CHAPTER XII.

AN EASTERN TRIP.

"Go on with your work and be strong,
  Halting not in your ways;
'Balking the end half won
  For an instant dole of praise.

Stand to your work and be wise,
  Certain of sword and pen;
We are neither children nor gods,
  But men in a world of men.'"

It was very lonely for quite a while after the auction, as my barn companion was gone, and only a few of the cows and horses were left, but I still had Yeksa's Queen for company. One day Mr. Philips came out in the pasture where I was and said, "Well, Queen, I have rented the farm for a year, to a man by the name of Ole Berg, and am going to leave you and your daughter here. Ole is not much of a hand to take care of cows, as he leaves that work for his wife to do. But he takes good care of his horses and spends his time caring for them, while his wife, who is a good, kind woman, is doing the chores in the cow barn. She will be kind to you and milk you carefully. I am to have the increase of the thoroughbreds, as I can register them, and Ole will take his share out of the grades, and some of them will be as good for milk and butter as you are. The reason for my renting the farm is because it will give the boys a better chance to go to school, and I have a chance
to go to Washington and work in the Agricultural Department for a year at good pay, and will have a chance to visit my old home, in Chester County, Pa., where I was born. I will leave plenty of feed for you, and will probably not see you again before spring." He then put his arms around my neck and said, "Good-bye Queen, be good to yourself while I am gone."

I was now more lonely than ever for a while, as I was among strangers, who did not notice me and talk to me as Mr. Philips and his family had, but they fed me well and treated me kindly, and I had nothing to complain of. In a short time my third baby calf was born. He was a handsome little fellow and his sire was Sir Dandee No. 3237. I was given the same treatment I had always received at such a time, and was allowed to lick him and care for him for three days, the same as I had done with my other babies. But this one, when he was taken away, was put where I could not see him. I did not expect to keep him very long, because Old Nelly had told me that they never raised any male calves on this farm, that they only raised the heifer calves from the best cows, and sold all the others. That was the reason that they always raised such good dairy cows.

Before Mr. Philips went away he let Mr. Berg have fifty bushels of oats to feed his horses. In a few days one of them was taken very sick. Several neighbors came to see her, and among them was a horse doctor. They gave the horse medicine by holding her head up very high and pouring it down her throat, but it did not seem to do any good, and in a day or two she died. Mr. Berg appeared to feel very bad over losing his horse. They hauled the dead horse down into the orchard, and when we went to the spring for water we could see the dogs eating her, as the ground was frozen so they could not bury her. I heard one of the men say he felt very sorry for Mr. Berg, that it was hard to lose a nice young mare worth nearly two hundred dollars, and that he guessed what made her sick was because Mr. Berg had not had much grain to feed his
horses, and after he got some from Mr. Philips he fed too much grain and let the mare stand idle too much. But Mr. Berg's neighbors were kind to him and helped him to buy another horse.

Well, time passed on and we got along very well, except being quite lonely, and one day early in the spring I was delighted to hear Mr. Philips' voice and see him coming into the barn. One of the neighbors came with him, and said he came to see Mr. Philips' Guernsey cow, as he had made up his mind to get a new sire for his herd and had almost decided to get a Guernsey. Mr. Philips told him that the Guernsey's were fine dairy cattle, and if he got one to stick to them and not change around from one breed to another. He then told the man about his trip East, which was very interesting. He said:

