastical Society of Litchfield" (Congregational). His six sermons on Intemperance, preached here were "among the earliest and most effective means of arousing the Christian world to the evils of intemperance." It was in this church that the disturbance took place, because of a proposition by some of the members to heat the building with a stove. Such an innovation was violently opposed by many, but a stove was finally placed in the center aisle. The weather on the succeeding Sunday being mild, no fire was made in the stove.

I am informed by a gentleman who was present at the time, though so many years ago, that some amusing scenes were witnessed. Those of the congregation in favor of the stove manifested their delight in various ways. Some availed themselves of the opportunity to warm themselves by it before going to their pews, taking care so to protect their clothing that it would not be burned by coming in contact with it.

The anti-stove members were greatly disturbed. Some were so overcome by the excessive heat as to resort to

fans. One was obliged to leave the church, and another actually fainted or imagined that she had done so.

Dr. Bucl's Home for Nervous Invalids, established here by him in 1858, is now in the height of its prosperity, and continues to dispense blessings to many who seek its shelter, and none the less surely, because so unostentatiously. The County Court House tells that Litchfield is the County Seat of Litchfield County.

Lastly, because in chronological order, Litchfield is the home of the late Chief Executive of this State, the Hon. Charles B. Andrews.

This charming spot is about twenty-five miles west of Hartford, and one hundred miles northeast of New York City. It is approached, on all sides, by excellent country roads, and by the Shepaug Railroad, which connects it with New York, etc., via Norwalk, also by the Naugatuck Railroad, which runs from Bridgeport to Winsted. Both of these Railroads pass through valleys (the Shepaug and Naugatuck from which they derive their names), abounding in wild and beautiful scenery.

Litchfield is steadily advancing in public favor, as a place of summer resort, as is shown by the annual addition of dwellings erected by the best class of citizens from New York, New Haven, and elsewhere, and by the increase of summer boarders. The village stands proudly upon an eminence of about eleven hundred feet above the sea, as if conscious of its past history and its present attractiveness.

CHAPTER IV.

IS FARMING RESPECTABLE?

No wonder the reader smiles at a question so intensely absurd.

However unnecessary it may appear to every well balanced mind, there are some, I hope not many, whose minds are, unfortunately, not well balanced, and who need to be enlightened upon this subject.

It is an old saying, and I am sorry to add, a very true one, that "all the fools are not dead yet," for some have crossed my path, in changing from city to country life, who manifested such an aversion to the occupation of farming as would cause those not on their guard to suspect that there must be something discreditable inseparably connected with it.

Do I go far enough back, and to a source sufficiently high and convincing, when I quote from the first and second chapters of my Bible?

"God said Let there be light; and there was light." So it was in regard to the "firmament," etc. "He spake and it was done." Not so, however, in the creation of the "Garden eastward in Eden." "The Lord God planted" it Himself, we are distinctly told. Having put this garden in perfect order, and having watered it by the river which he made to pass through it, a fit and beautiful emblem of that river "the streams whereof shall make glad the City of God," He placed the man whom

He created in His own image—man before he had sinned—in the garden, “to dress it, and to keep it.”

The laborious work had all been done, man had only “to dress it, and to keep it.” There were no thorns nor thistles then. No “sweat of the brow,” nor aught to weary or sadden. No curse nor death. The labor and toil, the curse and death, came after Adam’s sin, and were endured outside the garden, not in it. No place is now exempt from them. Aching and sweating brows are everywhere where there is toil, whether it be in the study, the counting-house, the workshop, or the farm. God’s chosen occupation for sinless man was that of “keeping” the field or garden He had planted and stocked for him. God thus made Agriculture the most honored and dignified calling in which man could be engaged.

Noah was no sooner out of the Ark than he “began to be a husbandman”; so that husbandry was the first occupation of man before and after the flood. Abraham “was rich in cattle.” Lot also “had flocks and herds.”

Isaac “went out to meditate in the field at eventide,” but it was not, it may safely be supposed, upon the product of that field that he then meditated, for the young man, we are informed, “lifted up his eyes and saw the camels were coming.” Knowing the errand upon which they started, his thoughts doubtless centered in the fair young maiden who accompanied them on their return. Afterwards, however, he is found sowing in the land of Gerar, and so successful was his farming, that he made “an hundred fold” the first year, and soon possessed such flocks and herds, and such influence, as made the king dread his power and request him to move else-

where, and then to seek him, whither he had removed, in order to secure his favor.

It was not in the palace of Egypt's king that God prepared Moses to be the leader of Israel's mighty host, but in keeping the flock of Jethro, his father-in-law. It was not in the palace of Saul, but in caring for his father's sheep, that David was qualified to become the ruler of a kingdom.

Gideon was called from the "threshing floor" to fight and subdue the Midianitish host.

Elisha, while in the act of plowing, was honored by God with the mantle of the Prophet Elijah.

Uzziah "loved husbandry," and if the youthful king of Judah had been content with such lawful pastime, he might have escaped leprosy.

Paul was a tent-maker. The first disciples of our blessed Lord were fishermen, and though the Son of God was a carpenter, yet shepherds, busy "keeping watch over their flocks by night," were the chosen ones to whom the Angels first announced the "glad tidings" of His birth. He "was of the house and lineage of David," and took many of His parables from agricultural pursuits. He repeatedly pictured them in His favorite expression "The kingdom of Heaven is likened unto"—and not only represented Himself as "He that soweth the good seed," but gloried in the fact that His Father was "The Husbandman."

Despise not the Abrahamic calling, however much and however justly you may despise the unworthy ones engaged in it. They disgrace themselves, not their calling. It cannot be thus tarnished. In turning from sacred to

profane history, we will carry with us the echo of the Almighty's voice :

“THE CATTLE UPON A THOUSAND HILLS ARE MINE.”

The Ancients engaged extensively in farming, and deemed it the loftiest occupation in which they could be employed. Cincinnatus, Cato, and others, might be cited as representative men of their times, who left their plows and hastened to the rescue of their country. Though they did not beat their “swords into plowshares,” they gladly returned from the fields they had reddened with the blood of their enemies, to those they made “white unto the harvest.” Farmers by preference, they were the ablest of statesmen and warriors when thus needed.

Down through the intervening ages there have been hosts of just such brave and true men, though not so conspicuous, who have been trained in farming districts and in farm pursuits, for just such heroic deeds.

Connecticut boasts of her Putnam, who left his plow for a like noble purpose. Washington's chief delight was in working his farm ; and he was as great and as honored there, as when leading the army or presiding over the affairs of this nation, which, in common with all other nations, to-day looks to its rural districts for defence from any present or impending foe.

The following is quoted from “Letters of Agricola,” published at Halifax, N. S., in 1822, by John Young, Esquire, Secretary of the Provincial Agricultural Society of Nova Scotia, and Honorary Member of the Massachusetts and Montreal Agricultural Societies, who did much through his writings, and by his practical and successful

farming at Willow Park, Halifax, to advance the science of his chosen and honored profession. "In England, Dukes, Marquises, Earls, Baronets, and all ranks of nobility emulate each other, not merely in patronizing husbandry, but in actively engaging in it." Would that the large landed proprietors in England and Ireland were more generally engaged in agricultural pursuits. There is infinitely more honor and more enjoyment in these employments than in the pastime in which some indulge. To monopolize vast tracts of the most fertile lands in these fertile Islands, and persist in keeping them in an unproductive state, neither tilling them, nor suffering them to be tilled; thus denying to thousands of poor but honest husbandmen a means of subsistence, rather than permit them to labor for their own support, and for the direct and manifest benefit of their employers or landlords; is very much like having ten talents and burying them all in a napkin. If there are duties devolving upon the rich, as well as the poor, such landed proprietors fall far short of performing theirs. The grand inscription upon the Royal Exchange, in London,

"The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof,"

is a silent but decided rebuke to them.

Were it only the private interests of such men that suffer by this exclusiveness, or whatever it may be called, there would be no such ground for complaint as is called forth by this great national abuse.

Prince Edward Island, one of the fairest and most productive garden spots on earth, suffered long and sorely from that remnant of the feudal system, Seigniories. The burden became too grievous to be longer endured, and

the Colonial Government, not many years ago, threw off the yoke by purchase. A disheartened people, thus released, were encouraged to improve what now became their property, and have ever since steadily and surely added to the prosperity of the Island, as well as to their own. There is no reason to suppose that the former proprietors were any the worse off for having received an equivalent for what they sold.

To retard, in any way, the prosperity of one's country, especially in diminishing its food-yielding capacity, is to prove one's self its enemy.

The model farm of the late Prince Consort of England was the pride of that model man, and is one of the grandest monuments to his honored name.

It was said, I think, by Jefferson, that "If God had a peculiar people upon earth, they were the farmers." The "if" here is to be regretted. God certainly has His "peculiar people:" not, however, the farmers, nor any other class of men as such, but all who rightly discharge the duties devolving upon them, whether in the pulpit, on the farm, or elsewhere. The husbandman is a co-worker with God in a "peculiar" sense. No other class of men are such to a greater degree except those ordained of Him to the Divine Ministry. The one studies the Inspired Book, and labors to unfold its mysteries, and make known its truths. The other is constantly studying God's book of Nature, and finds it so filled with mystery as to be an independent and conclusive witness for its Creator. He sees God everywhere in Nature, and finds it but a short step to turn from Nature to Nature's God.

Every thoughtful, right-minded farmer has an inspira-

tion not found in any other calling. He works God's earth, preparing it for the desired crops, and when all is ready he plants the seed. There his work ceases. He can do no more, for God alone can "give the increase." In due time myriads of blades of grass or grain make their appearance as so many messengers sent by the Almighty to tell him of the coming harvest. He reverently feels that God and he have thus worked together, and goes forth with grateful heart to receive the ripened grain direct from the hand of the Creator.

CHAPTER V.

EARLY EXPERIENCES.

I left Philadelphia early in the spring of 1870 for Litchfield, Conn., to put my summer residence in order for my family. From East Litchfield Station, on the Naugatuck Railroad, I came by stage three miles, over roads up hill nearly all the way, and very heavy from the frost coming out of the ground.

At the summit of the hill, having reached an altitude of nearly twelve hundred feet above the sea—quite high enough for any stars belonging to this planet, I alighted at my new home, and, as I wrote my family, “went two feet into the mud.” My letter created no little surprise, as all who read it, or heard of it, supposed that I had been mired up to my knees, but such was not the case. The mud was quite harmless, and though I went into it “two feet”—that is, both feet—the depth was not more than an inch or so.

I had often seen much worse roads, though none half as bad as some I have heard of, where, for instance, a man was working his way along as best he could, and came to a hat which he picked up in the middle of the road. To his surprise he found he had lifted it from the head of a man enveloped in the mud, who smilingly looked up and asked for an explanation. The hat was at once replaced upon the head of its owner, with an apology, and

with an offer of assistance.—“Oh! no, I thank you,” was the reply, “I have an excellent horse under me, and shall get along nicely, though somewhat slowly.”

Numerous mechanics were busy (I hope they will forgive me for using the word), finishing work upon my house and house stable, commenced the previous fall, at the time I purchased the property, so that my dwelling did not offer many attractions.

A good-natured friend, who accompanied me from Philadelphia, had been warned in advance that he would have to rough it, and he enjoyed the roughing exceedingly. He did not suffer as I feared he might, but I had grave apprehensions that he would suffer in another way, for his appetite became almost boundless, such was the effect of the climate upon him.

The record of one breakfast will show that I had good cause for alarm. As to the number of cups of coffee at that meal, I cannot say positively; but after having helped him three times to beefsteak, I remained at the table until he had eaten sixteen griddle cakes of about double the usual size, and then asked to be excused for a short time, as it was necessary that I should give directions to the men at work on the grounds around my house. I found him eating beefsteak on my return. How much of this was due to Litchfield air, and how much to an excellent imported cook, I leave it with my readers to imagine. It may be well to add, and it will undoubtedly surprise them, that my friend is yet alive.

It is all important that the steamers, in shooting the rapids of the St. Lawrence, get into the right part of the current before it becomes too strong, otherwise they could

not choose their position, nor change it if wrong, and would inevitably be dashed to pieces.

So I felt, on entering upon the new and untried work of clearing land, etc., I must get started right. It would never do to make a wrong beginning. Everything depended upon my being thoroughly posted at the outset. This I fully resolved should be the case, nor was it long before I realized that I had accomplished this, and a little more. There was an ugly old hitching post right in the way where I wished to make a carriage drive. Out it must come, happen what would, though I had no idea that anything of that kind was going to happen, until all was over, and I too. Indeed, I did not, for a few moments after, know exactly what had occurred. I was no sooner conscious that I was heels and post overhead, than I "righted" myself, and made a careful survey all around, to see if there were any lookers-on. It was a comfort to know that there were none. The secret was wholly with myself, externally, and, I may add, internally, for my bones ached some. There certainly was a "hitch" in that post that I was not prepared for. I had taken my first lesson, and proved myself equal to getting out old hitching posts. I had also learned some of the ups and downs of country life, and when the back of my head came too suddenly in contact with the ground, I saw stars that I am sure were not members of my family.

