

**LIFE ON THE FARM,
AND SELECTIONS IN
PROSE AND POETRY**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649523313

Life on the Farm, and Selections in Prose and Poetry by William Lambie

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WILLIAM LAMBIE

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PROSE AND POETRY.

By WILLIAM LAMBIE.

YPSILANTI, MICH.
1888.

DOUBLE PRINT, SEE ABOVE.

INDEX.

	PAGE.
Farming First.....	5
Odd Farmers.....	7
Honest Farmers.....	8
Successful Farmers.....	9
The Poetry of Farming.....	11
Farmers' Boys.....	12
The Hope of America.....	14
A Battle on the Farm.....	15
Sabbath on the Farm.....	17
The Legal Profession.....	19
A Broad Swath Christian.....	20
Sheep Shearing.....	22
A Bravo Soldier.....	23
A Happy Man.....	24
The Freedman.....	26
Tobacco.....	27
Pay Your Debt.....	28
Wells and Thrashing Machines.....	30
Summer Habits in the Country.....	32
Song Birds—British and American.....	34
The Bluebird's Nest.....	36
Leading and Feeding the World.....	38
Ulit Edge Butter.....	39
The Coopers.....	40
The Auld Flieg.....	41
Sporting Intelligence—The Turf.....	42
A Revival of Righteousness.....	44
Foreign Papers.....	47
Apples.....	49
Welcome.....	50
Reaping and Sleeping in Harvest.....	53
I'm your Huckleberry.....	58
Bondholders.....	59
A Cold Winter in Freedom.....	61
The Prodigal Son.....	63
Out in the Harvest Field.....	64
A Good Farmer.....	66
Careful Farmers.....	67
Temperance.....	69
Carlyle.....	70
The Grange.....	72
Life on the Farm.....	74
Honnie May.....	74
A New Version of Lang-Syne.....	75
A Harvest Hymn.....	78
The Song Bird.....	77
The Steam Plow.....	78
Burns.....	78
Birthday Lines.....	80
Whittier.....	81

Index.

	PAGE.
Scotland.....	82
Straven.....	82
The Sliding Gate.....	83
Guy Fallow.....	84
A Summer Morning.....	84
President Hayes at Detroit State Fair.....	85
June.....	86
Summer Days.....	86
Be Ye Thankful?.....	87
The Wrong Way.....	88
The Smoking Car.....	88
Livingstone.....	88
The Twine Binder.....	89
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fletcher's Crystal Wedding.....	90
Fatherland.....	91
Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Casey's Golden Wedding.....	92
A Bare-Footed Boy.....	92
Hops for Ireland.....	94
A Hymn for a Horse.....	94
Hymn Brigade.....	96
Bruce's Address.....	97
Sabbath Morning on the Farm.....	96
Sunset on the Farm.....	99
Longfellow.....	100
Apple Trees.....	100
Autumn.....	101
Rum.....	102
Ypsilanti on the Huron.....	103
A Happy Episode in Life's Journey.....	104
Early History of Ann Arbor.....	106
The Sixteenth Birthday.....	107
Washington's Birthday.....	112
Garfield.....	112
Halsan.....	113
Congregational Social.....	114
Spring.....	115
Syria.....	116
Lines on Receiving the Picture of Mr. and Mrs. Geddes.....	117
The Jubilee Singers.....	118
Farm Song.....	119
Lines to Mrs. Gardner.....	110
The County Convention.....	120
Harvest Home.....	121
The Page of Nature.....	122
To a Robin.....	123
The Farm House.....	124
The Cold Wave.....	125
Avondale.....	125

PREFACE.

IN stormy days and while resting at noon I have been in the habit of writing the thoughts that passed through my mind while working on the farm. No one complains that farmers write too many books, or make too many speeches, or are in any way burdensome on humanity. They are known by their fruits rather than by their books, and if they fall behind in harmony and eloquence they often more than make it up in common sense and useful industry. The pulpit, the bar, and the press are well represented, but we hear very little from a farmer's standpoint,—those who produce the most seem to have the least to say.

When thousands of intelligent people spend so much time and money on books of fiction, no reasonable person can object to a farmer writing a book on what is true, regarding what sustains all classes in this and every other land. In collecting my scattered letters and publishing them, I hope no one will be offended, and some will be entertained and benefitted. And if any one does not like my book, I hope they will write a far better one on the same useful subject, and I will not be offended at those whose powers overshadow mine, but rather be glad that I have been the means of "provoking them to good works." W. L.

YPSILANTI, Washtenaw County, Mich., 1862.

LIFE ON THE FARM.

FARMING FIRST.

FARMING and gardening was the first, the purest, and the best occupation that mankind ever knew. And when they fell from a state of pure felicity they still retained more of Eden and the glory of earth in its primitive beauty than any other class of men. And while there is no absolute perfection while living in an imperfect state, and made a little lower than the angels, and crowned with glory and honor, there is no better place to be crowned with glory and honor than in the country—where men live in communion every day with “the heavens that declare the glory of God and the firmament that showeth his handiwork.”

We believe farmers are first in numbers and useful industry, and what is of still more importance—first in moral rectitude. They have high inducements to live righteous lives when every acre of cultivated land that sustains the nations is directly under their control, and they have fewer temptations to do wrong than men who live by buying and selling what others produce.

Farmers should take the first rank as business men; there are not many beggars or bankrupts or

paupers and bummers among them. Every man who pays his debts promptly and sustains himself honorably all his life is a good business man. If ninety in every hundred farmers failed, we would be likely to lose faith in humanity; and it would not be worth while to read the Declaration of Independence the Fourth of July.

The teachers, editors and ministers who seem to hold the first position in society very often receive their first lessons in virtue and usefulness on the farm. It was farm thrift, energy and honesty that made them what they are.

Even the wealth and splendor of the great cities is mostly produced and sustained by what grows on the fields. Sometimes good scholars insinuate that the most intelligent young people have not full scope for all their powers on the farm; but we never knew any one who was too good or too great to be a farmer. We must have first-class men at a first-class business to produce the best results.

The green fields, the balmy breezes, and the blue skies never tainted any pure man's morality or dwarfed any great man's mental ability. The murmuring streams, the great widespreading forests, and the everlasting hills are adapted to bring serene joy to the heart, stability to the character, and moral grandeur to the mind.

Farmers were first thousands of years ago, when the angels came from heaven to earth they did not come to the kings and priests, but to good old farmer Abraham; he had the elite of heaven, the aristocracy of the skies for his guests.

The first man who went up to heaven in a chariot of fire threw his inspiring mantle on a plowman's shoulders, who proved worthy of the high honor conferred on him. And coming down to our own time the plowmen still holds their honor well. Our first grand President was a good farmer. And it speaks well for the good sense of the great Re-