"I never spent a more enjoyable and profitable winter in my life. I had a fine time in Washington, as I could do all the work I had to do in the forenoon, which gave me the whole afternoon to see the city. It is considered the finest and cleanest city in the United States. There are eight hundred acres of parks within the city limits. I admired the monuments of Lincoln and General Thomas more than any of the others. But what I enjoyed more than seeing all the monuments in the city was my trip down the river to Mount Vernon, Washington's old home. Of all the spots hallowed by the associations of our Revolutionary War, Mount Vernon, on the banks of the beautiful Potomac, easily takes first rank. No other historical home is revered so highly by the American people as the home of our first president. I saw the trees that Washington planted with his own hands in 1799, the year he died, and they still look thrifty. And I, also, saw the white rose bush he set out and named Mary Washington, in memory of his beloved mother. In the archives of Mount Vernon is the manual compiled by Mary Washington from 'Hale's Contemplations, Moral and Divine,' which she gave her son, and which he carried on his person throughout the war and was preserved by him until his death."
"Washington’s tomb is in a slight depression at the upper entrance to a wooded dale, near the margin of the pathway leading to the river. On the spot, which for its simplicity, he selected for his last home; amid the garden he loved, where the magnolias and roses each spring might waft their fragrance over his tomb. The tomb is of brick with an arched roof, and its iron doors open into a vestibule, also of brick, in which, viewed through a picketed gate of iron, are seen the marble caskets of George and Martha Washington. On the stone panel over the vault door are carved the words, ‘I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.’ In the arch surmounting the tomb is a white marble tablet inscribed, ‘Within this enclosure rests the remains of General George Washington.’ Here constantly, from every clime, a host of patriot pilgrims gather, and ever upon the blue waters of the Potomac echoes, from each passing steamer, the tones of a bell knelling and tolling with a sad, sweet sound in grateful remembrance of that heroic soul that was transferred from these shores into the vast space of eternity. During the Civil War, Mount Vernon was, by mutual agreement, neutral ground, and the wearers of the blue and the gray frequently met before the tomb of the great American, loved equally by both. They always came unarmed, by the request of those in charge of the grounds, and at times they would all join and sing Home, Sweet Home.

"Whenever I think of my visit to Washington’s home I am constrained to repeat to myself the following tribute to his memory:

"There dwelt the Man, the flower of human kind, Whose visage mild bespoke his noble mind; There dwelt the Soldier, who his sword ne’er drew But in a righteous cause, to Freedom true; There dwelt the Hero, who ne’er fought for fame; There dwelt the Statesman, who devoid of art, Gave soundest counsels from an upright heart;
And, O, Columbia, by thy sons carressed,  
There dwelt the Father of the realms he blessed,  
Who no wish felt to make his mighty praise,  
Like other chiefs, the means himself to raise;  
But there retiring, breathed in pure renown,  
And felt a grandeur that disdained a crown.

"When I went into Secretary Rusk's office, one day, to get a leave of absence to go to my old home and see the Guernsey cows there, I found Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, talking with 'Uncle Jerry,' and heard him say, 'Well, Secretary, there is one thing I always liked about you; that is, we can always tell just where to find you, as you talk straight from the shoulder.' For an introduction to that noted man and many others I was indebted to Secretary Rusk, he was a good friend of mine.

"Well, I went to old Chester County, Pa., and the first place I visited was at S. C. Kent's. He, at that time, had imported more Guernseys than any other man in America. I found him, as my friend I. J. Clapp told me I would, a very pleasant man, and as ready to impart information about the Guernseys as I was to receive it. He said he was very sorry that he could not go with me the next day to visit several Guernsey breeders, but could not do so as he had to attend the funeral of a poor man about ten miles from there, but that I could take his horse and carriage, and he would give me directions so I could visit a half dozen herds while he was gone, which I did. Mrs. Kent was as pleasant and sociable as her husband, and it sounded pleasant and natural to hear them converse in their plain, quaint language, which I heard when a boy, as I was raised in a Quaker neighborhood, near Penningtonville, Pa.

"Quite an amusing little incident, at my expense, occurred the next evening. I had not seen any children at Mr. Kent's, and asked Mrs. Kent if they had no children. She said no they
had none but nephews and nieces, in Philadelphia, who spent much time with them every summer; that she had their picture and would show them to me. I, of course, admired the photographs, which were good ones. I then told her that I had a photograph of my six girls and boys taken, in one group, which my neighbors, who know them, say are good pictures. She asked to see them. I told her that they ranged from ten up to twenty-two years old. She looked at them very attentively, then looked inquiringly at me; then took another, closer look at the photograph, and again her eyes scrutinized me; then with an honest Quaker expression on her face she said, 'Thee must have a very good looking wife.' Of course I had to agree with her.
"The next day Mr. Kent was at home and very kindly took me to two of his farms where he kept Guernseys. We then went to see Mark Hughes, another prominent breeder of Guernseys. There I saw the great cow Lily of Alexander, that they said had given 14,000 pounds of milk in a year. I also saw her bull calf, which, the man said, Mr. Hughes had been offered five hundred dollars for and refused it. He was a handsome animal, and had it not been that my good mother, who was born in Bucks County, Pa., (the home of the veteran breeder Ezra Michinor) had taught me early in life that it was wrong to covet my neighbor's property I would have wished very strongly to own that youngster. Mr. Hughes was not at home, but his man showed us his new creamery and milk house, which was the finest I had ever seen."

