

A  
YEAR'S RESIDENCE,  
IN THE  
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

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Treating of the Face of the Country, the Climate, the Soil,  
the Products, the Mode of Cultivating the Land, the Prices  
of Land, of Labour, of Food, of Raiment; of the Expenses  
of Housekeeping, and of the usual manner of Living; of  
the Manners, Customs, and Character of the People; and  
of the Government, Laws, and Religion.

IN THREE PARTS.

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BY WILLIAM COBBETT.

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PART II.

Containing,—III. Experiments as to Cabbages.—IV. Earth-  
burning.—V. Transplanting Indian Corn.—VI. Swedish  
Turnips.—VII. Potatoes.—VIII. Cows, Sheep, Hogs, and  
Poultry.—IX. Prices of Land, Labour, Working Cattle,  
Husbandry Implements.—X. Expenses of Housekeeping.—  
XI. Manners, Customs, and Character of the People.—  
XII. Rural Sports.—XIII. Paupers and Beggars.—  
XIV. Government, Laws, and Religion.

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DEDICATION  
TO  
MR. RICHARD HINXMAN  
OF CHILLING IN HAMPSHIRE.

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*North Hempstead, Long Island,  
15th Nov. 1818.*

MY DEAR SIR,

THE following little volume will give you some account of my agricultural proceedings in this fine and well-governed country; and, it will also enable you to see clearly how favourable an absence of grinding taxation and tithes is to the farmer. You have already paid to Fundholders, Standing Armies, and Priests, more money than would make a decent fortune for two children; and, if the present system were to continue to the end of your natural life, you would pay more to support the idle and the worthless, than would maintain, during the same space of time, ten labourers and their families. The profits of your capital, care and skill are pawned by the Boroughmongers to

pay the interest of a Debt, which they have contracted for their own purposes; a Debt, which never can, by ages of toil and of sufferings, on the part of the people, be either paid off or diminished. But, I trust, that deliverance from this worse than Egyptian bondage is now near at hand. The atrocious tyranny does but stagger along. At every step it discovers fresh proofs of impotence. It must come down; and when it is down, we shall not have to envy the farmers of America, or of any country in the world.

When you reflect on the blackguard conduct of the *Parsons* at Winchester, on the day when I last had the pleasure to see you and our excellent friend Goldsmith, you will rejoice to find, that, throughout the whole of this extensive country, there exists not one single animal of that description; so that we can here keep as many cows, sows, ewes and hens as we please, with the certainty, that no prying, greedy Parson will come to eat up a part of the young ones. How long shall we Englishmen suffer our cow-stalls, our styes, our folds and our hen-roosts to be the prey of this prowling pest?

In many parts of the following pages you will trace the remarks and opinions back to conversations that have passed between us, many times in Hampshire. In the making of

them my mind has been brought back to the feelings of those days. The certainty, that I shall always be beloved by you constitutes one of the greatest pleasures of my life; and I am sure, that you want nothing to convince you, that I am unchangeably

Your faithful and affectionate friend,

WM. COBBETT.





# PREFACE

TO THE

## SECOND PART.

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157. IN the First Part I adopted the mode of *numbering the paragraphs*, a mode which I shall pursue to the end of the work ; and, as the whole work may, at the choice of the purchaser, be bound up in one volume, or remain in two volumes, I have thought it best to resume the numbering at the point where I stopped at the close of the First Part. The last paragraph of that Part was 156 : I, therefore, now begin with 157. For the same reason I have, in the Second Part, resumed the *paging* at the point where I stopped in the First Part. I left off at page 186 ; and, I begin with 187. I have, in like manner, resumed the *chaptering* : so that, when the two volumes are put together, they will, as to these matters, form but one ; and those, who may have purchased the volumes separately, will possess the same book, in all respects, as those, who shall purchase the Three Parts in one Volume.

158. Paragraph 1. (Part I.) contains my reasons for numbering the paragraphs, but, besides the reasons there stated, there is one, which did not then occur to me, and which was left to be suggested by experience, of a description which I did not then anticipate; namely, that, in the case of *more than one edition*, the *paging* may, and generally does, differ in such manner as to bring the matter, which, in one edition, is under any given page, under a different page in another edition. This renders the work of *reference* very laborious at best, and, in many cases, it defeats its object. If the paragraphs of BLACKSTONE'S COMMENTARIES had been numbered, how much valuable time it would have saved. I am now about to send a second edition of the First Part of this work to the press. I am quite careless about the *paging*: that is to say, so that the whole be comprized within the 134 pages, it is of no consequence whether the matter take, with respect to the pages, precisely the same situation that it took before; and, if the paging were not intended to join on to that of the present volume, it would be no matter what were the number of pages upon the whole. I hope, that these reasons will be sufficient to convince the reader that I have not, in this case, been actuated by a love of sin-

gularity. We live to learn, and to make improvements, and every improvement must, at first, be a singularity.

159. The utility, which I thought would arise from the *hastening* out of the First Part, in June last, previous to the time for sowing Swedish Turnips, induced me to make an ugly breach in the *order* of my little work ; and, as it generally happens, that when disorder is once begun, it is very difficult to restore order ; so, in this case, I have been exceedingly puzzled to give to the matter of these two last Parts such an arrangement as should be worthy of a work, which, whatever may be the character of its execution, treats of subjects of great public interest. However, with the help of the Index, which I shall subjoin to the Third Part, and which will comprise a reference to the divers matters in all the three parts, and in the making of which Index an additional proof of the advantage of numbering the paragraphs has appeared ; with the help of this Index the reader will, I am in hopes, be enabled to overcome, without any very great trouble, the inconveniences naturally arising from a want of a perfectly good arrangement of the subjects of the work.

160. As the First Part closes with a promise to communicate the result of my experiments of this present year, I begin the *Second*

*Part* with a fulfilment of that promise, particularly with regard to the *procuring of manure by the burning of earth into ashes.*

161. I then proceed with the other matters named in the title ; and the *Third Part* I shall make to consist of an account of the *Western Countries*, furnished in the Notes of Mr. HULME, together with a view of the advantages and disadvantages of preferring, as a place to farm in, those Countries to the Countries bordering on the Atlantic ; in which view I shall include such remarks as appear to me likely to be useful to those *English Farmers*, who can no longer bear the lash of Boroughmongering oppression and insolence.

162. Multifariousness is a great fault in a written work of any kind. I feel the consciousness of this fault upon this occasion. The facts and opinions relative to Swedish Turnips and Cabbages will be very apt to be enfeebled in their effect by those relating to manners, laws and religion. Matters so heterogeneous, the one class treated of in the detail and the other in the great, ought not to be squeezed together between the boards of the same small volume. But, the fault is committed and it is too late to repine. There are, however, two subjects which I will treat of distinctly hereafter. The first is that of *Fencing*, a subject

which presses itself upon the attention of the American Farmer, but from which he turns with feelings like those, with which a losing tradesman turns from an examination of his books. But, attend to it he *must* before it be long; or, his fields, in the populous parts of this Island at least, must lay waste, and his fuel must be brought him from Virginia or from England. Sometime before March next I shall publish an *Essay on Fencing*. The form shall correspond with that of this work, in order that it may be bound up with it, if that should be thought desirable. The other subject is that of *Gardening*. This I propose to treat of in a small distinct volume, under some appropriate title; and, in this volume, to give *alphabetically*, a description of *all the plants*, cultivated for the use of the *table* and also of those cultivated as *cattle food*. To this description I shall add an account of their properties, and instructions for the cultivation of them in the best manner. It is not my intention to go beyond what is aptly enough called the *Kitchen Garden*; but, as a *hot-bed* may be of such great use even to the farmer; and as ample materials for making beds of this sort are *always* at *his* command without any *expence*, I shall endeavour to give plain directions for the making and managing of a hot-

bed. A bed of this sort, fifteen feet long, has given me, this year, the better part of an acre of fine cabbages to give to hogs in the parching month of *July*. This is so very simple a matter; it is so very easy to learn; that there is scarcely a farmer in America, who would not put the thing in practice, at once, with complete success.

163. Let not my countrymen, who may happen to read this suppose, that these, or any other, pursuits will withdraw my attention from, or slacken my zeal in, that cause, which is common to us all. That cause claims, and has, my first attention and best exertion; that is the *business* of my life: these other pursuits are my *recreation*. King ALFRED allowed eight hours for *recreation*, in the twenty-four, eight for *sleep*, and eight for *business*. I do not take my allowance of the two former.

164. Upon looking into the First Part, I see, that I expressed a hope to be able to give, in some part of this work, a sketch of the work of Mr. TULL. I have looked at TULL, and I cannot bring my mind up to the commission of so horrid an act as that of garbling such a work. It was, perhaps, a feeling, such as that which I experience at this moment, which restrained Mr. CURWEN from even *naming* TULL, when he gave one of TULL's experiments to the

world as a *discovery of his own*. Unable to screw himself up to commit a murder, he contented himself with a robbery; an instance, he may, indeed, say, of singular moderation and self-denial; especially when we consider of what an assembly he has, with little intermission, been an "Honourable Member" for the last thirty years of his life.

WM. COBBETT.

*North Hempstead, Long Island,*  
15th November, 1818.





A  
YEAR'S RESIDENCE,  
§c.

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CHAP. III.

EXPERIMENTS, IN 1818, AS TO CABBAGES.

*Preliminary Remarks.*

165. AT the time when I was writing the First Part, I expected to be able to devote more time to my farming, during the summer, than I afterwards found that I could so devote without neglecting matters which I deem of greater importance. I was, indeed, obliged to leave the greater part of my out-door's business wholly to my men, merely telling them what to do. However, I attended to the things which I thought to be of the most importance. The field-culture of Carrots, Parsnips and Mangle Wurzle I did not attempt. I contented myself with a crop of Cabbages and of Ruta Baga and with experiments as to Earth-burning and Transplanting Indian Corn. The summer, and the fall also, have been *remarkably dry* in *Long Island*, much more dry than is usual.

The grass has been very short indeed. A sort of Grass-hopper, or cricket, has eaten up a considerable part of the grass and of all vegetables, the leaves of which have come since the month of June. I am glad, that this has been the case; for I now know what a farmer may do in the *worst of years*; and, when I consider what the summer has been, I look at my Cabbages and Ruta Baga with surprize as well as with satisfaction.

## CABBAGES.

166. I had some hogs to keep, and, as my Swedish Turnips (Ruta Baga) would be gone by July, or before, I wished them to be succeeded by cabbages. I made a *hot-bed* on the *20th of March*, which ought to have been made more than a month earlier; but, I had been in Pennsylvania, and did not return home till the *13th of March*. It requires a little time to mix and turn the dung in order to prepare it for a hot-bed; so that mine was not a very good one; and then my *frame* was hastily patched up, and its covering consisted of some old *broken* sashes of windows. A very shabby concern; but, in this bed I sowed *cabbages* and *cauliflowers*. The seed came up, and the plants, though standing too thick,

grew pretty well. From this bed, they would, if I had had time, been transplanted into another, at about two and a half or three inches apart. But, such as they were, very much drawn up, I began planting them out as soon as they were about four inches high.

167. It was the 12th of May before they attained this height, and I then began planting them out in a piece of ground, pretty good, and deeply ploughed by oxen. My cauliflowers, of which there were about three thousand, were *too late* to *flower*, which they never will do, unless the flower have begun to shew itself before the great heat comes. However, these plants grew *very large*, and afforded a great quantity of food for pigs. The outside leaves and stems were eaten by sows, store-pigs, a cow, and some oxen; the hearts, which were very tender and nearly of the Cauliflower-taste, were boiled in a large cast-iron caldron, and, mixed with a little rye-meal, given to sows and young pigs. I should suppose, that these three thousand plants weighed twelve hundred pounds, and they stood upon about half an acre of land. I gave these to the animals *early in July*.

168. The *Cabbages*, sown in the bed, consisted partly of Early Yorks, the seed of which had been sent me along with the Cauli-

flower seed, from England, and had reached me at Harrisburgh in Pennsylvania; and partly of plants, the seed of which had been given me by Mr. JAMES PAUL, Senior, of Bustleton, as I was on my return home. And this gave me a pretty good opportunity of ascertaining the fact as to the *degenerating of cabbage seed*. Mr. Paul, who attended very minutely to all such matters; who took great delight in his garden; who was a *reading* as well as a practical farmer, told me, when he gave me the seed, that it would not produce loaved cabbages so early as my own seed would; for, that, though he had always selected the earliest heads for seed, the seed degenerated, and the cabbages regularly came to perfection later and later. He said, that he never should save cabbage seed himself; but, that it was such *chance-work* to buy of seedsmen, that he thought it best to save some at any rate. In this case, *all* the plants from the English seed produced solid loaves by the 24th of June, while, from the plants of the Pennsylvania seed, we had not a single solid loaf till the 28th of July, and, from the chief part of them, not till mid-August.

169. This is a great matter. Not only have you the food earlier, and so much earlier, from the genuine seed, but your ground is occupied

so much less time by the plants. The plants very soon shewed, by their appearance, what would be the result ; for, on the 2nd of June, Miss Sarah Paul, a daughter of Mr. James Paul, saw the plants, and while those from the English seed were even then beginning to loave, those from her father's seed were nothing more than bunches of wide spreading leaves, having no appearance of forming a head. However, they succeeded the plants from the English seed ; and, the whole, besides what were used in the House, were given to the animals. As many of the *white* loaves as were wanted for the purpose were boiled for sows and small pigs, and the rest were given to lean pigs and the horn-cattle : and a fine resource they were ; for, so dry was the weather, and the devastations of the grass-hoppers so great, that we had scarcely any grass in any part of the land ; and, if I had not had these cabbages, I must have resorted to Indian Corn, or Grain of some sort.

170. But, these spring-cabbage plants were to be *succeeded* by others, to be eaten in September and onwards to January. Therefore, on the 27th of May, I sowed in the natural ground eleven sorts of cabbages, some of the seed from England and some got from my friend, Mr. PAUL. I have noticed the *extreme*

*drought* of the season. Nevertheless, I have now about two acres of cabbages of the following description. Half an acre of the *Early Salisbury* (earliest of all cabbages) and *Early York*; about 3 quarters of an acre of the *Drum-head* and other late cabbages; and about the same quantity of *Green Savoy*s. The first class are fully loaved, and bursting: with these I now feed my animals. These will be finished by the time that I cut off my Swedish Turnip Greens, as mentioned in Part I. Paragraph 136. Then, about mid-December, I shall feed with the second class, the Drum-heads and other late Cabbages. Then, those which are not used before the *hard frosts* set in, I shall *put up* for use through the month of January.

171. Aye! *Put them up*; but how? No scheme that industry or necessity ever sought after, or that experience ever suggested, with regard to the preserving of cabbages, did I leave untried last year; and, in every scheme but one I found some inconvenience. Taking them up and replanting them closely in a sloping manner and covering them with straw; putting them in pits; hanging them up in a barn; turning their heads downwards and covering them with earth, leaving the roots sticking up in the air: in short every scheme, except one, was attended with great labour,

and some of them forbade the hope of being able to preserve any considerable quantity; and this one was as follows: I made a sort of *land* with the plough, and made it pretty level at top. Upon this land I laid some straw. I then took the cabbages, turned them upside down, and placed them (first taking off all decayed leaves) about six abreast upon the straw. Then covered them, not very thickly, with leaves raked up in the woods, flinging now and then a little dirt (boughs of any sort would be better) to prevent the leaves from being carried off by the wind. So that, when the work was done, the thing was a bed of leaves with cabbage-roots sticking up through it. I only put on enough leaves to *hide-all the green*. If the frost came and prevented the taking up of the cabbages, roots and all, they might be cut off *close to the ground*. The root, I dare say, is of no use in the preservation. In the months of *April* and *May*, I took cabbages of all sorts from this *land* perfectly good and fresh. The quantity, preserved thus, was small. It might amount to 200 cabbages. But, it was quite sufficient for the purpose. Not only did the cabbages *keep* better in this, than in any other way, but there they were, *at all times, ready*. The frost had *locked up* all those which were covered

with earth, and those which lay with heads upwards and their roots in the ground *were rotting*. But, to this *land* I could have gone at any time, and have brought away, if the quantity had been large, a waggon load in ten minutes. If they had been *covered with snow* (no matter how deep) by uncovering twenty feet in length (a work of little labour) half a ton of cabbages would have been got at. This year, thinking that my *Savoys*, which are, at once, the best in quality and best to keep, of all winter cabbages, may be of use to send to New York, I have planted them between rows of *Broom-Corn*. The Broom-Corn is in *rows*, eight feet apart. This enabled us to plough deep between the Broom-Corn, which, though in poor land, has been very fine. The heads are cut off; and now the *stalks* remain to be used as follows: I shall make *lands* up the piece, cut off the stalks and lay them, first a layer longways and then a layer crossways, upon the *lands*. Upon these I shall put my Savoys turned upside down; and, as the stalks will be more than sufficient for this purpose, I shall lay some of them *over*, instead of dirt or boughs, as mentioned before. Perhaps the *leaves* of the Broom-Corn, which are lying about in great quantities, may suffice for covering. And, thus, all the materials for the work are upon the spot.



172. In quitting this matter, I may observe, that, to cover cabbages thus, in gardens as well as fields, would, in many cases, be of great use in *England*, and of still more use in Scotland. Sometimes, a quick succession of frost, snow and thaw will completely *rot* every *loaved* cabbage even in the South of England. Indeed no reliance is placed upon cabbages for use, as cattle-food, later than the month of *December*. The bulk is so large that a protection by *houses* of any sort cannot be thought of. Besides, the cabbages, put together in large masses would *heat* and quickly *rot*. In *gentlemen's* gardens, indeed, cabbages are put into houses, where they are hung up by the heads. But, they *wither* in this state, or they soon *putrefy* even here. By adopting the mode of preserving, which I have described above, all these inconveniences would be avoided. Any quantity might be preserved either in fields or in gardens at a very trifling expence, compared with the bulk of the crop.

