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# ADDRESS

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AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY,

AT ITS

ANNUAL EXHIBITION,

AT ROCKVILLE, SEPTEMBER 14, 1854:

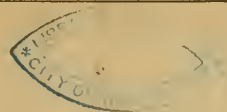
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OF NEW CASTLE, DELAWARE.

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## A D D R E S S .

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GENTLEMEN OF THE SOCIETY—*My Brother Agriculturists*: I promptly responded to the invitation with which I was honored to deliver the annual address before your society, because I acknowledged, as all friends of agriculture must, I think, acknowledge, an obligation to the farmers of Montgomery county for the early stand they took in favor of agricultural improvement, and for the zeal, intelligence, and success with which they have prosecuted the subject.

Your system of renovating poor lands, your selection of fertilizers, and your mode of applying them, has been extensively adopted; your county, in short, may be considered a model county, in the whole routine of the agricultural improvements of the day. Delaware farmers have read of what was being done in Montgomery county, and gone into their fields on such authority, (and no other,) and adopted a similar course. Many of us as early as 1846, after having been skeptical as to the value of Peruvian guano, applied it on the published testimony of a farmer of Montgomery county. We said "this Montgomery county witness is competent, he is an intelligent agriculturist, he testifies to what he knows, and he makes out a clear case; we will act on his statements." Many of us did so, myself among the rest, greatly to our advantage. If I was called on to designate any county in the Union, from my reading and observation, and any means of knowledge I have as to what has been done in agricultural improvement, I should say Montgomery county deserved to be named among the first. I don't say this in the language of flattery, or in a spirit of exaggeration. I know

it is high praise; it is certainly high praise to give credit to a comparatively small community for having contributed, even to a limited extent, to advance the agriculture of the country. It is, perhaps, equal to saying that such a community is an intelligent community, an industrious community, full of energy and public spirit, their own and their country's benefactors.

Now, before such an assemblage, before such a practical class of my brother agriculturists, I cannot think of standing up and reading an essay on some branch of agriculture, or attempting to demonstrate the truth of some new theory in agriculture, or speculate as to how far science is yet to reveal new and hidden mysteries to us. I can be of no use to you in this way; I can cancel by no such mere paper currency—manuscript obligations—the debt I acknowledge we all owe you.

Every man has generally a few decided opinions; there are certain subjects he has more investigated and pondered over than others; if his thoughts on any subject are of any value, it is when he gives us the fair result of his matured opinions. He may be mistaken then; it may not be safe to adopt his views in whole or in part; but still we may safely hear him as a witness, though we should be unwilling to find a verdict on his too imperfect testimony.

My poor opinions will relate for the most part to practical subjects, the most practical subjects that claim our attention on the farm, and I would choose to address you in the same familiar way I would if I were walking with any of you over your farms, or you were visiting me at this season, and we were walking over mine.

I should point to my corn fields and say: "You see I cut up all my corn; after repeated experiments and much experience, I am satisfied it is the best way. It is better for the corn, it is infinitely better for the fodder." I should add that some years back I wintered a hundred head of cattle, carrying them well through the winter on little besides the corn fodder from one hundred and forty acres of corn, for I do not take the straw largely into the account, and I had not that season twenty tons of good hay in my barns. I annually winter my horses in great part on long fodder, nor is its length, when fed in cribs or rail mangers in the yard, any considerable inconvenience. We tie the fodder in bundles as we husk the corn, using rye straw, or broom corn stalks, and put it in bunches of a dozen or fifteen bundles and haul as soon after husking as we can, and decidedly, then, the best way is to stack in the round stack. In cutting up the fodder you avoid all risk of danger from the weather. In topping and blading the risk to the blades in bad seasons in particular is very great. Corn may be cut up, and should be, as early as the blades can be safely pulled. In the case of the premium generously offered in Talbot county by that accomplished, intelligent, and zealous friend of agriculture, Edmund Ruffin, Esq., to ascertain which mode of saving fodder is least injurious to the corn, the very excellent report of Mr. Holliday, of that county, showed, according to my recollection, that corn cut up, not only lost less in weight than by any other process of saving the fodder, but actually less than when it was left to stand on the stalk in the field until gathered. It may be convenient to have a few blades, and certainly it often is, but give me as a general rule the noble plant as it grew, robbed only of its grain, both for the stock and the manure yard as well as for the subsequent tillage of the field on which it grew. The difference between topping and blading and cutting up corn would hardly be stated too strong by saying it was the difference between insuring the capacity to winter a good herd of stock, and having some blades saved for the horses, the work stock of the farm.\*

There is another little practical matter deserving a word; and here again I give you rather our recent practice in New Castle county than any theory on the subject.

From some approximate estimates made by the Agricultural Club of New Castle county, we ascer-

\* NOTE.—The above paragraphs in reference to saving fodder were omitted in the delivery, the good farmers of Montgomery having, as the author saw, almost invariably conformed their practice to that above recommended.

tained that the damage to the grain crop, the wheat and oats, was not much less annually than the taxes of the county, and much of this was occasioned by damage to the grain while in shock; we were then in the habit of wind-rowing our grain. The club recommended in very strong terms substituting the round shock doubled capped; that is, placing ten sheaves in a round bunch, with the arms hugging the tops well in together; then take a sheaf and placing the butts against the breast, break it down at the band, thus forming an angle like the arm bent at the elbow, throw this over the top of the shock, and with a second sheaf fashioned in the same way, lay it at right angles across the first, thus forming a complete quadrangular architectural roof. By publications on the subject and offering premiums at our agricultural exhibitions for the best shocker of the round shock with a double cap, we almost in a single season introduced the round shock into general favor; the wind-row is hardly now to be seen.