Mr. Philips was standing near me while he was telling about his trip, and, at this point of his narration, he turned and patted my neck and said, "Queen, Mr. Kent paid your old mistress, Mrs. Foster, a very fine compliment, which you will like to hear, as you know she is the founder of the Yeksa family which is getting to be quite famous, it speaks well for Wisconsin women too. He said, 'Your Mrs. Foster, of Wisconsin, is a wonderful woman. She ought to travel all over your state and preach to your people her doctrines of breeding.' When I told him that she could not travel, and had to be carried from place to place like a baby, by her faithful husband, he was filled with surprise and wonder, and said in his true Quaker style, 'Thee does not say so, and then she does so much! When thee sees her again give her my kind regards and tell her God bless her.' I told him that her work was appreciated by a good many Wisconsin people, and that I. J. Clapp said, 'Her great foresight and intelligent work in breeding and writing for farm journals has done more to bring the Guernsey cattle into prominence than any amount of advertising could have done, and I am grateful to her for it.' And that Rev. C. L. McKee, of West Salem, Wis., said of her, 'That woman belongs to a class of
breeders who go beyond the ordinary and have genius and discernment sufficient to fix a type in the mind and devise it from the selected individual. She belongs to a class of type creators, like A. J. Alexander, of Kentucky, the son of a Scottish Lord, who fixed and created types of animals to such an extent that he took the progeny of animals he brought from England back there and sold them to breeders at advanced prices. There are not many who have the courage or originality to ignore accepted standards and go beyond them and fix a type that this woman had. This is the spirit that has pioneered our great enterprises and furnished the world with its improved inventions.' That ex-Gov. W. D. Hoard, of
Wisconsin, editor of Hoard’s Dairyman, for which Mrs. Foster wrote for several years, said she had a remarkable and ready faculty of expressing her thoughts; that thought instinctively takes the place around the center of her purpose like iron filings around a magnet, and that he appreciated her efforts in behalf of Hoard’s Dairyman.

“The next place we visited was the extensive rose gardens of the Dingee Conard Co., at West Grove, said to be the largest rose garden under glass in the United States. When I saw it I wished that my wife was with me, as to have seen them would have pleased her more than to see all the cattle in America. The great Mary Washington rose, grown from cuttings from the rose bush which Washington named in honor of his mother, was having a great run in Philadelphia, and a year old bushes sold for one dollar apiece. The next place we went was to Wm. B. Harvey’s, who lives in a house built of brick brought from England. He is another noted breeder and has many fine Guernseys. While visiting these men I learned two valuable things without asking a question; that is, that these old farmers and breeders, who furnish the great city of Philadelphia with good milk and high-class butter believe the Guernsey cow is the machine to do it with, and believe, as I do, that the mature sire gives the best results, for in all the barns I visited the sires in use were from two to eight years old. This teaches a valuable lesson to younger breeders. We returned to Mr. Kent’s for dinner, and after dinner he took me to the train that was to take me to my old home in Penningtonville, now named Atglen, where my father preached for thirty years.

“While at dinner Mrs. Kent said to me, ‘Thee must stand in well with Secretary Rusk to have such a good job and such a nice chance to visit thy friends and thy old home.’ I said, ‘Yes, I appreciate it greatly and feel under great obligations to him for his kindness.’ I told her that Secretary Rusk when in Congress had been the means of appointing me Postmaster in
the village where I lived, which office I held for four years, and that I issued the first Postoffice money order ever issued in that office. I told her that Rusk was our Governor for seven years and that he had a host of friends in Wisconsin."

