

stant companions in labor, and their only reward meted out to them by gentle treatment and care for their comforts. The fruits of your labors should afford you infinite pleasure, as you observe the thrifty orchard, and well stocked vegetable garden, supplying you with delicious fruits and vegetables, and what with the ornamental trees judiciously laid out and beautifying your country home, what more could one reasonably desire. To bring this about, however, cannot be accomplished without ceaseless toil, excessive labor and patience, or abundant means (money) to employ others to do it. Not being inured by practice in the days of my youth to the former, and not possessing the latter, I struggled along.

I will now return to my first straits. I think about the greatest difficulty I had to contend with was the making of bread; as we had no cooking stoves in those days, the old-fashioned Dutch oven (simply an iron pot with a cover) was the sole one in use, but as only one loaf at a time could be baked, it was exceedingly troublesome, so I determined to build a clay one, such as were seldom seen, and originated with the first and probably French or Dutch