It will successfully protect from the weather if put up right, at least my own experience with bearded wheat is to the effect that there is little or no danger to be apprehended. In 1846, the harvest weather was bad; my agricultural journal shows that it rained every day for one week, and some days all day, yet I subsequently hauled a large field of wheat shocked in this way without even throwing off the caps. The present season my wheat was out a month, as I left it when shocked and went over my corn, cut my oats, and did other work, and though it rained with us more or less on several days, I hauled at the end of a month directly from the field and threshed, and did not see the first grown head. It is best to go around occasionally and see the caps are well on.

I am told that our Virginia friends, in eastern Virginia, do not even bind a sheaf of wheat. My friend, Mr. Willoughby Newton, told me he had not a hand on his farm that knew how to bind a sheaf of wheat. They carry it up loose as it is cut, and shock or stack it in small stacks. It would strike us that it must be a slow process, and very awkward handling it in all subsequent operations; but I am told this plan has many friends, and in practice it may have more to recommend it than strikes us at first view. Hands will get great dexterity in binding. I have seen them, and no doubt you have many of them in Montgomery county, that when hard pressed by the machine would bind as they walked, only slacking their pace as they paused for an instant to take up the gavel, then throwing the band round and tying it as they walked on.

While in England last summer, dining with

some of their agriculturists, conversation happening to turn on their great loss of grain from the weather in harvesting, I suggested the round shock with its architectural roof, which I saw was new to them. An Englishman is slow to believe, and especially to believe that any way but his own way is the right way. I finally told them I would not attempt to convince them by argument, but if there was any wheat handy, I would like to show them the round shock, the "American shock," as I called it, with its architectural roof. "Agreed," said they, and we adjourned from the table to the barn floor, where I at once erected several shocks in about the time as they admitted it would take to wind-row it. They expressed great admiration of the shock, seemed much taken with it, without a dissenting voice, and all proposed to try it this harvest, and some promised to report to me the result.

As the two matters I have mentioned are so eminently practical, I will add one word on a topic less utilitarian, and certainly more ornamental—I mean ornamental shade trees.

Our warm climate, and the length of our summers, render shade almost a necessity, and there is nothing with which a rural home can be embellished and set off to such advantage, and at so little expense, as with trees and shrubbery. Our native forests supply an abundant variety in the tulip poplar, the walnut, the ash, the beech, the elm, the cedar, and other varieties; while the common black-haw, cultivated as a shrub, would be mistaken on the lawn, from its delicate and beautiful foliage, for some plant of the tropics. The home and its surroundings give character to the estate, and are not without influence even upon the character of those who inhabit that home. Where homes are so cheaply made beautiful and pleasant, there is no apology for a nude, naked, exposed dwelling, the drapery of trees, and vines, and shrubbery being as necessary and more beautiful than anything with which the house can be ornamented within. But this is all a truism, and has been repeated much more beautifully and impressively a hundred times before. Now, for the practical comment—for the rule that, if followed, will produce the desired results. Every year before beginning to plant corn, no matter what the exigencies are, let the proprietor say, "I must first plant my trees; my trees first, and then my corn," and taking his team to the forest a single day will suffice for "pitching" this crop, including one or more trees to be set down at every cottage or tenement on the estate. He will be surprised to find how soon, adhering to this plan every

year, his grounds will become ornamented with beautiful shade trees, enhancing the value of his property five hundred per cent. beyond any actual expense, while giving him, at the same time, a delightful and pleasant home.

There are some other practical topics I would allude to, but I have been anticipated in one or more of these by Benjamin Hallowell, who, in his address before this society in 1852, ably discussed and completely exhausted them.

Let me now address you on a topic second, perhaps, to no other in connection with the occupation we follow—I mean LABOR.

Among the rules of the Royal Agricultural Society of Great Britain, setting forth its object, is the following:

"To promote the comfort and welfare of the laborers, and to encourage the improved management of their cottages and gardens."

If I was called on to name or point out upon what agricultural success more depended than upon anything else, I should say, upon the labor of the farm—the farm hands, and the judicious direction of them.

Good tillage, working crops well, and in season, will not always insure great production on all land, but the husbandman may undoubtedly so thoroughly cultivate, by "pulverizing, pulverizing, pulverizing," as Jethro Tull has it, as to obtain the last particle of the phosphates and alkalis the earth contains, while the perfect tilth of the surface thus exposed, will invite the rain and the dews in their descent to dress his fields with a substitute for Peruvian guano.

What, then, is the best kind of labor for us? Those who have them, and have them in sufficient numbers, may use their own domestic servants, which is undoubtedly good labor; but they are generally quite inadequate to the supply of the labor necessary in the now improved condition of our farms—an addition of fifty to one hundred per cent. more labor being now required in carrying on the system of high cultivation that has been, and is being, generally adopted, than before our agriculture was so improved. I speak particularly of the northern counties of Maryland and of Delaware.