It afforded no little amusement to many of the old farmers to see the way in which I began to clear land. I frankly acknowledge I was, at times, wholly at a loss how to proceed. I was as much "at sea" as though I had been in mid ocean.

Some excellent advice was occasionally volunteered. It was always thankfully received, and suitably acknowledged. Sometimes absurd suggestions were seriously made to me, but not seriously entertained.

All attempts to argue with me were thwarted as I invariably and good naturedly assured the parties at the outset, that I was ignorant upon all such matters, and had made up my mind to learn by experience. One instance of this kind will suffice.

Not far from my stable was a large ledge of rocks, in the midst of an ugly, swampy piece of land. Of course, such places, especially those in the vicinity of my dwelling, received the earliest attention. The swamp was drained. The huge ledge was torn to pieces by powder, and the rocks from it were used in building walls and in filling up the hollow where the swamp had been. Hundreds of loads of earth from a near and accessible bank were then carted into it, and an ample supply of muck was spread over the surface and well worked into the earth. The muck had previously been piled up and dried, subject to a winter's frost, and the spreading was done in the middle of summer. Muck beds in the vicinity had been left undisturbed by my neighbors, who enjoyed many a hearty laugh at the idea of the "city farmer" expecting to produce any crop by any such means.

A few gave their opinions concerning my methods unasked, and in terms by no means complimentary. All agreed that muck was never so used; that it should be put into a compost heap, etc., etc. It was in my power to turn upon them and ask why their muck beds had never been put to any such use, and why they did not

make compost heaps, etc., but I preferred to fall back upon my stereotyped answer "You know I am learning by experience. Several persons have told me just what you have. I have heard all that you and they have to suggest, now I am going to wait and hear what the muck has to say. It shall speak for itself next summer."

Grass seed was sown in this much abused ground, and "took" well. Early next spring I called the attention of one who had most heartily enjoyed my supposed blunder, and who happened to be passing, to the promising prospects of the grass. "Oh!" said he, "that is a mere spurt. That will never mature. I told you so last summer. It will all die out, see if it don't."

"Do you really think that such will be the case?" I asked. "How can it go back?" The old laugh of half pity and half ridicule was given, and off went my self-satisfied, though really much esteemed, brother farmer. No land on my farm yielded such an abundant crop of hay that summer as did that once swampy and unsightly spot.

So mortified was the good man to whom I just referred, that he came to me a year or two afterwards, and asked me to please never tell any one what he had said, as he was thoroughly ashamed of having made such a mistake. (The mistake was in treating all muck alike; that which is cold and sour in the same way as that which is of a totally different nature.

One field included in my original purchase was so unpromising, so absolutely worn out and exhausted, that I was puzzled to know what to do with it. It was so covered with mossy clumps as to drive out of existence every

blade of grass. Again and again I walked over that desolate field hoping to devise some means to "subdue" it, and make it profitable, but each time came to the conclusion that it was an elephant on my hands, one that had not yet been mastered. Though measuring about nine and a half acres, it was simply worthless. The taxes upon it must be paid annually, and what could I do with it? Should I give it away? I would be richer without it than with it. I did not like the idea of giving away what I had just paid for, nor could I see any generosity in presenting to a neighbor such a piece of property.

As I met the more thrifty and successful farmers, I asked their opinions as to what was best to be done with that field. They all knew it well, but no two gave the same advice. This seemed very strange and was the first thing to inspire me with confidence in my own judgment in farming matters. Here were four intelligent farmers, all having years of experience, and yet no two of them would treat that field in the same way! What an odd field it would be, thought I, if handled in all the four different ways recommended.

After giving the matter the requisite attention, I resolved to branch out on my own account. Something must be done and promptly done if that wretched field was to be put into a paying condition.

The opinions of all the four farmers were collected as best they could be, and carefully weighed in the scale of common sense. Ideas were here and there culled out of this confused mass, and coupled with some that were original. Having thus gathered sufficient material to

warrant my doing so, I went vigorously to work, determined to accomplish what I had undertaken, whatever difficulties might present themselves.

The results proved a decided success. That field has each year yielded me a handsome return for the money and labor expended upon it. Had I faltered, I do not know that I should ever again have had courage to attack such an unpromising piece of ground. It does not do for a beginner to lack courage, even on a farm. He must have nerve, and plenty of it, for there are few places where it will be put to the test as on a farm properly conducted. There must be no "old feerds" nor "young feerds," as is shown in the experience of the sea captain who, after many years of ocean travel, decided to give up the sea, and settle upon a farm. He took with him, to his farm, an old monkey he had brought with him from the West Indies, a notoriously mischievous scamp. Among the farm hands was a boy named John, who had repeatedly been complained of for bringing the cows home too late in the evenings. Finding that his orders were not obeyed, the captain impressed upon John more strongly than ever, that the cows must be got home in time to be milked before dark.

"John, ai'nt you feerd to come through the woods in the dark?" he asked—"Feerd! What is feerd?" inquired John.—"If you don't know what feerd is, I will teach you, if you don't get the cows home early enough." John continued to be late, and the captain, fully resolved upon carrying out his threat, started from the house with a large white sheet. Arriving at the woods, he took his position on a stump at a turn in the

path, where the boy would come suddenly upon him. As John came in sight, the captain, wrapped in the sheet, extended both arms full length, and expected his boy would make for home full speed. John, however, stood calmly before the mysterious object, and, after surveying it for a while, as calmly exclaimed: "What can that be? Master spoke about 'feerd,' I guess that must be 'feerd.' Yes! That, I guess, is Old Feerd, and that other by his side must be Young Feerd."

Hearing of another "feerd," the captain stole a sly side glance to his left, from under the sheet, and was surprised to find such an object near him. Alarmed by the apparition, he took to his heels and was closely followed by the monkey, who always felt bound to do just what his master did, and, like him, was robed in white.

There is usually a garden, even if only a small one, connected with a farm. Some country or farm gardens that I had seen before coming here, appeared to abound in nothing but sun-flowers, probably because there were so many of that delicate and modest-faced plant as to keep the sun from all the others, and thus kill them, poor things!

It is well that farming is not inseparably connected with gardening, for I have no taste for the latter, though a decidedly keen one for the products of a well-kept garden. Mine is a taste that makes fruits and vegetables fresh from a garden, preferable to those that have spent the best portion of their brief existence seeking a purchaser, often not finding one until over-ripe old age.

When I first came here I was presented by a friend

with numerous valuable cuttings, and felt in duty bound to give them my personal attention. They were all planted with the utmost care, perhaps too much of it, for not one of them took root, so far as could be seen. It did not occur to me to ask the members of the Chinese Embassy, when they honored me with a visit a year or two ago, whether they had heard of, or seen, before leaving China, any of these cuttings or the results of them. I had planted them years previously upside down, and if they appeared anywhere, it must have been at the antipodes.

I am, certainly, not alone in my aversion to garden exercise, for Mr. Warner's account of his "Summer in a Garden," convinces me that he has not spent a second one there, and never will. A record kept one summer showed that twenty-four different kinds of vegetables, and thirteen varieties of fruit, including peaches grown in the open air, were raised on my premises.

The numerous letters written me after the publication of the proceedings at the meeting of the State Board of Agriculture, held at New London, December, 1877, at which I was unexpectedly called upon to explain the results of my experiments in blasting with dynamite, lead me to suppose that a repetition of my remarks will not be out of place here.

The Board having been called to order by Hon. E. H. Hyde, Vice-president, Mr. T. S. Gold, the Secretary, said: "I have been unable to present to the audience the questions from the question-box for lack of time, but there is one question which I promised to present, and as I see a gentleman before me who is able to answer it, I will read it now.

“Has any one present had any experience with Dynamite, or Giant Powder, in clearing rocks from land? If so, will he give the result?”

“Mr. Starr, of Litchfield, can give us some information on that point.”

Mr. Starr—“I will say that I know but very little about this matter, except from results as shown on my fields. A Mr. Parmelee, who makes it his business to blow up rocks with dynamite, passed my place, and I asked him to experiment in one of my fields, which I expect to clear next summer. There were a large number of rocks in the field, such as could not very well be blasted with powder, and I asked him what he could do. I said: ‘I want you to experiment, and if you can satisfy me I will let you work here for a day or two.’ I pointed out a rock ten and one-half feet long, five and one-half feet wide, and nine or ten inches in depth—such a rock, as any one will see, would be difficult to blast with powder, because there is not depth enough to drill into it. I took out my watch, and in precisely seven and one-half minutes from the time he began to work the rock was in atoms. I selected another and larger rock, also a shallow one, and he shattered it in about the same number of minutes. This satisfied me that it would be for my interest to let him work in that field that afternoon—it was just at noon—and I was so much pleased with the result of that day, that I kept him at work for two days and a half on my farm. His charge was, I think, eighty dollars, which covered everything—material, and his time. I have used many kegs of gunpowder, during my ‘six years’ experience, in blasting rocks, and am free to

say, that the same amount of work could not have been accomplished with ordinary blasting powder, and the same number of men, in less than a month. I thus answer your question as to whether 'it pays to use dynamite.' The field was left by Mr. Parmelee in a decidedly chaotic state. The rocks are so shattered and crumbled as to give the field the appearance of a perfect wreck. It is well worth going many miles to see. Though the number of rocks is many times greater than before, they are now reduced to a size easily handled, and can be readily removed.

“The action of dynamite is remarkable. For instance, one very large rock, white quartz, which you know is almost impossible to drill, was one of the stones which he destroyed on this field. The first blast threw this rock from its bed to the surface, and took off a small piece. This rather disappointed him, and the gentlemen who were witnessing his proceedings. He put a cartridge against the side of this rock above ground, secured it to the rock by two or three shovelfuls of mud. Powder, you know, would blow off that mud, and leave the rock untouched, but the dynamite has so shattered it that I can pick off numerous pieces with my hand. Some pieces weigh a pound, and some five or ten pounds. It is completely shattered.

“The difference between blasting or destroying rocks with powder and dynamite, is this: You can make your own calculations as to the relative expense. In blasting with powder, you drill the rock; with dynamite, you drill the ground. My rocks may be harder than other rocks; they certainly are much harder than my land. The man

makes a hole under the rock, and all that he wants is a little mud or water, to fill up the hole after putting in the charge. The resistance apparently amounts to nothing, so instantaneous is the discharge of this powerful agent. Powder must be kept confined, and it works its way out at the weakest point ; but with dynamite the discharge is so sudden and severe that it shatters the rock to pieces, regardless of weak points. The rocks were not thrown as far as by powder. I was so pleased with the result of the dynamite on this one field that I set the man at work on three large rocks in another field, which I had never thought of getting rid of with powder because of their size. My men had dug trenches under those large rocks ; in one place, I suppose, they must have gone down ten or eleven feet, so you may judge of the size of the rock. The discharges were to take place at 12 o'clock, noon, so that persons who were interested could come and see them, and there was quite a crowd present. The discharges threw pieces of the rocks but a short distance, but they completely shattered the boulders."

Mr. Webb—"Would the stone be suitable for building walls?"

Mr. Starr—"A majority of the stone would not be fit for building walls. The dynamite destroys the stones to a much greater extent than does powder ; it disintegrates them. But I have enough for walls, and enough for the ravines, which the great Master who put the rocks on the ground provided as a receptacle for them."

I would caution all inexperienced persons who propose using dynamite not to meddle with it themselves, but to employ one who is familiar with it. It is too dan-

gerous to trifle with, though I have held part of a cartridge of it in my hand while it burned as a blue light would burn.

The field to which I had reference is now one of the best, if not the best, on my farm. Each of the last three years, while at work upon it, it has yielded about a thousand bushels of beets (Golden Globe Mangel Wurzel) to the acre, which reimbursed me for the amount expended upon it. One year I experimented with five different kinds of beets, but though I should prefer the red beet on some accounts, I find the Golden Globe by far the most prolific.

CHAPTER VI.

LEARNING TO PLOW.

A novice in farm matters, my first impulse was to learn how to plow and do other such farm work, so as to make myself a thorough master of every department, and thereby the more effectually supervise the whole.

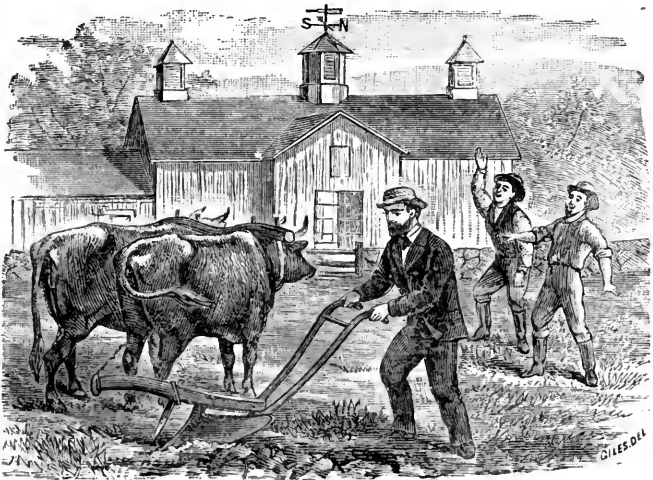
My farm was then only being put in good working order, so that I had none of the more important matters to look after, which soon engrossed my personal attention, otherwise I should never have touched a plow. Such labor can be better, and more economically performed by those accustomed to it. Moderate work with his hands occasionally, and any amount of toil with his brains, bringing his business knowledge so to bear upon his new engagements as to keep them well and constantly in hand, alone give promise of success to him who exchanges city life for one on a farm of large proportions, and requiring executive ability in whoever controls it.