173. As to the application of my Savoyes, and part of the Drum-heads, too, indeed, if I find cabbages very dear, at New York, in winter, I shall send them; if not, there they are for my cattle and pigs. The weight of them will not be less, I should think, than *ten tons*. The plants were put out by *two men* in

*one day*; and I shall think it very hard if two men do not put the whole completely up *in a week*. The Savoy's are very fine. A little too late planted out; but still very fine; and they were planted out under a burning sun and without a drop of rain for weeks afterwards. So far from taking any *particular* pains about these Savoy's, I did not see them planted, and I never saw them for *more than two months* after they were planted. The ground for them was prepared thus: the ground, in each interval between the Broom-Corn, had been, some little time before, ploughed *to* the rows. *This* left a *deep furrow* in the middle of the interval. Into this furrow I put the manure. It was a mixture of good mould and dung from pig-styes. *The waggon* went up the interval, and the manure was drawn out and tumbled into the furrow. Then the plough went twice on each side of the furrow, and turned the earth over the manure. This made a *ridge*, and upon this ridge the plants were planted as quickly after the plough as possible. *It*

174. Now, then, what is the *trouble*; what is the *expence*, of all this? The *seed* was excellent. I do not recollect ever having seen so large a piece of the cabbage kind with so few spurious plants. But, though *good* cabbage seed is of *high price*, I should suppose, that

the seed did not cost me *a quarter of a dollar*. Suppose, however, it had cost *ten quarters of a dollar*; what would that have been, compared to the worth of the crop? For, what is the worth of *ten tons* of green, or moist food, in the month of March or April?

175. The Swedish Turnip is, indeed, still *more conveniently* preserved, and is a *richer food*; but, there are some reasons for making *part* of the year's provision to consist of cabbages. As far as a thing may depend on *chance*, two chances are better than one. In the *summer and fall*, cabbages get *ripe*, and, as I have observed, in Part I. Paragraph 143, the Ruta Baga (which we will call *Swedish Turnip* for the future) is not *so good* 'till it be *ripe*; and is a great deal better when kept 'till February, than when used in December. This matter of *ripeness* is worthy of attention. Let any one eat a piece of *white cabbage*; and then eat a piece of the same sort of cabbage *young and green*. The first he will find *sweet*, the latter *bitter*. It is the same with *Turnips*, and with all roots. There are some apples, wholly uneatable 'till *kept a while*, and then delicious. This is the case with the Swedish Turnip. Hogs will, indeed, always *eat it*, young or old; but, it is not nearly so good early, as it is when kept 'till February. However, in default of other things, I would feed with it even in November.

176. For these reasons I would have my due proportion, of cabbages, and I would always, if possible, have some Green Savoy; for, it is, with cabbages, too, not only *quantity* which we ought to think of. The Drum-head, and some others, are called *cattle-cabbage*; and hence, in England, there is an idea, that the more delicate kinds of cabbage are *not so good* for cattle. But, the fact is, that they are as much *better* for cattle, than the coarse cabbages are, as they are better for us. It would be strange indeed, that, reversing the principle of our general conduct, we should give cabbage of the best quality to cattle, and keep that of the worst quality for ourselves. In London, where taxation has kept the streets as clear of bits of meat left on bones as the hogs endeavour to keep the streets of New York, there are people who go about selling "*dog's meat*." This consists of boiled garbage. But, it is not pretended, I suppose, that dogs will not eat roast-beef; nor, is it, I suppose, imagined, that they would not *prefer* the roast-beef, if they had their choice? Some people pretend, that garbage and carrion are *better* for dogs than beef and mutton are. That is to say, it is *better for us*, that they should live upon things, which we ourselves loath, than that they should share with us. Self-interest is, but too frequently, a miserable logician.

177. However, with regard to cattle, sheep, and pigs, as we intend to eat *them*, their claim to our kindness is generally more particularly and impartially listened to than that of the poor dogs; though that of the latter, founded, as it is, on their sagacity, their fidelity, their real utility, as the guardians of our folds, our home-steads and our houses, and as the companions, or, rather, the givers, of our healthful sports, is ten thousand times more strong, than that of animals which live to eat, sleep, and grow fat. But, to return to the cabbages, the fact is, that all sorts of animals, which will eat them at all, like the most delicate kinds best; and, as some of these are also the *earliest* kinds, they ought to be cultivated for cattle. Some of the larger kinds may be cultivated *too*; but, they cannot be ~~got~~ ripe till the fall of the year. Nor is the difference in the *weight* of the crop so great as may be imagined. On the same land, that will bear a Drum-head of *twenty pounds*, an Early York; or Early Battersea will weigh *four pounds*; and these may be *fifteen inches* asunder in the row, while the Drum-head requires *four feet*. Mind, I always suppose the *rows* to be *four feet* apart, as stated in the First Part of this work, and for the reasons there stated. Besides the advantages of having some cabbages *early*, the early ones remain so little a

time upon the ground. Transplanted Swedish Turnips, or Buckwheat, or late Cabbages, especially Savoy, may always follow them the same year upon the same land. My early cabbages, this year, have been followed by a second crop of the same, and now (mid-November) they are hard and white and we are giving them to the animals.

178. There is a convenience attending cabbages, which attends no other of the cattle-plants, namely, that of raising the *plants* with very little trouble and upon a small bit of ground. A *little bed* will give plants for an acre or two. The expence of *seed*, even of the dearest kinds, is a mere trifle, not worth any man's notice.

179. For these reasons I adhere to cabbages as the companion crop of Swedish Turnips. The Mangel Wurzel *is long in the ground*. In seasons of great drought, it comes up *unevenly*. The weeds get the start of it. Its tillage must begin before it hardly shews itself. It is of the nature of the Beet, and it requires the care which the Beet requires. The same may be said of Carrots and Parsnips. The cabbage, until it be fit to plant out, occupies hardly any ground. An hour's work cleans the bed of weeds; and there the plants are always ready, when the land is made ready. The Mangel

Wurzel *root*, if quite *ripe*, is richer than a white loaved cabbage; but, it is not more easily preserved, and will not produce a larger crop. Cattle will eat the *leaves*, but hogs will not, when they can get the *leaves* of cabbages. Nevertheless, *some* of this root may be cultivated. It will *fat an ox* well; and it will *fat sheep* well. Hogs will do well on it in winter. I would, if I were a settled farmer, have *some* of it; but, it is not a thing upon which I would place my *dependence*.

180. As to the time of sowing cabbages, the first sowing should be in a hot-bed, so as to have the plants *a month old when the frost leaves the ground*. The second sowing should be *when the natural ground has become warm enough to make the weeds begin to come up freely*. But, seed-beds of cabbages, and, indeed, of every thing, should be *in the open* not under *a fence*, whatever may be the aspect. The plants are sure to be weak, if sown in such situations. They should have the air coming freely to them in every direction. In a hot-bed, the seed should be sown in rows, three inches apart, and the plants might be thinned out to one in a quarter of an inch. This would give about *ten thousand plants* in a bed *ten feet long, and five wide*. They will stand thus to get to a tolerable size without injuring each

other, if the bed be well managed as to *heat* and *air*. In the open ground, where room is plenty, the rows may be a foot apart, and the plants two inches apart in the rows. This will allow of *hoeing*, and here the plants will grow very finely. Mind, a *large* cabbage plant, as well as a large turnip plant, is *better* than a small one. All will grow, if well planted; but the large plant will grow best, and will, in the end, be the finest cabbage.

181. We have a way, in England, of greatly improving the plants; but, I am almost afraid to mention it, lest the American reader should be *frightened* at the bare thought of the *trouble*. When the plants, in the seed-bed, have got leaves about an inch broad, we take them up, and transplant them in *fresh ground*, at about *four inches apart each way*. Here they get *stout* and *straight*; and, in about three weeks time, we transplant them again into the ground where they are to come to perfection. This is called *pricking out*. When the plant is removed the second time, it is found to be furnished with new roots, which have shot out of the butts of the long tap, or forked roots, which proceeded from the seed. It, therefore, *takes again* more readily to the ground, and has some earth adhere to it in its passage. One hundred of pricked-out plants are always look-



ed upon as worth three hundred from the seed-bed. In short, no man, in England, unless he be extremely negligent, ever *plants out* from the seed-bed. Let any farmer try this method with only a score of plants. He may do it with *three minutes'* labour. Surely, he may spare *three minutes*, and I will engage, that, if he treat these plants afterwards as he does the rest, and, if all be treated well, and the crop a *fair* one, the three minutes will give him fifty pounds weight of any of the larger sorts of cabbages. Plants are *thus* raised, then taken up and tied neatly in bundles, and then brought out of Dorsetshire and Wiltshire, and sold in Hampshire for *three-pence* (about, *six cents*), a hundred. So that it cannot require the heart of a lion to encounter the labour attending the raising of a few thousands of plants.

182. However, my plants, this year, have all gone into the field from the seed-bed; and, in so fine a climate, it may do very well; only great care is necessary to be taken to see that they be not *too thick* in the seed-bed.

183. As to the preparation of the land, as to the manuring, as to the *distance* of the rows from each other, as to the act of planting, and as to the after culture, all are the same as in the case of transplanted Swedish Turnips; and, therefore, as to these matters, the reader has

seen enough in Part I. There is one observation to make, as to the *depth* to which the plant should be put into the ground. It should be placed so deep, that the stems of the outside leaves be *just clear of the ground*; for, if you put the plant deeper, the rain will wash the loose earth in amongst the stems of the leaves, which will make an open poor cabbage; and, if the plant be placed so low as for the *heart to be covered with dirt*, the plant, though it will *live*, will come to nothing. Great care must, therefore, be taken as to this matter. If the stems of the plants be *long*, roots will burst out nearly all the way up to the surface of the earth.

184. The distances at which cabbages ought to stand *in the rows* must depend on the sorts. The following is nearly about the mark. Early Salisbury *a foot*; Early York *fifteen inches*; Early Battersea *twenty inches*; Sugar Loaf two feet; Savoy two feet and a half; and the Drum-head, Thousand-headed, Large Hollow, Ox cabbage, all *four feet*. 4631

185. With regard to the *time of sowing* some more ought to be said; for, we are not here, as in England, confined within four or five degrees of latitude. Here some of us are living in fine, warm weather, while others of us are living amidst snows. It will be better, there-

fore, in giving opinions about *times*, to speak of *seasons*, and not of months and days. The country people, in England, go, to this day, many of them, at least, by the *tides*; and, what is supremely ridiculous, they go, in some cases, by the *moveable tides*. My gardener, at Botley, very reluctantly obeyed me, one year, in sowing green Kale when I ordered him to do it, because *Whitsuntide* was not come, and that, he said, was the *proper season*. “But,” said I, “Robinson, Whitsuntide comes *later* this year than it did last year.” “*Later*, Sir,” said he, “how can that be?” “Because,” said I, “it depends upon *the moon* when Whitsuntide shall come.” “The *moon*!” said he: “*what*, *sense* can there be in that?” “Nay,” said I, “I am sure I cannot tell. That is a matter far beyond my learning. Go and ask Mr. BAKER, the Parson, He ought to be able to tell us; for he has a tenth part of our garden stuff and fruit.” The Quakers here cast all this rubbish away; and, one wonders how it can possibly be still cherished by any portion of an enlightened people. But, the truth is, that men do not *think for themselves* about these matters. Each succeeding generation tread in the steps of their fathers, whom they loved, honoured and obeyed. They take all upon trust. Gladly save themselves the

trouble of thinking about things of not immediate interest. A desire to avoid the reproach of being irreligious induces them to practise an outward conformity. And thus have priestcraft with all its frauds, extortions, and immoralities, lived and flourished in defiance of reason and of nature.

186. However, as there are no farmers in America quite foolish enough to be ruled by the *tides* in sowing and reaping, I hurry back from this digression to say, that I cannot be expected to speak of *precise times* for doing any work, except as relates to the latitude in which I live, and in which my experiments have been made. I have cultivated a garden at Frederickton in the *Province of New Brunswick*, which is in latitude about *forty-eight*; and at Wilmington in Delaware State, which is in latitude about *thirty-nine*. In *both these places* I had as fine cabbages, turnips, and garden things of all the hardy sorts, as any man need wish to see. Indian Corn grew and ripened well in fields at Frederickton. And, of course, the summer was sufficient for the perfecting of all plants for cattle-food. And, how *necessary* is this food in Northern Climates! More to the Southward than Delaware State I have not been; but, in those countries the farmers have to pick and choose. They have two Long

Island summers and falls, and three English, in every year.

187. According to these various circumstances men must form their judgment; but, it may be of some use to state the *length of time*, which is required to bring each sort of cabbage to perfection. The following sorts are, it appears to me, all that can, in any case, be necessary. I have put against each nearly the time, that it will require to bring it to *perfection*, from the time of *planting out* in the places where the plants are to stand to come to perfection. The plants are supposed to be of a good size when *put out*, to have stood sufficiently *thin* in the seed-bed, and to have been kept clear from weeds in that bed. They are also supposed to go into ground well prepared.

Early Salisbury . . .	Six weeks.
Early York . . . .	Eight weeks.
Early Battersea . . .	Ten weeks.
Sugar Loaf . . . . .	Eleven weeks.
Late Battersea . . .	Sixteen weeks.
Red Kentish . . . .	Sixteen weeks.
Drum-head . . . . .	} Five months.
Thousand-headed . . .	
Large hollow . . .	
Ox cabbage . . . . .	
Savoy . . . . .	

188. It should be observed, that Savoy, which are so very rich in winter, are not so good, till they have been *pinched by frost*. I have put *red* cabbage down as a sort to be cultivated, because they are as good as the white of the same size, and because it may be convenient, in the farmer's family, to have some of them. The *thousand-headed* is of prodigious produce. You pull off the heads, of which it bears a great number at first, and others come; and so on for months, if the weather permit; so that this sort does not take five months to bring its *first* heads to perfection. When I say *perfection*, I mean quite *hard*; quite *ripe*. However, this is a *coarse* cabbage, and requires great room. The *Ox-cabbage* is coarser than the *Drum-head*. The *Large hollow* is a very fine cabbage; but it requires very good land. Some of all the sorts would be best; but, I hope, I have now given information enough to enable any one to form a judgment correct enough to *begin* with. Experience will be the best guide for the future. An *ounce* of each sort of seed would, perhaps, be enough; and the cost is, when compared with the object, too trifling to be thought of.

189. Notwithstanding all that I have said, or can say, upon the subject of cabbages, I am very well aware, that the extension of the cul-

tivation of them, in America, will be a work of *time*. A proposition to do any thing *new*, in so common a calling as agriculture, is looked at with suspicion; and, by some, with feelings not of the kindest description; because it seems to imply an imputation of *ignorance* in those to whom the proposition is made. A little reflection will, however, suppress this feeling in men of sense; and, those who still entertain it may console themselves with the assurance, that no one will desire to *compel* them to have stores of green, or moist, cattle-food in winter. To be *ashamed* to be taught is one of the greatest of human follies; but, I must say, that it is a folly less prevalent in America than in any other country with which I am acquainted.

190. Besides the disposition to reject novelties, this proposition of mine has *books* to contend against. I read, last fall, in an American Edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, "*greatly enlarged and improved*," some observations on the culture of cabbages as cattle-food, which were well calculated to deter a reader of that book from attempting the culture. I do not recollect the *words*; but, the substance was, that this plant *could not be cultivated to advantage by the farmer in AMERICA*. This was the more provoking to me, as I had,

at that moment, so fine a piece of cabbages in *Long Island*. If the American Editor of this work had given his readers the bare, *unimproved*, Scotch Edition, the reader would have there seen, that, in England and Scotland, they raise *sixty-eight tons* of cabbages (*tons* mind) upon *an acre*; and that the whole expence of an acre, exclusive of rent, is *one pound, fourteen shillings and a penny*; or *seven dollars and seventy-five cents*. Say that the expence in America is double and the crop one half, or *one fourth*, if you like. Where are *seventeen tons* of green food in winter, or even in summer, to be got for *sixteen dollars*; Nay, where is that quantity, of such a quality, to be got for *fifty dollars*? The Scotch Edition gives an account of *fifty-four tons* raised on an acre where the land was worth only *twelve shillings* (less than *three dollars*) an acre. In *fairness*, then, the American Editor should have given to his agricultural readers what the Scotchman had said upon the subject. And, if he still thought it right to advise the American farmers not to think of cabbages, he should, I think, have offered them some, at least, of the *reasons* for his believing, that that which was obtained in such abundance in England and Scotland, was not to be obtained to any profit at all here. What! will not this immense



region furnish a climate, for this purpose, equal even to Scotland, where an *oat* will hardly ripen; and where the crop of that miserable grain is sometimes harvested amidst ice and snow! The proposition is, upon the face of it, an absurdity; and my experience proves it to be false.

191. This book says, if I recollect rightly, that the culture has been *tried*, and has *failed*. Tried? How tried? That cabbages, and most beautiful cabbages *will grow*, in all parts of America, every farmer knows; for he *has* them in his garden, or sees them, every year, in the gardens of others. And, if they will grow in *gardens*, why not in *fields*? Is there common sense in supposing, that they will not grow in a piece of land, because it is not *called a garden*? The Encyclopædia Britannica gives an account of *twelve acres* of cabbages, which would keep “*forty-five oxen and sixty sheep*” for *three months*; improving them as much as “the grass in the best months in the year (in “England) May, June, and July.” Of these large cabbages, being at four feet apart in the rows, one man will easily plant out *an acre in a day*. As to the *seed-bed*, the labour of that is nothing, as we have seen. Why, then, are men frightened at the *labour*? All but the mere act of planting is performed by oxen or

horses; and they never complain of "*the labour.*" The labour of an acre of cabbages is *not half so much as that of an acre of Indian Corn.* The bringing in of the crop and applying it are not more expensive than those of the corn. And will any man pretend, that an acre of good cabbages is not worth three times as much as a crop of good corn? Besides, if *early* cabbages, they are off and leave the land for transplanted Swedish Turnips, for Late Cabbages, or for Buckwheat; and, if *late* cabbages, they come after early ones, after wheat, rye, oats, or barley. This is what takes place even in England, where the fall is so much shorter, as to growing weather, than it is in Long Island, and, of course, all the way to Georgia. More to the North, in the latitude of Boston, for instance, two crops of early cabbages will come upon the same ground; or a crop of early cabbages will follow any sort of grain, except Buckwheat.

192. In concluding this Chapter I cannot help strongly recommending farmers who may be disposed to try this culture, to try it *fairly*. That is to say, to employ *true seed*, *good land*, and *due care*; for, as "men do not gather grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles," so they do not harvest cabbages from stems of rape. Then, as to the land, it must be made

good and rich, if it be not in that state already; for a cabbage will not be fine, where a white Turnip will; but as the quantity of land, wanted for this purpose, is comparatively very small, the land may easily be made rich. The after-culture of cabbages is trifling. No weeds to plague us with *hand-work*. Two good ploughings, at most, will suffice. But ploughing after planting out is necessary; and, besides, it leaves the ground in so fine a state. The trial may be on a small scale, if the farmer please. Perhaps it were best to be such. But, on whatever scale, let the *trial* be a *fair trial*.

193. I shall speak again of the *use* of cabbages, when I come to speak of *Hogs* and *Cows*.

## CHAP. IV.

## EARTH-BURNING, 1818.

194. IN paragraphs 99, 100, and 101, I spoke of a mode of procuring *manure* by the burning of *earth*, and I proposed to try it this present year. This I have now done, and I proceed to give an account of the result.