I believe that the English description of farm labor is the best we can have. I mean the labor of tenants—"cottagers," as they are called in England—living on the estate. What is the objection to our having this description of labor? These English cottagers are coming here, the Irish cottagers come here, the German, the Swiss, and the French come. We have but to domiciliate them, on our estates as they were domiciliated before.

they came. When first arrived, entertaining high expectations, it may be necessary to let them look about a while; but in the end, if a comfortable cottage, with its ample garden and neat surroundings of shade and water invites them, they are likely to settle down contented, and be satisfied with moderate wages, especially now since the price of produce is so advanced that the laboring man, even at city wages, or the price paid by manufacturers, finds it hard to feed his family out of city markets at retail prices, and will appreciate the advantages of a rural home, where the necessities of life may be had so much cheaper. This state of things will probably continue, and the landed proprietor, who has so long been overbid by other interests, is likely to command an abundance of this description of labor.

But to get a selection of the best of these laborers—those trained from their youth up in all the details of a careful and neat husbandry—it might almost justify a trip to Devonshire, where farm labor is said to be cheaper than in any other part of England. But I would not, by any means, confine the choice to foreigners. Our own countrymen, either white or black, when they could be had, would often be preferable.

We must take an interest in them, and make their homes comfortable. The English proprietor takes a great interest in his tenants—his “cottagers,” as he calls them—and is proud to show you their neat, comfortable dwellings; and will take care, at the same time, to let the *gude* wife show you her neat, clean cottage, her ruddy children, and cupboards filled with crockery ware; the latter—the crockery ware—in the opinion of the owner of both, seeming, however, to challenge the most admiration!

This tenant-labor is what we, in Delaware, a good deal depend upon at present, especially among the larger cultivators. Twenty-five dollars a year is the price usually allowed the landlord for the rent of the house and garden; and fifty cents a day, and board, is paid for labor, furnishing regular work, all fair days, for nine or ten months. Sometimes through harvest, harvest wages are paid; or where the tenant is hired by the year, \$130, \$140, or \$150; or \$10 or \$12 a month is paid, as the parties may bargain.

These laborers, lodging themselves, are less in the way than young men. Then they are much easier paid; it is felt less, as they are paid, to a considerable extent, off the farm—thus making a home market. Then they are reliable; they are always there, for their families are there, and sometimes the wife, or the junior members of the

family, may be of service, and can be called on in the hurry and press of harvest, or at other times, for light jobs or for domestic labor. To be surrounded by an industrious yeomanry of this kind, comfortably fed and lodged, should be gratifying to the proprietor, and will make him feel strong for executing business on the farm. The relation is patriarchal, and is an interesting one; but the interest of the proprietor should not be confined to getting work out of his men, and even paying them fairly for it. He should interest himself to know that they spent their means wisely, inquire how they were getting on, how they were likely to make the ends of the year meet, be sure that the garden was well cultivated, that garden seeds were provided, and even propose, with all or any of his tenants, a generous competition for producing the best and earliest vegetables; thus, by a little address, exciting their emulation, and insuring an abundance on their humble but neat-spread boards. The tenant will soon realize that he is getting on well, and will be contented; and the contented man is always best prepared to discharge his duties. Is this personal interest in his laborers and tenantry too great a tax on the proprietor? On the contrary, he should find his happiness in it, for he would often realize that while thus promoting his own ends, he was discharging high Christian duties, the duties of philanthropy and benevolence. There is a certain kind of society, too, to be found by the well-regulated mind, in intercourse with these unlettered sons of toil. The man who always preserves his own self-respect will never be in danger from any familiarity of not receiving the respect of others. Such permanent tenants get to take an interest in the farm and in the success of its operations, for they feel their own is identified with it. That these views may not seem to rest merely on theory, I may add that I have a half a dozen of these tenants on my own estate, who have been with me, most of them, for several years; and I have found the relation, as I have described it, one of the best that can exist in the absence of other labor, between the proprietor and the hands on his farm.

Next to this description of labor—perhaps, indeed, where it is practical to obtain it, equal to it, and, on the score of expense, even preferable to it—is apprentice labor. This relation of master and apprentice is as old as the common law; and, though more often confined to a binding out to learn some mechanical trade, it is equally applicable to acquiring a knowledge of the “art and mystery” of agriculture.

I recently saw a statement in an English agri-

cultural periodical of the expense of this kind of labor, in an account the master of twenty apprenticed boys to agriculture had carefully kept, giving the items of board, the cost of each meal, of cloths, velveteen coats and pants, shirts, caps, shoes, &c., all drawn up with the utmost detail and care, and he clearly showed it was the cheapest labor in England; cheaper than hiring labor at twenty-five cents a day, and the laborer boarding himself.

I have ten of these apprentices on my farm at this time, colored boys, bound till they are twenty-one, and have not had less than about this number for the last ten years. They begin to earn their living very early. You may work a farm very cheaply with this kind of labor. If black apprentices cannot always be obtained, white ones may, from the cities. The advantage to agriculture and the country will be, if this agricultural apprentice system could be more generally adopted, that we should be growing up a well trained set of farm laborers whose skill and services would be of benefit to the country as well as to themselves.

NOW AS TO THE MANAGEMENT OF FARM HANDS; and this is a very important subject, and one not half enough considered. In the Army it is the business of the officers, a part of a daily routine with them, to drill, and discipline, and train, and manage the men, to look to their habits of order and sobriety. The object is to have a perfect corps, one in high physical condition and skilled in their art. Because we cannot exercise the same authority over our men, it is no reason why we should be utterly indifferent to everything but getting a day's work out of them. In mechanic workshops, and manufacturing establishments, to a great extent, men work piece work, and in all cases the hours of labor are carefully regulated, by which the employer is at least certain that the time will be put in. On the farm this cannot be done; it is not practicable, advisable, or best, and hence to get out of the men what can be got by a little scolding, a little coaxing, and sometimes a little cursing, is about all, as some view it, that can be done. If this is so, we are worse off than any other description of employers. We know this difficulty about labor is a great source of annoyance to many; it is a common subject of complaint, and even forces some from the pursuit of agriculture. But it ought, on the contrary, to be so managed that we should find our happiest hours passed in driving with our men "the team a field," or carrying on any and all other operations of the farm, even to its drudgery.