No man in his senses would like to take passage in a vessel, the captain of which deemed it incumbent upon him to labor at the ropes and sails in common with his "before the mast" men. The safety of the craft, and of all on board of her, and the success of the voyage, depend upon the executive officer rightly discharging his duty. Because he is not seen running to and fro with the deck hands, it must not be inferred that he is a mere "figure head," having nothing to do. He has quite enough of

his own legitimate work to attend to, and if it be faithfully performed, he is the hardest worked man on board.

Brain work is indispensable to the successful merchant. It will supply a vast deal more manual labor than can be accomplished by his hands. If more laborers are needed on his premises, it is economy for him to hire them rather than to ape them, even were he inclined to engage in any such pastime.

By working in their respective spheres, the employer



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and the employed each make capital by and through the other, and thus mutually benefit each other.

The reader may want to know how I succeeded in my first and only attempt at plowing. Everything being ready, and not a few lookers-on to witness results, I started on a course due south, at least it should have been, but

it certainly was not. Though "due" there, I never reached that point. It was an ordinary plow I had, yet it acted in a most extraordinary way, going southeast, then southwest. Indeed the oxen proved so stupid that they could not be made to "head" as I ordered them. "Hard a port" had no more effect upon them than "hard a starboard," notwithstanding I shouted such commands as loudly as was possible without the aid of a speaking trumpet.

At times they were bound N. N. W., then N. N. E., though "due" south, and I began to suspect that I was driving a more intelligent team than I had at first supposed, and that the knowing creatures, aware of my fondness for sailing, were "boxing the compass" for my gratification. Their persistent disregard of all such orders as "Port your helm," however, convinced me that such was not the case, but that they were stupid or stubborn. It must be taken for granted that the whole difficulty was with them.

It was not pleasant to feel that I had been imposed upon in having such stupid brutes recommended to me, and for which I had paid full price. How could any farmer claiming to be respectable, thus defraud me!

Difficult as it may be to the reader to realize the fact, it was necessary for me to drop all such explicit terms as I had been using,—could any be more explicit?—and come down to "Haw," "Whoa," and "Gee." I soon found an opportunity to leave the field, and handed the plow to another, taking good care not to return to it.

It was not through my hands coming in contact with the plow that I was to gain the requisite knowledge, even

upon that branch of farm work. It was through my head, not my hands, that I was to acquire sufficient experience to enable me, at a glance, to decide when the plow, or other instrument, did its full share of work, and effectually.

From childhood, I have been an admirer of politeness, and I was touched by the courteous consideration for each other, shown by four men who were plowing on the same piece of ground, a thing that has not been repeated since that early experiment. Number one would lead off, and get well on with his furrow, when it so happened that his whip-lash needed attention, and he would stop to repair it, by giving it sundry turns and twists around its end of a long limber twig or small bough—his “whip stalk.” Numbers two, three, and four, immediately following, were thus kept back, and—can you credit it?—not one of them remonstrated. All, most amiably, waited for number one, without manifesting the slightest impatience, however long detained, and though hired by the hour! Number one would hardly get started again, when the whip-lash of number two would bring him to a sudden stop, thus again detaining numbers three and four in his rear, also number one, who had reached the end of his furrow, and was composedly waiting for the others, so that he could commence his return trip, and thus get ready for another repair of his whip-lash. I will not say that it never occurred to him to make any such repairs, while he was waiting for his comrades, but I do say that he never availed himself of any such opportunity, for any such work. My eyes the sooner detected this game because my hands had so early been withdrawn from the

plow. My work was essentially that of an overseer, or general manager, not that of plowing, or working with any farm implement.

It made a wonderful difference, putting the four plows into four separate pieces of land, so that the stoppage of any one, in no way impeded the others. Even the whip-lashes showed the benefit of this change. Oxen that dread the sight of a whip-lash have my hearty sympathy. They pay dearly for its too free use at times, especially if the driver happens to be in a bad humor, and has nothing else upon which he dare vent his anger. I too have paid dearly (many dollars) for the abuse of ox whip-lashes by needless stops to "repair" them.

I have often seen oxen that seemed fully to understand, and, be in league with, their drivers, who were really anything but "drivers." It was never necessary to say "Whoa" twice, in order to halt them. It was long ago said that omnibus horses were the only animals that knew the luxury of "woe," but that is certainly a mistake and must have been said by some city man. Oxen indulge in that luxury quite as heartily as do horses. Those four pairs did at all events. Their "whoa" became a woe to me so great as to be unbearable.

I believe in oxen for certain farm work. These noble animals, when properly trained, as in some parts of our country, do a vast deal more work than do the imperfectly trained ones that saunter at a snail's pace, as is too generally the case. Such lazy brutes do not pay nearly as well as do the more sprightly ones. The inevitable consequence of their laziness is that they make their drivers equally lazy. I would not intentionally do oxen

wrong. It may be, and it, doubtless, frequently is the case, that lazy drivers make lazy oxen.

I often wonder if King Pharaoh had to endure any such trials. Though he wore the crown of Egypt, he too was a farmer or keeper of cattle ; and he proved his appreciation of them when he questioned Joseph respecting his brothers, just arrived from the land of Canaan : “ If thou knowest any men of activity among them, then make them rulers over my cattle.” As much as to say : If there are any lazy fellows among your brothers, don't let them disgrace my cattle by going near them.

Horses are vastly preferable to oxen on farms properly cleared. Their superiority is the more apparent when long distances have to be travelled in drawing hay, grain, or any other load, and in plowing, harrowing, etc. That is, they can be got over the ground much more expeditiously. A person was asked the length of a fathom, and replied that “ it depended upon circumstances.” “ Circumstances ” often determine the speed of horses as well as of oxen. If any of my city readers have not learned this by experience, they can easily do so. Let them hire a cab for the trip to a certain part of the city, and then hire another, or the same, by the hour. If, in the latter case, they do not feel like putting their heads out of the cab window and asking the driver whose funeral they are attending, they will be more highly favored than most people.

I have referred to the training of oxen. Horses are, of course, differently handled ; sometimes not in the best way, however, for the trainers, if the story of the sea captain who turned farmer, and resolved upon “ subdu-

ing" a runaway nag that had been sold him, be true. He took with him a brother tar and a kedger anchor with a long stout rope, one end of which was attached to it, the other end being "made fast" to the hind axle of the wagon. Feeling secure with such precautions, he allowed his horse to have very much his own way, but when it



SUBDUING A RUNAWAY HORSE.

became evident that the animal was having it all its own way, and was off at full speed, orders were given to "Let go the anchor." It was "let go," and "held" so well that the result was a too sudden stoppage of the wagon.

I do not know what amount the Traveller's Insurance Company paid under this claim, but I take it for granted that the captain had sense enough to make provision for his family by an "accident" policy in that excellent institution!

CHAPTER VII.

FARM HANDS.

During my summer visits, in former years, to one of our most charming sea-shore resorts, I became interested in an eccentric and favorite old fisherman, known to all who belonged to, or visited the place, as "Uncle Bill," and I had many long and amusing talks with him. The old fellow would not go to "meetin'," because, as he alleged, they once "talked agin" him there.

Efforts were made to take the "meetin'" to him, and I at times witnessed some funny scenes at his house on Sunday evenings.

At first there was a sort of battledoor and shuttlecock game, I trying to improve my opportunity, and he cleverly, but not rudely, endeavoring to defeat me in what he well understood to be the object of my visits. In the midst of a serious talk one Sunday evening—serious on my side, at least—and when I supposed I had the attention of the whole family, especially as he called upon the "gals" to sing a hymn for me, he suddenly exclaimed: "Have you seen the fiddle Len made? Len, get the fiddle, and let Mr. Starr hear you play it."

I was an attentive listener for a time to as good music as might be expected from an old cigar box, of which the "fiddle" was constructed, and then started the shuttlecock in motion again. It was sure to come back to me

speedily in some shape, I well knew, but that gave me the opportunity of returning it.

My interest in the old man increased as I became better acquainted with him, and much more satisfactory interviews than those to which I have referred, were had with him.

The poor fellow died the last summer I was at that sea-shore resort, and it has always been a mystery and regret to me that some of the summer visitors, who for years had fished with him, did not visit him in his illness. Their neglect of duty stands out in marked contrast with that of a New York physician, who recognized the occasion as one that warranted his laying aside professional etiquette, and who most faithfully endeavored to restore the sick man to health.

The name, "Uncle Bill," having become a favorite one with me, I gave it to one of my "farm hands," whose picture is on the following page. It is an excellent likeness of one who was quite as original in his way as was the fisherman.

Soon after I assigned this name to him, he said to me: "I am glad you call me Uncle Bill."—"Why?" I inquired.—"Because some of these days some strangers will be passing and hear you call me Uncle Bill, and they will think that you are my nephew."

One day he asked me why he was like the Duke of Devonshire. Confessing my ignorance, he informed me: "Because the Duke has his summer residence and his winter residence, and so have I." Pointing to the farm house where he lived in the summer, and then to my dwelling, which he took charge of during my sojourn



UNCLE BILL.

in Philadelphia, he added: "That is my Chatsworth, and that is my Ardwick Hall." He startled a member of my family one day, who questioned him in regard to the disappearance of sundry young chickens, by saying that the "ox had eaten them."—"Surely oxen don't eat chickens, Uncle Bill."—"Oh, no, ma'am; not the hoxen, but, you know, the ox."—A further explanation revealed the fact that the hawks had made off with some of my poultry.

Uncle Bill looked and felt old. He was an old man, but not in years. The hardships and exposures of his life, much of it spent in deep coal mines in England, had been such as to make him prematurely aged. A slight lameness, caused by an accident in a coal pit, made him appear the more infirm. It was a source of no little gratification to him to realize that he had my fullest confidence. As a faithful watcher over the interests entrusted to him, he prized the title of "My old watch dog." Woe to those whom he detected neglecting duty on the farm! All such offenders were reprov'd by him in terms neither elegant nor mild.

At one time, during a severe illness which he felt might end in speedy death, he expressed a wish to communicate something to me alone, and in confidence. He summarily ordered the other occupants of his room to leave it, and I stood at his bedside fully prepared for some important revelation—perhaps a death-bed confession of something as yet a secret to all but his God and himself.

Could it be some dark deed in his past life, now weighing more heavily than ever upon his conscience, in view of the near approach of death, and that he longed to

unburden himself of it to one from whom he thought he might receive comforting advice? Judge of my surprise and relief, when I found that what he had to communicate was the confession of his neglect to inform me, at the time of its occurrence some year or two previous, that one in my employ had left open for a night, a door which ought to have been locked. He found it open early the next morning, and had ever since felt that he had neglected his duty in not at once reporting the fact to me. There was a tone of sadness in his voice which told, as plainly as did his words, his regret at this failure of duty. It was no light matter to him that I had placed confidence in him, and that he had seemingly abused it.

I shall never forget the impression this made upon me, nor, I hope, the lesson it taught me. I exclaimed: "Happy Uncle Bill, to be thus prepared. Is this all that troubles you?"

Here was a soul about to enter eternity, as we supposed, and it had no greater burden resting upon it than this trifling matter. To tell of this open door, and then feel that he was prepared for whatever might take place, proved a childlike faith and trust rarely to be met with. The eye of faith was evidently looking upon another "open door," and so steadfastly as not to see any of the difficulties which distress those who do not take as literally as did he, the precious promise of a precious Saviour: "I am the door: by me if any man enter in he shall be saved." Why do so many really good people make such a tremendous mistake as to continually and morbidly dwell upon their "unworthiness," as though self condemnation were a preparation for Heaven? We should go to

“The Sinner’s Friend,” because of our sins, and with our sins, and leave them with Him. If He, as the great sin-bearer, and sin-pardoner, relieves us of our sins, what have we to do with them? Thenceforth we have to do with Christ, not with our sins. He cannot be the bearer of them, if we bear them, or even attempt to share the burden. There is no such co-partnership. There is ample and profitable self-abasement in exalting Him who died to redeem us.

Our faith and trust must ever be in Him only. They take “the lowest place” who reserve the highest—not for their church, nor church forms or ceremonies be they what they may; not for any frame of mind, joyous or despondent, nor for emotions however devout; not for any vows, nor for any almsgiving; but for their Saviour and their God.

“For no foundation is there given
On which I’d place my hopes of Heaven,
But Christ, the corner stone.”

Uncle Bill and I had, on several occasions, conversed upon this subject, and he had assured me of his trust in Christ, as the only and all-sufficient Saviour. These assurances, made when he was in comparative health, were now verified at the supposed dying hour. His was a “steadfast” faith—“Both sure and steadfast.” This good man never wholly recovered from this illness, though he lingered along the journey of life a while longer.

On his tombstone is engraved :

“Honest, Faithful, Trustful.”

