

# **ADVENTURES IN CONTENTMENT**

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Adventures in Contentment by David Grayson & Thomas Fogarty

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**DAVID GRAYSON & THOMAS FOGARTY**

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"THE PLACE OF THE RUSHES AND THE FLAGS"

# ADVENTURES IN CONTENTMENT

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## INTRODUCTION

" I think I could stop here myself and do miracles."

I HAVE been for eight years a farmer. During that time and without the ulterior motive of publication, but for my own enjoyment, I have set down in small red and black books an account of some of the adventures of a quiet life. I have been engaged in three different kinds of farming, the first being the simple cultivation of the soil and the production of enough corn, buckwheat and lesser crops to satisfy the small demands of my household, the second being a more or less sedulous farming of myself. As the good Dr. Donne says:

"We are but farmers of ourselves: yet may  
If we can stock ourselves and thrive, uplay  
Much, much good treasure for the great rent day."

And finally, with some instruction and not a little amusement of a quiet sort, I have farmed with the plow of a perennial admiration, and inquisitiveness, all that world, both

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of men and of nature, which lies so pleasantly around me. By using my farm not as an end, but as a tool, I have cultivated with diligence all the greater fields of life which I have been able to reach.

At first, I considered recasting my observations in some form — perhaps a novel, possibly an essay — which should eliminate the evident first person, but I reflected that every writer, however he may disguise the form of his production, is after all chiefly concerned in reporting that which he discovers within himself. I know myself better than any one else, and my writing has taken the form, whether rightly or wrongly, at least inevitably, of intimate observation and personal narrative. I have, therefore, and without apology, used the method of expression which best suits my nature.

I am conscious that I can offer few of the "practical hints" which are distributed like coins at the meetings of the grange, nor have I the genius to write a poem, nor the orthodoxy to preach a sermon. I can offer merely the more or less fragmentary writing of a man's life as it has been lived with satisfaction for eight years. Having perfect health, for I

live and work mostly out of doors, I not only enjoy my life, but I reap a kind of second crop from enjoying that enjoyment. Being no spendthrift of opportunity I am neither old, nor rich, nor married, though I cannot for these reasons take to myself any credit for superior courage or merit. Nor am I tagged with tags: I do not belong to any church, or lodge, or political party; therefore I think whatever I please upon any subject, and what I think I have the indiscretion to write down — without apology. My reading has been without rule or reason, and not even for instruction, but wilfully for enjoyment, and I have written because, somehow, I could not help it.

If the reader cares to consider the adventures within and without of such a person I invite him to read what I write; but if the prologue is uninviting he is here given fair warning not to proceed.