The first great matter, as I have said before, is to have a *regular force*; whether slave, tenant, or apprentice labor, let it be a regular, instead of a guerrilla, force; men who have entered the same fields before together. Let us take care to keep them in spirit; drive the work, but don't let the work drive and drag and worry us. Be on the spot to point out the short ways to the men; excite their emulation, rouse their ambition; a very little address will suffice for this. Don't worry and fag them, and press them for the last muscular exertion they are capable of making, every day; don't seem too exacting; then when you really get into a tight place, when the crops are threatened with the grass, or the harvest presses, you have a fresh set of willing hands to follow you. Yes, I say to *follow*; for it is then the proprietor should be at his post, with his eye directed to every operation going on, encouraging and cheering on the men, looking that they are well refreshed, and their comforts attended to. A set of hands so managed will be sure that their reaper is the first to beat the reveille of the morning, and their vesper song will be the last heard among the harvesters.

I once heard a military gentleman of much experience remark, that it was well understood in the Army that good captains made good companies. He said, when in Florida with the army, that certain companies had such a reputation that, when any formidable obstacle was encountered, as clearing hamocks for the passage of artillery, dragging artillery through swamps, or rafting over rivers, these companies were looked to to advance and encounter the difficulty. But, said he, it would be seen that the captains of all such companies were bold, spirited, enterprising fellows, calm and cheerful, making light of difficulties themselves, and pointing out, with judgment and foresight, the best way to encounter them.

I think there is a mistake in many parts of the country in getting the men out too early, blowing the horn too early, and working too late. There is objection to this course growing out of our climate; it is the fertile source of disease. From sun to sun is long enough, with an hour, or an hour and a half, respite at noon, to get all the work out of a man he is fairly capable of doing. You may keep him longer on his feet, but ever standing exhausts him. What is military experience on this subject? You will often see it stated in the reports of generals of armies, for instance "that the men had been advanced, at forced marches, for sixteen hours a day, and were in no condition, when they arrived, to encounter the

enemy." And to another point, that the men should be well fed, the report will be, that "the commissariat department was deficient, the provisions bad and scanty, and the men had been on half rations, and therefore in no condition to fight;" or, that "they were without shoes, with tattered garments, exposed to the weather, and not in a condition to take the field."

Nor will our men be in heart to take the field, and win our rural victories, bloodless though they be, but not won without the strong arm, the quickened pulse, and the moist brow, unless we attend to their physical condition, and are careful not unnecessarily to over-tax them. The American laborer, white and black, is a free soul, easily excited to go at nearly his best, spending his strength as lavishly as the prodigal his inheritance. I remember the instance of a young fellow that came up from the pines of Sussex county seeking labor, who was, at first, temporarily employed, and, subsequently, for a longer period. If there was a hot and a hard place, Purnel Davis was sure quietly to be a volunteer for it; there he would be. I became curious to know if his free spirit would carry him beyond even his great physical powers of endurance. An opportunity finally offered. It was at the close of one of those busy, hot, oppressive days in the haying season, when he had stood to his fork, making its ashen handle bend and quiver as he pitched to a round of teams that had been running from morning till night, until he had become, as I discovered, very much exhausted. The voice is an infallible sign of great exhaustion, and the poor fellow could hardly speak. I said to him, "the sky, I think, Purnel, has rather a mackerel look." "Rather so," he replied. "And then," said I, "we have not only a good deal of hay out, but our wheat is quite ready for us." "True," said Purnel, "very true, sir." "What say you, then," said I, "Purnel Davis, to another round of loads to-night?" Now, to make another round of loads, five teams had to be driven over a mile, their loads pitched off in inconvenient mows, and before they could be got back, be loaded, and return again, it must have approached midnight. But the young Sussex county yeoman, the free-hearted American laborer, did not hesitate in his reply for a moment. He had breath enough left to speak, and speak he did promptly, and said, "I think, sir, we had best do it." I could not but laugh outright at the poor fellow's pluck. I have no doubt he would have stood to his fork until he fainted and fell.

"Who never listen'd to the voice of praise,  
The silence of neglect can ne'er appall."

But to you who have witnessed, like myself, the

generous and unselfish efforts of these willing men to carry the day—yes, to carry the day, to secure the harvest, to make all safe—no apology will be necessary, because the subject of this brief eulogy is only an humble laboring farm hand; one who neither looks to patrimony or matrimony for a living, but relies on his own good arm to win it for him, as his furrow brakes the glebe, his ax fells the monarch oak, as he strikes for it with his scythe in swarthing the grass, or with his cradle in cutting the golden harvest.

My argument, then, in reference to the labor of our farms is, that we must so select, manage, and conduct it as to make these manual operations in which so many of our hours and days are passed a pleasant occupation, and if not an actual pleasure, at least an agreeable duty. If we do not, most other occupations have the advantage over us; if we do not, and our lives are to be passed in watching, scolding, and barking up our men, there is only one consolatory reflection that can arise from it, and that is that we shall make ourselves so miserable here that the devil himself can hardly make us more so hereafter.