195. I have tried the efficacy of this manure on Cabbages, Swedish Turnips, Indian Corn, and Buckwheat. In the three former cases the Ashes were put into the furrow and the earth was turned over them, in the same way that I have described, in Paragraph 177, with regard to the manure for Savoys. I put at the rate of about *twenty tons* weight to an acre. In the case of the Buckwheat, the Ashes were spread out of the waggon upon a little strip of land on the out-side of the piece. They were *thickly* spread; and it might be, that the proportion exceeded even *thirty tons* to the acre. But, upon the part where the ashes were spread, the Buckwheat was three or four times as good as upon the land adjoining. The land was *very poor*. It bore Buckwheat *last* year, without any manure.

It had two good ploughings then, and it had two good ploughings again this year, but had no manure, except the part above-mentioned and one other part at a great distance from it. So that the trial was very fair indeed.

196. In every instance the ashes produced *great effect*; and I am now quite certain, that *any crop* may be raised with the help of this manure; that is to say, any *sort* of crop; for, of dung, wood-ashes, and earth-ashes, when all are ready upon the spot, without *purchase* or *carting from a distance*, the two former are certainly to be employed in preference to the latter, because a smaller quantity of them will produce the same effect, and, of course, the application of them is less expensive. But, in taking to a farm unprovided with the two former; or under circumstances which make it profitable to *add* to the land under cultivation, what can be so convenient, what so cheap, as ashes procured in this way?

197. A near neighbour of mine, Mr. DAYREA, sowed a piece of Swedish Turnips, broad-cast, in June, this year. The piece was near a wood, and there was a great quantity of *clods* of a *grassy* description. These he burnt into *ashes*, which ashes he spread over one half of the piece, while he put *soaper's ashes* over the other part of the piece. I saw the turnips in

October ; and there was no visible difference in the two parts, whether as to the vigourousness of the plants or the bulk of the turnips. They were sown broad-cast, and stood unevenly upon the ground. They were harvested a month ago (it is now 26 November), which was *a month too early*. They would have been a third, at least, more in bulk, and much better in quality, if they had remained in the ground until now. The piece was 70 paces long and 7 paces wide ; and, the reader will find, that, as the piece produced *forty bushels*, this was at the rate of *four hundred bushels to the acre*.

198. What quantity of *earth ashes* were spread on this piece it is impossible to ascertain with precision ; but, I shall suppose the quantity to have been very large indeed in proportion to the surface of the land. Let it be four times the quantity of the soaper's ashes. Still, the one was made upon the spot, at, perhaps, a tenth part of the cost of the other ; and, as such ashes can be made upon any farm, there can be no reason for not *trying* the thing, at any rate, and which *trying* may be effected upon so small a scale as not to exceed in expence a half of a dollar. I presume, that many farmers will try this method of obtaining manure ; and, therefore, I will describe how the burning is effected.

199. There are two ways of producing ashes from earth: the one in heaps upon the ground, and the other within walls of turf, or earth. The first, indeed, is the burning of *turf*, or *peat*. But, let us see how it is done.

200. The surface of the land is taken off to a depth of two or three inches, and turned the earth side uppermost to *dry*. The land, of course, is covered with grass, or heath, or something the roots of which hold it together, and which makes the part taken off take the name of *turf*. In England, this operation is performed with a *turf-cutter*, and by hand. The turfs are then taken, or a part of them, at least, and placed on their *edges*, leaning against each other, like the two sides of the roof of a house. In this state they remain, 'till they are dry enough to burn. Then the burning is begun in this way. A little straw and some dry sticks, or any thing that will make a trifling fire, is lighted. Some little bits of the turf are put to this. When the turf is on fire, more bits are carefully put round against the openings whence the smoke issues. In the course of a day or two the heap grows large. The burning keeps working on the inside, though there never appears any *blaze*. Thus the field is *studded* with heaps. After the *first* fire is got to be of considerable bulk, no straw is wanted

for other heaps, because a good shovel full of *fire* can be carried to light other heaps; and so, until all the heaps are lighted. Then the workman goes from heap to heap, and carries the turf to all, by degrees, putting some to each heap every day or two, until all the field be burnt. He takes care to keep in the smoke as much as possible. When all the turf is put on, the field is left; and, in a week or two, whether it rain or not, the heaps are *ashes* instead of earth. The ashes are afterwards spread upon the ground; the ground is ploughed and sowed; and this is regarded as the very best preparation for a crop of turnips.

201. This is called "*paring and burning*." It was introduced into England by the *Romans*, and it is strongly recommended in the First Georgic of Virgil, in, as Mr. TULL shows, very fine poetry, very bad philosophy, and still worse logic. It gives three or four crops upon even poor land; but, it *ruins* the land for an age. Hence it is, that *tenants*, in England, are, in many cases, *restrained* from paring and burning, especially towards the close of their leases. It is the Roman husbandry, which has always been followed, until within a century, by the French and English. It is implicitly followed in France to this day; as it is by the great mass of common farmers in



England. All the foolish country sayings about *Friday* being an *unlucky day* to begin any thing fresh upon ; about the *noise of Geese* foreboding bad weather ; about the *signs of the stars* ; about the influence of the *moon* on animals : these, and scores of others, equally ridiculous and equally injurious to true philosophy and religion, came from the Romans, and are inculcated in those books, which pedants call “ *classical*,” and which are taught to “ *young gentlemen*” at the universities and in academies. Hence, too, the foolish notions of sailors about *Friday*, which notions very often retard the operations of commerce. I have known many a farmer, when his wheat was dead ripe, put off the beginning of harvest from Thursday to Saturday, in order to avoid *Friday*. The *stars* save hundreds of thousands of lambs and pigs from sexual degradation at so early an age as the operation would otherwise be performed upon them. These heathen notions still prevail even in America as far as relates to this matter. A neighbour of mine in Long Island, who was to operate on some pigs and lambs for me, begged me to put the thing off for a while ; for, that the *Almanac* told him, that the *signs* were, just then, as *unfavourable* as possible. I begged him to proceed, for that I set all *stars* at defiance. He very kindly

complied, and had the pleasure to see, that every pig and lamb did well. He was surprised when I told him, that this mysterious matter was not only a bit of *priest-craft*, but of *heathen* priest-craft, cherished by priests of a more modern date, because it tended to bewilder the senses and to keep the human mind in subjection. "What a thing it is, Mr. Wiggins," said I, "that a cheat practised upon the pagans of Italy, two or three thousand years ago, should, by almanac-makers, be practised on a sensible farmer in America!" If priests, instead of preaching so much about mysteries, were to explain to their hearers the origin of cheats like this, one might be ready to allow, that the wages paid to them were not wholly thrown away.

202. I make no apology for this digression; for, if it have a tendency to set the minds of only a few persons on the track of detecting the cheater of priests, the room which it occupies will have been well bestowed.

203. To return to *paring and burning*; the reader will see with what ease it might be done in America, where the *sun* would do more than half the work. Besides the *paring* might be done with the *plough*. A sharp shear, going shallow, could do the thing perfectly well. Cutting *across* would make the *sward* into turfs.

204. So much for *paring and burning*. But, what I recommend is, not to burn the land which is to be cultivated, but *other earth*, for the purpose of getting ashes to be brought on the land. And this operation, I perform thus : I make a circle, or an oblong square. I cut *sods* and build a wall all round, three feet thick and four feet high. I then light a fire in the middle with straw, dry sticks, boughs, or such like matter. I go on making this fire larger and larger till it extends over the whole of the bottom of the pit, or kiln. I put on roots of trees or any rubbish wood, till there be a good thickness of strong coals. I then put on the *driest* of the clods that I have ploughed up round about so as to cover all the fire over. The earth thus put in will burn. You will see the smoke coming out at little places here and there. Put more clods wherever the smoke appears. Keep on thus for a day or two. By this time a great mass of fire will be in the inside. And now you may dig out the clay, or earth, any where round the kiln, and fling it on without ceremony, always taking care *to keep in the smoke*; for, if you suffer that to continue coming out at any one place, a hole will soon be made; the main force of the fire will draw to that hole; a blaze, like that of a volcano will come out, and the fire will be extinguished.

205. A very good way, is, to put your finger into the top of the heap here and there; and if you find the fire *very near*, throw on more earth. Not *too much at a time*; for that weighs too heavily on the fire, and keeps it back; and, at *first*, will put it partially out. You keep on thus augmenting the kiln, till you get to the top of the walls, and then you may, if you like, raise the walls, and still go on. No rain will affect the fire when once it is become strong.

206. The principle is to *keep out air*, whether at the top or the sides, and this you are sure to do, if you *keep in the smoke*. I burnt, this last summer, about thirty waggon loads in one round kiln, and never saw the smoke at all after the first four days. I put in my finger to try whether the fire was near the top; and when I found it approaching, I put on more earth. Never was a kiln more completely burnt.

207.- Now, this may be done on the skirt of any wood, where the matters are all at hand. This mode is far preferable to the *above-ground* burning in *heaps*. Because, in the first place, there the materials must be *turf*, and dry turf; and, in the next place, the *smoke escapes there*, which is the finest part of burnt matter. *Soot*, we know well, is more powerful than ashes;

and, soot is composed of the *grossest part of the smoke*. That which flies out of the chimney is the best part of all.

208. In case of a want of *wood* wherewith to begin the fire, the fire may be lighted precisely as in the case of *paring and burning*. If the kiln be large, the oblong square is the best figure. About *ten feet wide*, because then a man can fling the earth easily over every part. The mode they pursue in England, where there is no *wood*, is to make a sort of building in the kiln with turfs, and leave air-holes at the corners of the walls, till the fire be well begun. But this is tedious work; and, in this country wholly unnecessary. Care must, however, be taken, that the fire be well lighted. The matter put in *at first* should be such as is of the lightest description; so that a *body of earth on fire* may be obtained, before it be too heavily loaded.

209. The burning being completed, having got the quantity you want, let the kiln remain. The fire will continue to work, 'till all is ashes. If you want to *use* the ashes sooner, open the kiln. They will be cold enough to remove in a week.

210. Some persons have *peat*, or bog earth. This may be burnt like common earth, in kilns, or *dry*, as in the *paring and burning* method.

Only, the *peat* should be cut out in the *shape of bricks*, as much longer and bigger as you find convenient, and set up to dry, in the same way that bricks are set up to dry previous to the burning. This is the *only fuel* for houses in some parts of England. I myself was nursed and brought up without ever seeing any other sort of fire. The ashes used, in those times, to be sold for *four pence sterling a bushel*, and were frequently carried, after the purchase, to a distance of ten miles, or more : At this time, in my own neighbourhood, in Hampshire, peat is burnt in large quantities for the ashes, which are sold, I believe, as high as *sixpence sterling a bushel*, and carried to a distance even of twenty miles in some cases.

211. Nevertheless it is certain, that these ashes are not equally potent upon every sort of soil. We do not use them much at Botley, though upon the spot. They are carried away to the higher and poorer lands, where they are *sown by hand* upon *clover* and *sain-foin*. An excellent farmer, in this Island, assures me, that he has tried them in various ways, and never found them to have effect. So say the farmers near Botley. But, there is no harm in making a *trial*. It is done with a mere nothing of expence. A yard square in a garden is quite sufficient for the experiment.

212. With respect to earth-ashes, burnt in kilns, *keeping in the smoke*, I have proved their great good effect; but, still, I would recommend *trying* them upon a small scale. However, let it be borne in mind, that the proportion to the acre ought to *be large*. Thirty good tons to an acre; and why may it not be such, seeing that the expence is so trifling?

## CHAP. V.

## TRANSPLANTING INDIAN CORN.

213. I WAS always of opinion, that this would be the best mode, under certain circumstances, of dealing with this crop. The *spring*, in this part of America, and further to the North, is but *short*. It is nearly winter 'till it is summer. The labours of the year are, at this season, very much *crowded*. To plant the grains of the Indian Corn over a whole field requires previous ploughing, harrowing, marking, and manuring. The consequence is, that, as there are so many other things to do, something is but too often badly done.

214. Now, if this work of Corn planting could be postponed to the 25th of June (for this Island) instead of being performed on, or about the 15th of May, how well the ground might be prepared by the 25th of June! This can be done only by transplanting the plants of the Corn. I was resolved to try this; and so confident was I that it would succeed, that I had made some part of my preparations for *six acres*.



215. I sowed the seed at about three inches apart, in beds, on *the 20th of May*. The plants stood in the beds (about 15 perches of ground) till the *first of July*. They were now *two feet and a half high*; and I was ready to begin *planting out*. The weather had been dry in the extreme. Not a drop of rain for nearly a month. My land was poor, but clean; and I ought to have proceeded to do the job at once. My principal man had heard so much in ridicule of the project, that he was constantly begging and praying me not to persevere. "*Every body* said it was *impossible* for the "*Corn to live!*" However, I began. I ploughed a part of the field into four-foot ridges, and, one evening, set on, thus: I put a good quantity of earth-ashes in the deep furrow between the ridges, then turned back the earth over them, and then planted the Corn on the ridge, at a foot apart. We *pulled up* the plants without ceremony, cut off their roots to half an inch long, cut off their leaves about eight inches down from their points, and, with a long setting stick, stuck them about seven inches into the ground down amongst the fresh mould and ashes.

216. This was *on the first of July* in the evening; and, not willing to be *laughed at too much*, I thought I would pause two or three

days ; for, really, the sun seemed as if it would burn up the very earth. At the close of the second day, news was brought me, *that the Corn was all dead*. I went out and looked at it, and though I saw that it was not *dead*, I suffered the everlasting gloomy peal that my people rang in my ears to extort from me my consent to *the pulling up of the rest of the plants and throwing them away* ; consent which was acted upon with such joy, alacrity, and zeal, that the whole lot were lying under the garden fence in a few minutes. My man intended to give them to the oxen, from the charitable desire, I suppose, of annihilating this proof of his master's folly. He would have pulled up the two rows which we had transplanted ; but I would not consent to that ; for, I was resolved, that they should have a *week's trial*. At the end of the week I went out and looked at them. I *slipped* out at a time *when no one was likely to see me* ! At a hundred yards distance the plants looked like so many little Corn *stalks* in November ; but, at twenty yards, I saw that *all was right*, and I began to reproach myself for having suffered my mind to be thwarted in its purpose by opinions opposed to principles. I saw, that the plants were all *alive*, and had begun *to shoot in the heart*. I did not stop a minute. I hastened back to the

garden to see whether any of the plants, which lay in heaps, were yet alive.

217. Now, mind, the plants were put out on the first of July ; the 15 succeeding days were not only *dry*, but the very *hottest* of this gloriously hot summer. The plants that had been *flung away* were, indeed, nearly all *dead*; but, some, which lay at the bottoms of the heaps, were not only *alive*, but had *shot their roots into the ground*. I resolved to plant out two rows of these, even these. While I was at it Mr. JUDGE MITCHELL called upon me. He laughed at us very heartily. This was on the *8th of July*. I challenged him *to take him three to one* my two rows against any two rows of his corn of equal length ; and he is an excellent farmer on excellent land. “Then,” said I, “if you are afraid to back your opinion, I do not mind your *laugh*.”

218. On the 27th of August Mr. JUDGE MITCHELL and his brother the justly celebrated DOCTOR MITCHELL did me the honour to call here. I was gone to the mill ; but they saw *the Corn*. The next day I had the pleasure to meet Doctor Mitchell, for the first time, at his brother's ; and a very great pleasure it was ; for a man more full of knowledge and apparently less conscious of it, I never saw in my life. But, the Corn : “What do you think of my

“Corn now?” I asked Mr. MITCHELL whether he did not think I should have won the wager. “Why, I do not know, indeed,” said he, “as to the two first planted rows.”

219. On the 10th of September, Mr. JUDGE LAWRENCE, in company with a young gentleman, saw the Corn. He examined the ears. Said that they were well-filled, and the grains large. He made some calculations as to the amount of the crop. I think he agreed with me, that it would be at the rate of about *forty bushels to the acre*. All that now remained was to harvest the Corn, in a few weeks' time, to shell, to weigh it; and to obtain a couple of rows of equal length of every neighbour surrounding me; and then, make the comparison, the triumphant result of which I anticipated with so much certainty, that my impatience for the harvest exceeded in degree the heat of the weather, though that continued broiling hot. That very night! the night following the day when Mr. JUDGE LAWRENCE saw the Corn, eight or nine steers and heifers leaped, or broke, into my pasture from the road, kindly poked down the fence of the field to take with them four oxen of my own which had their heads tied down, and in they all went just upon the transplanted Corn, of which they left neither ear nor stem, except about two bushels

of ears which they had, in their haste, trampled under foot! What a mortification! Half an acre of fine cabbages nearly destroyed by the biting a hole in the hearts of a great part of them; turnips torn up and trampled about; a scene of destruction and waste, which, at another time, would have made me stamp and rave (if not swear) like a mad-man, seemed now nothing at all. The *Corn* was such a blow, that nothing else was felt. I was, too, both hand-tied and tongue-tied. I had nothing to wreak my vengeance on. In the case of the Boroughmongers I can repay blow with blow, and, as they have already felt, with interest and compound interest. But, there was no human being that I could blame; and, as to the depredators themselves, though in this instance, their conduct did seem worthy of another being, whom priests have chosen to furnish with horns as well as tail, what was I to do against them? In short, I had, for once in my life, to submit peaceably and quietly, and to content myself with a firm resolution never to plant, or sow, again without the protection of a fence, which an ox cannot get over and which a pig cannot go under.

220. This Corn had every disadvantage to contend with: poor land; no manure but earth-ashes burnt out of that same land; planted in

dry earth ; planted in dry and hot weather ; no rain to enter *two inches*, until the 8th of August, nine and thirty days after the transplanting ; and yet, *every plant had one good perfect ear*, and, besides, *a small ear to each plant* ; and some of the plants had *three ears*, two perfect and one imperfect. Even the *two last-planted rows*, though they were not so good, were *not bad*. My opinion is, that their produce would have been at the rate of 25 bushels to the acre ; and this is not a *bad* crop of Corn.

