

The Monroe Democrat

"WE ARE ALL EQUAL BEFORE GOD AND THE CONSTITUTION."—James Buchanan.

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ADDRESS

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BROTHER FARMERS:—It is obviously needless to dilate on the importance of agriculture as a branch of human industry, before an American audience; yet, I have always thought that, even here, the subject is not sufficiently regarded; and, that those engaged in it had not those civil advantages and social distinctions they so eminently merit.

When we remember that agriculture affords employment to most of the laborers of the world; that by it comes nearly all the wealth which sustains modern communities, and a great proportion of the comforts and luxuries of life, we have an inkling of its magnitude. Should all the world's farmers cease to sow, to plant, to rear, and to gather in, an anarchy would spring out of this horde of idlers, which no human power could control; and starvation would make a burial more terrific than the deluge.

Reflections like these bring to mind the stupendous interests involved in this vocation, and point clearly to the duty which all owe it. But beside a few vague and general compliments, which politicians occasionally bestow on agriculture, what have governments done to advance it? Comparatively nothing; and unaided poor men have carried it forward to its present position, while the superabundant wealth and extraordinary exertions of nations have been lavished upon commerce and manufactures. This is both short-sighted and unjust. The first, because a nation can have no material wealth without agriculture, and to build it up, therefore, a first and last duty; and the second, because it is not only a hindrance to general prosperity, but absolutely unfair to raise up one set of laborers at the expense of another.

It is true that, of late years, wise men are indicating to States the correct policy; yet, excepting trifling donations, nothing has been done for the "tilling millions" who work out nations' blessings through agriculture. Nor is it denied that the light of science is shooting its rays across the farmer's path. Handy implements, deep plowing, drainages, concentrated fertilizers, &c., are all helping; but these aid chiefly the fancy farmer. When the practical farmer would use them, generally he is not able to purchase; and when the ability to buy has been brought about by hard work, he is unable to use, and loses interest in them. Besides, he is so often deceived by imperfectly made articles, and highly lauded cheats, he fears to trust the lights in the distance. They frequently prove a loss, and create distrust. Hence, too, we have this sneering at book-farming among tillers of the soil, believing as they do, these appliances to be only other contrivances of labor-bating wits, to defraud them.

In order to illustrate more forcibly the position I assume, namely, that the agriculturist is not properly appreciated, or suitably rewarded, for the benefits he confers on community, I will give a brief biography of one of the early settlers of Bradford county, personifying thereby the life of toil and hardships, which thousands of her farmers, and those of her sister Susquehanna, have had to endure.

At the age of one-and-twenty, John Lincoln left his parental fireside, to commence the warfare of life, his principal capital consisting in his ability to work. To this he was used from childhood. Of book learning he had but little. He could read, write, and figure in the fundamental rules of Arithmetic. His father owned a small farm, north of New London, Connecticut, and on it raised a large family. He could give his children little save good advice. To John he gave fifty dollars on leaving home. With this the young man started to the Connecticut river, where he found employment for a year; but hearing of cheap lands in Pennsylvania, he could hardly wait till this year was up, so eager was he to get a piece for himself; and, with one hundred dollars in his pocket, he soon found him on his way farther. He stopped on the Chemung river, not far from the present site of Elmira, where he engaged, for short term, with different farmers, meantime, inquiring diligently for land. This was soon found, in what is at present Wells township, Bradford county, Penn. The lot he purchased was fifteen miles from the river, and covered with a dense forest. After taking every precaution, that suggested itself to his mind, to be sure that he was on his own land, he commenced chopping a clearing. When he had gone over five acres, he worked a month for the use of a pair of cattle and a chain the same length of time. Then procuring the services of another young emigrant from New England, he cut a road nine miles in length, through the woods, to his clearing. His rough sled was then loaded with a sack of corn meal, a small iron pan, some newly made hay, and drawing them to his fallow, the work of clearing was commenced in good earnest.