Of course, there are scenes of trial and vexation to be encountered—no occupation of life is exempt from these; but if the agriculturist has more annoyances arising directly from his business than is to be found in other occupations, even the most favored pursuits, the fault is either in the selection of bad labor or the bad management of it.

I have made some suggestions to show that even so far as the manual and normal operations of agriculture are concerned, we are quite on a footing with the most favored pursuit. Let us see now if for other reasons the American agriculturist has not cause to be satisfied with the pleasant places in which his lot is cast.

The agriculturist certainly has the advantage in the great and all-important consideration of health over all denizens of cities. Dr. Draper, the President of the Medical Faculty of New York, stated in his annual address of 1853, that five hundred children under two years of age died weekly in the city of New York. We have seen this number exceeded the present year by their published weekly reports of mortality. More than five hundred mothers have been made to mourn between the two Sabbath days for the loss of young children in the city of New York. But Dr. Draper stated this additional, bold, and startling fact, that but for the resources of population they draw from the country, the population of our large cities would become extinct.\*

\* NOTE.—Since the above was written, Dr. John Bell, an eminent physician of Philadelphia, on my mentioning

As an offset to this greater risk encountered to their health and lives by the denizens of cities, it is said they enjoy greater facilities for accumulating wealth, the principal object for which the American citizen is supposed to live! and certainly the object in the pursuit of which he often prematurely dies. There may be much doubt, I apprehend, as to even the correctness of this pretension. Farmers have a very queer way of keeping accounts keeping them for most part only "in the head," as it is called; a bad place to keep columns of figures. They credit the poor farm for what is left when they have got their living out of it. When we have lived well, and dressed well, rode well, and entertained well, we usually give the poor farm credit for what is left—what we can't eat up or spend, and, I had almost said, give away.

The farmer has lived in a good house. A merchant in the city would have to pay from \$500 to \$1,000 for as good a one. He has set a good table. The merchant going to the meat market, the vegetable market, the fruit market, the baker and the dairyman, would have an item in his neatly kept ledger of one thousand dollars or more for house expenses. Another charge of a couple of hundred or more would go down for fuel; which the farmer would haul from his woods, and make no account of. Another charge the merchant would make for his riding—either the expense of keeping a carriage, or bills paid for hiring at livery.

Here then is made up of out-goes for necessities in order to live in a city, some two thousand dollars and upwards, equal to the interest on the entire purchase money of a fine farm, and of which items, or their aggregate, the farmer generally takes little or no notice in any account he may keep with his farm. Yet the first thing that money is wanted for, the first thing it is expended for, is to support the family.

I would like to see an account stated, say by a master in chancery, where he was instructed, from the character of some litigation that might arise, to charge the farmer with each item he had consumed at city retail prices, and for each ride he had taken at livery stable prices. It would show up some of our "economical farmers" so called, I suspect, as great spendthrifts. The rate at which they had lived would not a little surprise themselves as well as His Honor the Chancellor.

Of the capacity of a farm to pay an income in

to him the statement of Dr. Draper, said he had no doubt of the truth of the remark, and added that he had often observed that if Philadelphia were to be inclosed with a wall, so as to keep out the country population, the inhabitants of the city would in time become extinct.

raising and supporting a family, I was forcibly struck on being called on by a respectable old neighbor in his last sickness, to draw up his will. Seated at his bedside, I asked him what he wished to dispose of. "My farm," said he. Knowing he had lived, I may say, like a gentleman, a country gentleman, riding always in good style, dressing and educating his family well, entertaining liberally, besides having a family of grandchildren on his hands to support, although I knew he was a good farmer, and an industrious man, and the hands of his help-meet were swift to the distaff, still I thought that with his farm of but two hundred acres he must have got behind, and put him a question to learn if he meant to give it subject to any incumbrances. "Incumbrances," said he, "oh, no, sir, the good farm has kept herself clear; not an acre of her soil," exclaimed the old man exultingly, "is covered by any man's parchment. The farm has supported me and my wife for nearly half a century, we have raised our ten children on it, and it has been a shelter and home to our grandchildren when their parents were stricken down or overtaken by misfortune. I have it now clear to leave to my children, with about \$2,000, its surplus earnings, out at interest."

This incident occurred early in my farming life. It made a strong impression on my mind. I said after this: "I will trust to my farm, I see it will at least support and feed me and mine, I will even lend it the last dollar I can spare." Yes, we may trust the land. The banks and the railroads, the stock and the scrip, may or may not pay us back, but this nursing mother will fulfill all her promises, honor all drafts. You may draw on her at six months for your oat crop, at nine months for your corn crop, and at twelve months for your wheat, and if from any great calamity, as the drought or the flood, she cannot always fully pay up on the day, she will make a handsome installment, ask a little time, and then pay up to the last farthing, and if you have been generous to her, maybe she will make you a handsome present besides.

There is another strong argument in favor of an investment in real estate.