I doubt if there ever were a better set of men—a more

faithful and industrious set than are to be found on this farm. They have been selected after years of culling out. Such as labored so vigorously in my presence that they had to rest the moment my back was turned, have been allowed to rest, but not at my expense.

All are made to understand, when engaged, that I have no limited hours in which they are to work, but that they must work whenever needed, night or day, and I do not know of one who would not most readily respond to a call at any time during the twenty-four hours, or all the twenty-four, if necessary. Regular hours are, as a general rule, rigidly enforced. When not absolutely needed, the men have their stated hour for breakfast and dinner. Their services are dispensed with as early in the evening as possible. They literally go by "clock-work," but as the barn clock ticks with equal vigor all through the twenty-four hours, so they stand ready to do service whenever special duties are to be discharged.

The term "Farm hands" is used only because it is one commonly understood, for I do not like it. I could not be content with the mere mechanical labor of the men's "hands." I must have their hearty interest and co-operation, and that is secured by so treating them as to prove that such feelings are reciprocal. It has often been remarked by farmers that they cannot get "farm hands" to work for them as industriously as do mine. Strangers visiting the farm have often told me the same thing, and I have been asked to explain how I secured such services. There need be no secret about it. If men are properly treated by those who employ them, whether it be on a farm or elsewhere, they will, as a general rule,

properly treat their employers. If laborers are treated as mere animals, capable of doing a certain amount of work, what right has the employer to find fault if they act as such? He may, in disgust, call them "brutes," but did he not hire them as such, and has he not, to some extent, made them what they are? He who drives hard bargains with those in his employ, and proves a hard master in his treatment of them while in his service, must expect to reap as he has sown. Some excellent christian men appear to be totally unmindful of the duty they owe to those in their employ. It should not be a mere matter of dollars and cents. Though if it were only such, it pays vastly better to secure the hearty sympathy of those working for us, rather than have them heartlessly and grudgingly do as little as they possibly can—for their pay, not for us.

I hope there are but few, if any, merchants who would deduct from the salaries of their clerks the time spent in vacation, or lost by sickness; yet how many keep a rigid account of the moments a laborer may be off duty. Has not the laborer an equal right to deny to his employer a moment's more work than he is compelled to give? I think so.

Generous and kind treatment on the part of the employer, begets like generosity and kindness on the part of the employed, and only thus can capital and labor harmonize.

There is a debit and credit side to this account. The employer and the employed must each give to the other a *quid pro quo*.

One winter afternoon, in Philadelphia, several years

ago, I was asked for a penny by some little girls who were sweeping the falling snow from the street crossings. A bright and mischievous-looking lad, who was evidently having some fun at their expense, ran in front of me, and extending his hand, said in a most beseeching and piteous tone: "Please give me a penny, sir—for doing noffin." It has always been a source of regret to me that I did not ascertain that youngster's name and address, and try to make something of him, for there certainly was material in him to work upon with fair prospects of success.

I enjoyed the sport of that little boy, but there is no enjoyment in employing those whose indolence prompts them to do "noffin" more than they can possibly help. We are all busy here; those regularly in my employ, and such as are hired by the day or hour.

On one occasion the owner of an excellent ox-team and cart was engaged to help get in my hay. At the end of the third day he respectfully informed me that he would not be able to work for me any longer, as he must cut and house his own hay. His team had been sandwiched in between two of my own, so that each did its equal share of work, which proved too much for him, for he assured his friends that "if any one says that the men on Starr's farm don't have to work hard, they lie." My regulars were not a little amused at this outburst of a volunteer.

Profanity and intemperance have ever been prohibited on this farm, as senseless and degrading. Oaths are never heard on the farm, except when uttered by some stranger, who is politely informed that he is speaking in

a "foreign language, not understood or allowed here." There was some "tall swearing" when I first came here, and I had frequently to draw swords with such offenders.

On one occasion a teamster in "dumping" a load of stones, savagely ordered them to "the bad place," because one of them struck his foot. I was passing along the road at the time, on my way to that field, but was not seen by the men until I entered it. When the teamster was ready to discharge his next load of stones, I was on the spot, and greatly astonished him and the other men, by feeling a number of stones, and expressing surprise at finding them all "quite cold, and just like other stones." "What does Mr. Starr mean?" was asked by several. More stones were felt and commented upon in like manner. It was not long before one of the men comprehended my meaning, and enlightened the others. "The stones had been sent to — and were not hot." Having thus secured the attention of all the men, I endeavored to prove the folly that had been committed. No damage had been done to the stones. They were just as they were before being cursed, but not so the guilty one who cursed them. He could not harm a lifeless stone, but he could and had harmed his ever living soul. Some friendly advice was given and respectfully received. The offender would not promise never again to utter an oath, but he most heartily assured me that he would "try hard never to swear again," and it is my belief that he has tried hard enough to succeed. There is a good deal that is manly about him, and he is likely to accomplish whatever he undertakes.

What can be more ridiculous than profane language? I never hear it without thinking of the little boy who had been provoked by something, and in revenge told his mother that he would teach his little sister "to say some bad words." When asked by his mamma what the bad words were, he replied: "Dandy Jim and Daddy-long-legs."

If those addicted to this low vice must have some strong adjectives to give spice and power to their sayings, perhaps too tame without them, why not "hallow" their Maker's name by keeping it for only sacred use, and, in lieu thereof, take up such impressive and dignified words as those quoted by that little boy, now a noble christian gentleman, or others equally forcible and grand, such as "gingerbread and molasses," "shovel and tongs," etc., etc.

Though for many years an abstainer from intoxicating drinks, I have never sympathized with those ultra ones who denounce all who do not agree with them upon the important question of total abstinence. I grant to all the right I claim for myself—freedom of thought and action. True, there are many who drink in moderation; excellent christian people; but it is equally true that there are many so under the dominion of alcohol as to be wholly unable to use it in moderation. Their only safety is in abstaining from all intoxicating liquors. To encourage such, and to disprove the too often repeated assertion that "only reformed drunkards sign the total abstinence pledge," are sufficient inducements to enlist in the good cause those who are willing to come to the rescue of these less favored ones.

If what are called "rectified spirits" would only "rectify" those who partake of them too freely, I should at once cease to be a total abstinence man. Do what we may, we can accomplish but little for others, as compared with what has been done for us by the good Master above; and the more we deny ourselves for the sake of others, the more closely we shall resemble Him, and the more obedient shall we be to His command to follow Him.

As to the men on Echo Farm, I tell all before engaging them that they are free to act as they wish; that they can drown their bodies and souls in liquor if they prefer to do so, and are prepared to take the consequences, but that I am equally free to do as I wish, and that no drunkard will be employed by me.

None of my men are required to sign any total abstinence pledge, though I am glad to say that several have voluntarily done so. They know full well that it is perfectly useless to come to me with any excuses, however plausible, if found guilty of having imbibed too freely. Not even the plea that they had "taken a little whiskey to keep their feet dry, the roads were so wet," could satisfy me that a pair of water-proof boots would not have answered the purpose quite as well. We understand each other now, and it is due to all of them to say that they are temperate, though not all total abstinence men. I not only refuse to employ drunken men, but will not purchase drunken cows. I once sent a trustworthy person to examine a valuable cow that had been offered me for sale. The report of her was highly favorable, with this one important exception: she was found "almost

dead drunk." The poor creature had eaten too freely of apples that had been lying in a pile for several weeks, and fermented, and she was too much "overcome" to stand up. A mixture of cider and milk does not seem very tempting.

CHAPTER VIII.

FARM ANIMALS.

Before referring to the more useful animals of the farm, allow me to introduce to the reader, if not the most ornamental, certainly the most amusing creature I ever owned.

At the time I purchased my country residence, a little nephew of mine was promised a pet lamb to play with when he visited me the following spring. Shortly before the lad's visit, I made inquiry for such an animal. One of my men informed me that he knew where one was to be had, and he was accordingly sent to purchase it. We were all greatly astonished and amused to see—not a spotless, snow-white lamb, such as we had pictured in our imagination, but the most coal-black and impish-looking creature I ever beheld. A wether lamb whose diminutive size, for it was quite young and small, made it appear the more ridiculous as we took our first look at it, by the aid of a lantern at night. His antics, that first night, gave promise of amusement, and never was

a promise better kept. He became a great pet, and contributed largely to the merriment, or fear, of those who made his acquaintance. Whether merriment or fear predominated depended very much upon the hilarity of the lamb, and his mode of showing it. He was appropriately named "Daisy."

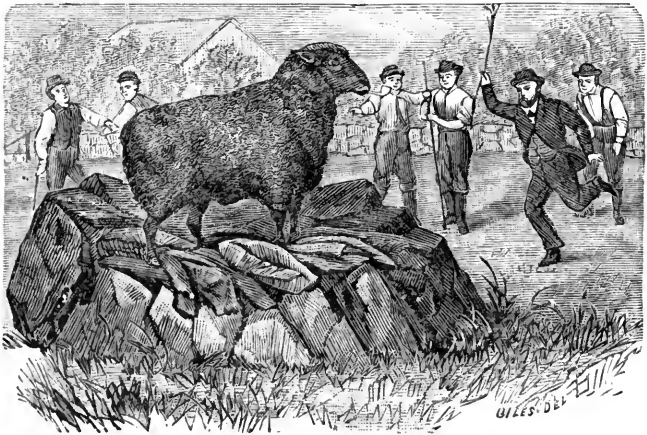
The lad for whose special benefit the lamb had been procured, had a full measure of sport with him the first summer, but it afterwards became apparent that too great familiarity was dangerous, for it was clear that

Willie had a little lamb,
His fleece as black as jet,
And if too near him Willie went,
He was sure to be upset.

This was nothing to the discredit of the boy, for some gentlemen whose bravery upon the battle field had never been questioned, eagerly sought refuge behind a fence, when they saw Daisy making for them. However nimbly they vaulted over walls, Daisy was much more nimble than they, and was "over" about as soon as any of them. Leaping walls was one of Daisy's delights. Unlike politicians and cats, he was never on the fence, but took a decided stand one side or the other.

I am sorry to say Daisy was a "black sheep" in character, for he became a noted thief, so expert in picking the pockets of the men, as to make it unsafe to leave a coat or vest within his reach. His fondness for tobacco must have originated with the men, who probably gave him some to see what he would do with it. If they were the guilty ones, they paid well for thus training him, as he helped himself freely, at their expense, whenever an op-

portunity offered. Knowing where and how to get it, he would search the coats and vests laid aside by the men while working in the fields. One day, while surrounded by a large force of men, clearing the field, I heard the shout: "Daisy is at the coats!" Looking up, I saw his head buried in the pile of coats upon a ledge of rocks near me, and ran to drive him off. When close by him



DAISY.

he raised his head as high as he could, holding in his mouth one end of a watch chain, the watch dangling from the other end. The rousing laugh of the men increased as the mischievous creature shook his head, swaying the watch backward and forward, so close to the rocks that I made up my mind that I should have to provide the owner of it with another. Daisy appeared conscious that he was doing a smart thing, and kept up the swaying motion, until I took the watch uninjured from him.

A few days after this Daisy again made himself conspicuous, and in the same place. The old cry "Daisy is at the coats" drew the attention of every one in the field to him. His head was again buried in the pile of clothes. Remembering the watch, I made all haste for him, and was convulsed with laughter as I saw him draw his head from the pocket of one of the coats, holding in his mouth a tobacco pipe. The pipe happened to be bowl uppermost, and in the corner of his mouth, giving the wretch the air of an accomplished smoker. The roar of laughter, from all hands, exceeded that of the previous occasion, and Daisy certainly appeared to enjoy the sport, for he stood motionless, head erect. There was no occasion for a rush at him, as when he was playing with the watch, so that I let him have his own way for a few minutes. He allowed me to take the pipe out of his mouth, though he was undoubtedly luxuriating in the taste of tobacco.

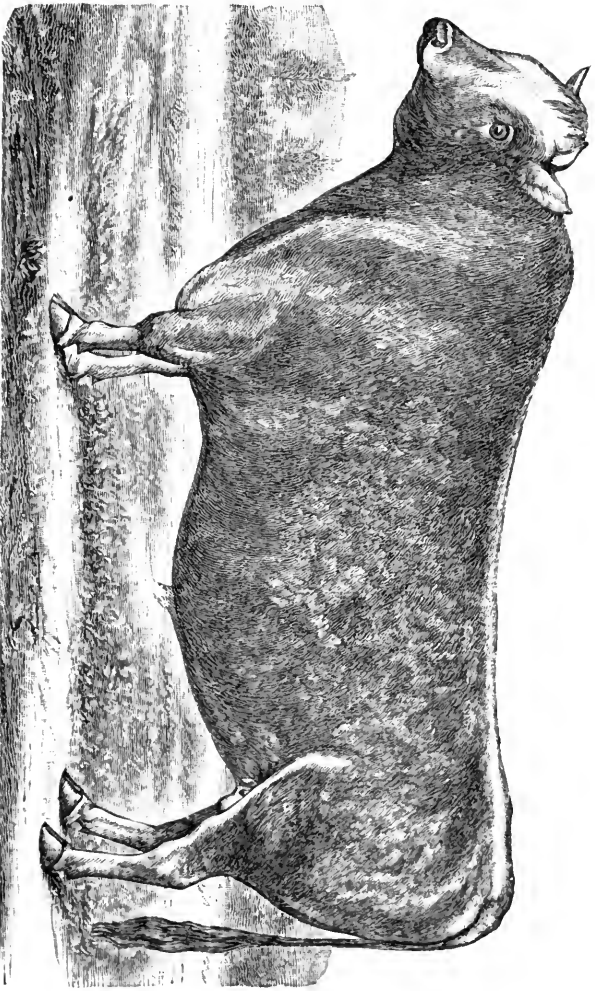
So much has been written concerning the relative merits of the different breeds of cattle that there is no need for me to give more than a general account of those that compose my herd, especially as these remarks are merely "echoes" from my farm.

