

South Milford; center of the world; The Hub round which all else is whirled, was all astir last Saturday  
With farmers, near and far away, Who came to view the big display, At Potts & Sellman's Delivery.

And such delight was ne'er expressed, Nor, mixed astonishment confessed; As, by assembled hosts, that  
came, To view the tools, that cut the grain, And tangled grass and rake the same.

Such eager rushing too and fro, Of farmers; who were bound to know, Which Reaper, Mower, Rake or  
Drill, His wants, are likely best to fill. Made it quite lively, for the rest - , The Agents; who each  
claimed the best.

Some like the Buckeye Drill, as 'tis So easy changed in fee, and is So nicely finished, feeds so true; For  
work, 'tis equaled but by few. Some like the Empire better still. Because the tubes don't kind and fill.

Some said, 'that they preferred the kind Of Mowers with the knife behind.' And others said, 'tthat they  
take men's lives.' Some said, 'the Reel Rake is the kind That lay the grain the best to bind. An other  
said 'my neighbor Garner, An honest, able White Lake farmer - Who had a piece of tangled grain- So  
heavy that it brought such strain Upon his five armed Johnson Rake, That he, the job had to forsake;  
Because the Rakes did bend and break. That in despair, he said I'll try The Table Rake Combined  
Buckeye. The Reel Rake Agent said 'O fie!' How do you think you're going to bring The grain upon  
to; *that a're thing*;

That thing, 'he said, will clog and wind, It was for standing grain designed, Then Sellman said, 'when  
this you beat, I! like a coward will retreat And bear the stigma of defeat. so Garner put it in and, Lo!!  
You ask, Did that thing really go? Don't ask Agents - but ask Garner, Ask Flower, Mills and other  
farmers, Ask who you may that live that way And if you doubt what they, all say Then-find a piece of  
tangled grain On rolling ground, or hill, or plain On stony, rough, uneven ground, Where ditches, rocks  
and ruts abound As doth South Milford so surround, And take on in, with what you may And test it  
there some harvest day, And if the grain is not down flat, Then tread it to a perfect mat, And ther by  
actual, honest test, See for yourself, which works the best, Garner said, The Table Rake picked up my  
grain and did not break. That it was easy for my team, And, in a certain way, did seem To straighten  
out the snarley mass, And render Binders labor less;' Said he, 'by actual test, I find That one hand less,  
each day will bind. And thus you see, it saves the stamps And, this is no slight circumstance To ye;  
who chose to fill the soil And gain your stamps by honest toil.

But to my subject; Mid the noise And clamor of the men and boys, The Leader man with placid smile  
Told how he beat at every trial And in themost emphatic words Told of the trial at Michael Bird's; Told  
how the Leader in the test, With Triumph, Johnson proved the best As Bird and others did attest.

The courteous Eagie Agent, bland Whose ways were such, as to command Attention and respect, talked  
low, Told candidly, how his would mow, And said' he'd warrant his Reel Rake To equal any of its make.

The Buckeye Agent to invite Attention; seemed to take delight In spreading Banners to the breeze, And  
comic pictures, that might please A bright or dull or squinting eye And hold in check the passer by, And  
if a fermer chance to spy The pictures-then of course he'd try To make them think they ought to buy  
The Table Rake Combined Buckeye.

And all this time, load after load Were drawn in line upon the road. And ere the our, Landlord O'Dell Shook his ponderous dinner bell, Some thirty wagons, loaded down With new machines, formed around.

Then Potts & Sellman issued soon The dinner tickets, 'cause 'twas noon. The horses were all kindly led To O'Dell;s barn, and there well fed. The numerous customers repaired To O'Dell's dining room, and shared The Bounties of the table wide- 'Those tables'-which are O'Dell's pride.

Each man well fed; with happy smile Listened to the Band awhile; And when the order, "Form in line:" Rand out; each man, in system fine, Soon drew his rein, and stood in place And waited, with a patient face.

First in the vast procession grand, Rode Potts & Sellman; next, the Band And then Agents-Stewart, Payne And Britain--in a carriage came, Then next the Buckeye Rake I spied, Drawn by Isaac Mills, of Clyde. I noticed that this grand machine Came in full rig; Both Mills and team Seemed thril'd with concientious pride, And well they mi't. Last year Mills tri'd.

A Table Rake; and it so pleased Himself and workman, and so eased The labor of his noble team, That is almost came to seem, That team, machine and man, all three, Are linked like to the trinity.

The Buckeye Mower, with folded bar, With beauty like the morning star, Filled, with well becoming grace, The next appointed measured space.

The ponderous great banner, so crazy and cute, Carefully carelessly painted to suit The ceaselessly radical Rollo Buckeye; Next in order appeared to the eye.

Then close in the rear, were the Buckeye Machines,  
Well packed, and well loaded, and drawn by good teams,  
Came trundling along, and the drivers serene,  
Were jacose and jolly, with confident mein.  
And right in true order, and close int he wake,  
A fine painted Leader with moving Reel Rake,  
Escorting or leading a light Leader Mower.  
With the bar in the rear, instead of before,  
And following these samples were team after team,  
Each drawing an Eagle or Leader Machine,  
A new lumber wagon, a rake or a drill,  
And two men, I noticed, had each a Wind Mill.  
On the heads of the horses along the whole line  
Were bright colored banners, all painted so fine,  
And now, as the music by the Clyde Cornet Band  
Pealed forth a glad anthem, the sight was most grand.  
Both sides of the Huron, where bright waters pour,  
From the Howland Brick Block to Ladd's Dry Good Store,  
A solid procession, were signaled to start,  
And on, *on* they moved with a light boyant heart,  
And over and under the bridges they go  
So seemingly joyously, happy to know  
Than soon, as the haying and harvest again

Comes round, with its hot scorching sun and its rain,  
They'll save from distruction their grass and their grain,  
The saving of crops will then well pay the cost.  
No labor, no time, and no golden grain lost,  
But all will be saved, and the barn will be filled,  
Of those, who with Empire or Buckeyes have drilled,  
And those who with Leader, and Buckeye and Wood  
Have saved in prime order their crops, will feel good  
And with stamps in their wallets, and with their debts paid;  
They will ever rejoice, in the choice they have made.  
The procession moved on, through street after street.  
The music, and prancing, and tramping of feet  
Attracted such notice that windows flew wide  
And doorways were crowded, and nought else beside  
The moving machinery, was thought of, till past  
And out of their vision, the load that came last  
Had vanished successively, until they drew rein  
On the streets of South Milford, from whence they all came  
More loads were then added, for some were delayed,  
And failed to get loaded in time for parade.  
And now, as the sun in its orbit sank low,  
With a cheerful farewell, all homeward did go;  
Thus ended a day, that in memory will dwell,  
Till the boy -- to their grand-child the story will tell.  
And now as I am sleepy, I will bid you farewell.

Rollo