The value of a fund depends upon its perpetuity—the continuance of its existence. A man seeks to earn what will support and serve him and his posterity. He would desire to have the estate or property descend, as well as his name, to his lineage, to his children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren, for generations. This is the object of his toil. What then is the safest fund in which to invest in this country? What is the

only fund that the experience of the last fifty years has shown, with very few exceptions, would not be quite unsafe as a provision for heirs? Suppose the most prudent man in the country, fifty years ago, had assumed a trust to him and his heirs of fifty thousand dollars, to be kept invested in stocks of any description, for fifty years, the trustee and his heirs, at the expiration of the trust, to account for the fund. Can any one doubt that the chances are ninety-nine in a hundred that the fund would have been lost, and the trustee and his family ruined? Or, if a like proposition was to be made to a responsible trustee now, with a handsome commission for the risk, a prudent man would probably decline the trust and avoid the responsibility. Yet many are willing to trust themselves during their lifetime to manage this description of property for themselves, and they may, with good luck, be equal to the task. But the question still occurs: What is the probable duration of such a fund in families? What is the safety of the fund itself invested in the current stocks of the country, and next, what is the safety of so available, tangible, transmutable a fund in the hands of heirs? There are no statistics that I am aware of, showing the probable continuance of estates in land in families, and estates in personal property, such as stocks. But the remark of a gentleman connected with a large banking institution shows practically how it works. He observed that he had noticed that an heir was no sooner left stock in the bank than the first thing he generally did was to sell and transfer it, and it was often the first notice they had of the decease of the former holder.

Real estate—lands in preference—or a fund secured by real estate, is unquestionably not only the highest security, but in the hands of heirs it is the only one likely to serve a single generation. Hence the wisdom of the common law, that neither permits the guardian to sell the lands of his ward, or even the court, in its discretion, to grant the authority for their sale, but only upon good and sufficient grounds shown, as a necessity for raising a fund for the education and support of the ward. Even a Lord Chancellor can only touch so sacred a fund for this or similar reasons. And the common law is wise on this subject as most others. It is the experience and observation of mankind that such a fund is the safest, and hence the provision of the law.

Those who acquire personal property then, acquire only what will last about a generation, longer or shorter; it perishes, it passes away, and is gone. There is undoubtedly more permanency in real estate. It is not so easily transferred; it

is not so secretly transferred; the law has its ceremonies to be observed before it can be transferred, and often the consent of more than one person is necessary, and often, too, when all other guards fail, early memories will come in—memories of

“The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,  
And every loved spot which our infancy knew,”

that will make even the prodigal pause before parting with this portion of his inheritance.

The fact will be found true to a great extent, that families rich in real estate fifty or one hundred years ago, are still, in very many cases, wealthy families. One is particularly struck with this in looking over the “Minutes” of the old Philadelphia Agricultural Society, established in 1785, nearly seventy years ago. Dr. Alfred L. Elwyn, in a most commendable spirit of respect to the memory of the worthy dead, as well as a means of instruction to the living, recently published these minutes at his own expense, containing the records of the society for twenty-five years; and with a modesty only found in connection with genius and rare accomplishments, suppressed even the name of the compiler, the neat little volume appearing without a name, or a word of introduction, but simply a record of the doings of this past generation of agriculturists.

Among the honorary members of the society, I discover the names of the following twenty-one gentlemen belonging to Maryland. Their families are generally better known to you than to myself; but I think the record—these twenty-one names, including all from Maryland—will corroborate the position above stated. They are: Robert Browne, Daniel Carroll, Thomas Carridine, Edward De Coursey, Michael Earle, William Embleton, Adam Gray, Henry Dorcey Gough, Esq., William Hemsley, William Hindman, Esq., Samuel Hughes, Esq., William Howard, Esq., Baltimore, William Howard, Esq., Maryland, Edward Lloyd, Esq., Rev. Leonard Neal, William Paca, Esq., Nicholas Rogers, Major David Ross, John Singleton, James Tilghman, Esq., and William Winder, Esq.

Though time and fortune have made changes in the condition of the families represented by the above names, still can any twenty-one families be named now in Maryland, the heads of whom, seventy years ago, were engaged in commerce, or had their wealth in personal property, that now possess as large an amount of inherited property? In this case the selection was not of the wealthy men merely, but the twenty-one names happen to be those belonging as honorary members to one society.



The permanent wealth of the country undoubtedly consists in the landed estate of the country. It is a safe fund for those to possess who make the acquisition, and it is a safe fund for those to hold who inherit the property so acquired; while that class whose cupidity induces them to seek the highest dividend paying stocks, may literally be said to "toil for heirs we know not who."

For some reasons already assigned, and for very many others that might be assigned, the landed class is undoubtedly to constitute the first class in American society. They will be more homogeneous, constituting a distinct type. They will be highly educated; the increasing wealth of the landed proprietors will justify this. An elevated moral tone, a gentle and high-bred courtesy should distinguish them, and make them fit representatives of the best American society. Where, as in our cities, fashion is allowed to govern, and without much reference to the antecedents of the party, admit, for most part, such as can boast a palatial residence, a splendid equipage, and can afford to give elegant entertainments—such a circle, however elevated the character and refinement of a portion of it may be, can never be considered, as a whole, as a polished, high, superior order of society, or be allowed to pass as representing the first class of American society.

Professional life has hitherto been much sought in this country, and the learning and science it has embraced has very properly given its members a high social position. But the facilities to the admission to the professions will lower the standard; it has done so to some extent already, and the same cause has greatly diminished the emoluments of professional life, and the professions will be much less sought hereafter, and agricultural pursuits, by this class, will be much more frequently sought.

Let me not be understood as saying that it will be for the petty distinction of occupying the first place in fashionable society that the landed interest will seek to highly educate their sons and daughters. This will follow; but more worthy objects, more enlarged and patriotic views will have reference to the wholesome action of the public mind, to the safe and prosperous existence of our institutions. The conservative tone of such a class will act most happily in keeping down the *isms* of the day, in keeping up the moral tone, rebuking corruption and licentiousness in public life, and in dispensing with the services of the ambitious demagogue, who is really only seeking to serve himself, and secure, in his place, the services of honest, good, competent men, who will faithfully serve their country.