If I purchase a yacht, it is presumed that I want her for voyaging on the water. If I buy a carriage, it is for land travel. So it is in regard to cattle. I buy what I deem most suited to the purposes for which they are intended. For just this reason owners of Shorthorns, Devons, Jerseys, Guernseys, and Ayrshires, etc., have made their selection. If animals are wanted for beef only, as in certain parts of our country, the larger they are the better, if equally good in other respects. If for quantity of

milk, regardless of its quality, another breed may be chosen, though some of my Jerseys give twenty quarts of rich milk per day. If for richness of milk, richness of butter, and richness of meat when butchered, I know of none that can equal the best class of Jerseys. I do not mean the pretty little creatures so often purchased, and at large prices, merely for their beauty, but the full size, Americanized cows, born and brought up in this country, and which seem to me far handsomer than the toy cattle sometimes seen on fancy farms.

Large sums are frequently paid for a painting of a handsome cow, perhaps many times the value of the original. The purchaser sees his money's worth on the canvas, and gladly rewards the clever artist. A few years ago, I greatly enjoyed looking at a large exhibition of valuable paintings imported from Europe. Among them was one of a few sheep so admirably executed that you could almost imagine them to be clothed in real wool. Some farmers who saw this picture inquired the price. Upon being informed that it was two thousand dollars, they expressed surprise, and could not be convinced that it was worth so much money, though told by its owner that "there was two thousand dollars' worth of wool alone in the picture."

While alluding to the different breeds of cattle, it will not be out of place to acknowledge my ignorance of any such breed as was referred to by the clergyman who, in dwelling upon the Prodigal Son, became much excited over the young man's happy return to his home, and pictured in graphic terms, the "fatted calf" which he assured his hearers the fond father had been fattening for



JERSEY BULL LITCHFIELD (674), WINNER OF THE CENTENNIAL AWARD, AND OF THE SPECIAL FIRST PRIZE OF \$2,000 OFFERED BY THE AMERICAN JERSEY CATTLE CLUB.

many years in anticipation of the joyous event then celebrated. Calves, nowadays, cease to be such when they become yearlings.

A school commissioner asked the scholars during an official visit, "What is Kentucky famous for," and was answered "For its mammoth calves."

My herd consists of over one hundred and ninety Jerseys, and two superior prize cows of the Ayrshire breed with which I am experimenting in order to test their value as compared with Jerseys. "Litchfield" still proudly heads the herd, and is the admiration of all who see him. He appears to as great advantage as when he stood the severe test at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, where he won the Centennial award, also the special first prize offered by the American Jersey Cattle Club for the best Jersey bull. For quite a number of years excellent judges of cattle have been making extensive selections of the best to be found on the Island of Jersey, and it stands to reason that this must long ago have drawn from that charming little Island their choicest animals, and that this country has now the best stock of that breed, as of others. Such long continued taking out of the one scale; and putting into the other, must surely have "tipped the beam" ere this.

I read, and hear, much that is absurd in regard to "points" in Jerseys, and long ago made up my mind that my schoolmaster was very remiss in not teaching me how to spell that simple word. I spell it "pints," and am fully convinced that the chief "point" of a cow is the number of pints she yields, unless she is wanted for other than milking purposes. There are, of course, certain

distinctive marks which it is important to note. My schoolmaster was also at fault in demonstrating to me, as he did occasionally and conclusively, that one rod made an acre, whereas I have since discovered that it takes forty. Happily for me he did not know this. One was quite enough.

As to "solid color," about which so much is said and written, and upon which many put so much stress, it cannot amount to more than mere outward appearance, for surely milk does not come from colored hair, nor flow more profusely from one color than from another. It is very natural to have a preference for color, and I fully agree with those who would rather have a solid fawn-colored cow, than one of any other shade, all other things, points and pints, being equal; yet I think a large herd of different colored cows, say solid fawn, fawn and white, squirrel gray, and gray and white, is a handsomer sight than would be a herd all of the same color, whatever that might be.

This question of color is purely one of fancy. People have differed upon much more important "points" than it, and, far back into the past, if the statement of the "colored" brother be correct, that the people before the flood were divided into two classes—"the diluvians, who were in favor of the flood, and the anti-diluvians, who were opposed to it." The reply made by one who represented his cow as "nearly solid color, so nearly so that but for a few dark hairs she would be all white," was an excellent burlesque upon the rage for "solid color."

It is a great mistake to overfeed cows. The temptation to do so, in order to make them give a large yield of

milk, is very great. Such a course may secure the desired object for a time, but the evil effects are sure to present themselves before long. It is safest, and certainly most profitable, to feed moderately, and thus secure the health of the animals and of their progeny.

“Silos,” “Ensilage,” are echoed from various parts of the country, and astonish us with their new and marvellous stories. If we throw overboard one-half of what is said in their praise, enough is left to deepen the interest they have already created. While some are rushing wildly into an undeveloped theory, others are calmly and judiciously exploring its mysteries, and the results of their investigations will determine one of the most important questions that has ever arisen regarding agricultural products.

I do not question the excellence of the artificial food given to cows and other animals, as I do not, and cannot, know all about it. Because of the impossibility of knowing all about it, as I know all about the grasses, grains and beets I give my pets, I refuse to use any.

Sometimes, in travelling, I have been inclined to suspect that hotel men were feeding me on artificial food, it was so awfully tough. If the art of making roast-beef and beef-steak out of gutta-percha has been discovered, I shall be inclined to suspect that I have been thus victimized. So long as I protect my herd, it shall not be troubled in any such way. That I may not be accused of being too particular, I acknowledge that the best of everything is good enough for my animals, though none too good. Dwelling upon this subject I am reminded of the unfortunate fellow who had been advised by his doctor

to eat "animal food." When asked by the physician how he liked the diet, he replied that he could get along very well with the beets and carrots, but that, do his best, he could not swallow the cut feed. For the benefit of the uninitiated, it may be well to explain that "cut feed" is hay cut short, say about an inch in length, and mixed with grain—oats and corn ground together—and frequently bran. A little water is usually put with it. Doubtless much of the manufactured food for cattle is pure, but as there is great danger of adulteration, and quite as great difficulty in detecting it without a thorough analysis, which cannot well be made by farmers, too much care cannot be taken in guarding against such imposition.

"Experiment Stations," springing up in different parts of our country, have already accomplished much good, and, if rightly conducted, will prove of incalculable value in stock farming, as well as in every other branch of agriculture.

Those whose chief object is to get cheap food, or cheap anything else, without having due regard to its excellence, expose themselves to fraud, and—perhaps unconsciously—tempt the manufacturers to adulterate in order that they may make the required reduction in price. The best is generally the cheapest, and should invariably be sought.

Dr. Albert R. Ledoux, says the "N. Y. Observer," in "addressing the National Agricultural Society upon the subject of mixed and manufactured seeds, stated that Professor Nobbe, of Germany, had made a thorough examination of the stock of prominent European seed-

dealers, and the investigation revealed the following facts : The average per cent. of pure seed in commercial samples was fifty-nine. Of this fifty-nine per cent., only eighteen per cent. was capable of germinating. One sample of orchard grass contained the seeds of forty-five other plants. Another contained ninety-five per cent. of dead seed. Three tons of seed sold as red clover contained two tons of yellow clover. Old seeds were renovated by boiling, dyeing, roasting. Weed seeds were stained and used to adulterate lots of expensive seeds. He discovered that in Bohemia and elsewhere large factories for the manufacture of seeds were running, with warehouses at Hamburg and other commercial centers.

“No one unsuspecting would detect this adulteration even if practised to the extent of twenty-five per cent. In Bavaria and Austria women and children were employed to gather weed seeds from the roadsides and ditches, which were shipped to England, sorted and sold as grass seeds. American seeds were also examined, and with results almost equally astonishing. For instance : A sample of red clover seed contained no less than fourteen thousand four hundred foreign seeds in a pound. These foreign seeds were of forty-four distinct species, among them thistle, sorrel, milkweed, dandelion, knot-weed, burdock, darnel, goose grass, blue weed, wild carrot, ox-eye daisy, pig-weed, chick-weed, and dodder. The samples of American seeds, however, for the most part bore favorable comparison with the European specimens. Summing up the results of his investigations, Professor Nobbe said that American grasses contain, on the average, seventy-nine per cent. of pure seeds, while the average in

Germany is only sixty-two. The average per cent. of grass seed capable of germinating is in the United States fifty, in Germany forty-two. The average percentage of pure seeds in American clover is ninety-three, in Germany ninety-four: clover seed capable of germinating, in America fifty, Germany forty-two per cent. The moral of all which is: "Buy your seeds of established and well known dealers, who have a reputation to maintain and who cannot afford to make money at the loss of it."

As the faithful mariner carefully, and at all times, studies his charts, and keeps a constant oversight of his compass, taking nothing for granted, but always making sure of his position; so should farmers, with equal vigilance, supervise their affairs. Well conducted agricultural newspapers should be studied with a view of ascertaining what improvements are being made. Every department of the farm should be under the direct personal control of its owner, and a minute account be kept of every thing that is brought to or taken from the farm.

I do not believe in having any regulation that is not enforced. No rule governing the affairs of this farm is more rigidly adhered to than the one requiring every animal to be kindly treated. Apart from the inhumanity of cruelly treating cows, especially those so fastened in their stalls that they cannot, if they would, defend themselves, there is a direct gain in treating them kindly. No person—I cannot say man, for no true man would do it—guilty of beating any of my animals, is retained one hour. The only "licking" is to be done by my cows, not on them. They do it as an act of affection, not in anger, and love to thus caress each other, and those who are kind to them.

While travelling some two years ago, I saw three wretched specimens of humanity ill-treating a cow in the most frequented street of a town through which I was passing. One of the three was in advance, pulling hard on a rope attached to the poor creature's horns. Another was on her back, pretending by clownish behavior to be riding a horse; and the third was beating the hind legs of the jaded animal with a large sized stick which had been splintered at the end by the blows that had been given. I am sorry to add that none of the lookers on, and there were not a few, were manly enough to put an end to this brutality. I was a stranger in that town, and knew none of the parties concerned, but that poor cow was relieved of her persecutors before she passed me.

I often wish that the men who milk my cows were all good singers, and that they would thus use their voices while filling their pails. I am sure the pails would be better filled. Now and then I hear the welcome voice at milking time, and delight in it, however difficult it might be for strangers to recognize it as the voice of song, because of the absence of what is sometimes called "music," but the cows understand it to be for their benefit, and not only take the will for the deed, but pay generously for the entertainment in an increased supply of milk. One of the most valuable cows in my herd had a great aversion to any one standing in front of her and stroking her head. Some four years ago she was very ill, and was carefully watched day and night by myself or some responsible person.

Ever since then she has not only been willing to be so petted by me, but delights in it. She has most certainly

not forgotten the kindness then shown her. This is more than can be said of some human beings. A few years ago a lad employed to watch the cows while in their summer pasture, and whose fondness for them was manifestly reciprocated, was sitting on the stone wall at the road side, with some of them quite close to him. A man walking past playfully seized the boy by the shoulders and shook him. This so enraged one of the cows that she did her best to hook the offender.

Hours were spent by this boy, every fine day, sitting on the grass reading, and supporting his back against the cows that were lying down. They all liked this companionship, and patiently waited his pleasure. I have more than once wished for a picture of this youthful herd-keeper with my pets.

A party of scientific gentlemen from New York, who came to visit the farm, went to a field to see the young stock. There were quite a number of yearlings and calves in the field, and the visitors expected to see them run away as they were approached by strangers. Instead of this being the case, the little ones gathered around the visitors as though bidding them welcome. The caresses were quite as hearty on the part of the animals as on the other side. "Oh!" exclaimed one gentleman, "if Mr. Bergh were only here to witness this sight, how much he would enjoy it."

I began by naming my animals from trees—Cedar, Chestnut, Filbert, Locust, etc.—but soon exhausted the list. Names are now obtained by young lady visitors leaving their cards at the reception-room of the dairy. On one occasion a large party of ladies and

gentlemen visited the farm, and among other queries, I was asked how names were obtained for so many animals. The question was answered, and I mentioned several names thus secured, adding: "There is one name I think exceedingly pretty; it is that of a friend of the two sisters—and—just referred to. She has never been here, nor have I ever seen her, but she certainly has a very pretty name, A—S—; don't you think so?" A smile on every face led me to suspect that the name was familiar to them, and that there was some pleasant association connected with it. I was not a little surprised to find that the young lady in question was one of the party. She expressed a desire to see her namesake, and was much pleased with its looks and playful ways.