221. For my part, if I should cultivate Corn again, I shall transplant it to a certainty. Ten days earlier, perhaps ; but I shall certainly transplant what I grow. I know, that the *labour will be less*, and I believe that the crop will be far greater. No dropping the seed ; no hand-hoing ; no patching after the *cut-worm*, or *brown grub* ; no *suckers* ; no grass and weeds ; no *stifling* ; every plant has its proper space ; all is clean ; and one good deep ploughing, or two at most, leaves the ground as clean as a garden ; that is to say, as a garden *ought* to be. The sowing of the seed in beds is one day's work (for ten acres) for one man. Hoing the young plants, another day. Transplanting, *four* dollars an acre to the very outside. " But " where are the *hands* to come from to do the " transplanting ? " One would think, that, to-

hear this question so often repeated, the people in America were like the Rhodian Militia, described in the beautiful poem of Dryden, "*mouths without hands*." Far, however, is this from being the case; or else, where would the *hands* come from to do the *marking*; the *dropping and covering* of the Corn; the *hand-hoing* of it, sometimes twice; the *patching* after the grubs; the *suckering* when that work is done, as it always ought to be? Put the plague and expences of all these operations together, and you will, I believe, find them to exceed four or even six, dollars an acre, if they be all *well* done, and the Corn kept perfectly clean.

222. The transplanting of ten acres of Corn cannot be done *all in one day* by two or three men; nor is it at all necessary that it should. It may be done within the space of twelve or fourteen days. Little boys and girls, very small, will carry the plants, and if the farmer will but try, he will *stick in an acre a day himself*; for, observe, nothing is so easily done. There is no fear of *dearth*. The plants, in soft ground, might almost be poked down like so many sticks. I did not try it; but, I am pretty sure, that the *roots* might be cut all off close, so that the stump were left entire. For, mind, a *fibre*, of a stout thing, never grows again

*after removal.* New ones must come out of *new roots* too, or the plant, whether corn or tree, will die. When some people plant *trees*, they are so careful not to cut off the little *hairy fibres*; for these, they think, will *catch hold of the ground immediately*. If, when they have planted in the fall, they were to open the ground in June the next year, what would be their surprise to find all the hairy fibres in a mouldy state, and the new *small roots* shot out of the *big roots* of the tree, and no new fibres at all yet? for, these come out of the new small roots! It is the same with every sort of plant, except of a very small size and very quickly moved from earth to earth.

223. If any one choose to try this method of cultivating Corn, let him bear in mind, that the plants ought to be *strong*, and nearly *two feet high*. The leaves should be shortened by all means; for, they *must* perish at the tops before the new flow of sap can reach them. I have heard people say, that they *have* tried transplanting Corn very often, but have never found it to answer. But *how* have they tried it? Why, when the grub has destroyed a hill, they have taken from other hills the superabundant plants and filled up the vacancy. In the first place, they have done this when the plants were *small*: that is not my plan. "Then they



have put the plants in *stale hard ground*: that is not my plan. Then they have put them into ground where prosperous neighbours had *the start of them*: that is not my plan. I am not at all surprized, that they have not found their plan to *answer*; but, that is no reason that mine should not answer. The best way will be to try *three rows* in any field, and see which method requires the least labour and produces the largest crop.

224. At any rate, the facts, which I have stated upon this subject are curious in themselves; they are useful, as they shew what we may venture to do in the removing of plants; and they shew most clearly how unfounded are the fears of those, who imagine, that Corn is *injured* by ploughing between it and breaking its roots. My plants owed their vigour and their fruit to *their removal into fresh pasture*; and, the oftener the land is ploughed between growing crops of any sort (allowing the roots to shoot between the ploughings) the better it is. I remember that LORD RANELAH showed me in 1806, in his garden at Fulham, a peach tree, which he had removed in *full bloom*, and that must have been in March, and which bore a great crop of fine fruit the same year. If a *tree* can be thus dealt with, why need we fear to transplant such things as Indian Corn?

## CHAP. VI.

## SWEDISH TURNIPS.

225. UPON this subject I have no great deal to add to what was said in Part I. Chap. II. There are a few things, however, that I omitted to mention, which I will mention here.

226. I sow my seed by *hand*. All *machinery* is imperfect for this purpose. The wheel of the drill meets with a sudden check; it jumps; the holes are stopped; a clogging or an improper impelling takes place; a *gap* is produced, and it can never be put to rights; and, after all, the sowing upon four feet ridges is very nearly as *quickly* performed by hand. I make the drills, or channels, to sow the seed in by means of a light *roller*, which is drawn by a horse, which rolls two ridges at a time, and which has two markers following the roller, making a drill upon the top of each ridge. This saves time; but, if the *hand* do the whole, a man will draw the drills, sow the seed, and cover an acre in a day with ease.

227. The only mischief in this case, is, that of sowing *too thick*; and this arises from the

seed being so nearly of the *colour of the earth*. To guard against this evil, I this year adopted a method which succeeded perfectly. I *wetted* the seed with water a little, I then put some *whitening* to it, and by rubbing them well together, the seed became *white* instead of *brown*; so that the man when sowing, could *see* what he was about.

228. In my directions for *transplanting turnips* I omitted to mention one very important thing; the care to be taken *not to bury the heart of the plant*. I observed how necessary it was to fix the plant *firmly in the ground*; and, as the planter is strictly charged to do this, he is apt to pay little attention to the *means* by which the object is accomplished. The thing is done easily enough, if you cram the butts of the leaves down below the surface. But, this brings the earth, with the first rain at least, over the *heart* of the plant; and then it will never *grow* at all: it will just *live*; but will never increase in size one single jot. Care, therefore, must be taken of this. The fixing is to be effected by the stick being applied to the *point* of the root; as mentioned in paragraph 85. Not to fix the plant is a great fault; but to bury the heart is a much greater; for, if this be done, the plant is sure to die.

229. My own crop of Swedish Turnips this year is far inferior to that of last in every respect. The season has been singularly unfavourable to all green and root crops. The *grass* has been barer than it was, I believe, ever known to be; and, of course, other vegetables have experienced a similar fate. Yet, I have some very good turnips; and, even with such a season, they are worth more than three times what a crop of Corn on the same land would have been. I am now (25th Nov.) giving the greens to my cow and hogs. A cow and forty stout hogs eat the greens of about twenty or thirty rods of turnips in a day. My five acres of greens will last about 25 days. I give no corn or grain of any sort to these hogs, and my English hogs are *quite fat enough for fresh pork*. I have about 25 more pigs to join these forty in a month's time: about 40 more will join those before April. My cabbages on an acre and a half of ground will carry me well on till February (unless I send my Savoy to New York), and, when the cabbages are done, I have my Swedish Turnips for March, April, May and June, with a great many to sell if I choose. I have, besides, a dozen ewes to keep on the same food, with a few wethers and lambs, for my house. In June *Early Cabbages*

*come in*; and then the hogs feed on them. Thus the year is brought round.

230. But, what pleases me most, as to the Swedish Turnips, is, that several of my neighbours have tried the culture, and have far surpassed me in it this year. Their land is better than mine, and they have had no Borough-villains and Bank-villains to fight against. Since my Turnips were sown, I have written great part of a Grammar and have sent twenty Registers to England, besides writing letters amounting to a reasonable volume in bulk; the whole of which has made an average of *nine pages of common print a day*, Sundays included. And, besides this, I have been *twelve days* from home, on business, and about *five* on visits. Now, whatever may have been the *quality* of the writings; whether they demanded *mind* or not, is no matter: they demanded time for the *fingers* to move in, and yet, I have not written a hundred pages *by candle-light*. A man knows not what he can do 'till he *tries*. But, then, mind, I have always been up with the cocks and hens; and I have drunk nothing but milk and water. It is a saying, that "*wine* inspires *wit*;" and that "*in wine* there is *truth*." These sayings are the apologies of drinkers. Every thing that produces *intoxication*, though in but the slightest degree, is injurious to the *mind*; whether it

be such to the body or not, is a matter of far less consequence. My Letter to Mr. TIERNEY, on the state of the Paper-Money, has, I find, produced a great and general impression in England. The subject was of great importance, and the treating it involved much of that sort of reasoning which is the most difficult of execution. That Letter, consisting of *thirty-two full pages of print*, I wrote in one day, and that, too, on the 11th of July, the hottest day in the year. But, I never could have done this, if I had been guzzling wine, or grog, or beer, or cider, all the day. I hope the reader will excuse this digression; and, for my own part, I think nothing of the charge of *egotism*, if, by indulging in it, I produce a proof of the excellent effects of *sobriety*. It is not *drunkenness* that I cry out against: that is *bestly*, and beneath my notice. It is *drinking*; for a man may be a great *drinker*, and yet no *drunkard*. He may accustom himself to swallow, 'till his belly is a sort of tub. The Spaniards, who are a very sober people, call such a man "*a wine bag*," it being the custom in that country to put wine into bags, made of *skins* or *hides*. And, indeed, *wine bag* or *grog bag* or *beer bag* is the suitable appellation.

231. To return to the Swedish Turnips, it was impossible for me to attend to them in per-

son *at all*; for, if I once *got out*, I should have *kept out*. I was very anxious about them; but much more anxious about my duty to my countrymen, who have remained so firmly attached to me, and in whose feelings and views, as to public matters, I so fully participate. I left my men to do their best, and, considering the season, they did very well. I have observed before, that I never saw my *Savoys* 'till *two months* after they were planted out in the field, and I never saw some of my Swedish Turnips 'till within these fifteen days.

232. But, as I said before, some of my neighbours have made the experiment with great success. I mentioned Mr. Dayrea's crop before, at paragraph 197. Mr. HART, at South Hampstead, has a fine piece, as my son informs me. His account is, that the field looked, in October, as fine as any that he ever saw in England. Mr. JUDGE MITCHELL has a small field that were, when I saw them, as fine as any that I ever saw in my life. He had transplanted some in the driest and hottest weather; and they were exceedingly fine, notwithstanding the singular untowardness of the season.

233. Mr. JAMES BYRD of Flushing, has, however, done the thing upon the largest scale. He sowed, in June, about two acres and a half upon ridges *thirty inches* apart. They were

very fine; and, in September, their leaves met across the intervals. On the 21st of September I saw them for the second time. The field was one body of beautiful green. The weather still very dry. I advised Mr. Byrd to *plough between them* by all means; for the roots had met long before across the interval. He observed, that the horse would *trample on the leaves*. I said, "never mind: the good done by the plough will be ten times greater than the injury done by the breaking of leaves." He said, that, great as his fears were, he would follow my advice. I saw the turnips again on the 8th of October, when I found, that he had *begun* the ploughing; but, that the horse *made such havock amongst the leaves*, and his *workman made such clamorous remonstrances*, that, after doing a little piece, Mr. Byrd *desisted*. These were reasons wholly insufficient to satisfy me; and at the latter, *the remonstrances of a workman*, I should have ridiculed, without a grain of mercy; only I recollected, that my men had remonstrated me (partly with sorrowful looks and shakes of the head) out of my design to transplant six acres of Indian Corn.

234. Mr. BYRD's crop was about 350 bushels to an acre. I was at his house on the 23rd of this month (November); and there I heard two things from him which I communicate with



great pleasure. The first was, that, from the time he began taking up his turnips, he began feeding his cows upon the *greens*; and, that this *doubled* the quantity of *their milk*. That the greens might last as long as possible, he put them in *small heaps*, that they might not *heat*. He took up his turnips, however, nearly a month *too early*. They grow till the *hard* frosts come. The greens are not so good till they have had *some little frost*; and, the bulb should be *ripe*. I have been now (27 Nov.) about ten days cutting off my greens. The bulbs I shall take up in about ten days hence. Those that are not consumed by that time, I shall put in small heaps in the field, and bring them away as they may be wanted.

235. The other thing stated to me by Mr. BYRD pleased me very much indeed; not only an account of its being a complete confirmation of a great principle of TULL applied to land in this climate, but on account also of the candour of Mr. BYRD, who, when he had seen the result, said, "I was wrong, friend Cobbett, in "not following thy advice." And then he went on to tell me, *that the turnips in the piece which he had ploughed after the 21st of September were a crop a fourth part greater* than those adjoining them, which remained unploughed. Thus, then, let no one be afraid of breaking

the pretty leaves that look so gay; and, how false, then must be the notion, that to plough Indian-Corn in *dry weather*, or *late*, is injurious! *Why* should it not be as beneficial to Corn as to Turnips and Cabbages?

236. Mr. BYRD transplanted with his superabundant plants, about two acres and a half. These he had not taken up on the 23rd of November. They were not so fine as the others, owing, in part, to *the hearts of many having been buried*, and to the whole having been put *too deep into* the ground. But, the ridges of both fields were *too close together*. Four feet is the distance. You cannot plough clean and deep within a smaller space without throwing the earth over the plants. But, as bulk of crop is the object, it is very hard to persuade people, that *two rows are not better than one*. Mr. JUDGE MITCHELL is a true disciple of the TULLIAN SYSTEM. His rows were four feet asunder; his ridges high; all according to rule. If I should be able to see his crop, or him, before this volume goes to the press, I will give some account of the result of his labours.

237. This year has shown me, that America is not wholly exempt from that mortal enemy of turnips, the *fly*, which mawled some of mine, and which carried off a whole piece for Mr. JUDGE LAWRENCE at Bay-side. Mr. BYRD says,

that he thinks, that to soak the seed in *fish-oil* is of use as a protection. It is very easy to *try* it; but, the best security is, pretty early sowing *thick*, and transplanting. However, this has been a *singular year*; and, even this year, the ravages of the *fly* have been, generally speaking, but trifling.

238. Another enemy has, too, made his appearance: the *caterpillar*; which came about the tenth of October. These eat the leaves; and, sometimes, they will, as in England, *eat all up*, if left alone. In Mr. BYRD's field, they were proceeding on pretty rapidly, and, therefore he took up his turnips earlier than he would have done. *Wide rows* are a great protection against these *sinecure gentry* of the fields. They attacked me on the outside of a piece joining some buck-wheat, where they had been bred. When the buckwheat was cut, they sallied out upon the turnips, and, like the spawn of real Boroughmongers, they, after eating all the leaves of the first row, went on to the second, and were thus proceeding to devour the whole. I went with my plough, ploughed a deep furrow *from* the rows of turnips, as far as the caterpillars had gone. Just shook the plants and gave the top of the ridge a bit of a sweep with a little broom. Then *buried them alive*, by turning the furrows back. Oh! that the people of

England could treat the Borough-villains and their swarms in the same way ! Then might they hear without envy of the easy and happy lives of American farmers !

239. A good *sharp frost* is the only complete doctor for this complaint ; but, wide rows and ploughing will do much, where the attack is made *in line*, as in my case. Sometimes, however, the enemy starts up, here and there, all over the field ; and then you must plough the whole field, or be content with turnips *without greens*, and with a diminished crop of turnips into the bargain. Mr. BYRD told me, that the caterpillars did *not attack the part of the field which he ploughed after the 21st of September* with nearly so much fury as they attacked the rest of the field ! To be sure ; for, the turnip leaves there, having received fresh vigour from the ploughing, were of a taste more *acrid* ; and, you always see, that insects and reptiles, that feed on leaves and bark, choose the most sickly or feeble plants to begin upon, because the juices in them are sweeter. So that here is another reason, and not a weak one, for *deep and late* ploughing.

240. I shall speak again of Swedish turnips when I come to treat of *hogs* ; but, I will here add a few remarks on the subject of *preserving* the roots. In paragraph 106, I described the

manner in which I *stacked* my turnips last year. That did very well. But, I will not, this year, make any hole in the ground, I will pile up about thirty bushels upon the level ground, in a pyramidal form, and then, to keep the earth from running amongst them, put over a little straw, or leaves of trees, and about four or five inches of earth over the whole. For, mind, the object is not to *prevent freezing*. The turnips will freeze as hard as stones. But, so that they do not *see the sun*, or *the light*, till they are *thawed*, it is no matter. This is the case even with apples. I preserved *white turnips* this way last year. Keep the *light out*, and all will be safe with every root that I know any thing of, except that miserable thing, the *potatoe*, which, consisting of earth, of a small portion of flour, and of water *unmixed with sugar*, will freeze to perdition, if it freeze at all. Mind, it is no matter to the animals, whether the Swedish turnip, the white turnip, or the cabbage, be *frozen*, or not, at the time when they eat them. They are just as good ; and are as greedily eaten. Otherwise, how would our sheep in England *fatten* on turnips (even white turnips) in the open fields and amidst snows and hard frosts? But, a *potatoe*, let the frost once touch it, and it is *wet dirt*.

241. I am of opinion, that if there were *no*

*earth* put over the turnip heaps, or stacks, it would be better; and, it would be much *more convenient*. I shall venture it for a part of my crop; and I would recommend others to try it. The *Northern Winter* is, therefore, no objection to the raising, of any of these crops; and, indeed, the crops are far more necessary there than to the Southward, because the Northern Winter is so much longer than the Southern. Let the snows (even the Nova Scotia snows) come. There are the crops safe. Ten minutes brings in a waggon load at any time in winter, and the rest remain safe till spring.

242. I have been asked how I would manage the Swedish turnips, so as to keep them 'till *June* or *July*. In April (for Long Island); that is to say, when the roots begin to *shoot* out greens, or, as they will be, *yellow*s, when hidden from the *light*.—Let me stop here a moment, to make a remark which this circumstance has suggested. I have said before, that if you keep the bulbs from the *light*, they will freeze and thaw without the least injury. I was able to give no *reason* for this; and who can give a *reason* for leaves being *yellow* if they grow *in the dark*, and *green*, if they grow in the *light*? It is not the *sun* (except as the *source of light*) that makes the *green*; for any plant that grows in *constant shade* will be green; while

one that grows in the *dark* will be *yellow*. When my son, JAMES, was about *three* years old, LORD COCHRANE, lying against a green bank in the garden with him, had asked him many questions about the sky, and the river, and the sun and the moon, in order to learn what were the notions, as to those objects, in the mind of a child. JAMES grew tired, for, as ROUSSEAU, in his admirable exposure of the folly of teaching *by question and answer*, observes, *nobody likes to be questioned*, and especially children. "Well," said JAMES, "now *you tell me something*: what "is it that *makes the grass green*." His Lordship told him it was the *sun*. "Why," said JAMES, pulling up some grass, "you see it is "*white down here*." "Aye," replied my Lord, "but that is because the sun cannot *get at it*." "How *get at it*?" said James: "The sun makes "it *hot* all the way down." LORD COCHRANE came in to me, very much delighted: "Here," said he, "little JEMMY has started a fine subject of dispute for all the philosophers." If this page should have the honour to meet the eye of LORD COCHRANE, it will remind him of one of the many happy hours that we have passed together, and I beg him to regard any mention of the incident as a mark of that love and respect which I bear towards him, and of the

ardent desire I constantly have to see him avenged on all vile, cowardly, perjured and infamous persecutors.

243. When any one has told me, what it is that *makes* "grass green," I shall be able to tell him what it is that *makes* darkness preserve turnips; and, in the meanwhile, I am quite content with a perfect knowledge of the effects.