It would take too long to detail minutely the trials on the first clearing. The timber was heavy, and the lifting, of course, severe. Sometimes he and his companion were almost discouraged. They were several times despatched with rain, in their bed, and shelter of hemlock boughs, and their meal soured from exposure; but they struggled through, and procuring with great difficulty, three bushels of wheat, it was sown in with a wooden drag. Our hero was now some in debt. He relied, however, on getting work

to help him out. This he sought and found with Lemuel Griswold, who lived on a farm, on the flats below Newtown. Now, this Squire Griswold, as he was called, had also removed from the east, but with a family of three daughters and two sons, and several years previous to John Lincoln's departure from the place of his nativity. The Squire's two oldest daughters were married. Jane was nineteen years old, and still at home; and a working young woman she was. Carelessly reared amidst work, and on simple food, she grew up strong and full of animal life. Morning, noon and night, the surrounding hills echoed back the shrill tones of her song, as she plied her busy hands; and at the gatherings of the young folks, in the neighborhood, she laughed the loudest, danced the longest, and frolicked the most excessively. This living, working woman, in less than a year, became the wife of John Lincoln. She helped him to gather the wheat on his fallow, the deer and other wild animals had not destroyed, and she daubed the mud on their lonely log cabin, while he chinked it. She brought him too, along with her industrious hands, her earnest nature and loving heart, a cow, a present from her parents; and two months after the removal of the pair to their rude, wild home, this cow was killed by the falling of a tree. I cannot tell you how sorrowful Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were at this mishap. Time and hope, however, wore their curls for human maladies, assuaged their griefs; and that too, occasioned by the selling of their next year's crop in the ground, on the note given for a cow to replace the one killed.

But a deeper trouble soon came on this humble, yet noble and courageous pair. In logging their fallow chopped at his new home, John Lincoln had his leg broken; two days before his second child was born; yet his wife walked to Newtown, for a physician, crying all the way. This new disaster, turned out a sore affliction. That season no crop was put in, and the store of provisions on hand was small. Cold weather, too, was on hand, and for four months, that heroic woman carried through a forest, and by a path, from a mill, eight miles distant, all the corn meal, the only food that was consumed in their lonely dwelling, during that winter of adversity. It was a dismal period. At night the wolves howled piteously, and threatened her sleep. Sometimes she had to take these into the house to save them. So with her children. Then she had the little stock to feed, and the wood to cut; but she worked bravely on. And when John Lincoln was again able to go out, his only pair of three year-old steers, and seven sheep, the only stock he had, save a cow, were driven off to pay the miller; leaving the Doctor's bill, and sundry other bills unsatisfied. It was a gloomy out-going to him, and his heart almost sank in despair, when the prospect before him looked full in the face. But hope again came to his relief, and time mellowed his sorrows. His wife, too, who had wept more in the last five months than she had ever sang before, in the same length of time, began to be hopeful, when she saw John was able to go to work. True, through bungling setting of the limb, he was lame, and would be so for life; but he was still with her, and that comforted her.

In good earnest they again commenced the struggle; and in two years the evils of this disaster were nearly repaired. Clearing was added to clearing, year by year, by that resolute man and woman. He chopping all day, and spending some nights in going to mill, and others in picking up and burning on the fallow. By means such as these, in a few years, they had corn and oats, but not without severe losses. Mr. Lincoln had but his land under a Connecticut title. This turned out to be worthless, and he was obliged to pay for it a second time. Then he lost a fourth of his cleared land, through mistake in the bounding lines. Still John Lincoln and his wife toiled on. Sickless now prostrated her. From this she recovered, but was blind for a year afterwards from its effects. Not yielding yet, nor yet despairing of final success, the battle with adversity was continued until twenty-five years had elapsed. During this period, many others had made beginnings in the woods around them, and with various results. Some remained only a year, not being able to stand it longer. Others remained two, some three years, and then gave up hope and their improvements together; whilst a few like the Lincolns, would not yield. On the farm of the latter, there was seventy acres under fence, some of it of stone. A frame barn and substantial fence of house occupied the place of those logs, of other days. Within a few years Mr. Lincoln had received from his father's estate, three hundred dollars, and his wife had obtained, in the same way, two hundred dollars. With this money they had built, involving themselves, in the enterprise, in a debt of five hundred dollars; but they had a farm worth three thousand. Yes, that dear wilderness, which was valued at one dollar per acre, twenty-five years before, was converted into a farm. And how! Through sweat, that was little less than blood; through tears that were furrowed into the cheek of youth and beauty; and anguish of heart that drove two mortals to an early grave. Yes, that faithful, glorious pair were not destined long to enjoy their improved home. Exposure, hard work and scanty fare, broke down early on otherwise good physical frame, and John Lincoln worked no more after his house was finished. During five years he lingered, and