I have studiously endeavored to guard against a mistake too often made by those who exchange city life for farm life, and who, instead of taking up a specialty and perfecting it, foolishly attempt too many things to allow of success in any of them. They must deal in horses, cattle of various kinds, sheep, swine, poultry, etc. Others succeed with horses, but I am sure that I should not, having neither the talent nor the inclination for that kind of stock raising. Sheep are unquestionably a profitable investment when properly cared for, but it is not in my power to devote the necessary attention to them. Even Daisy was too much for me, and had to be disposed of, not, however, to the butcher, nor to one who would eat him, but to one sure to treat him kindly.

Of swine I have but few. Merely enough to consume the skimmed milk from the dairy, not needed for the calves. It is freely admitted that I have no fondness for

pigs, and that I have never been able to make anything but pigs out of them. Mr. Edward Burnet, of Southborough, Mass., and others, have succeeded admirably with these creatures. So much for their making a specialty of this branch of farming.

There must be a certain amount of danger in keeping such animals, if there be any truth in the story of the Rhode Island pig that decided the destiny of this country by bringing about the war of 1812. It is said that a pig broke through a defective fence of two neighbors in Rhode Island. Angry words were followed by a lawsuit. The defendant (the pig owner) called upon a lawyer whom he had employed on previous occasions, and found that he had already accepted a retainer from the other party. His anger was thus kindled, and his influence was successfully exerted in defeating the election of the lawyer to the State Legislature. One vote decided the election of a Senator to Congress. England's "Order in Council" to seize and confiscate American vessels, and forcibly take sailors from them, had stirred up a warlike spirit at Washington, and an immediate declaration of war was also carried by one vote. If this be really so, and the vote of the Rhode Island Senator did precipitate a war which would have been averted by a few weeks' delay, the obnoxious "Order in Council" having been revoked, but unknown to the authorities at Washington, because of the absence of "cablegrams," then that pig caused a decided commotion between this and the mother country. Farmers who keep pigs must see to it that their fences are in good condition.

Let me add, before taking leave of my animals, a few

words about some pets that were on my farm for years, but which cannot be considered as necessarily belonging to a farm. I refer to three dogs, as perfect specimens of their respective breeds as are usually seen, viz: A large and exceedingly graceful English greyhound, named "Chingachcook," a direct descendent of the famous greyhound, "Master McGrath," which was knighted by Her Majesty the Queen of England, and two little terriers, one a "Scotch," the other a "Skye." These three dogs were great favorites, and accompanied my family and our visitors in their walks and drives. The swiftness of the hound was wonderful, as were some of his leaps. It was a comical sight to see the little Skye, with his very long body and very short legs, rolled almost into a ball, in his frantic endeavors to keep pace with the hound, who was conscious of his powers, and took evident delight in racing with his diminutive, but decidedly ambitious companion. The Skye felt in duty bound to give chase to all intruding animals, regardless of their size or strength, and often paid dearly for his folly. On more than one occasion he was seen to pursue a fox, but never to overtake it. Not so, however, the hound. He could soon outrun Reynard, but would not attack him. Once he and a fox that he had overtaken, played together for several minutes, when the cunning of the creature detected that a fox-hound was after it, and off it dashed into the woods, leaving Chingachcook without even a parting salutation. The Scotch terrier was happiest when tormenting cats, and would make for them whenever he saw them. But once, that I know of, was he mastered by one. The cat, driven to extremities, sprang

upon his back and remained there, though the dog was crazed by this unexpected performance on her part. Never was a dog more incensed, and could he have dismounted pussy, he would assuredly have put an end to her existence, though she possessed ninety times nine lives. As he, in his bewilderment, rushed past a tree, the cat again showed her dexterity by springing from his back into it, and seeking shelter among its boughs. Master Scot was evidently glad to be released, and thereafter that cat was not disturbed by him.

So many of our visitors became apprehensive of hydrophobia, that I felt it my duty to part with the dogs. This was done most reluctantly, for I was very fond of them, though I cannot confess to a fondness for such animals quite equal to that of some persons I have known. The most remarkable instance of this kind that has ever come to my knowledge was in Canada. I was travelling through that country and called upon a friend—one of the leading physicians of the city—whom I had not seen for years. Our intercourse suffered a temporary interruption. The doctor was applied to in most beseeching and pathetic tones to cure a dog that had been fighting with a cur which proved more than his equal.

“Doc-tur—ah! doc-tur, do cure my poor dog!”—
“Cure your dog!” exclaimed the astonished M. D.
“What have I to do with your dog, sir?”—“Ah! doc-tur, just see how he is lacerated—do cure him.”—“I can’t do anything for your dog,” again replied my friend, and in a tone which indicated some warmth of feeling.—
“But ah! doc-tur, I am so afraid he will die, and if my poor dog should die, what would I do? I could stand at

the grave of my parents without shedding a tear, but oh! I cannot part with my dog." This was too much for the "doc-tur," and in some way the front door of his dwelling, where the conversation took place, was suddenly closed between the enraged "doc-tur" and the two puppies on the outside. It was some little time before my medical friend calmed down.

CHAPTER IX.

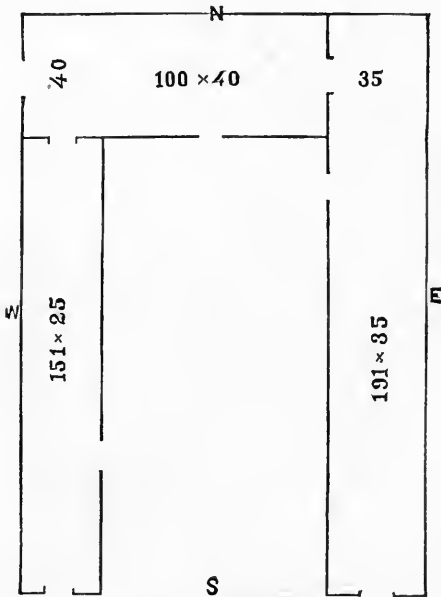
FARM BUILDINGS AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS.

I have prided myself not a little upon having excellent barns. Great care was taken in planning and building them. Thousands of visitors, some days numbering over ninety, have expressed admiration of them. The cattle, for whose special benefit they were erected, have given unmistakable signs of approval of them, and have certainly thriven splendidly in them. No wonder then that I was somewhat taken aback a few months ago, when addressed by a tramp, who pointed to my largest and best barn, and asked what building it was. Upon being told that it was a "barn," he replied: "Oh! I thought it was a poorhouse. They have poorhouses just like it in the old country." The fellow passed on, no doubt enjoying his little joke, and I comforted myself by thinking what excellent poorhouses there must be in the "old country," though I could not call to mind ever having

seen any such in my visits there. Perhaps I had not been in the oldest parts of the "old country."

My principal cattle barns form three sides of an oblong square with a southern exposure.

The room one hundred feet by forty feet is eleven feet high, and is lighted by eighteen large double-sashed win-



PLAN OF BARN.

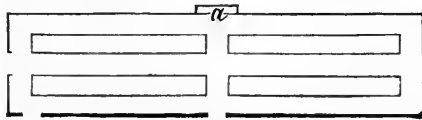
dows, opening top and bottom. It contains stalls for forty-eight cows, twelve in each of the four sections, so that they have ample room, much more than is usually allowed, but none too much in my opinion. There is a free circulation of pure air, both the cow-room, and the

cellar below it, being ventilated through the cupolas on the roof.

Three wide passage-ways run the entire length of the room, one on either side back of the cows, and one in the center, toward which they face, and from which they are fed. There are also three passage ways crossing the room, one at each end and one in the center.

The wash-room (*a*) or as the men call it, the "parlor," communicates with this room, and every man is required to wash his face and hands, and brush his hair before milking.

Too many persons give a well kept dairy all the credit for clean, pure milk. Cleanliness and purity begin at the



INTERIOR OF ONE OF THE BARN.

barn. When milk is taken to the dairy in proper condition, it may by good management in that department, be kept pure, but no dairy, however magnificently kept, can transform an impure article into that which is fit for use. Some ladies who were visiting the barn, passed out of the "parlor" on one occasion, as I was making my customary tour of inspection, and commented upon what they were pleased to call "exquisite neatness." Referring to the regulation that the milkers must wash, etc., before milking, one playfully asked if they wore kid gloves while milking. As they were all strangers to me, I did not like to say, "No, but my cows are frequently milked with calf-skin gloves."

The floors of the cow stables are sanded every day, summer and winter, though the animals are there during the summer only long enough to be milked, morning and evening. The sand is procured from the shore of a charming lake (the largest in the State, I believe), three miles distant. These floors are so evenly, and artistically, covered by the sand, especially one in charge of a man who is a genius in such business, that many visitors have been reluctant to walk on it. A city lady not long ago, visited the barns in company with her city-bred son. While waiting for the doors to be opened, she became apprehensive that her son's dress might suffer, and suggested to him that he had better roll up his pants so as to keep them clean. He promptly acted upon this precautionary suggestion, and had no sooner done so than the sliding doors opened and revealed such a floor as led him to at once take the reef out of his pants, to use a nautical term, and in they both walked, interchanging a hasty and expressive glance, followed by the aforesaid genius, who was not a little amused by these proceedings. It may be asked why this daily spreading of sand upon the barn floors? The answer is because of cleanliness and purity, and because it keeps the animals from slipping. Not only so, it pays the expense of getting it, when placed on my lands. In planning the barns, care was taken to have the feed for the animals stored immediately over them, so as to avoid the expense and delay of moving it any great distance at the time of feeding.

Over the north room to which reference has been made, two hundred tons of hay can be stored, which is more than enough for the forty-eight cows beneath, and for

those in the adjoining room, which is fitted up with box stalls.

This hay loft is approached by a massive walled and curved roadway, packed with stone in the center, thirty feet wide, and rising to a height of twelve feet, where it connects on the north side, or back of the barn with a double "barn floor" in the middle of the loft, and upon which four loads of hay may be driven at the same time. The hay is taken from the wagons by horse-forks (one over each of the two mows), and a ton of it is frequently unloaded in four minutes, and in four forksful—one a minute.

But one fork has been used at a time, consequently but one wagon can thus be unloaded at a time, but as steam power will probably be used hereafter, I hope that two wagons can be unloaded at once. An accurate account is kept of every hay crop—the day it is cut, the field from which it is taken, the weight, and the barn in which it is placed.

The weight is ascertained upon a pair of Fairbanks' scales, well protected from the weather by a building erected for that purpose. A little over three hundred tons of hay are now gathered each season, a large portion of which is in the barns on the afternoon of the day on which it is cut. So much for the invention of Mowing Machines, Tedders, and Horse Rakes.

From twelve to sixteen acres of grass have frequently been cut, cured, and housed the same day. The largest quantity drawn from the fields and placed in my barns in any one day was a few pounds less than thirty tons.

The building forming the east side of the square,

shown on page 87, is one hundred and ninety-one feet long and thirty-five feet wide. The first floor was originally divided into six rooms, one each for oxen, bulls, calves, horses, wagons, and harness, etc., but the increase of the herd rendered it necessary to remove the oxen, horses, wagons, and harness, etc., to another building, so that those three adjoining rooms are now thrown into one, which is filled with cows.

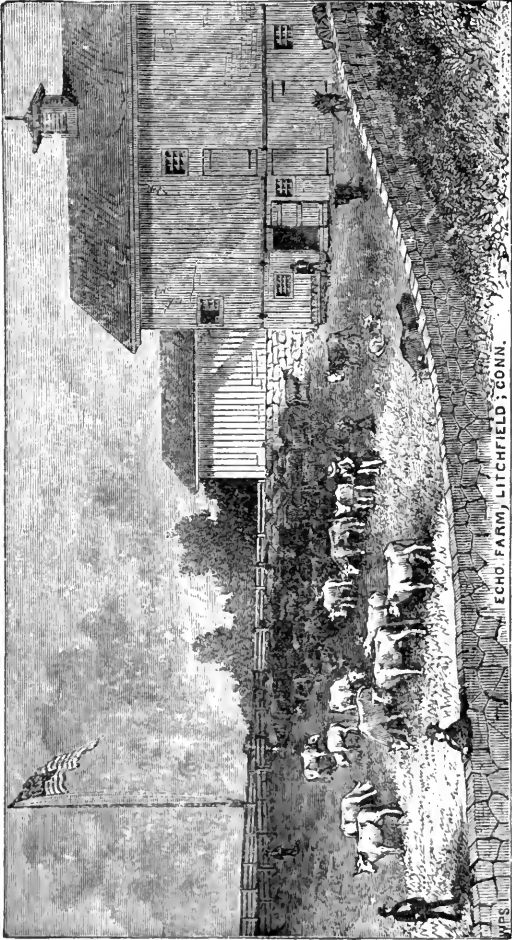
The ox-room has been fitted up with box stalls for calves and yearlings, the nursery, or calf-room, with its twenty little stalls, being too small for present wants. The animals in this barn have a full supply of hay immediately over them, as is the case in all my barns.