244. So far for the preservation *while winter lasts*; but, then, how to manage the roots when *spring* comes? Take the turnips out of the heaps; spread them upon the ground round about, or any where else in the sun. Let them get *perfectly dry*. If they lie *a month* in sun and rain alternately, it does not signify. They will take no injury. Throw them *on a barn's floor*; throw them into a *shed*; put them any where out of the way; only do not put them in *thick heaps*; for then they will heat, perhaps, and grow a little. I believe they may be kept the *whole year* perfectly sound and good; but, at any rate, I kept them thus, last year, *'till July*.

245. Of *saving seed* I have some little to say. I saved some, in order to see whether it *degenerated*; but, having, before the seed was ripe, had such complete proof of the degeneracy of *cabbage seed*; having been assured by Mr. WILLIAM SMITH, of Great Neck, that the



Swedish turnip seed had degenerated with him to a long whitish root; and, having, besides, seen the long, pale looking things in New York Market in June; I took no care of what I had growing, being *sure* of the real sort from England. However, Mr. BYRD's were from his *own seed*, which he has saved for several years. They differ from mine. They are *longer* in proportion to their circumference. The leaf is rather *more pointed*, and the inside of the bulb is not of *so deep* a yellow. Some of Mr. BYRD's have a little hole towards the crown, and the flesh is spotted with white where the green is cut off. He ascribes these defects to the season; and it may be so; but, I perceive them in none of my turnips, which are as clear and as sound, though not so large, as they were last year.

246. *Seed* is a great matter. Perhaps the best way, for farmers in general, would be always to *save some*, culling the plants carefully, as mentioned in paragraph 32. This might be sown, and also some English seed, the expense being so very trifling compared with the value of the object. At any rate, by saving some seed, a man has *something* to sow; and he has it always ready. He might change his seed once in three or four years. But, never forgetting carefully to select the plants, from which the seed is to be raised.

POSTSCRIPT TO THE CHAPTER ON SWEDISH  
TURNIPS.

247. Since writing the above, I have seen Mr. JUDGE MITCHELL, and having requested him to favour me with a written account of his experiment, he has obligingly complied with my request in a letter, which I here insert, together with my answer.

*Ploudome, 7 Dec. 1818.*

DEAR SIR,

248. About the first of June last, I received the First Part of your *Year's Residence in the United States*, which I was much pleased with, and particularly the latter part of the book, which contains a treatise on the culture of the Ruta Baga. This mode of culture was new to me, and I thought it almost impossible that a thousand bushels should be raised from one acre of ground. However, I felt very anxious to try the experiment in a small way.

249. Accordingly, on the 6th day of June, I ploughed up a small piece of ground, joining my salt meadow, containing *sixty-five rods*, that had not been ploughed for nearly thirty years. I ploughed the ground deep, and spread on it

about ten waggon loads of *composition manure*; that is to say, rich earth and yard manure mixed in a heap, a layer of each alternately. I then harrowed the ground with an iron-toothed harrow, until the surface was mellow, and the manure well mixed with the earth.

250. On the first of July I harrowed the ground over several times, and got the surface in good order; but, in consequence of such late ploughing, I dared not venture to cross-plough, for fear of tearing up the sods, which were not yet rotten. On the 7th of July I ridged the ground, throwing four furrows together, and leaving the tops of the ridges four feet asunder, and without putting in any manure. I went very shoal with the plough, because deep ploughing would have turned up the sods.

251. On the eighth of July I sowed the seed, in single rows on the tops of the ridges, on all the ridges except about eighteen. On eight of these I sowed the seed on the 19th of July, when the first sowing was up, and very severely attacked by the *flea*; and I was fearful of losing the whole of the crop by that insect. About the last of July there came a shower, which gave the turnips a start; and, on the eighth day of August I *transplanted* eight of the remaining rows, *early in the morning*. The weather was now *very dry*, and the turnips sown on the 19th

of July were just coming up. On the 10th of August I transplanted the two other rows at *mid-day*, and, in consequence of such dry weather, the *tops all died*: but, in a few days, began to look green. And, in a few weeks, those that had been transplanted looked as thrifty as those that had been sown.

252. On the 10th of August I regulated the sown rows, and left the plants standing from six to twelve inches apart.

253. A part of the seed I received from you, and a part I had from France a few years ago. When I gathered the crop, the transplanted turnips were nearly as large as those that stood where they were sown.

254. The following is the produce: *Two hundred and two bushels on sixty-five rod of ground*; a crop arising from a mode of cultivation for which, Sir, I feel very much indebted to you. This crop, as you will perceive, wants but two bushels and a fraction of *five hundred bushels to the acre*; and I verily believe, that, on this mode of cultivation, an acre of land, which will bring a hundred bushels of *corn ears*, will produce from *seven to eight hundred bushels* of the Ruta Baga Turnip.

255. Great numbers of my turnips weigh *six pounds* each. The *greens* were almost wholly destroyed by a *caterpillar*, which I never before

saw ; so that I had no opportunity of trying the use of them as cattle-food ; but, as to the *root*, cattle and hogs eat it greedily, and cattle as well as hogs eat up the little bits that remain attached to the fibres, when these are cut from the bulbs.

256. I am now selling these turnips at *half a dollar a bushel*.

257. With begging you to accept of my thanks for the useful information, which, in common with many others, I have received from your Treatise on this valuable plant,

I remain,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

SINGLETON MITCHELL.

*To Mr. William Cobbett,*

*Hyde Park.*

258. P. S. I am very anxious to see the Second Part of your *Year's Residence*. When will it be published?

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### ANSWER.

*Hyde Park, 9th Dec. 1818.*

DEAR SIR,

259. Your letter has given me very great pleasure. You have *really tried* the thing:

you have given it a *fair* trial. Mr. TULL, when people said of his horse-hoing system, that they had tried *it*, and found it not to answer, used to reply: “ *What* have they tried? all lies in “ the little word *IT*.”

260. You have really tried *it*; and very interesting your account is. It is a complete answer to all those, who talk about *loss of ground* from four-foot ridges; and especially when we compare your crop with that of Mr. JAMES BYRD, of Flushing; whose ground was prepared at an early season; who manured richly; who kept his land like a neat garden; and, in short, whose field was one of the most beautiful objects of which one can form an idea; but, whose ridges were about *two feet and a half* apart, instead of *four feet*, and who had *three hundred and fifty bushels* to the acre, while you, with all your disadvantages of late ploughing and sods beneath, had at the rate of *five hundred bushels*.

261. From so excellent a judge as you are, to hear commendation of my little Treatise, must naturally be very pleasing to me, as it is a proof that I have not enjoyed the protection of America without doing something for it in return. Your example will be followed by thousands; a new and copious source of human sustenance will be opened to a race of free and

happy people; and to have been, though in the smallest degree, instrumental in the creating of this source, will always be a subject of great satisfaction, to,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient,

And most humble servant,

WM. COBBETT.

262. P. S. I shall to-morrow send the *Second Part of my Year's Residence* to the press. I dare say it will be ready in three weeks.

263. I conclude this chapter by observing, that a boroughmonger hireling, who was actually fed with pap, purchased by money paid to his father by the minister PITT, *for writing and publishing lies against the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York*, the acknowledgment of the facts relating to which transaction, *I saw in the father's own hand-writing*; this hireling, when he heard of my arrival on Long Island, called it my LEMNOS, which allusion will, I hope, prove not to have been wholly inapt; for, though my life is precisely the reverse of that of the unhappy PHILOCTETES, and though I do not hold the arrows of HERCULES, I do possess *arrows*; I make them felt too at a great distance, and, I am not certain, that my arrows

are not destined to be the only means of destroying the Trojan Boroughmongers.

264. Having introduced a *Judge* here by *name*, it may not be amiss to say, for the information of my English readers, what sort of persons these Long-Island Judges are. They are, some of them, *Resident* Judges, and others *Circuit* Judges. They are all gentlemen of known *independent fortune*, and of known excellent characters and understanding. They receive a mere *acknowledgment* for their services; and they are, in all respects, *liberal gentlemen*. Those with whom I have the honour to be acquainted have fine and most beautiful estates; and I am very sure, that what each actually expends in acts of *hospitality* and *benevolence* surpasses what such a man as *Burrough*, or *Richards*, or *Bailey*, or *Gibbs*, or, indeed, any of the set, expends upon every thing, except taxes. Mr. JUDGE LAURENCE, who came to invite me to his house as soon as he heard of my landing on the Island, keeps a house such as I never either saw or heard of before. My son JAMES went with a message to him a little while ago, and, as he *shot his way along*, he was in his shooting dress. He found a whole house full of company, amongst whom were the celebrated Dr. MITCHELL and Mr. CLINTON, the



Governor of this state ; but, they made him stay and dine. Here was he, a boy, with his rough, shooting dress on, dining with Judges, Sheriffs, and Generals, and with the Chief Magistrate of a Commonwealth more extensive, more populous, and forty times as rich as Scotland ; a Chief Magistrate of very great talents, but in whom empty pride forms no ingredient. Big wigs and long robes and supercilious airs, are necessary only when the object is to *deceive* and *overawe* the people. I'll engage that to supply Judge Laurence's house *that one week* required a greater sacrifice of animal life than merciful Gibbs's kitchen demands in a year : but, then, our hearty and liberal neighbour never deals in human sacrifices.

## CHAP. VII.

## POTATOES.

265. I HAVE made no experiments as to this root, and I am now about to offer my opinions as to the mode of cultivating it. But, so much has been said and written *against me* on account of my scouting the idea of this root being proper as *food for man*, I will, out of respect for public opinion, here state my *reasons* for thinking that the Potatoe is a root, *worse than useless*.

266. When I published some articles upon this subject, in England, I was attacked by the *Irish* writers with as much fury as the Newfoundlanders attack people who speak against the Pope; and with a great deal less reason; for, to attack a system, which teaches people to fill their bellies with fish for the good of their souls, might appear to be dictated by malice against the sellers of the fish; whereas, my attack upon Potatoes, was no attack upon the sons of St. Patrick, to whom, on the contrary, I wished a better sort of diet to be afforded. Nevertheless, I was told, in the Irish papers,

not that I was a *fool*: that might have been *rational*; but, when I was, by these zealous Hibernians, called a *liar*, a *slanderer*, a *viper*, and was reminded of all my *political sins*, I could not help thinking, that, to use an Irish Peeress's expression with regard to her Lord, there was a little of the Potatoe *sprouting out of their head*.

267. These rude attacks upon me even were all *nameless*, however; and, with nameless adversaries I do not like to join battle. Of one thing I am very glad; and that is, that the Irish *do not like to live upon what their accomplished countryman DOCTOR DRENNAN*, calls "Ireland's *lazy root*." There is more sound political philosophy in that poem than in all the enormous piles of Plowden and Musgrave. When I called it a *lazy root*; when I satyriized the use of it; the Irish seemed to think, that their national *honour* was touched. But, I am happy to find, that it is not *taste*, but *necessity*, which makes them mess-mates with the pig; for when they come to this country; they invariably prefer to their "*favourite root*," not only fowls, geese, ducks and turkeys, but even the flesh of oxen, pigs and sheep!

268. In 1815, I wrote an article, which I will here insert, because it contains my opinions upon this subject. And when I have done

that, I will add some calculations as to the comparative value of an acre of wheat and an acre of potatoes. The article was a letter to the *Editor of the Agricultural Magazine*; and was in the following words.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE AGRICULTURAL MA-  
GAZINE.

SIR,

269. IN an article of your Magazine for the month of September last, on the subject of my Letters to Lord Sheffield, an article with which, upon the whole, I have reason to be very proud, you express your dissent with me upon some matters, and particularly relative to *potatoes*. The passage to which I allude, is in these words: "As to a former diatribe of his "on Potatoes, we regarded it as a pleasant example of argument for argument's sake; as "an agreeable jumble of truth and of mental "rambling."

270. Now, Sir, I do assure you, that I never was more serious in my life, than when I wrote the essay, or, rather, casually made the observations against the cultivation and use of this *worse than useless root*. If it was argument for argument's sake, no one, that I can recollect, ever did me the honour to *show* that the argu-

ment was fallacious. I think it a subject of great importance ; I regard the praises of this root and the preference given to it before corn, and even some other roots, to have arisen from a sort of monkey-like imitation. It has become, of late years, the *fashion* to extol the virtues of potatoes, as it has been to admire the writings of Milton and Shakespear. God, *almighty* and all *fore-seeing*, first permitting his chief angel to be disposed to rebel against him ; his permitting him to enlist whole squadrons of angels under his banners ; his permitting this host to come and dispute with him the throne of heaven ; his permitting the contest to be long, and, at one time, doubtful ; his permitting the devils to bring cannon into this battle in the clouds ; his permitting one devil or angel, I forget which, to be split down the middle, from crown to crotch, as we split a pig ; his permitting the two halves, intestines and all, to go slap, up together again, and become a perfect body ; his, then, causing all the devil host to be tumbled head-long down into a place called Hell, of the local situation of which no man can have an idea ; his causing gates (iron gates too) to be erected to keep the devil in ; his permitting him to get out, nevertheless, and to come and destroy the peace and happiness of his new creation ; his causing his son to take a

*pair of compasses* out of a *drawer*, to trace the form of the earth: all this, and, indeed, the whole of Milton's poem, is such barbarous trash, so outrageously offensive to reason and to common sense, that one is naturally led to wonder how it can have been tolerated by a people, amongst whom astronomy, navigation, and chemistry are understood. But, it is the *fashion* to turn up the eyes, when *Paradise Lost* is mentioned; and, if you fail herein you want *taste*; you want *judgment* even, if you do not admire this absurd and ridiculous stuff, when, if one of your relations were to write a letter in the same strain, you would send him to a mad-house and take his estate. It is the sacrificing of *reason* to *fashion*. And as to the other "Divine Bard," the case is still more provoking. After his ghosts, witches, sorcerers, fairies, and monsters; after his bombast and puns and smut, which appear to have been not much relished by his comparatively rude contemporaries, had had their full swing; after hundreds of thousands of pounds had been expended upon embellishing his works; after numerous commentators and engravers and painters and booksellers had got fat upon the trade; after *jubilees* had been held in honour of his memory; at a time when there were men, otherwise of apparently good sense, who were

what was aptly enough termed *Shakespear-mad*. At this very moment an occurrence took place, which must have put an end, for ever, to this national folly, had it not been kept up by infatuation and obstinacy without parallel. YOUNG IRELAND, I think his name was WILLIAM, no matter from what *motive*, though I never could see any harm in his motive, and have always thought him a man most unjustly and brutally used. No matter, however, what were the inducing circumstances, or the motives, he did write, and bring forth, as being Shakespear's, some *plays, a prayer, and a love-letter*. The learned men of England, Ireland and Scotland met to examine these performances. Some *doubted*, a few *denied*; but, the far greater part, amongst whom were Dr. PARR, Dr. WHARTON, and Mr. GEORGE CHALMERS, declared, in the most positive terms, that *no man but Shakespear* could have written those things. There was a *division*; but this division arose more from a suspicion of some trick, than from any thing to be urged against the merit of the writings. The plays went so far as to be ACTED. Long lists of subscribers appeared to the work. And, in short, it was decided, in the most unequivocal manner, that this young man of sixteen years of age had written so *nearly like Shakespear*, that a majority of the learned and

critical classes of the nation most firmly believed the writings to be Shakespear's ; and, there cannot be a doubt, that, if Mr. Ireland had been able to keep his secret, they would have passed for Shakespear's 'till the time shall come when the whole heap of trash will, by the natural good sense of the nation, be consigned to everlasting oblivion ; and, indeed, as folly ever doats on a darling, it is very likely, that these last found productions of "*our immortal bard*" would have been regarded as his *best*. Yet, in spite of all this ; in spite of what one would have thought was sufficient to make blind people see, the fashion has been kept up ; and, what excites something *more* than ridicule and contempt, Mr. Ireland, whose writings had been taken for Shakespear's, was, when he *made the discovery*, treated as an impostor and a *cheat*, and hunted down with as much rancour as if he had written against the buying and selling of seats in Parliament. The *learned* men ; the *sage critics* ; the *Shakespear-mad folks* ; were all so *ashamed*, that they endeavoured to draw the public attention from themselves to the young man. It was of *his impositions* that they now talked, and not of their *own folly*. When the witty clown, mentioned in Don Quixote, put the nuncio's audience to shame by pulling the *real pig* out from under his



cloak, we do not find that that audience were, like our *learned* men, so unjust as to pursue him with reproaches and with every act that a vindictive mind can suggest. They perceived how foolish they had been, they hung down their heads in silence, and, I dare say, would not easily be led to admire the mountebank again.

271. It is *fashion*, Sir, to which in these most striking instances, sense and reason have yielded; and it is to *fashion* that the potatoe owes its general cultivation and use. If you ask me whether fashion can possibly make *a nation* prefer one sort of *diet* to another, I ask you what it is that can make *a nation* admire Shakespear? What is it that can make them call him a “Divine Bard,” nine-tenths of whose works are made up of such trash as no decent man, now-a-days, would not be ashamed, and even afraid, to put his name to? What can make an audience in London sit and hear, and even applaud, under the name of Shakespear, what they would hoot off the stage in a moment, if it came forth under any other name? When folly has once given the fashion she is a very persevering dame. An American writer, whose name is GEORGE DORSEY, I believe, and who has recently published a pamphlet, called, “The UNITED STATES AND ENGLAND, &c.” being a

reply to an attack on the morals and government and learning of the Americans, in the "Quarterly Review," states, as matter of *justification*, that the People of America sigh *with delight* to see the plays of Shakespear, whom they claim as *their countryman*; an honour, if it be disputed, of which I will make any of them a voluntary surrender of my share. Now, Sir, what can induce the American to sit and hear with delight the dialogues of Falstaff and Poins, and Dame Quickly and Doll Tearsheet? What can restrain them from pelting Parson Hugh, Justice Shallow, Bardolph, and the whole crew off the stage? What can make them endure a ghost *cap-à-pie*, a prince, who, for *justice* sake, pursues his uncle and his mother, and who stabs an old gentleman in sport, and cries out "dead for a ducat! dead!" What can they find to "delight" them in punning clowns, in ranting heroes, in sorcerers, ghosts, witches, fairies, monsters, sooth-sayers, dreamers; in incidents out of nature, in scenes most unnecessarily bloody. How they must be delighted at the story of Lear putting the question to his daughters of *which loved him most*, and then dividing his kingdom among them, *according to their professions of love*; how delighted to see the fantastical disguise of Edgar, the *treading out* Gloucester's eyes, and the trick

by which it is pretended he was made to believe, that he had actually fallen from the top of the cliff! How they must be delighted to see the stage filled with green boughs, like a coppice, as in *Macbeth*, or streaming like a slaughter-house, as in *Titus Andronicus*! How the young girls in America must be tickled with delight at the dialogues in *Troilus and Cressida*, and more especially at the pretty observations of the *Nurse*, I think it is, in *Romeo and Juliet*! But, it is the same all through the work. I know of one other, and *only one other*, book, so *obscene* as this; and, if I were to judge from the high favour in which these two books seem to stand, I should conclude, that wild and improbable fiction, bad principles of morality and politicks, obscurity in meaning, bombastical language, forced jokes, puns, and smut, were fitted to the minds of the people. But I do not thus judge. It is *fashion*. These books are in fashion. Every one is ashamed not to be in the fashion. It is the fashion to extol potatoes, and to eat potatoes. Every one joins in extolling potatoes, and all the world like potatoes, or pretend to like them, which is the same thing in effect.