We all listened with great interest to Mr. Philips’ story about his trip, and were all glad to have him at home with us again if only for a short time. As soon as the man was gone Mr. Philips came to me and said, “Well, Queen, I have been looking at your new calf, he is a fine fellow, and with you and your mother’s reputation I think when he is six months old, if they continue to take good care of him I can get at least seventy-five dollars for him, as I have a letter of inquiry about him. I named him Uncle Dan and his number is 3,665—But, by the way, I have some news to tell you about your sister Bonnie Jean and your brother Yeksa’s Prince. I heard that after Mr. Martenson had bought them someone told him that a brother and sister were too near related to breed from, and not understanding that the laws of consanguinity of animals could be more successfully controlled than those of the human race, and that the only way to establish a type so it would be permanent and enduring was by close family inbreeding, he exchanged Yeksa’s Prince with Dr. M. B. Wood, of Mankato, Minn., for a heifer calf. Mr. Wood, who is one of the best judges of dairy cattle in that state, concluded that Yeksa’s Prince, being a son of Yeksa, he would be a valuable sire so he let his brother-in-law, W. D. Richardson, of Garden City, have him to use in his herd. Some time later, Professor Haecker, of the Minnesota Agricultural College, another good judge of dairy cattle, saw Yeksa’s Prince and pronounced him a grand animal. So well was he pleased with him that he hired him to use in the college herd, although he had a chance to secure Squire 4th of Les Vauxbeletes, said to be, by the great importer of Guernseys, S. C. Kent, the best Guernsey bull in America. Your sister only left two daughters, Yeksa’s Maid and Yeksa’s Jean, now owned by Fred Rietbrock, of Milwaukee. They are excellent
cows and later on I will tell you about the records they have made. I know you will be glad to hear that the Yeksa stock, descended from your mother, is in very good demand."

One day late in the spring when the grass in the pasture was plenty enough so the cows could fill themselves up well on it, and Mr. Philips was making his last visit to the farm before returning to Washington, when the cows came up at night my daughter, Yeksa’s Queen, was missing. Mr. Philips told Mr. Berg to help Mrs. Berg do the chores, and he would go to the pasture and find her. He took Shep, the dog, with him, and was gone quite a while, and it was nearly dark when he came back carrying a little calf under his arm and Yeksa’s Queen was following close behind him. He went into the barn and
went into the box stall, used for such occasions, with her still following him. He put the calf down on the soft bed of straw, then came out and shut the door and came to me and said, "Well Queen, we can call you a grandmother now, but your grandson is such a little thing that I am afraid he will never amount to much. When I started to look for your daughter I met her coming up the lane, and when she saw Shep she ran back to the woods and Shep and I followed her; and there, back of a brush heap, I found the calf. It was well hid and so small I could hardly see it, and what beat me was that a twenty months old heifer would know enough to hide her calf. I have known old cows to do it, but never a heifer before. That beat me to see such intelligence."

He told Mrs. Berg to milk her, but not dry, and let her drink the milk, and to rub her udder well, as it was caked quite a good deal. He said he liked to see a heifer’s udder cake as it was a sign she would make a good cow. He told her she could let that little rat suck the heifer for a week or ten days as he was so small. The next day a man, by the name of Newman, came to buy a young Guernsey bull. Mr. Philips said to him, "Here is Queen’s calf you can have for seventy-five dollars, or this little, young one for forty dollars and I will keep him until he is four weeks old."

"Well," Mr. Newman said, "you say the little one is from the best sire, and he only costs about half as much as the other. I know his mother is not yet two years old, but she is large and strong, and I like the looks of your bull Vidette first-rate, he looks a little like Hill’s Benjamin I saw at the State Fair last fall. So, in four weeks, I will send you a check for forty dollars and you can send the calf to Union Center, Wis."

Mr. Philips named my little grandson Guydette, and when his number came it was 3,966. When the cows went to the pasture the next morning my daughter would not go with us. She thought so much of that wee baby of hers that she stayed in the night pasture near the barn, and for several days they
watered her there while the rest of us went to the spring. I was pleased to see her so thoughtful of her calf and so kind. But, I said to myself, "Young lady, you will get over that when they have taken away a few of your calves, as they have mine." Why, I heard Mr. Philips tell his boys that he had seen that done with slave children, when he was a boy, and he said it looked cruel to see children taken away from their mothers. A few weeks later I saw my little son, Uncle Dan, 

W. L. DEXTER, Dairyman. Russell, Ill.
No. 3,665, put into a wagon and taken away. Mr. Philips said he sold him to W. L. Dexter, of Russell, Ill., and that he would keep watch of him, and when he got older would tell what kind of a record he made. When my little grandson was four weeks old he, too, was sent away to Mr. Newman, and Mr. Philips said he would tell me if he ever grew up and amounted to anything.