The building on the west side of the square has recently been enlarged to its present size, one hundred and fifty-one feet long, and contains stalls for fifty-two cows. It connects with the North Barn, forty feet wide, which makes up the length of the one hundred and ninety-one feet barn on the east side.

The Dairy Building, also recently enlarged, now measures thirty-six feet by sixty-two feet, and is two and a half stories high.

It contains on the first floor, a reception-room for visitors, who are admitted to the Butter Department on Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, from eleven o'clock A. M. until four o'clock P. M., churn-room, engine-room, room for washing tins, etc., three milk-rooms, one of which is a tank-room, and two rooms for milk and butter boxes. A large, well-aired cellar, with cemented walls and floor, is used for bottling milk.

The second story contains a large room for milk boxes.



ECHO FARM, LITCHFIELD, CONN.

BARN FOR DRY COWS AND YOUNG STOCK.

These boxes are taken to this room as they are returned from New York and Brooklyn. Thence the bottles are carried to the wash-room adjoining. The boxes are then cleaned and got ready for use again. When needed they are lowered to cellar by elevator, from there they are sent by four two-horse teams to the railroad depot for transmission to New York and Brooklyn.

The boiler-room connects with the dairy on the north, and hot-water pipes extend thence to every part of the dairy building, for heating and for washing purposes.

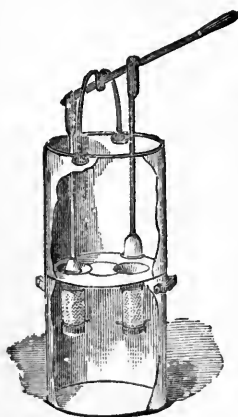
The ice-house, having a capacity of more than five hundred tons, is not far from the dairy.

Some cows, generally those not giving milk, are kept in the barn shown in the picture on the opposite page.

The horse-barn measures sixty-six feet by forty feet, with a communicating L fifty feet long, which gives room for fourteen horses in a row. The wagon-room, forty-six feet by forty feet, has but one post—a massive one in the center of the room—thus giving ample space for wagons and for moving them as desired.

Quite a small churn was first used in my dairy. This was replaced by a larger one, requiring two persons to turn it, one at each end. An increased demand for butter called for a yet larger churn, which was worked by pony power. A full-sized horse was soon needed, and now the churning is done by steam, in a large-sized factory churn of a new and greatly improved pattern. There may be others quite its equal, perhaps better, but it does its work so well that I know of no change that could be made to advantage, unless it be the invention of a churn that will produce good butter at one end

by putting hay or grass in at the other end. When such a labor-saving machine is constructed, and when pipes are laid from country dairies directly to the city residences of families who prefer to be thus supplied with milk, without the aid of railroads or milkmen, then there will be a decided panic in the butter and milk markets. It would be something new for madame, in her city home a hundred miles away, to ask by telephone for so



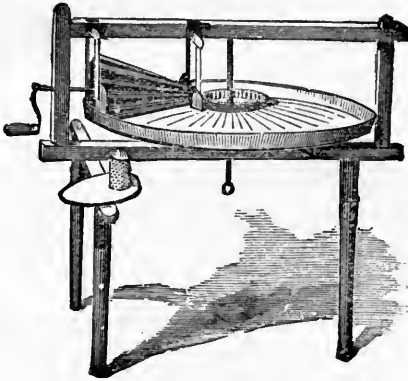
CREAM STRAINER.

many pounds of butter, or so many quarts of milk from any cow she might be pleased to select, and have it on her table within a few minutes. Visionary as this may seem, substitute "a few hours" for "a few minutes," and my fiction becomes a fact, for a telephone connects my farm with the Western Union Telegraph office in the village, and orders from distant cities, for any of the products of my dairy can thus be immediately executed —by rails, however, not by pipes.

The cream is not churned until it has been strained through holes smaller than an ordinary-sized pin would make. Owing to its richness and solidity, it is necessary to force it through. This is done by a pump with double "plungers," the strainer can, at the bottom of which the strainers are attached, being first placed on another can. The butter is thus made all of one consistency.

To avoid the unnecessary handling of the butter, it is

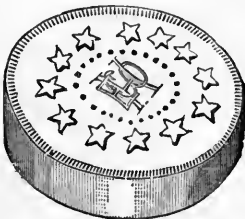
worked upon an ingeniously contrived turn-table, by which it is carried, by cog wheels, under a revolving, cone-shaped, and grooved presser, which makes deep channels down which the buttermilk escapes to the edge



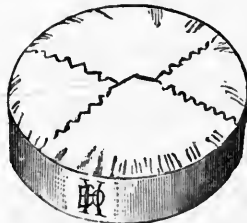
ROTARY BUTTER-WORKER.

of the table. It is then led by pipes to a tub placed underneath to receive it.

Luxuriating here in the purest and richest of cream and milk, and realizing that many thousands of the resi-



PRINT OF BUTTER.

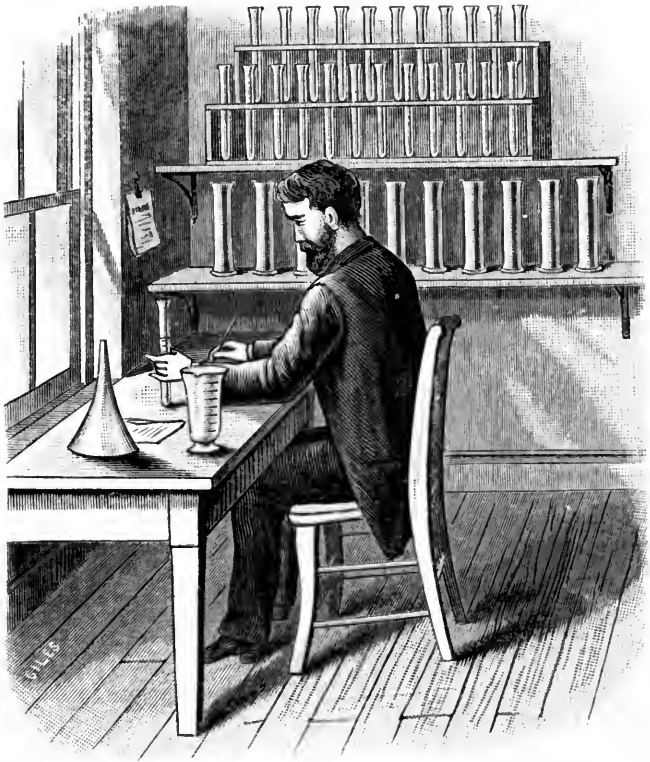


PRINT IN NAPKIN AND BOX.

dents of New York and Brooklyn were actually suffering for the want of these blessings, I resolved more than

three years ago to supply that want. Milk was sent from my dairy to those cities in one quart tin cans, and cream in pint and half-pint tin cans, all the cans being sealed here, and not opened until the seals were broken at the residences of the consumers. Glass bottles were substituted for the tin cans, and there has ever since been such a demand for the milk and cream thus put up, as has exceeded my ability to supply it, though my herd has been more than doubled, and will probably soon be twice as large as now.

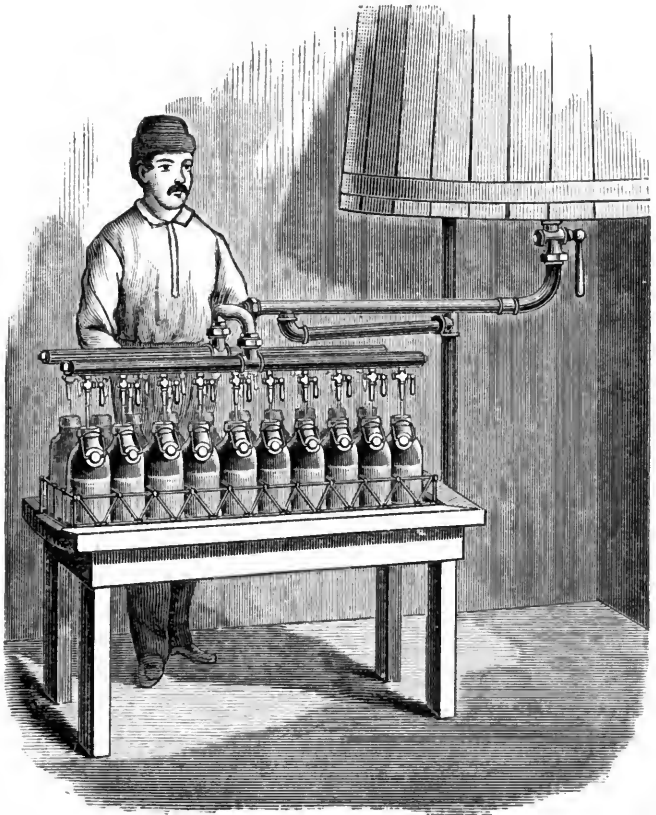
By special agreement made with some reliable farmers in this neighborhood, thoroughly pure and rich milk in a limited quantity is received from them. They are bound by a written contract, duly signed and witnessed, to observe all the regulations deemed necessary to secure the best and purest milk, and from Jersey cows (frequently called "Alderneys"), so soon as the change from "native cows" can be effected. To prevent the possibility of mistake or fraud, the services of a medical gentleman of high professional standing have been secured to test the milk from every herd, my own as well as the others to which I have referred, also the milk of each and every cow in all these herds. These tests are most thoroughly made, and a full written report of all is given me. The effect of this frequent and searching professional investigation has been most beneficial, and the farmers, who at first stood in no little dread of it, now fully realize the decided advantage it is to them. Every cow that has not given satisfaction has been promptly disposed of by them, and there is now a healthy rivalry—an *esprit de corps*—among them, just such as I have



TESTING QUALITY OF MILK.

been desirous to create, one which is producing much good to themselves, and which confers a benefit upon a larger number of city families than could otherwise be reached, and vastly greater than they have any idea of. I have offered a premium to the farmer who, by the doctor's report, has the best record at the end of a certain specified time.

All the milk sent from this farm (except such as is known as special, being always from the same cow, and wanted for invalids and infants) is put into a large tank, made at an expense of several hundred dollars, because constructed of the best and purest materials. After being sufficiently cooled in this tank, which is surrounded by iced water so as to extract the animal heat as quickly as possible, the milk is drawn, twenty bottles being filled at the same time, through as many nickel-plated faucets. It is only in this way that consumers can have milk of unvarying quality. Every precaution that can be thought of is taken. All the milk is strained and re-strained most carefully. Each of the glass bottles in which it is shipped is sealed with a label upon which is printed the date it leaves the dairy. Twenty bottles are packed in a strong wooden box, which is locked before it leaves the dairy. These boxes are placed in a railroad car, which is locked by my men, and unlocked by the agents at New York. It will be seen by the picture of the bottles used, that the families who take the milk are required to wash them. This should be done as soon as they are emptied. Two, and sometimes three persons are kept busy at the agency washing them, as they are taken there by the men who distribute the milk, and five persons are kept



BOTTLING MILK.

actively employed in the dairy washing them as they are returned here. No bottle is used until it has thus been thoroughly cleansed.

I have endeavored to heed the admonition :

“ Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.”

New farming implements are carefully examined before they are purchased, and thoroughly tested before



MILK BOTTLE.

being put into active service. I had, for instance, heard much of a Hay Loader, and was induced to buy one. Instead of waiting until the haying season, when all hands would be busy, and when time should not be occupied in making experiments that could be previously made, I had some old hay put in a “windrow,” and the loader tested. A man was placed in the wagon to receive the hay and distribute it in the vehicle, but it came in so fast that he became alarmed, and fearing that he would be buried

alive, called lustily to the driver to stop, much to the amusement of all present.

Numerous inventions are submitted to me, some of which are recommended almost as strongly as was the



HAY-LOADER.

“scarecrow,” which was said not only to keep off the crows, but also to so impress upon them the sin of theft, that they would bring back all they had stolen in previous years.

CHAPTER X.

CAN FARMING IN NEW ENGLAND BE MADE
REMUNERATIVE?

“Does farming in New England pay?” is not an uncommon question. As well might it be asked, “Does merchandizing in New England pay?” “Does trading of any kind in New England pay?” “Does it pay to engage in the shipping or manufacturing business, or in the legal or medical profession, in New England?”

The thousands of New Englanders who have engaged in no other occupation than farming, and who have, through industry, frugality, and good sense, acquired not only a competence, but an independence, conclusively prove that farming in this section of country can be made remunerative. Thousands who have had neither this industry, frugality, nor good sense, have proved with equal certainty that their attempts at farming in New England have been failures, because of the absence of these requisite characteristics.

Because farming here, or elsewhere, can be made remunerative, it does not follow that it will necessarily be so. The farmer has, as a general rule, quite as much to do with these results as has his farm. Farms are photographs of their owners. As well might it be asked, “Does farming pay anywhere?” as to ask if it pays in New England. Why should it not be profitable here as elsewhere. Some kinds of farming cannot be success-

fully prosecuted here, but this does not apply to all kinds. Some pay better here than elsewhere, and *vice versa*.