272. In those memorable years of wisdom, 1800 and 1801, you can remember, I dare say, the grave discussions in Parliament about pota-

toes. It was proposed by some one to make a *law* to encourage the growth of them; and, if the Bill did not pass, it was, I believe, owing to the ridicule which Mr. Horne Tooke threw upon that whole system of petty legislation. Will it be believed, in another century, that the law-givers of a great nation actually passed a law to compel people to eat pollard in their bread, and that, too, not for the purpose of *degrading* or *punishing*, but for the purpose of doing the said people good by *adding* to the *quantity of bread* in a time of scarcity? Will this be believed? In every bushel of wheat there is a certain proportion of *flour*, suited to the appetite and the stomach of man; and a certain proportion of *pollard* and *bran*, suited to the appetite and stomach of pigs, cows, and sheep. But the parliament of the years of wisdom wished to cram the *whole* down the throat of man, together with the flour of other grain. And what was to become of the pigs, cows, and sheep? Whence were the pork, butter, and mutton to come? And were not these articles of human food as well as bread? The truth is, that pollard, bran, and the coarser kinds of grain, when given to cattle, make these cattle fat; but when eaten by man make him lean and weak. And yet this bill actually became a law!

273. That period of wisdom was also the period of the potatoe-mania. *Bulk* was the only thing sought after; and, it is a real fact, that Pitt did suggest the making of *beer* out of *straw*. Bulk was all that was looked after. If the scarcity had continued a year longer, I should not have been at all surprized, if it had been proposed to feed the people at rack and manger. But, the *Potatoe*! Oh! What a blessing to man! LORD GRENVILLE, at a birthday dinner given to the foreign ambassadors, used not a morsel of bread, but, instead of it, little *potatoe cakes*, though he had, I dare say, a plenty of lamb, poultry, pig, &c. All of which had been fatted upon corn or meal, in whole or in part. Yes, Sir, potatoes will do very well along with plenty of animal food, which has been *fatted on something better* than potatoes. But, when you and I talk of the use of them, we must consider them in a very different light.

274. The notion is, that potatoes are *cheaper* than wheat *flour*. This word *cheap* is not quite expressive enough, but it will do for our present purpose. I shall consider the *cost* of potatoes, in a family, compared with that of flour. It will be best to take the simple case of the labouring man.

275. The price of a bushel of fine flour, at Botley, is, at this time, 10*s*. The weight is 56 lbs. The price of a bushel of potatoes is 2*s*. 6*d*. They are just now dug up, and are at the cheapest. A bushel of potatoes which are measured by a large bushel, weighs about 60 lbs. dirt and all, for they are sold unwashed. Allow 4 lbs. for dirt, and the weights are equal. Well, then, here is toiling Dick with his four bushels of potatoes, and John with his bushel of flour. But, to be fair, I must allow, that the relative price is not always so much in favour of flour. Yet, I think you will agree with me, that upon an average, five bushels of potatoes do cost as much as one bushel of flour. You know very well, that potatoes in London, sell for 1*d*. and sometimes for 2*d*. a pound; that is to say, sometimes for 1*l*. 7*s*. 6*d*. and sometimes for 2*l*. 15*s*. the five bushels. This is notorious. Every reader knows it. And did you ever hear of a bushel of flour selling for 2*l*. 15*s*. Monstrous to think of! And yet the tradesman's wife, looking *narrowly* to every halfpenny, trudges away to the potatoe shop to get five or six pounds of this wretched root for the purpose of *saving flour*! She goes and gives 10*d*. for ten pounds of potatoes, when she might buy five pounds of flour with the same money!

Before her potatoes come to the table, they are, even in *bulk*, less than 5 lbs. or even 3 lbs. of flour made into a pudding. Try the experiment yourself Sir, and you will soon be able to appreciate the *economy* of this dame.

276. But, to return to Dick and John; the former has got his five bushels of potatoes, and the latter his bushel of flour. I shall, by and by, have to observe upon the *stock* that Dick must lay in, and upon the stowage that he must have; but, at present, we will trace these two commodities in their way to the mouth and in their effects upon those who eat them. Dick has got five bushels at once, because he could have them a little cheaper. John may have his *Peck* or *Gallon* of flour: for that has a fixed and indiscriminating price. It requires no trick in dealing, no judgment, as in the case of the roots, which may be *wet*, or *hollow*, or *hot*; flour may be sent for by any child able to carry the quantity wanted. However, reckoning Dick's trouble and time nothing in getting home his five bushels of potatoes, and supposing him to have got the *right* sort, a "*fine* sort," which he can hardly fail of, indeed, since the whole nation is now full of "*fine* sort," let us now see how he goes to work to consume them. He has a piece of bacon upon the rack, but he must have some potatoes too. On goes the *pot*, but

there it may as well hang, for we shall find it in continual requisition. For this time the meat and roots boil together. But, what is Dick to have for supper? Bread? No. He shall not have bread, unless he will have bread for dinner. Put on the Pot again for supper. Up an hour before day light and on with the pot. Fill your luncheon-bag, Dick: nothing is so relishing and so strengthening out in the harvest-field, or ploughing on a bleak hill in winter, as a cold potatoe. But, be sure, Dick, to wrap your bag well up in your clothes, during winter, or, when you come to lunch, you may, to your great surprise, find your food transformed into pebbles. Home goes merry Dick, and on goes the pot again. Thus 1095 times in the year Dick's pot must boil. This is, at least, a thousand times oftener than with a bread and meat diet. Once a week baking and once a week boiling, is as much as a farm house used to require. There must be some fuel consumed in winter for warmth. But here are, at the least, 500 fires to be made for the sake of these potatoes, and, at a penny a fire, the amount is more than would purchase four bushels of flour, which would make 288 lbs. of bread, which at 7 lbs. of bread a day, would keep John's family in bread for 41 days out of the 365. This I state as a fact challenging contradiction, that, ex-



clusive of the extra *labour*, occasioned by the cookery of potatoes, the *fuel* required, in a year, for a bread diet, would cost, in any part of the kingdom, more than would keep a family, even in baker's bread for 41 days in the year, at the rate of 7½ lbs. of bread a day.

277. John, on the contrary, lies and sleeps on Sunday morning 'till about 7 o'clock. He then gets a bit of bread and meat, or cheese, if he has either. The mill gives him his bushel of flour in a few minutes. His wife has baked during the week. He has a pudding on Sunday, and another batch of bread, before the next Sunday. The moment he is up, he is off to his stable, or the field, or the coppice. His breakfast and luncheon are in his bag. In spite of frost he finds them safe and sound. They give him heart, and enable him to go through the day. His 56 lbs. of flour, with the aid of 2d. in yeast, bring him 72 lbs. of bread; while, after the dirt and peelings and waste are deducted, it is very doubtful whether Dick's 300 lbs. of potatoes bring 200 lbs. of even this watery diet to his lips. It is notorious, that in a pound of clean potatoes there are 11 ounces of water, half an ounce of earthy matter, an ounce of *fibrous* and *strawey* stuff, and I know not what besides. The *water* can do Dick no good, but he must swallow these 11 ounces of

water in every pound of potatoes. How far *earth* and *straw* may tend to fatten or strengthen cunning Dick, I do not know; but, at any rate, it is certain, that, while he is eating as much of potatoe as is equal in nutriment to 1 lb. of bread, he must swallow about 14 oz. of water, earth, straw, &c. for, down they must go altogether, like the Parliament's bread in the years of wisdom, 1800 and 1801. But, suppose every pound of potatoes to bring into Dick's stomach a 6th part in nutritious matter, including in the gross pound all the dirt, eyes, peeling, and other inevitable waste. Divide his gross 300 lbs. by 6, and you will find him with 50 lbs. of nutritious matter for the same sum that John has laid out in 72 lbs. of nutritious matter, besides the price of 288 lbs. of bread in a year, which Dick lays out in extra fuel for the eternal boilings of his pot. Is it any wonder that his cheeks are like two bits of loose leather, while he is pot-bellied, and weak as a cat? In order to get half a pound of nutritious matter into him, he must swallow about 50 ounces of water, earth, and straw. Without ruminating faculties how is he to bear this cramming?

278. But, Dick's disadvantages do not stop here. He must lay in his store at the beginning of winter, or he must buy through the nose. And, where is he to find *stowage*? He has no

caves. He may *pie* them in the garden, if he has none; but, he must not open the pie in frosty weather. It is a fact not to be disputed, that a full *tenth* of the potatoe crop is destroyed, upon an average of years, by the frost. His wife, or stout daughter, cannot go out to work to help to earn the means of buying potatoes. She must stay at home to *boil the pot*, the everlasting pot! There is no such thing as *a cold dinner*. No such thing as women sitting down on a hay-cock, or a shock of wheat, to their dinner, ready to jump up at the approach of the shower. Home they must tramp, if it be three miles, to the fire that ceaseth not, and the pot as black as Satan. No wonder, that in the brightest and busiest seasons of the year, you see from every cōttage door, staring out at you, as you pass, a smoky-capped, greasy-heeled woman. The pot, which keeps her at home, also gives her the colour of the chimney, while long inactivity swells her heels.

279. Now, Sir, I am quite serious in these my reasons against the use of this root, as food for man. As food for other animals, in proportion to its cost, I know it to be the *worst of all roots* that I know any thing of; but, that is another question. I have here been speaking of it as food for man; and, if it be more expensive than flour to the labourer *in the country*,

who, at any rate, can stow it in pies, what must it be to tradesman's and artizan's families in towns, who can lay in no store, and who must buy by the ten pound or quarter of a hundred at a time? When broad-faced Mrs. Wilkins tells Mrs. Tomkins, that, so that she has "*a potatoe*" for her dinner, *she does not care a far-thing for bread*, I only laugh, knowing that she will twist down a half pound of *beef* with her "*potatoe*," and has twisted down half a pound of buttered toast in the morning, and means to do the same at tea time without prejudice to her supper and grog. But when Mrs. Tomkins gravely answers, "yes, Ma'am, there is nothing like a potatoe; it is such a *saving* in a family," I really should not be very much out of humour to see the tête-à-tête broken up by the application of a broom-stick.

280. However, Sir, I am talking to *you* now, and, as I am not aware that there can be any impropriety in it, I now call upon you to show, that I am really wrong in my notions upon this subject; and this, I think you are, in some sort bound to do, seeing that you have, in a public manner, condemned them.

281. But, there remains a very important part of the subject yet undiscussed. For, though you should be satisfied, that 300 lbs. of potatoes are not, taking every thing into consi-

deration, more than equal to about 30 lbs. of flour, you may be of opinion, that the disproportion in the bulk of the *crops* is, in favour of potatoes, more than sufficient to compensate for this. I think this is already clearly enough settled by the *relative prices* of the contending commodities; for, if the quantity of produce was on the side of potatoes, their *price* would be in proportion.

282. I have *heard* of enormous crops of potatoes; as high, I believe, as 10 tons grow upon an acre. I have heard of 14 sacks of wheat upon an acre. I never saw above 10 grow upon an acre. The average crop of wheat is about 24 bushels, in this part of England, and the average crop of potatoes about 6 tons. The weight of the wheat 1,440 lbs. and that of the potatoes 13,440 lbs. Now, then, if I am right in what has been said above, this *bulk* of potatoes barely keeps place with that of the wheat; for, if a bushel of wheat does not make 56 lbs. of *flour*, it weighs 60 lbs. and leaves pollard and bran to make up the deficiency. Then, as to the *cost*: the ground must be equally good. The seed is equally expensive. But the potatoes must be cultivated *during their growth*. The expense of digging and cartage and stowage is not less than 2*l.* an acre at present prices. The expense of reaping,

housing, and threshing is, at present prices, 10*s.* less. The potatoes leave *no straw*, the wheat leaves straw, stubble, and gleanings for pigs. The straw is worth, at least, 3*l.* an acre, at present prices. It is, besides, *absolutely necessary*. It litters, in conjunction with other straw, all sorts of cattle; it sometimes helps to feed them; it covers half the buildings in the kingdom; and makes no small part of the people's beds. The potatoe is a robber in all manner of ways. It largely takes from the farm-yard, and returns little, or nothing to it; it robs the land more than any other plant or root, it robs the eaters of their time, their fuel, and their health; and, I agree fully with MONSIEUR TISSOT, that it robs them of their *mental powers*.

283. I do not deny, that it is a pleasant enough thing to assist in sending down lusty Mrs. Wilkins's good half-pound of fat roast-beef. Two or three ounces of water, earth, and straw, can do *her* no harm; but, when I see a poor, little, pale-faced, life-less, pot-bellied boy peeping out at a cottage door, where I ought to meet with health and vigour, I cannot help cursing the fashion, which has given such general use to this root, as food for man. However, I must say, that the chief ground of my antipathy to this root is, that it tends to *debase the common people*, as every thing does, which

brings their mode of living to be nearer that of cattle. The man and his pig, in the potatoe system, live pretty much upon the same diet, and eat nearly in the same manner, and out of nearly the same utensil. The same eternally-boiling pot cooks their common mess. Man, being master, sits at the first table; but, if his fellow-feeder comes after him, he will not *fatten*, though he will *live* upon the same diet. Mr. CURWEN found potatoes to supply the place of *hay*, being first *well cooked*; but, they did not supply the place of oats; and yet fashion has made people believe, that they are capable of supplying the place of *bread*! It is notorious, that *nothing* will *fatten* on potatoes alone. Carrots, parsnips, cabbages, will, in time, fatten sheep and oxen, and, some of them, pigs; but, upon potatoes *alone*, no animal that I ever heard of will fatten. And yet, the greater part, and, indeed, all the other roots and plants here mentioned, will yield, upon ground of the same quality, three or four times as heavy a crop as potatoes, and will, too, for a long while, set the frosts at defiance.

284. If, Sir, you do me the honour to read this letter, I shall have taken up a good deal of your time; but the subject is one of much importance in rural economy, and therefore, can-

not be wholly uninteresting to you. I will not assume the sham modesty to suppose, that my manner of treating it makes me unworthy of an answer; and, I must confess, that I shall be disappointed unless you make a serious attempt to *prove* to me, that I am in error.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient,

And most humble Servant,

WM. COBBETT.

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285. Now, observe, I never received any *answer* to this. Much *abuse*. New torrents of *abuse*; and, in language still more venomous than the former; for *now* the Milton and Shakespear men, the critical *Parsons*, took up the pen; and, when you have an angry *Priest* for adversary, it is not the common viper, but the rattle-snake that you have to guard against. However, as no one put his *name* to what he wrote, my remarks went on producing their effect; and a very considerable effect they had.

286. About the same time Mr. TIMOTHY BROWN of Peckham Lodge, who is one of the most *understanding* and most worthy men I ever had the honour to be acquainted with, furnished me with the following comparative estimate relative to *wheat* and *potatoes*:



## PRODUCE OF AN ACRE OF WHEAT.

287. Forty bushels is a *good* crop; but from fifty to sixty may be grown.

*Pounds of Wheat.*

40 bushels 60 pounds a bushel . . 2,400

---

45½ pounds of flour to each  
bushel of wheat . . . . 1820

13 pounds of offal to each  
bushel . . . . . 520

Waste . . , . . . . 60  
————— 2,400

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The worth of offal is about  
that of one bushel of flour;  
and the worth of straw, 2  
tons, each worth 2*l.* is  
equal to six bushels of  
flour . . . . . 318½

---

*Pounds of Flour.*

So that the total yield, *in flour*, is . 2,139

---

*Pounds of Bread.*

Which *will* make of *bread*, at the  
rate of 9 pounds of bread from 7  
pounds of flour . . . . . 2,739½

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## PRODUCE OF AN ACRE OF POTATOES.

288. Seven tons, or 350 bushels, is a *good* crop; but ten tons, or 500 bushels *may* be grown.

*Pounds of Potatoes.*

Ten tons, or . . . . . 22,400

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*Pounds of Flour.*

Ten pounds of Potatoes contain  
one pound of flour . . . . . 2,240

---

*Pounds of Bread.*

Which *would*, if it were *possible*  
to extract the flour and get it in  
a dry state, make of bread . . . 2,880

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289. Thus, then, the *nutritious contents* of the Potatoes surpasses that of the wheat but by a few pounds; but to get at those contents, unaccompanied with *nine times their weight* in earth, straw, and water, is *impossible*. Nine pounds of earth, straw and water must, then, be swallowed, in order to get at the one pound of flour!

290. I beg to be understood as saying nothing against the *cultivation* of potatoes in any place, or near any place where there are people willing to consume them at *half a dollar*

*a bushel*, when wheat is *two dollars a bushel*. If any one will buy *dirt* to eat, and if one can get dirt to him with more profit than one can get wheat to him, let us supply him with dirt by all means. It is his *taste* to eat dirt; and, if his taste have nothing immoral in it, let him, in the name of all that is ridiculous, follow his taste. I know a *prime Minister*, who picks his nose and regales himself with the contents. I solemnly declare this to be true. I have witnessed the worse than beastly act scores of times; and yet I do not know, that he is much more of a beast than the greater part of his associates. Yet, if this were *all*; if he were chargeable with nothing but this; if he would confine his *swallow* to this, I do not know that the nation would have any right to interfere between his nostrils and his gullet.

291. Nor do I say, that it is *filthy* to eat potatoes. I do not ridicule the using of them as *sauce*. What I laugh at is, the idea of the use of them being a *saving*; of their *going further* than bread; of the cultivation of them in lieu of wheat *adding to the human sustenance of a country*. This is what I laugh at; and laugh I must as long as I have the above estimate before me.

292. As food for cattle, sheep or hogs, this

is the *worst* of all the green and root crops ; but, of this I have said enough before ; and, therefore, I now dismiss the Potatoe with the hope, that I shall never again have to write the word, or to see the thing.