then died; and his trustful, loving wife to the last, over-burdened with care, and her spirit tortured beyond endurance, by the darkness of the road she had traveled through life, became melancholy. Yes, that wildly joyous girl, whose youthful song and merry laugh made glad the rude habitations around her early home, saddened to despondency with life's conflict; and, as if fearful that her John would go home before her, her sorrow pressed into the grave, three months before he ended life and trouble together. At the time of her demise, Mr. Lincoln was too weak to attend the funeral; but gathering strength in a few days, he required his children to make him a bed on a sleigh, and take him to the grave. There, alone, and in feeble strains, he sang to the spirit of his faithful companion:

"Ye living men, come view the ground,
Where you must shortly lie."
And a requiem it was, worthy the living and the dead, and more sublime than the grandest composition ever tuned into harmony, in honor of great ones of earth.

Thus lived and thus died one pair of the pioneers of the now flourishing county of Bradford. Often has my heart saddened when memory called up the scenes through which they passed, their love for each other, and their fidelity to life. Oh, they deserved better than they had! and who has heard of their hardships, or cares for their sufferings! Ah, e'en comes back empty, like the first dove sent from the ark. Nor is the story of their sufferings ended. John Lincoln's long sickness and additional reverses, increased his indebtedness to seventeen hundred dollars, at the time of his death. This finally took his hard-earned property from his children. So they had nothing left but the example of their parents' lives, and for their results, it is worth following! Each child of the seven, of those worthy but unfortunate workers, had to commence in the woods, and rehearse the drama of life, I have only faintly sketched. That of Jesse, the oldest, appears yet more terrible in the beginning. For three times his log cabin and its little improved surroundings were swept away. Yet he flattered not, nor yet ceasing to battle, he triumphed at last, reclaiming the burial place of his unfortunate father and broken-hearted mother, and is now quietly, and as happily as mortal well can, passing away in vigorous old age, the evening of that life which had such a dark morning.

Now brother farmers, you ask, why this episode? This, I trust, will become manifest as I proceed. And first, I claim that the narrative I have given, is not an isolated occurrence; for every fertile hill and blooming vale in Bradford, has connected with its early history, a tale of woe equal to the one just given; and the broad, beautiful fields of Susquehanna could, if I had to speak, tell of hardships endured, privations suffered, and toils borne patiently born with, and by hearts as poverty of better things, as loving, as faithful, and minds as sensitive as those who surround me in this assembly, the recital of which would make you weep. I hope none of you have wept for a long time. Yes, fellow citizens, it is the commonness of these untold and indescribable lives of grief, which so immensely aggravates the evil. Terrible misfortunes overtake men and women in all pursuits and stations in life. These are looked for, and because of rare occurrence, as well as because they are certain to come, we pity the sufferers and pass them. But when a whole class of men and women become a sacrifice to the public weal, it becomes a national calamity, and deserves not only our sympathy, but our earnest efforts to alleviate it. It is to this end, I labor to-day.

Who enjoys the fruit of the patient toil of John Lincoln and his devoted wife, and their hardy co-patriots! The fields they cleared brought no balm to their bereaved bodies, no cordial to their embittered minds, in declining years; yet they produced abundantly. Hundreds and thousands live off the products of the farms which these heroic workers prepared, and will continue to supply food for ages to come. In addition, government derives a heavy revenue from them. Why, it is said, "he is a benefactor, who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before;" and what shall be said of those who tore from these mountains and valleys their primal forests, and nature's ruggedness; and made them "run with fatness" doing this, too, in winter's bitter blast with little clothing, and still less food; and in summer's sun no comforts, no relaxation from incessant pressure, bearing the galling yoke until the coffin hid it from view. Are such as these benefactors! Aye, a thousand times more so than many who have fame. We refer with just pride to the wonderful fortitude which carried the soldiers of our Revolutionary war, through the horrid winter at Valley Forge, and other trying scenes, but they were of short duration. Nor were they any more severe than those which the pioneer had to contend with during a life time. Paucity has been exhausted on the noble perseverance of the one, while the other has no honor in the land; yet deserves it no less.

And compare the lives of most of our politicians with that of John Lincoln, and how they sink into insignificance! In youth, going to school, thence to college, the law-office, Congress, and even the Presidency of the Republic. As lawyers, getting rich on the hard earnings of the poor; and as politicians filling their offices to overflowing out of the taxes collected from the tillers of the soil.

