

THE HOOSIER BOOK

And so Smith moved from the city as soon
As he possibly could—But “the man in the moon”
Knowed more’n Smith o’ farmin’ pursuits,
And jest to convince you, and have no disputes,
How little he knowed,
I’ll tell you his “mode,”
As he called it, o’ raisin’ “the best that growed,”
In the way o’ potatoes—
Cucumbers—tomatoes,
And squashes as lengthy as young alligators.
’Twas allus a curious thing to me
How big a fool a feller kin be
When he gits on a farm after leavin’ a town!—
Expectin’ to raise himself up to renown,
And reap fer himself agricultural fame,
By growin’ of squashes—*without any shame*—
As useless and long as a technical name.
To make the soil pure,
And certainly sure,
He plastered the ground with patent manure.
He had cultivators, and double-hoss plows,
And patent machines fer milkin’ his cows;
And patent hay-forks—patent measures and weights,
And new patent back-action hinges fer gates,
And barn locks and latches, and such little dribs,
And patents to keep the rats out o’ the cribs—
Reapers and mowers,
And patent grain sowers;
And drillers
And tillers
And cucumber hillers,