## CHAP. VIII.

## COWS, SHEEP, HOGS, AND POULTRY.

293 *Cows*.—With respect to cows, need we any other facts than those of Mr. BYRD to prove how advantageous the Swedish turnip culture must be to those who keep cows in order to make butter and cheese. The *greens* come to supply the place of grass, and to add a *month* to the feeding on green food. They come just at the time when cows, in this country, are *let go dry*. It is too hard work to squeeze butter out of straw and corn stalks; and, if you could get it out, it would not, pound for pound, be nearly so good as *lard*, though it would be full as white. To give cows *fine hay* no man thinks of; and, therefore, dry they must be from November until March, though a good piece of cabbages added to the turnip greens would keep them on in milk to their calving time; or, 'till within a month of it at any rate. The bulbs of Swedish turnips are *too valuable* to give to cows; but the cabbages, which are so easily raised, may be made subservient to their use.

294. *Sheep*.—In the *First Part* I have said how I fed my sheep upon Swedish turnips. I have now only to add, that, in the case of *early lambs for market*, cabbages, and especially *savoy*s, in February and March, would be excellent for *the ewes*. Sheep love *green*. In a turnip field, they never touch the bulb, till every bit of green is eaten. I would, therefore, for this purpose, have some cabbages, and, if possible, of the *savoy* kind.

295. *Hogs*.—This is the main object, when we talk of raising green and root crops, no matter how near to or how far from the spot where the produce of the farm is to be consumed. For, pound for pound, the hog is the most valuable animal; and, whether fresh or salted, is the most easily conveyed. Swedish turnips or cabbages or Mangel Wurzel will *fatten* an *ox*; but, that which would, in four or five months fatten the ox, would keep fifteen *August Pigs* from the grass going to the grass coming, on Long Island. Look at *their worth in June*, and compare it with the few dollars that you have got by fattening the ox; and look also at the *manure* in the two cases. A farmer, on this Island fatted two oxen last winter upon corn. He told me, after he had sold them, that, if he had *given the oxen away*, and *sold the corn*, he should have had more money

in his pocket. But, if he had kept, through the winter, four or five summer pigs upon this corn, would *they* have eaten all his corn to no purpose? I am aware, that pigs get something at an ox-stable door; but, what a process is this!

296. My hogs are now *living wholly* upon *Swedish turnip greens*; and, though I have taken no particular pains about the matter, they look very well, and, for store hogs and sows, are as fat as I wish them to be. My English hogs are sleek, and fit for *fresh pork*; and *all* the hogs not only eat the greens but do well upon them. But, observe, I give them *plenty three times a day*. In the forenoon we get a good waggon load, and that is for three meals. This is a main thing, this *plenty*; and, the farmer must see to it with his OWN EYES; for, workmen are all *starvers*, except of themselves. I never had a man in my life, who would not starve a hog, if I would let him; that is to say, if the food was to be got by some labour. You must, therefore, see to *this*; or, you do not *try* the thing at all.

297. Turnip *greens* are, however, by no means equal to cabbages, or even to *cabbage leaves*. The cabbage, and even the leaf, is the *fruit* of the plant; which is not the case with the Turnip green. Therefore the latter must,

especially when they follow summer cabbages, be given in greater proportionate quantities.

298. As to the *bulb* of the Swedish turnip, I have said enough, in the First Part, as food for hogs ; and I should not have mentioned the matter again, had I not been visited by two gentlemen, who *came on purpose* (from a great distance) to see, whether hogs *really* would eat Swedish turnips ! Let not the English farmers *laugh* at this ; let them not imagine, that the American farmers are a set of simpletons on this account : for, only about thirty years ago, the English farmers would, not, indeed, have gone a great distance to ascertain the fact, but would have said at once, that the *thing was false*. It is not more than about four hundred years since the Londoners were wholly supplied with cabbages, spinage, turnips, carrots, and all sorts of garden stuff *from Flanders*. And now, I suppose, that one single parish in Kent grows more garden stuff than all Flanders. The first settlers came to America long and long before even the *white turnip* made its appearance in the *fields* in England. The successors of the first settlers trod in the foot-steps of their fathers. The communication with England did not bring out *good English farmers*. Books made little impression unaccompanied with ac-



tual experiments on the spot. It was reserved for the Boroughmongers, armed with gags, halters, and axes, to drive from England experience and public spirit sufficient to introduce the culture of the green and root crops to the fields of America.

299. The first gentleman, who came to see whether hogs would eat Swedish turnips saw some turnips tossed down on the grass to the hogs, which were eating sweet little loaved cabbages. However, they eat the turnips too before they left off. The second, who came on the afternoon of the same day, saw the hogs eat some bulbs chopped up. The hogs were pretty hungry, and the quantity of turnips small, and there was such a shoving and pushing about amongst the hogs to snap up the bits, that the gentleman observed, that they "*liked them as well as corn.*"

300. In paragraph 134 I related a fact of a neighbour of mine in Hampshire having given his Swedish turnips, *after they had borne seed*, to some lean pigs, and had, with that food, made them fit for *fresh pork*, and sold them as such. A gentleman from South Carolina was here in July last, and I brought some of mine which had then *borne seed*. They were *perfectly sound*. The hogs ate them as well as if they had not borne seed. We boiled some in the kitchen for

dinner; and they appeared as good as those eaten in the winter. This shews clearly how well this root *keeps*.

301. Now, these facts being, I hope, undoubted, is it not surprising, that, in many parts of this fine country, it is the rule to keep only *one pig for every cow*! The cow seems as necessary to the pig as the pig's mouth is necessary to his carcass. There are, for instance, six cows; therefore, when they begin to give milk in the spring, six pigs are set on upon the milk, which is given them with a suitable proportion of pot liquor (a *meat* pot) and of rye, or Indian, meal, making a diet far superior to that of the families of labouring men in England. Thus the pigs go on 'till the time when the cows (for want of moist food) become dry. Then the pigs are shut up, and have the new sweet Indian corn heaped into their sty until they are quite fat, being half fat, ~~mind~~, all the summer long, as they run barking and capering about. Sometimes they turn sulky, however, and will not eat enough of the corn; and well they may, seeing that they are deprived of their *milk*. Take a child from its *pap* all at once, and you will find, that it will not, for a long while, relish its new diet. What a system! but if it must be persevered in, there might, it appears to me, be a great improvement made even in it; for, the

*labour* of milking and of the subsequent operations, all being performed by *women*, is of great inconvenience. Better let each pig suck its adopted mother at once, which would save a monstrous deal of labour, and prevent all possibility of waste. There would be no *slopping* about; and, which is a prime consideration in a dairy system, there would be *clean milking*; for, it has been proved by DOCTOR ANDERSON, that the last drop is *fourteen times* as good as the first drop; and, I will engage, that the grunting child of the lowing mother would *have that last drop* twenty times a day, or would pull the udder from her body. I can imagine but one difficulty that can present itself to the mind of any one disposed to adopt this improvement; and that is, the teaching of the pig to suck the cow. This will appear a difficulty to those only who think unjustly of the understandings of pigs: and, for their encouragement, I beg leave to refer them to DANIEL'S RURAL SPORTS, where they will find, that, in Hampshire, Sir John Mildmay's gamekeeper, Toomer, taught a sow to point at partridges and other game; to quarter her ground like a pointer, to back the pointers, when she hunted with them, and to be, in all respects, the most docile pointer of the finest nose. This fact is true beyond all doubt. It is known to many

men now alive. Judge, then, how easily a pig might be taught to milk a cow, and what a “*saving of labour*” this would produce !

302. It is strange what comfort men derive even from the deceptions which they practice upon themselves. The milk and fat pot-liquor and meal are, when put together, called, in Long Island, *swill*. The *word* comes from the farm-houses in England, but it has a new *meaning* attached to it. There it means the mere *wash*; the mere *drink* given to store hogs. But, here it means *rich fattening food*. “There, friend “Cobbett,” said a gentleman to me, as we looked at his pigs, in September last, “do thy English “pigs look better than these?” “No,” said I, “but what do these live on?” He said he had given them all summer, “*nothing* but “*swill*.” “Aye,” said I, “but *what is* swill?” It was, for *six pigs*, nothing at all, *except* the milk of *six very fine cows*, with a bin of *shorts and meal* always in requisition, and with the daily supply of liquor from a pot and a spit, that boils and turns without counting the cost.

303. This is very well for those who do not care a straw, whether their pork cost them seven cents a pound or half a dollar a pound ; and, I like to see even the *waste* ; because it is a proof of the easy and happy life of the farmer. But, when we are talking of *profitable* agricul-

ture, we must examine this *swill* tub, and see what it contains. To keep pigs to a profit, you must carry them on *to their fattening time* at little expence. Milk comes from all the grass you grow and almost the whole of the dry fodder. Five or six cows will sweep a pretty good farm as clean as the turnpike road. Pigs, till *well weaned* must be kept upon *good food*. My pigs will always be fit to go out of the weaning sty at *three months* old. The common pigs require *four months*. Then out they go never to be fed again, except on grass, greens, or roots, till they arrive at the age to be fattened. If they will not keep themselves in *growing order* upon this food, it is better to shoot them at once. But, I never yet saw a hog that would not. The difference between the good sort and the bad sort, is, that the former will always be fat enough for *fresh* pork, and the latter will not; and that, in the fattening, the former will not require (weight for weight of animal) more than *half* the food that the latter will to make them equally fat.

304. Out of the milk and meal system another monstrous evil arises. It is seldom that the hogs come to a *proper age* before they are killed. A hog has not got his growth till he is full *two years old*. But, who will, or can, have the patience to see a hog *eating* Long-Island

*swill* for two years? When a hog is only 15 or 16 months old, he will lay on two pounds of fat for every one pound that will, out of the same quantity of food, be laid on by an eight or ten months' pig. Is it not thus with every animal? A stout boy will be like a herring upon the very food that would make his father fat, or kill him. However, this fact is too notorious to be insisted on.

305. Then, the young meat is not so nutritious as the old. Steer-beef is not nearly so good as ox-beef. Young wether mutton bears the same proportion of inferiority to old wether mutton. And, what reason is there, that the principle should not hold good as to hog-meat? In Westphalia, where the fine hams are made, the hogs are never killed under *three years old*. In France, where I saw the fattest pork I ever saw, they keep their fatting hogs to the same age. In France and Germany, the people do not eat the hog, *as hog*: they use the hog *to put fat into other sorts of meat*. They make holes in beef, mutton, veal, turkeys and fowls, and, with a tin tube, draw in bits of fat hog, which they call *lard*, and, as it is *all fat*, hence comes it that we call the inside fat of a hog, *lard*. Their beef and mutton and veal would be very poor stuff without the aid of the hog; but, with that aid, they make them all exceed-

ingly good. Hence it is, that they are induced to keep their hogs till they have *quite done growing*; and, though their sort of hogs is *the very worst* I ever saw, their hog meat was *the very fattest*. The common weight in Normandy and Brittany is *from six to eight hundred pounds*. But, the poor fellows there do not slaughter away as the farmers do here, ten or a dozen hogs at a time, so that the sight makes one wonder whence are to come the mouths to eat the meat. In France *du lard* is a thing to *smell to*, not to *eat*. I like the eating far better than the smelling system; but when we are talking about farming for *gain*, we ought to inquire how any given weight of meat can be obtained at the *cheapest rate*. A hog in his third year, would, on the American plan, suck half a dairy of cows perhaps; but, then, mind, he would, *upon a third part of the fattening food*, weigh down four Long Island "*shuts*," the average weight of which is about *one hundred and fifty pounds*.

306. A hog, upon rich food, will be much bigger *at the end of a year*, than a hog upon *good growing diet*; but, he will not be bigger at the end of *two years*, and especially at the end of *three years*. His *size* is not to be *forced on*, any more than that of a child, beyond a certain point.

307. For these reasons, if I were settled as a farmer, I would let my hogs have *time to come to their size*. Some sorts come to it at an earlier period, and this is amongst the good qualities of my English hogs; but, to do the thing well, even they ought to have *two years* to grow in.

308. The reader will think, that I shall never cease talking about *hogs*; but, I have now done, only I will add, that, in keeping hogs in a *growing state*, we must never forget their *lodging*! A few boards, flung carelessly over a couple of rails, and no litter beneath, is not the sort of bed for a hog. A place of suitable size, large rather than small, well sheltered on every side, covered with a roof that lets in no wet or snow. No opening, except a door-way big enough for a hog to go in; and the floor constantly well bedded with leaves of trees, *dry*, or, which is the best thing, and what a hog deserves, *plenty of clean straw*. When I make up my hogs' lodging place for winter, I look well at it, and consider, whether, upon a pinch, I could, for once and away, make shift to lodge in it myself. If I *shiver at the thought*, the place is not good enough for my hogs. It is not in the nature of a hog to sleep in the cold. Look at them. You will see them, if they have the means, *cover themselves over* for the night. This is what is



done by neither horse, cow, sheep, dog nor cat. And this should admonish us to provide hogs with warm and comfortable lodging. Their sagacity in providing against cold in the night, when they have it in their power to make such provision, is quite wonderful. You see them looking about for the warmest spot: then they go to work, raking up the litter so as to break the wind off; and when they have done their best, they lie down. I had a sow that had some pigs running about with her in April last. There was a place open to her on each side of the barn. One faced the east and the other the west; and, I observed, that she sometimes took to one side and sometimes to the other. One evening her pigs had gone to bed on the east side. She was out eating till it began to grow dusk. I saw her go into her pigs, and was surprised to see her come out again; and therefore, looked a little to see what she was after. There was a high heap of dung in the front of the barn to the south. She walked up to the top of it, raised her nose, turned it very slowly, two or three times, from the north-east to the north-west, and back again, and at last, it settled at about south-east, for a little bit. She then came back, marched away very hastily to her pigs, roused them up in a great bustle, and

away she trampled with them at her heels to the place on the west side of the barn. There was so little wind, that I could not tell which way it blew, till I took up some leaves, and tossed them in the air. I then found, that it came from the precise point which her nose had settled at. And thus was I convinced, that she had come out to ascertain which way the wind came, and, finding it likely to make her young ones cold in the night, she had gone and called them up, though it was nearly dark, and taken them off to a more comfortable birth. Was this an *instinctive*, or was it a *reasoning* proceeding? At any rate, let us not treat such animals as if they were stocks and stones.

309. POULTRY.—I merely mean to observe, as to poultry, that they must be kept away from turnips and cabbages, especially in the early part of the growth of these plants. When turnips are an inch or two high a good large flock of turkeys will destroy an acre in half a day, in four feet rows. Ducks and geese will do the same. Fowls will do great mischief. If these things cannot be kept out of the field, the crop must be abandoned, or the poultry killed. It is true, indeed, that it is only near the house that poultry plague

you much: but, it is equally true, that the best and richest land is precisely that which is near the house, and this, on every account, whether of produce or application, is the very land where you ought to have these crops.

## CHAP. IX.

## PRICES OF LAND, LABOUR, FOOD AND RAIMENT.

310. *LAND* is of various prices, of course. But, as I am, in this Chapter, addressing myself to *English Farmers*, I am not speaking of the price either of land in the *wildernesses*, or of land in the immediate vicinage of great cities. The wilderness price is two or three dollars an acre: the city price four or five hundred. The land at the same distance from New York that Chelsea is from London, is of higher price than the land at Chelsea. The surprizing growth of these cities, and the brilliant prospect before them, give value to every thing that is situated in or near them.

311. It is my intention, however, to speak only of *farming land*. This, too, is, of course, affected in its value by the circumstance of distance from market; but, the reader will make his own calculations as to this matter. A farm, then, on this Island, any where not nearer than thirty miles of, and not more distant than sixty miles from, New York, with a good farm-house, barn, stables, sheds, and styes; the land fenced

into fields with posts and rails, the wood-land being in the proportion of one to ten of the arable land, and there being on the farm a pretty good orchard; such a farm, if the land be in a good state, and of an average quality, is worth *sixty dollars an acre, or thirteen pounds sterling*; of course, a farm of a hundred acres would cost one thousand three hundred pounds. The rich lands on the *necks* and *bays*, where there are *meadows* and surprizingly productive orchards, and where there is *water carriage*, are worth, in some cases, three times this price. But, what I have said will be sufficient to enable the reader to form a pretty correct judgment on the subject. In New Jersey, in Pennsylvania, every where the price differs with the circumstances of water carriage, quality of land, and distance from market.

312. When I say a good farm-house, I mean a house *a great deal better* than the *general run* of farm-houses in England. More neatly finished on the inside, More in a *parlour* sort of style; though *round about* the house, things do not look so neat and tight as in England. Even in Pennsylvania, and amongst the Quakers too, there is a sort of out-of-doors slovenliness, which is never hardly seen in England. You see bits of wood, timber, boards, chips, lying about, here and there, and pigs and cattle

trampling about in a sort of confusion, which would make an English farmer fret himself to death; but which is here seen with great placidness. The out-buildings, except the barns, and except in the finest counties of Pennsylvania, are not so numerous, or so capacious, as in England, in proportion to the size of the farms. The reason is, that the *weather is so dry*. Cattle need not covering a twentieth part so much as in England, except hogs, who must be *warm* as well as dry. However, these share with the rest, and very little covering they get.

313. *Labour* is the great article of expence upon a farm; yet it is not nearly so great as in England, in proportion to the amount of the produce of a farm, especially if the poor-rates be, in both cases, included. However, speaking of the positive wages, a *good* farm-labourer has *twenty-five pounds sterling a year* and his board and lodging; and a *good* day-labourer has, upon an average, *a dollar a day*. A woman servant, in a farm-house, has *from* forty to fifty dollars a year, or eleven pounds sterling. These are the average of the wages throughout the country. But, then, mind, the farmer has nothing (for, really, it is not worth mentioning) to pay in *poor-rates*; which in England, must always be added to the wages

that a farmer pays; and, sometimes, they far exceed the wages.

314. It is, too, of importance to know, *what sort* of labourers these Americans are; for, though a labourer is a labourer, still there is some difference in them; and, these Americans are *the best that I ever saw*. They mow *four acres* of oats, wheat, rye, or barley in a day, and, with a cradle, lay it so smooth in the swarths, that it is tied up in sheaves with the greatest neatness and ease. They mow *two acres and a half of grass* in a day, and they do the work well. And the crops, upon an average, are all, except the wheat, *as heavy* as in England. The English farmer will want nothing more than these facts to convince him, that the labour, after all, is not so *very dear*.

315. The causes of these performances, so far beyond those in England, is first, the men are *tall* and well built; they are *bony* rather than *fleshy*; and they *live*, as to food, as well as man can live. And, secondly, they have been *educated* to do much in a day. The farmer here generally is at the *head* of his "*boys*," as they, in the kind language of the country, are called. Here is the best of examples. My old and beloved friend, Mr. JAMES PAUL, used, at the age of nearly *sixty* to go at *the head of his mowers*, though his fine farm was his own, and

though he might, in other respects, be called a rich man ; and, I have heard, that Mr. ELIAS HICKS, the famous Quaker Preacher, who lives about nine miles from this spot, has this year, at *seventy* years of age, cradled down four acres of rye in a day. I wish some of the *preachers* of other descriptions, especially our fat parsons in England, would think a little of this, and would betake themselves to “work with their hands the things which be good, that they may have to give to him who needeth,” and not go on any longer gormandizing and swilling upon the labour of those who need.