Yet, such men partisan editors frequently call great, and what a misnomer it is! But few of them have created any benefactions for their species, or accomplished any good for their country. Their lives are the lives of politicians, and are mostly made up of selfishness and arrogance. Tell me not that they have superior intellect for it is not true. I know a dozen hard working unknown farmers, who, if they had the same opportunities, could display as much of all that is noble, in the head and heart, as characterizes most of the parties referred to. But you ask, why is this not known! for in our day, merit is generally found out. In the first place, the interrogatory may be well met by asking why the oppressed settler received no benefit of all the good he wrought. Many of these had merits as men, and their work deserved great reward; yet the one is unnoticed, and the other denied. Ours, is that the farmer does not use the press, to publish to the world some after column of fulsome laudations of his personal acts; and a good deal of the notoriety statesmen have, comes in this way;—they very frequently write it themselves. So while the farmer silently clears, plows, sows, plants, and gathers in that men may live, the wily politician writes, in blazey letters in the sky, that he made a famous speech for bunkum, or played Machiavel in some other way, to cheat the people into the belief that he only is great. Hence it comes that the meritorious tiller of the soil, and his perfected manhood, remain unknown, and go unrewarded, and the crafty arts of the unprincipled schemer, secure him riches and honor.

There is, however, still another solution, more commanding in its application, and more general in its influence, than any yet named; and which, more than all others, I desire to present to, and impress upon, the attention of this intelligent assembly. The one is education—the other is not; and hence lies the wonderful disparity that prevails in social life, between men of equal parts; and which, above all, and beyond all, is the most potent in hindering the farmer from enjoying all the benefits of civilized life. Yes, it is education the farmer needs, and has needed ever since organized communities existed. It is estimated that nearly seven-eighths of the enlightened portion of mankind, are engaged in tilling the earth; and that the remaining eighth does all the governing, makes most of the luxuries, mental and physical; and this, only because, it has the greater share of education. There is proportionally as much bright brains, in its inherent form, in the seven-eighths, as in the one eighth; but it is not cultivated. Science is power, because it is certain; and it makes its possessor superior and confident. It is for this reason that the professional man is as professionally presumptuous, as the peasant is modest. The former has assumed the control naturally; and the latter has, as spontaneity, submitted. As a matter of course, as well as of necessity, the one provides for himself, at the expense of the other. If the farmer would only read, as he works, this would not be so. His delving is into the earth, he should peer into books; and just in the ratio, that he does not, is he short-sighted. Work he does—work gloriously;—without which the said edifice must crumble; but he keeps too remote the mental and physical sciences, for his personal, and the world's interest. Let us look, only for a moment, at what he has lost:

Through medicine and law, the one mystified by empiricism, and the other befogged by petting efficiency, the laboring class has lost, and is losing annually, millions upon millions of money, besides devastating health and life, and fomenting strife, burling to individuals, and sowing the seeds of an antagonism, which threatens ruin. These things need not be, and exist only because we do not read enough. For the laws of health, are few and simple, and easily comprehended; and jurisprudence means nothing more than reciprocal rights and duties. Every man should know these, and to know them, is money and power. But, in consequence of the absence of education, as an associate, farm labor has been disgraced. This, too, is wrong, and does great injury, coming, as it does, from perverted taste and gross ignorance. For how much more healthful, dignified and conscience-approving is it, to inhale the exhalations of the new-mown hay, gathering the precious laden sheaves of grain, and the golden fruit, than dressing the foul ulcers of the debauchee, or defending the villainous desperado, from the just reprobation of the law.

Now, look in another direction. The manufacturing and commercial interests of our country, early invoked aid and protection against disasters at sea, and competition from abroad. And millions of the dearly earned money of the farmer, collected through impost, has been expended in building up those classes, until merchants have become princes in wealth, and the wholesale worker in the raw material, reveals its riches. This was well enough. I object not to it; but to the neglect extended to the tiller of the soil. Now the pioneer, the John and Jesse Lincolns, who prepared the surrounding glees meadows for our enjoyment, did more, ten thousand times more, for the prosperity of our almost illimitable, and inimicable country, than all the iron furnaces and spinning jennies ever created. Yet who has thought of calling on the government to help the settler, by giving him a bounty on his work!