All branches of farming are not alike suited to all localities, nor to all climates. The vineyard of California, the cotton of the South, the grain of the West, each claims its proper soil and air. Though these products would not thrive in our more rugged, but far more invigorating climate, our crops thrive best in it. As in this section of our country, so in the others named, the product is not of the soil only, but of the industry and skill of the husbandman. Success is not to be expected anywhere where energy and thrift are not co-laborers with the soil.

True, some unsuccessful ones leave this part of the country, and prosper elsewhere, not always, however, because of the change of locality, but frequently because of the change in themselves. They have been forced to work as they would not work before. It must not be supposed that this remark in any way applies to the many worthy and industrious New Englanders who go hence to seek their fortunes, in other, and, to them, more genial climates, and who contribute largely to the prosperity of whatever place they select. Without persistent energy and pluck it is impossible to gather gold or grapes in California, grain in the West, cotton in the South, or, in the Northern and Eastern States, the products peculiar to them.

Grant it that our soil is more sterile than in some other places. It is not nearly as much so as is supposed. In the wise providence of God, our people are more hardy than the average type of men, and are thus fitted for their work. In many portions of this much-abused sec-

tion of our country, the soil is as rich and productive as can be found anywhere. Who that settles upon a farm and spends much of his time driving about the country, pleasure seeking, instead of busying himself and his horses in clearing and enriching his fields, can expect to make farming pay? The argument that "It costs nothing" to so amuse himself, because the horses and vehicle are his own, not hired, is a common, but false and ruinous one. Just what he and his team might have accomplished by persistent energy during those hours of self-indulgence, multiplied by the number of the many days in each year so occupied, gauges the loss he has thus sustained; a loss as real as though that amount had been taken from his purse and thrown into the sea. Daily (perhaps morning and evening) driving to the post-office, avowedly for letters and papers, received, it may be, as often as once a week, and which might just as well be obtained through a passing neighbor whose legitimate business took him to the village, is as costly and injurious as is the daily lounging in village stores to gossip and help make others idle. "Time is money" is a significant notice occasionally displayed in city stores and offices. It should have a conspicuous place in every country store where the proprietor wishes to do a profitable business on a cash basis, and expects to save his crackers and cheese from too frequent sampling. Loafing costs many more dollars than is generally supposed, and is an unprofitable investment for the loafer and for those on whose premises he loafs. No city man of business, be his occupation what it may, can succeed if he thus wastes his time and energies, nor can any farmer. It is indeed painful to

travel through some farming districts of our much favored land, and see dilapidated dwelling houses and barns, some unoccupied and forsaken ; and so comparatively few new ones near them to take their places as evidences of continued life and vigor. The tale they tell is a sad one in too many instances, and may be easily learned.

Indolence and intemperance are twin vices. Too often they are like the Siamese twins, and cannot be separated. Each sustains the other, if it does not create the other. This double-headed curse leaves sad traces wherever it goes, and if there is one woe deeper than another, it drags its enslaved victims into the deepest. The very ground seems to cry out against it, as it wastes under neglect and foreclosed mortgages. No superscription by the hand of man reveals the cause of this scene of desolation and death, but the wayfaring man, if not a "fool," may clearly discern in it the inscription by the hand of God upon the pages of inspiration :

"They have erred through wine, and
Through strong drink are they out of the way."

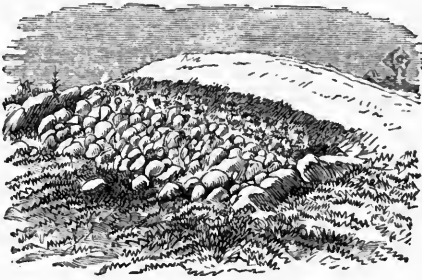
They probably began to indulge moderately in intoxicating drinks, but became enslaved and ruined by them. Their children were, perhaps, driven from what might otherwise have been to them a happy and prosperous home. Farming (if such an inappropriate term can be used in this connection) was made offensive to them, and they eagerly escaped from the degradation to which a drunken parent had brought them. Did that lost parent sin alone? No! Who, then, will undertake to fathom the depth of that "woe" pronounced by an offended

God against "him that giveth his neighbor drink?" I am thankful that there is as little of this terrible evil in this section of the country as in any I have ever seen. With gratitude let it be added, I know of no such deserted farms in this neighborhood.

Some farms are so outrageously neglected that it would be better were they entirely abandoned by their occupants, who are playing the dog-in-the-manger game. They occupy, but will not improve, and because they occupy, others who would improve and prosper, are deterred from so doing. These cumberers of the ground have much to say about farming "not paying." They certainly speak from experience, and should be credited to the extent of believing their statement, but I should be sorry to credit them in any other way, or believe that their farms could not be profitably worked. If it will not pay to take judicious care of fields, cattle, farming implements, etc., it certainly will not pay to neglect them.

The merchant who puts no money into the bank would be unreasonable were he to expect that he could draw any out; and so with the farmer who neglects to enrich his fields, but hopes to get crops from them year after year. He starves himself who starves his fields, and justly so. Land that is generously enriched will be generous in its yield. Like its divine Master, it "loveth a cheerful giver." It is quite true that there are "sermons in stones." The earth too is a sermonizer of no mean order. Its preaching is thoroughly practical and convincing. Saint Paul listened to its teachings, for did he not echo the voice of nature when he told the Corinthians that "He who soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly, and

he who soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully.” If farming in New England cannot be made remunerative, where did the many farmers who are well-off financially get their money? Some of them, doubtless, regret that they have not kept their funds in their legitimate business, by continuing to improve their lands and making them yet more profitable, rather than invest in outside securities which have proved disastrous—investments of which they knew nothing definitely, but which they hoped would yield a large return. They have discovered



MAKING A MOUND OF STONES.

to their sorrow that the bulls and bears in those city menageries called “Stock Exchanges,” are far more dangerous animals than are the country ones which they can control without foreign aid. What better investment can a farmer have than corn “stalks” and plow “shares?”

If “it paid” to clear a portion of the farm, why not make yet further improvements and get a larger return from it? Farms do not clear themselves. At least I know of none that have done so, nor do I know of any super-human aid that will do the work, although I believe that our globe revolves. One farmer cannot be convinced of

this. His is an unusually rocky farm, and he insists that if the earth did "go round," and his farm ever "got bottom side up," there would be a great rattling of stones below, and that he "rather guessed" he would be saved the trouble of getting any more stones off his land.

The surplus stones on Echo Farm are packed into ravines, and covered with earth. When there are no ravines to fill up, they are piled in large mounds and covered with earth. The crops on these covered stones, both in ravines and mounds, have always been large, and less affected by drouth than in surrounding fields.

The farmer who imagines that his work for the year is completed when he has gathered his hay crop, shoots as wide of the mark as does the merchant who considers that his debt is discharged when he gives his note for it, payable "ninety days after date."

The work of a thrifty farmer is never finished. Each day, whether it be in June, December, or any other month of the year, brings its work, and plenty of it. The haying season is not the only busy one on a farm, though the old proverb: "Make hay while the sun shines," has doubtless created a contrary impression. Sunshine is needed for other and equally important work, especially in the fall of the year, when leaves are to be gathered for bedding animals, and when the sunshine is most valuable, because we then have so little of it. Dried leaves make the best bedding, and are an excellent fertilizer.

The censure "Nothing but leaves," certainly does not attach to our trees. In ornament and in use, they do all that is expected of them. Robbing themselves in their

delicate and beautiful spring costume, the richness of whose verdure increases as the seasons advance, they add tint to tint, each leaf seeming to rival the others in grandeur, until they bid us their autumnal adieu. Their beauty then gives place to utility, and every farmer should rejoice that it is with leaves, as Pope said of men :

“ Another race the following spring supplies.”

The farmers around me looked with no little distrust upon my introduction into this neighborhood of Jersey cattle, and long remained incredulous. They are now convinced that their fears were groundless, and many of them are exchanging their so-called “ native cows ” for Jerseys. Others are sure to do so ere long.

The following is the substance of a conversation I had with a neighboring farmer about two years ago. He had just praised my Jerseys very highly, and I naturally inquired why he did not keep the same kind of stock. “ I cannot afford to do so,” was the reply.—“ That is strange,” I remarked. “ I certainly cannot afford to keep such animals as you have, and yet you tell me that you cannot afford to keep Jerseys, such as I have. There seems to be a contradiction here.”

“ How much do you get for your calves,” I next asked.

“ About a dollar or a dollar and a half before they are fattened.”

“ Mine sell for from one hundred dollars to three hundred dollars when quite young. There is a great difference in our figures, is there not ?”

“ Yes.”

“Do your cows eat less than mine?”

“No. I believe mine eat more than yours.”

“Are yours more hardy than mine?”

“I used to think so, but have changed my opinion.”

“Do yours give as much, and as rich milk as mine?”

“I think mine give as much as yours, but Jersey cows give richer milk, I believe, than any others.”

“Do mine need more care and attention than yours?”

“I suppose they don't need it, but they have more attention than I give mine.”

“No more care is bestowed upon mine than is good for them, therefore less would be injurious to them, and a loss to me.”

It is not necessary to repeat any more of this conversation. Suffice it to say that the farmer alluded to has changed his views, also some of his cows, and is now a firm believer in Jerseys.

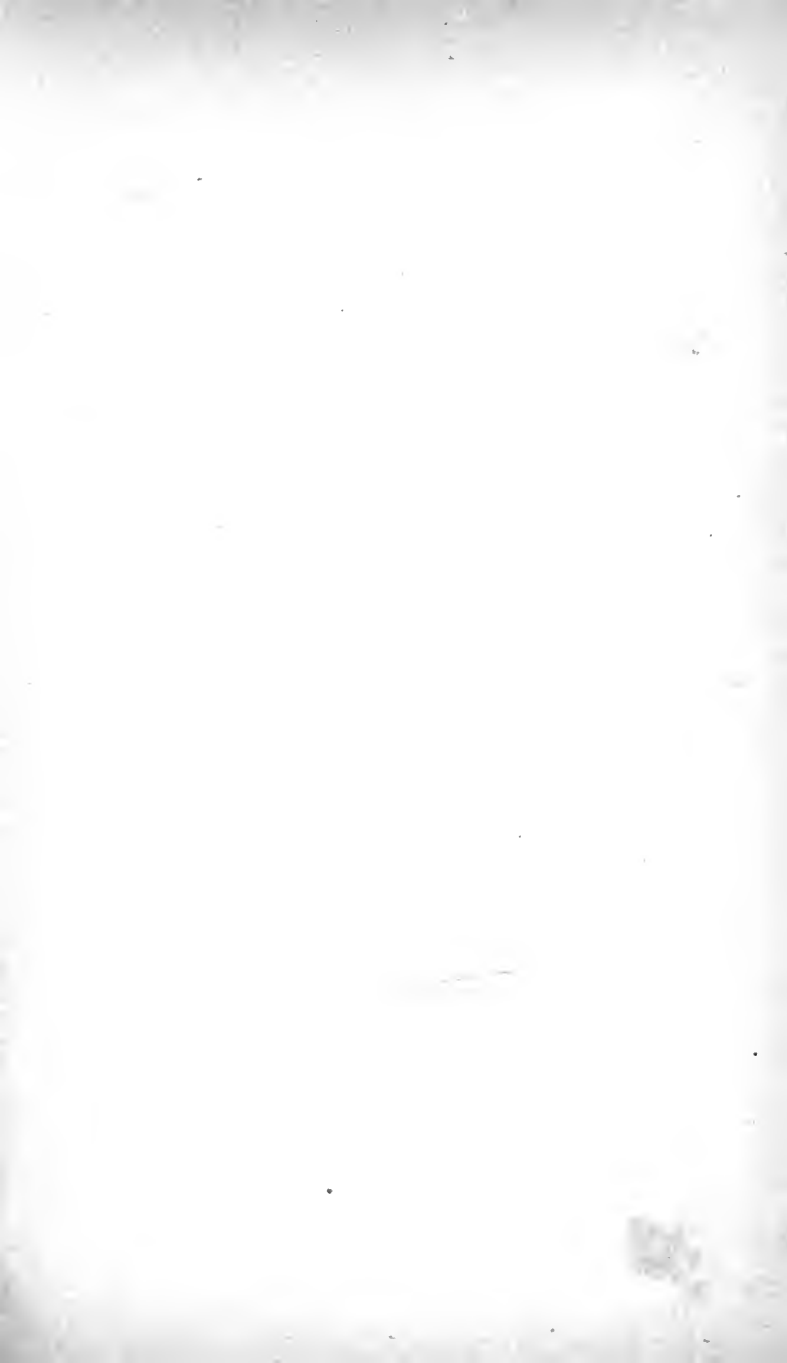
Many who come to see this farm ask me if farming in New England can be profitably conducted. I tell them that they are on Echo Farm, so named because of the many excellent echoes which abound on almost every part of it, and that if they will consult these echoes they will assuredly get just such information as their question calls for. They have but to inquire :

“Tell me, Echo, if farming can pay here?”

Echo answers : “Farming can pay here.”

Strange as it may appear, the more distinctly this question is put, the more audible and emphatic will be the answer :

“Farming can pay here.”









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