

"Lincoln or Washington, which was the greater."
 Allegorical

A farmer, commonly known ^{among} by his neighbors as "Uncle Sammy" had an ox ^{which} was compactly built, and of fine proportions; some of the neighbors admired him greatly.

From the animal's youth, "Uncle Sammy" had been proud of his noble mien, and correct manner. While yet in the early ^{years} stages of his life, the animal had never caught in any vicious or deceptive tricks.

When he was matured, "Uncle Sammy" found that he needed but little tutoring, to be able to serve him in the highest degree.

He was gentle but decided in his ways, so that he soon became noted for his ability to lead, those that were following, in the lines of labor demanded of him. "Uncle Sammy's" admiration for ^{him} this ox, was so great, that he called him after ^{the} his favorite family name George.

After George's usefulness, was passed, so long, as to be partially forgotten, "Uncle Sammy" by chance secured another, ^{not} of the same stock; the pedigree was not as fine, or the animal as comely; but some thing in his 'make up' induced

"Uncle Sammy" when he was grown up to think he would make a wonderfully fine animal for labor. It needed a little more tutoring to bring him properly to the yoke, probably from his careless rearing. But when he was fairly settled into the work, "Uncle Sammy" was well pleased to think his judgment had been correct, in reserving this ox for labor; he proved to be docile, sagacious, and determined, in his manner of work; he was called for short Abe.

Later - "Uncle Sammy" sat on the shady side of the porch, ^{one} drowsy after-noon, day dreaming ^{of the past}, and thus he soliloquised. "I've had many good work animals in my time, but that George and that Abe lead them all. If they had chanced to live at the same time, what a team they would have been; it's true they wouldn't have matched in build ^{and} color, but both were energetic, active fellows, never willing to let go while the draft chains held. It's true they were busy at different periods, and under different circumstances. When there were Bull-thistles, that come from the other side of the pond, and had taken a pretty

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strong hold of my north fields, and in fact spreading all over the place; George was in the yoke then; it took some time to clean the ground of their effects, but George never flinched, until the last one was fairly stamped out.

And when their pesky Fire weeds got such a rank hold in my south lot as to crowd every thing else out, and was in danger of interfering with my north fields, was just the time when Abe was at work, and doing his level best. That seed come across the pond too, but we thought it would gradually die out. - in stead it gained head way, until it fairly acted as though it would control everything.

I tried various schemes, to keep them in bounds, which failed; so finally yoked Abe to that emancipation plow, and through his great strength and sagaciousness, was enabled to cover them out of sight.

Pity that Abe was killed by the rank poison emanating from those pesky Fire weeds.

How my folks did mourn his death! Here "Uncle Sammy" suddenly roused up and said "no all things considered, George was ^{not} quite a match for the other one."