No one; nor was this aid withheld, because it was not sorely needed. Will any one pretend that the merchant and manufacturer, struggled through as many perverted obstacles as did the pioneer? No one of sane mind will. Why, then, have light-houses, were created to protect the property of those already rich. It was typical the government aided. It was to make the rich richer. The settler has no means, except in his strong will and muscular power; and by these, Herculean labors have been performed, not for himself, but for us, for the government, and coming generations. He brought light and civilization into the dark forests of America, amid perils and cheerless poverty enough to daunt the stoutest heart, but he would have no bounty for his virtues, and no one to plead for a mitigation of his, not to say hardships only, but positive suffering. Was this politic, so far as the general prosperity of the country was concerned? Surely not. Then, is it right, in a government predicated on the doctrine that all are equal, to lay burdens on the many, for the benefit of a few?—No one will have the hardihood, to claim this.

Only a few years ago, the whole country was disturbed by the clamor raised for a Protective Tariff, among the manufacturing and commercial ranks, when thousands of poor farmers, who were making beginnings on the unbroken prairies of the west, had to haul their wheat sixty and seventy miles, and then sell it at forty cents per bushel, and take fading calicoes at twenty-five cents per yard, in pay! And to help it along, government sold away the farms of these settlers, improvements and all, because they could not, at this rate, pay the dollar and twenty-five cents per acre, which it unjustly exacted, for the land he had taken up! The whole being still further aggravated by taking the money which this land brought, to add in the shipment of wheat from abroad, for bread and starch for the New England manufacturer! I become excited, and my blood starts with quivering velocity, whenever I think of this enormous outrage, perpetrated yearly, as it is, by the settled policy of the country.

Farmers and laborers, these wrongs are imposed upon you, chiefly because you have not read and learned; and capital will continue to swindle you, so long as you discard books. If the John and Jesse Lincolns, of wood chopping, and fallow-burning memories had been our rulers and law-makers, as they should have been, would these robberies of them, and their successors, happened, as they have happened, and are happening? Never. And why were they not, our rulers and law-makers? Solely because they did not, and will not educate as they should.

Farmers; I have not time to paint out a tithe of the losses you sustain by your indifference to truthful education. Would that I could arouse you to your true interests in this matter! You owe it to yourselves, to your children; and to your country; to educate more thoroughly. Heed my voice, for I am one of your number. I too have chopped, and burned fallows, and logged for days and weeks; and it does my very soul good, to shake the brittle hand of the stout-faced man who piles up the blackened timber. I know his toils, and sympathize most deeply with him. Then heed my words, farmers: Take counsel together over them when I repeat, educate, educate, educate.

And by education; I do not mean the bungling reading and expiring lessons four children get in the dingy hovels hung by the road's side. They afford no more light to the mind, than to the high-way, in which they stand, in mid-night darkness. They are only distorted spears, forbidding approach. Nor do I mean the inselated summery of boarding schools, or galvanized Latin lessons of the three months rural academies. These do not educate. Education is experience, and the properly educated young man of twenty-one, has the practical knowledge of the man of sixty; and can your young unlettered boys of seventeen, and listless girls of fifteen years, impart this? About as much as they can teach stones to talk. No, farmers. Discard all these. Build school houses equal to your meeting houses; and employ better men, if they can be found, to fill them, not occasionally, but constantly, to instruct your children in book-learning, and the practical duties and courtesies of social life. Do this; if it takes half of your farms. Do this, and joy will come to your hearts, and our nation will be covered with glory.

Government should establish an agricultural school and experimental farm in every county of the Union, where the farmer's sons could be made familiar with the chemist's laboratory, the botanist's class-books, and the laws of mechanism. This is the farmer's right, and the well being of the nation demands it. If this were done, a tide of prosperity, wealth, and national glory would come, that would cast into the shade all experience. And when will this be done! When the farmer educates, and takes the role into his own hands. Not by grasping capital and selfish politicians here so much to look after, occupy and direct so much of the time of our legislation in their schemes of personal aggrandizement, that the necessary fiscal appropriations, can hardly be carried through that immense slough, the Congress of the United States. Little, therefore, can be expected until the farmer, the worker, the "beaver of wood and drainer of water," rises from his sleep of ages, reigns over the land, that peace, plenty, and