But, to accomplish all these results, one thing is necessary. It is necessary that, in every dwelling and farm-house in the land, from one end of the country to the other, that the mother should *train*; ay, and that the father should *train*; *train! train! train!* This is the word, if the goal is to be reached. We have formerly trained our horses, trained our dogs, trained our cattle. But a greater race is to come off: we enter our children—our sons and our daughters—for the great sweepstakes over the Union course! Train, then, early. Train late; train in the nursery; train in the school room; train in the drawing room, and in the field, and train at the altar. Erect your college courses. The farmer of Silver Spring—Francis P. Blair, Esq.—has exhorted the Congress of the nation, in one of the most argumentative, eloquent, and able appeals ever made to that body in the form of a memorial—exhorted them in the name of Washington, in the name of agriculture, in the name of the American people, to purchase the hallowed and consecrated ground of Mount Vernon, and dedicate it to the cause of the diffusion of agricultural knowledge. And yet Congress pauses. Five millions of agriculturists appeal in vain for so small a boon. Represented through their societies, organized throughout almost every county of the Union, with State associations, and a national association, their annual gatherings already constituting the great national gala days of the country, with an agricultural press already read by a half a million of voters—paying the taxes of the country—constituting three fourths of the people of the country, and yet Congress gives to agriculture no bureau, no department, no institution of learning; they know us but to tax us. In the moral world a just retribution is visited upon acts of omission, as well as upon acts of commission. The agriculturists have but to combine to punish such slighting of their claims, such overslaughting of themselves and their interests, and insure from more faithful servants more faithful work. The day of reckoning may be at hand.

It must be said, however, in reference to the memorial presented by Mr. Blair and others, for the purchase of Mount Vernon and the establishment of an agricultural school and model farm, in connection with the Smithsonian Institution, that General Morton, of the Senate's Committee on the subject, made a very able and satisfactory report, and it is to be hoped the measure will be promptly acted on at the approaching session of Congress.

And what a course for training this would afford to the youth of the country! The farmers

of my own little State came forward recently to make up a balance of a fund of \$50,000 for the establishment of an agricultural department in connection with Delaware College, at Newark. The result is, that on the first day of this month forty-three young gentlemen entered that institution, being twice the average number for the last several years, coming from Georgia, South Carolina, Maine, representing in all ten States; and to help us along a Montgomery county farmer, a Washington city lawyer—my friend, Joseph H. Bradley, Esq.—came up and made us a most able and eloquent address. I am changing work with that gentleman, and paying him off to-day; and if I have not performed my task as well, even he will admit that I “put in good time.”

Maryland, also, moved thereto by one who is always first to move, and the most efficient to move in every good cause connected with agriculture, Charles B. Calvert, Esq., is taking steps towards the establishment of an agricultural college.

Enter, then, your sons. Sound in their ears the exhortation of the father of Daniel Webster to his son, as they were resting from their labors on a hay cock in the meadow, “Get learning, my son, get learning, get learning!” and the father was ready to make any sacrifice to this end.

“I remember,” says Webster, “the very hill which we were ascending, through deep snows in a New England sleigh, when my father first made known his purpose of sending me to college. I could not speak. How could he, I thought, with so large a family and in such narrow circumstances, think of incurring so great an expense for me. A warm glow run all over me, and I laid my head on my father’s shoulder, and wept.”

Our children will remember the sacrifices we make for them, and bless our memories for it; nay, they will, as they relate such sacrifices, let our voices be heard above our graves.

For the training of our sons, so far as their physical formation is concerned, how favorable are our country homes, and the sports, labors, and exercise they induce! Nor is the scene less favorable to their moral culture, where, remote from temptation, they behold in everything that surrounds them the works of nature,

“And look through nature up to nature’s God!”

Their intellect, then, must be addressed through the schools and the colleges, while everywhere

they must learn the precepts of our blessed religion, and seek to excel in the practice of every Christian virtue. Train then you mothers! Train in the name of WASHINGTON! Begin with the anecdote of his childhood, when the father said to the child six years old, after first questioning all his servants, “George, did you cut the pear tree in the garden?” The reply was “Father, I can’t tell a lie; it was I that did it.”

O! TRUTH how lovely thou art! base and support of every virtue! Let our youth be taught to worship thee! who was ever false to anything, who never spoke but under the influence of thy spirit, and binding this talisman on the brow of her young son, a talisman handed down from Mary, the mother of Washington, let the father now train and instruct the youth of more mature years, and still in the name of WASHINGTON—that noble model!—“The glass wherein our youth should dress themselves;” pointing him out first as the farmer’s boy, breaking and training his colts, enjoying and excelling in all manly exercises, as riding, swimming, leaping, throwing the bar, and as thus invigorated, trained, and hardened, penetrating, while a mere youth, on his country’s mission, the western forests, crossing the Alleghanies through frosts and snows, and over swollen streams, with a noble constancy, firmness, and resolution that already bespoke him the undaunted hero that the ambushed attack of the lurking foe on the same route subsequently proved him to be. Then his wisdom in council, his patriotism, his love of his country, which having served until he had seen her enjoying peace, happiness, and glory, like the Roman, like the greatest Roman among them all, quietly seeking his rural home at Mount Vernon, and dedicating the remainder of his life to the noble cause of agriculture. Yes, study the life, my young friends, of Washington, as a farmer, as a great agriculturist—it is as perfect a model as the world ever furnished. He loved agriculture; he wrote for it; he spoke for it; he worked for it; he lived for it; and he died for it! For it was through his zeal in the cause that he exposed himself in riding over his estate on a stormy day, the 12th day of December, 1799, that he lost his life. His life and his death, then, alike sanctify to us our calling. Let us always respect it, and let us be careful to teach our children, our sons and our daughters, to respect it too.

