

had expended a vast amount of labor, and skilled labor, too, but they had bestowed it all on the park immediately around the house. This had been cultivated to such a pitch of perfection that the workmen had scores of times quarrelled with each other because the operations of one interfered with those of his neighbor.

And a vast amount of labor had been *lost* in sowing the very same patch, for instance, with corn fifty times over in one season, so that the seed never had time to germinate and grow and bear fruit; in caring for the forest trees as if they had been tender saplings; in manuring soils already too fat, and watering pastures already too wet.

The farmer was positively astonished at the misplaced ingenuity with which labor and seed and manure, skill and time and strength, had been wasted for *no result*. The very same amount of toil and capital, *expended according to his directions*, would have brought the whole demesne into culture, and yielded a noble revenue. But season after season had rolled away in sad succession, leaving those unbounded acres of various but all *reclaimable* soils barren and useless; and as to the park, it would have