hazy summer may come to the nations of the earth. And that he will is just as certain as that to-morrow's sun will rise. Already light is radiating the horizon of his heretofore darkened sky. Farmers and workers, have, and are, to some extent, educating; and intelligent, liberal-minded men, in other callings, are striving with these, to awaken public attention to the wants of this long-neglected interest. Through their efforts, the government is distributing, among farmers, seeds gratuitously. Despair not little things. This is a beginning in the right direction, of your approximating noon-day glory. Then we have agricultural journals, and societies, and above all, a farmer's high school throwing light upon our path, and tending to lighten our task and beautify our calling. True, the hazy flickerings of these distant lights, disturb the objects before us, and call us to fall and bridle; but the joy incitation which has so long manacled our minds down to the earth we worked, is giving way before the opening sun, and the early shoots of a living, beautiful green, are already manifesting themselves.

In order still further to impress upon my audience the disadvantages to the country, and the difficulties which stand in the way of the progress of the farmer, allow me to illustrate by giving the experience of another actual beginner, in farming, in our country, but of a very different character from that of John Lincoln.

Fifteen years ago, a young couple, whom I shall call William and Mary Fletcher, left one of our eastern cities, and removed to Bradford county, with the view of farming. This lady and gentleman had been reared and educated in the city, and had imbibed the peculiar fastidiousness about dress, and the futilities of etiquette common to large towns. They were married young, and Mr. Fletcher started in business as a merchant. In five years he failed, but managed to save a few thousand dollars out of the wreck. Being now out of employment, and having a poetic idea of agriculture, he bought a farm in the wildest and poorest locality of our country. This property had been under cultivation quite a number of years, and the buildings were respectable. On all sides, however, it was surrounded by dense hemlock forests, which new settlers were just beginning to break into; at the time of the purchase alluded to. Mr. F. had read accounts of extraordinary crops, and the improved methods of raising them, which occasionally appeared in newspapers at that time; but beyond this, very little; and, as to practical farming, he had not the remotest conception. He had not planted a seed of any kind; and, all in all, was about as green a subject, for a farmer, as can well be imagined. Both he and his lady had exalted ideas of the ease, great profits, and beauty of this calling; and, of course, were most sanguine of success and happiness in it. The road to their new home was rough, especially the last three miles, which surpassed anything they had ever dreamed of before. At first, the ever changing landscape; with mountain and valley, hill and dale, coming and receding; now passing along the water's edge, bordered with craggy rocks; and wild, gnarled trees; and then of high peaks "with white clouds of enchantment to the view;" and, more than all, the majestic grandeur and velvety green of the hemlock and pine, as they approached the north, brought frequent exclamations of admiration from the travelers; but towards the last, the roots of the latter—fearfully plenty and unyielding—over which they had to pass, brought groans of obtuse import; and the fine city vehicle, with spokes no bigger than your finger, talked of disaster. This came but too soon, and the journey was finished in a rude cart, drawn by a pair of half-starved steers. The romance with which they started, and which had beguiled them on the way, was by this time nearly crushed. Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher's bruises soon got well, and as they healed, their spirits revived.

They brought with them a goodly supply of broadcloths, silks, cambric, handkerchiefs, gaiters, boots, kid-gloves, silk hose, filled garments; Cologne, musk; and household furniture to correspond. Light plows, harrows, and harness, were also brought. The dwelling house was also remodeled, and well filled with closets, all of which had excellent locks placed on them. The new comers, with their finery, created a stir among the settlers; and their singular manners were the general theme of conversation. Curiosity prompted a few of the inhabitants to make excuses to come and see for themselves. At first Mrs. Fletcher was frightened at the plainness of these people, but when she found they were harmless, she would allow them to come on the veranda; and after a while, she would even play on the piano for them. Then help must be had, and these neighbors being willing to work, the likeliest looking among them were selected to assist; or rather, to do the work in the house, and on the farm, for neither Mr. or Mrs. F. had ever done any heavy work, nor was it their intention to do so now. Horses, oxen, cows, sheep, hogs and poultry, were procured, and provided for all, and it was no small trouble and expense to get all these things together. The people thought Mr. Fletcher very rich, and money was extremely scarce among them, and though wanting to sell, they asked enormous prices for every article.