The following Notice of the Address, which appeared in the Daily Globe, of Washington, is published by the Society in connection with the Address :

**MR. HOLCOMB'S**

**AGRICULTURAL ADDRESS.**

The addresses called forth by agricultural associations are among their most useful results. The speaker selected to signalize the annual fair is usually a man distinguished for his love of agriculture—for the reading which stores his mind with useful thoughts on the subject, or for the practical skill and observation which renders his life's experience, opened up in an oration, of more value than scientific erudition. The Montgomery Association has, on two late occasions, fortunately found all these qualifications blended in those who delivered the addresses. Professor HALLOWELL, of Alexandria, led the way in bringing philosophy to speak the language of a farmer, and to show that the elaboration of the fruits of the earth, although as simple as the process of nature herself, involved the deepest science in the investigation of the most efficacious means of production. Mr. HOLCOMB, in the Address which is given in this day's Globe, deeply read as he is, forgets his books in his love of the farm, and goes to work with his hands in the harvest, and like Goldsmith's veteran—"Shoulders his fork, to show how fields were won."

The unaffected plainness of Mr. Holcomb's account of the labors and laborers on his farm, and the unpretending way in which he puts before our eyes the instruction he would impart, make a strong feature in his speech. We have the reality before us, and with a sort of sympathy for the business in hand, we take the interest in the scene, and those engaged in it, that spectators of a race do in its chances. We see him cap his shock for the English farmers, and we take pride in the assurance that the American cap will perform its duty, and triumph over the ranks of British windrows. He presents his champion of the harvest-field—his fork trembling under the mass of hay he is lifting at the close of a sultry day's labor; and shows off the willing and emulous spirit of our hardy

yeomanry, in his readiness to work on until midnight, to defeat a threatening sky, or to be prepared to undertake a new field that awaits him.

The picture drawn from the relations between the farmers of Delaware and their cotter laborers, of their joint duties and efforts, has a charm in the prospect of the future which it opens, as well as in the immediate happy results that must reach every benevolent heart. Even the vagrant eye of the traveler catches enjoyment from picturesque cottages dotting a landscape, as they awaken instinctive sympathy with the quiet comfort of happy dwellers within. To the owner of an estate who, like Mr. Holcomb, is sensible of the advantage he confers in the steady employment and ample compensation of the tenants who live on it derive from him, and of the full returns they make by their labors on the teeming soil—in the growing fertility and beauty they spread around him, and the sure and rich results which establish him in independence—how gratifying must be the view of the little homes made happy by the very prosperity they build up for the loftier edifice that looks down upon them. The effect which a view of this mutually beneficial relation presents in the dwellings, great and small, which adorn a prosperous country, has made it a theme for poetry in every age. The idea of a cottage, and its name, alike harmonize in verse, and the muse always associates with it thoughts of love and repose. Even Moore, who was really an epicurean poet, and who sang for palaces and feasts, not only proved by his songs, but by his life, that the cottage was the scene where domestic felicity was to be found. He sang to the high-born in his happiest strains :

"I knew by the smoke, that so gracefully curl'd  
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,  
And I said, 'If there's peace to be found in the  
world,

A heart that was humble might hope for it  
here!'"

and it was to an humble cottage, where he gave himself up to the joys of domestic life, that he fled from the pleasures of

London and Paris, and the great world; and his lately-published diary shows he there found the greatest happiness of a life that was, indeed, until almost the close of it, a long and genial summer's day. His life, however, was the life of a prosperous poet always reveling in imagination. Burns gives us the real cotter's life in his simple and truthful delineation of the home of his father. It is in that picture that the class who come from foreign lands to raise their fortunes in this may see the position from which they must win their way to independence. The cotter's Saturday night in the land of our forefathers, is the cotter's Saturday night here, until by industry and care he provides the means to establish himself on his own soil. Burns's home-taught poetry gives in every line an illustration of the condition of the free but landless class of that rural population who, by their toil, earn a share of the independence which our fruitful earth bestows, and on whom Mr. Holcomb seems most to rely to promote the agricultural interests of the country. The homestead in which Burns was cradled and his genius unfolded, differed little from the log-cabins in

which the great men were nursed who delivered this great country from vassalage. In them religion—the rudiments of letters—the domestic virtues—sturdy habits of frugal industry created the vigorous understanding—the robust strength—the daring spirit and devoted patriotism that built up the most glorious Republic of the earth. Shall we look for the perpetuation of the materials of which it is constructed in homes of pampered opulence? No. We say with Mr. Holcomb, we must cherish the humble cottage on the wide-spread farm, the little freeholds alongside, and make all who have abodes on the land happy in the laborious avocations which make it teem with blessings, if we would maintain and advance the glory and prosperity of the great continent which Providence has given us in charge.

We would commend especially to the consideration of such as would establish inheritances, the sound common-sense views taken by Mr. Holcomb in the conclusion of his address, as to investments in the soil being the surest mode, even in this country, which opens the door to every species of alienation to continue fortunes in families.











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