When these matters were attended to the garden was assailed with fresh hands, and new implements. The men thought it too early—It being the first of April—and plainly noted as much. Mr. Fletcher received these additions kindly, and believing he could contrive some way to obviate the cold, and frost, on early plants, the work was continued; his mind deeply set on planning. When the borders were ready, Mr. F. conceived he had discovered, in the few hours it took to prepare them, a sure remedy against frost. Full of this idea, and imagining what a wonder he would start among his men, if not over the country—for he intended to publish his discovery—he had holes made, one inch in diameter, and eight inches deep over his garden beds. His cucumber, radish, bean, pea, lettuce and cabbage seeds, were then carefully placed at the bottom of these nicely made holes, and the whole as carefully covered. I assure you, the frost did not hurt any of the plants that sprang from that seed; and it is needless to say that none of it came up.

His garden finished, Mr. Fletcher prepared for planting. For the reason that the soil was black, he selected a low, wet piece of ground for his corn. This he had plowed and prepared with great exactness. Having heard that crows and ground-squirrels take up young corn, and having read that if the seed was tarred, they would not, he had his well coated with this resinous material. But he had to replant for not a spear came up. He then sent to the city for guano. Of this as a fertilizer, he had heard much, but had no idea of its appearance. When it came, its strong smell induced Mr. Fletcher to think it was spoiled; and he was very angry for a time at the supposed cheat. A gentleman from a distance, however suggested as it was his manufacture, it could not have an aromatic odor; and that it had not, was his evidence against the quality of the article, so it was concluded to use it. Withal, Mr. F. was a humane, and an ingenious man, and fearing that the smell of the guano would sicken his men, he cut pieces of sponge into a peculiar shape, filled them with guano, and had them fastened over the mouth and nose of James and Philip. Thus fortified, these men went to work with the guano, placing it on the tender corn; but it did not make it grow; and Mr. F. had to buy all the corn he consumed that year, notwithstanding his care and expense. Besides, James and Philip's faces were worse for the cologne. It burned and produced a tickling sensation, which caused them to rub with their unwashed hands,—which poisoned; and nearly proved the end of the two.

Mr. F.'s kindness to his men, in striving to mitigate the effects of labor on their persons, induced them to impose upon him. Thus,—James thought, that as spinning and cutting wool in the garden was hard on shoes, he should be supplied with that article in addition to his wages, which were already pretty well up, and in picking alone, Buckskin mittens had to be supplied, to save the hands. The order and system established on this farm under Mr. F.'s regime, was remarkable. Everything was constantly under lock & key. Everything that was produced or consumed was weighed. The grain; hay and grass the animals ate, the bread and meat the family and help ate; all was weighed out to each, and separately, as consumed. The eggs, because it was discovered they were of different sizes, were weighed as being a more just method of determining their exact value. But I have not time, nor would your patience bear with a minute recital of all the singular processes and their results, of Mr. F.'s farming operations. You can well imagine, that the incongruity of the means to the end frequently produced failures. And, the settlers around, as well as the hired help contrasted the watchfulness about the farm into suspicions of their honesty; so they sought ways to pay back. Thus, Biddy thought the wood and water consumed about the house should also be weighed and locked up, though they were profusely abundant; and James and Philip would spend a good deal of time in going for the granary key, and carrying it back; often making two journeys where one would have served just as well. At one time the smoke house was chained and locked to the garden fence. At another, the wagon-house was chained and locked to an apple tree. Then Mr. F. and his lady dressed too much for the place they were in. This was made sport of. A few of the young men had long ruffles made of flashy calico, and placed on their check shirts; and some of the girls placed the same kind of article, enormously large on pattaloons, prepared for the purpose. Thus dressed they came to the meetings, and Sunday Schools. For, with the exception of little futilities, the result of early training, he was a good citizen, and highly useful in his present locality; doing his utmost while there to break up Sunday work, establish schools, and improve the woods. He and his companion felt sensibly these reproaches. It was not their remotest intention to offend, or do injustice to the people around them. It was, however, but too evident that they had done the one, and perhaps the other. Over this they grieved.

Then the absence of every thing like society began to press heavily upon them. The sudden transition from a densely populated city, to a dense forest, was fore-shadowing bitter fruit; and it was becoming daily more palatable to Mr. Fletcher, that he was out of his element. In vain he strove to suit himself to the position he was in. In vain he pained his body, and mortified his pride to appease his angry neighbors. He was learning hard lessons about this time.