316. Besides the great quantity of work performed by the American labourer, his *skill*, the *versatility* of his talent, is a great thing. Every man can use an *ax*, a *saw*, and a *hammer*. Scarcely one who cannot do any job at rough carpentering, and mend a plough or a waggon. Very few indeed, who cannot kill and dress pigs and sheep, and many of them Oxen and Calves. Every farmer is a *neat* butcher ; a butcher for *market* ; and, of course, “the boys” must learn. This is a great convenience. It makes you so independent as to a main part of the means of housekeeping. All are *ploughmen*. In short, a good labourer here, can do *any thing* that is to be done upon a farm.

317. The operations necessary in miniature



cultivation they are very awkward at. The *gardens are ploughed* in general. An American labourer uses a *spade* in a very awkward manner. They *poke the earth about* as if they had no eyes; and toil and muck themselves half to death to dig as much ground in a day as a Surrey man would dig in about an hour of hard work. *Banking, hedging*, they know nothing about. They have no idea of the use of a *bill-hook*, which is so adroitly used in the coppices of Hampshire and Sussex. An *ax* is their tool, and with that tool, at *cutting down* trees or *cutting them up*, they will do *ten times* as much in a day as any other men that I ever saw. Set one of these men on upon a wood of timber trees, and his slaughter will astonish you. A neighbour of mine tells a story of an Irishman, who promised he could *do any thing*, and whom, therefore, to begin with, the employer sent into the wood to cut down a load of wood to burn. He staid a long while away with the team, and the farmer went to him fearing some accident had happened. "What are you about all this time?" said the farmer. The man was hacking away at a hickory tree, but had not got it half down; and that was all he had done. An American, black or white, would have had half a dozen trees cut down, cut up into lengths, put upon the carriage, and brought home, in the time.

318. So that our men, who come from England, must not expect, that, in these *common labours* of the country, they are to surpass, or even equal, these "*Yankees*," who, of all men that I ever saw, are the most *active* and the most *hardy*. They skip over a fence like a greyhound. They will catch you a pig in an open field by *racing* him down; and they are afraid of nothing. This was the sort of stuff that filled the *frigates* of DECATUR, HULL, and BRAINBRIDGE. No wonder that they triumphed when opposed to poor pressed creatures, worn out by length of service and ill-usage, and encouraged by no hope of fair-play. My LORD COCHRANE said, in his place in parliament, that it would be so; and so it was. Poor CASHMAN, that brave Irishman, with his dying breath, accused the government and the merchants of England of withholding from him his pittance of prize money! Ought not such a vile, robbing, murderous system to be destroyed?

319. Of the same active, hardy, and brave stuff, too, was composed the army of JACKSON, who drove the invaders into the Gulph of Mexico, and who would have driven into the same Gulph the army of Waterloo, and the heroic gentleman, too, who lent his hand to the murder of Marshal Ney. This is the stuff that stands between the rascals, called the Holy

Alliance, and the slavery of the whole civilized world. This is the stuff that gives us Englishmen an asylum; that gives us time to breathe; that enables us to deal our tyrants blows, which, without the existence of this stuff, they never would receive. This America, this scene of happiness under a free government, is the beam in the eye, the thorn in the side, the worm in the vitals, of every despot upon the face of the earth.

320. An American labourer is not regulated, as to time, by *clocks* and *watches*. The *sun*, who seldom hides his face, tells him when to begin in the morning and when to leave off at night. He has a dollar, a *whole dollar* for his work; but then it is the work of a *whole day*. Here is no dispute about *hours*. "*Hours* were made for *slaves*," is an old saying; and, really, they seem here to act upon it as a practical maxim. This is a *great thing* in agricultural affairs. It prevents so many disputes. It removes so great a cause of disagreement. The American labourers, like the tavern-keepers, are never *servile*, but always *civil*. Neither *boobishness* nor *meanness* mark their character. They never *creep* and *fawn*, and are never *rude*. Employed about your house as day-labourers, they never come to interlope for victuals or drink. They have no idea of such a thing:

Their pride would restrain them if their plenty did not; and, thus would it be with all labourers, in all countries, were they left to enjoy the fair produce of their labour. Full pocket or empty pocket, these American labourers are always the *same men*: no saucy cunning in the one case, and no base crawling in the other. This, too, arises from the free institutions of government. A man has a voice *because he is a man*, and not because he is the *possessor of money*. And, shall I *never* see our English labourers in this happy state?

321. Let those English farmers, who love to see a poor wretched labourer stand trembling before them with his hat off, and who think no more of him than of a dog, remain where they are; or, go off, on the cavalry horses, to the devil at once, if they wish to avoid the tax-gatherer; for, they would, here, meet with so many mortifications, that they would, to a certainty, hang themselves in a month.

322. There are some, and even many, farmers, who *do not work themselves in the fields*. But, they all *attend* to the thing, and are all equally civil to their working people. They manage their affairs very judiciously. Little talking. Orders plainly given in few words, and in a decided tone. This is their only secret.

323. The *cattle* and *implements* used in hus-

bandry are cheaper than in England ; that is to say, *lower priced*. The wear and tear not nearly half so much as upon a farm in England of the same size. The climate, the soil, the gentleness and docility of the horses and oxen, the lightness of the waggons and carts, the lightness and toughness of the *wood* of which husbandry implements are made, the simplicity of the harness, and, above all, the ingenuity and handiness of the workmen in *repairing*, and in *making shift* ; all these make the implements a matter of very little note. Where horses are kept, the *shoing* of them is the most serious kind of expence.

324. The first business of a farmer is, here, and ought to be every where, to *live well*: to live in ease and plenty ; to “ *keep hospitality*,” as the old English saying was. To *save money* is a secondary consideration ; but, any English farmer, who is a good farmer there, may, if he will bring his industry and care with him, and be *sure* to leave his pride and insolence (if he have any) along with his anxiety, behind him, live in ease and plenty here, and keep hospitality, and save a great parcel of money too. If he have the Jack-Daw taste for heaping little round things together in a hole, or chest, he may follow his taste. I have often thought of my good neighbour, JOHN GATER, who, if he were here, with his pretty clipped hedges,

his garden-looking fields, and his neat homesteads, would have visitors from far and near; and, while every one would admire and praise, no soul would envy him his possessions. Mr. GATER would soon have all these things. The hedges only want planting; and he would feel so comfortably to know that the Bötley Parson could never again poke his nose into his sheep-fold or his pig-stye. However, let me hope, rather, that the destruction of the Borough-tyranny, will soon make England a country, fit for an honest and industrious man to live in. Let me hope, that a relief from grinding taxation will soon relieve men of their fears of dying in poverty, and will, thereby, restore to England the "*hospitality*," for which she was once famed, but which now really exists no where but in America.

## CHAP. X.

## EXPENCES OF HOUSE-KEEPING.

325. IT must be obvious, that these must be in proportion to the number in family, and to the style of living. Therefore, every one knowing how he stands in these two respects, the best thing for me to do is to give an account of the *prices* of house-rent, food, raiment, and servants; or, as they are called here, *helpers*.

326. In the great cities and towns house-rent is very high-priced; but, then, nobody but mad people live there except they have *business* there, and, then, they are paid back their rent in the *profits of that business*. This is so plain a matter, that no argument is necessary. It is unnecessary to speak about the expences of a *farm-house*; because, the farmer eats, and very frequently wears, his own produce. If these be high-priced, so is that part which he *sells*. Thus both ends meet with him.

327. I am, therefore, supposing the case of a man, who follows *no business*, and who lives upon what he has got. In England he cannot eat and drink and wear the interest of his money;

for the Boroughmongers have *pawned* half his income, and they will have it, or his blood. He wishes to escape from this alternative. He wishes to keep his blood, and enjoy his money too. He would come to America; but he does not know, whether prices here will not make up for the robbery of the Borough-villains; and he wishes to know, too, *what sort of society* he is going into. Of the latter I will speak in the *next chapter*.

328. The price of house-rent and fuel is, when at more than three miles from New York, as low as it is at the same distance from any great city or town in England. The price of wheaten bread is a third lower than it is in any part of England. The price of *beef, mutton, lamb, veal, small pork, hog-meat, poultry*, is *one half the London price*; the first as good, the two next very nearly as good, and all the rest far, very far, better than in London. The sheep and lambs that I now kill for my house are as fat as any that I ever saw in all my life; and they have been running in *wild ground*, wholly uncultivated for many years, all the summer. A lamb, killed the week before last, weighing in the whole, *thirty-eight pounds*, had *five pounds of loose fat* and *three pounds and ten ounces of suet*. We cut a pound of solid fat from each breast; and, after that it was too



fat to be pleasant to eat. My flock being small, forty, or thereabouts, of some neighbours joined them; and they have all got fat together. I have missed the interlopers lately: I suppose the "Yorkers" have eaten them up by this time. What they have fattened on except *brambles* and *cedars*, I am sure I do not know. If any Englishman should be afraid that he will find no roast-beef here, it may be sufficient to tell him, that an ox was killed, last winter, at Philadelphia, the quarters of which weighed *two thousand, two hundred, and some odd pounds*, and he was sold **TO THE BUTCHER** for *one thousand three hundred dollars*. This is proof enough of the spirit of enterprize, and of the disposition in the public to encourage it. I believe this to have been the *fattest* ox that ever was killed in the world. Three times as much money, or, perhaps, ten times as much, might have been made, if the ox had been *shown for money*. But, this the owner *would not permit*; and he sold the ox in that condition. I need hardly say that the owner was a Quaker. New Jersey had the honour of producing this ox, and the owner's name was **JOB TYLER**.

329. That there must be good *bread* in America is pretty evident from the well known fact, that hundreds of thousands of barrels of flour are, most years sent to England, finer than any

that England can produce. And, having now provided the two principal articles, I will suppose, as a matter of course, that a gentleman will have a *garden*, an *orchard*, and a *cow* or two; but, if he should be able (no easy matter) to find a genteel country-house without these conveniences, he may buy *butter*, cheaper, and, upon an average, better than in England. The garden stuff, if he send to New York for it, he must buy pretty dear; and, faith, he *ought to* buy it dear, if he will not have some planted and preserved.

330. *Cheese*, of the North River produce, I have bought as good of Mr. STICKLER of New York as I ever tasted in all my life; and, indeed, no better cheese need be wished for than what is now made in this country. The average price is about *seven pence a pound* (English money), which is much lower than even *mid-dling* cheese is in England. Perhaps, *generally speaking*, the cheese here is not so good as the better kinds in England; but, there is none here so poor as the poorest in England. Indeed the people *would not eat it*, which is the best security against its being made. Mind, I state distinctly, that as good cheese as I ever tasted, if not the best, was of American produce. I know the article well. Bread and cheese *dinners* have been the dinners of a good fourth of

my life. I know the Cheshire, Gloucester, Wiltshire, Stilton, and the Parmasan; and I never tasted better than American cheese, bought of Mr. STICKLER, in Broad Street, New York. And this cheese Mr. STICKLER informs me is nothing uncommon in the county of Cheshire in Massachusetts; he knows at least a hundred persons himself that make it equally good. And, indeed, why should it not be thus in a country where the pasture is so rich; where the *sun* warms every thing into sweetness; where the cattle eat the grass close *under the shade of the thickest trees*; which we know well they will not do in England. Take any fruit which has grown in the shade in England, and you will find that it has not half the sweetness in it, that there is in fruit of the same bulk, grown in the sun. But, here the sun sends his heat down through all the boughs and leaves. The *manufacturing* of cheese is not yet *generally* brought, in this country, to the English perfection; but, here are all the materials, and the rest will soon follow.

331. *Groceries*, as they are called, are, upon an average, at far less than *half* the English price. Tea, sugar, coffee, spices, chocolate, cocoa, salt, sweet oil; all free of the Borough-mongers' *taxes* and their *pawn*, are so cheap as to be within the reach of every one. Chocolate,

which is a *treat* to the *rich*, in England, is here used even by *the negroes*. Sweet oil, raisins, currants; all the things from the Levant, are at a *fourth* or *fifth* of the English price. The English people, who pay enormously to keep possession of the East and West Indies, purchase the produce even of the English possessions at a price double of that which the Americans give *for that very produce!* What a hellish oppression must that people live under! Candles and soap (quality for quality) are half the English price. Wax candles (beautiful) are at a *third* of the English price. It is no very great piece of extravagance to burn wax candles *constantly* here, and it is frequently done by genteel people, who do not make their own candles.

332. *Fish* I have not mentioned, because fish is not *every where* to be had in abundance. But, any where near the coast it is; and, it is so cheap, that one wonders how it can be brought to market for the money. Fine Black-Rock, as good, at least, as codfish, I have seen sold, and in cold weather too, at an *English farthing a pound*. They now bring us fine fish round the country to our doors, at an English three pence a pound. I believe they count *fifty* or *sixty sorts* of fish in New York market, as the average. Oysters, other shell-fish, called

*clams*. In short, the variety and abundance are such that I cannot describe them.

333. An idea of the state of *plenty* may be formed from these facts: nobody but the free negroes who have families ever think of eating a *sheep's head and pluck*. It is seldom that *oxen's heads* are used at home, or *sold*, and never in the country. In the course of the year hundreds of *calves' heads*, large bits and *whole joints* of meat, are left on the shambles, at New York, for any body *to take away* that will. They generally fall to the share of the *street hogs*, a thousand or two of which are constantly *fattening* in New York on the meat and fish flung out of the houses. I shall be told, that it is only in *hot weather*, that the shambles are left thus garnished. Very true; but, are the shambles of *any other country* thus garnished in *hot weather*? Oh! no! If it were not for the superabundance, all the food would be sold at *some* price or other.

334. After bread, flesh, fish, fowl, butter, cheese and groceries, comes *fruit*. Apples, pears, cherries, peaches at a *tenth* part of the English price. The other day I met a man going to market with a waggon load of *winter pears*. He had high boards on the sides of the waggon, and his waggon held about 40 or 50 bushels. I have bought very good apples this

year for *four pence half penny* (English) a bushel, to boil for little pigs. Besides these, strawberries grow wild in abundance; but no one will take the trouble to get them. Huckle-berries in the woods in great abundance, chesnuts all over the country. Four pence half-penny (English) a quart for these latter. Cranberries, the finest fruit for tarts that ever grew, are bought for about a dollar a bushel, and they will keep, flung down in the corner of a room, for five months in the year. As a sauce to venison or mutton, they are as good as currant jelly. Pine apples in abundance, for several months in the year, at an average of an English shilling each. Melons at an average of an English eight pence. In short, what is there not in the way of fruit? All excellent of their kinds and all for a mere trifle, compared to what they cost in England.

335. I am afraid to speak of *drink*, lest I should be supposed to countenance the *common use* of it. But, protesting most decidedly against this conclusion, I proceed to inform those, who are not content with the *cow* for vintner and brewer, that all the materials for making people drunk, or muddle headed, are much cheaper here than in England. Beer, *good ale*, I mean, a great deal better than the common public-house beer in England; in short, good, strong, clear ale, is, at New York, eight dollars a bar-

rel; that is, about *fourteen English pence a gallon*. Brew yourself, in the country, and it is about *seven English pence a gallon*; that is to say, *less than two pence a quart*. No Borough-mongers' tax on malt, hops, or beer! Portugal wine is about *half* the price that it is in England. French wine a *sixth part* of the English price. Brandy and Rum about the same in proportion; and the common spirits of the country are about three shillings and sixpence (English) *a gallon*. Come on, then, if you love toping; for here you may drink yourselves blind at the price of sixpence.

336. WEARING APPAREL comes chiefly from England, and all the *materials* of dress are as cheap as they are there; for, though there is a duty laid on the importation, the absence of taxes, and the cheap food and drink, enable the retailer to sell as low here as there. Shoes are cheaper than in England; for, though shoemakers are well paid for their labour, there is no Borough-villain to *tax the leather*. All the *India* and *French* goods are at half the English price. Here no ruffian can seize you by the throat and tear off your suspected handkerchief. Here SIGNOR WAITHMAN, or any body in that line, might have sold French gloves and shawls without being tempted to quit the field of politics as a compromise with the government; and

without any breach of covenants, after being suffered to escape with only a gentle squeeze.

337. *Household Furniture*, all cheaper than in England. *Mahogany* timber a third part of the English price. The distance shorter to bring it, and the tax next to nothing on importation. The *woods* here, the pine, the ash, the white-oak, the walnut, the tulip-tree, and many others, all excellent. The workman paid high wages, but *no tax*. No Borough-villains to share in the amount of the price.

338. Horses, carriages, harness, all as good, as gay, and cheaper than in England. I hardly ever saw a *rip* in this country. The hackney coach horses and the coaches themselves, at New York, bear no resemblance to things of the same name in London. The former are all good, sound, clean, and handsome. What the latter are I need describe in no other way than to say, that the coaches seem fit for nothing but the fire and the horses for the dogs.

339. *Domestic servants!* This is a weighty article: not in the *cost*, however, so much as in the plague. A *good man servant* is worth *thirty pounds sterling* a year; and a *good woman servant*, *twenty pounds sterling* a year. But, this is not all; for, in the first place, they will hire only *by the month*. This is what they, in fact, do in England; for, there they can quit



at a *month's warning*. The man will not wear a *livery*, any more than he will wear a halter round his neck. This is no great matter; for, as your neighbours' men are of the same taste, you expose yourself to no humiliation on this score. Neither men nor women will allow you to call them *servants*, and they will take especial care not to call themselves by that name. This seems something very capricious, at the least; and, as people in such situations of life, really *are* servants, according to even the sense which MOSES gives to the word, when he forbids the working of the *man servant* and the *maid servant*, the objection, the rooted aversion, to the name, seems to bespeak a mixture of *false pride* and of *insolence*, neither of which belong to the American character, even in the lowest walks of life. I will, therefore, explain the *cause* of this dislike to the name of servant. When this country was first settled, there were no people that *laboured for other people*; but, as man is always trying to throw the working part off his own shoulders, as we see by the conduct of *priests* in all ages, *negroes* were soon introduced. *Englishmen*, who had fled *from tyranny* at home, were naturally shy of calling other men their *slaves*; and, therefore, "*for more grace*," as Master Matthew says in the play, they called their slaves *servants*. But, though I doubt not

that this device was quite efficient in quieting their own consciences, it gave rise to the notion, that *slave* and *servant* meant one and the same thing, a conclusion perfectly natural and directly deducible from the premises. Hence every *free* man and woman have rejected with just disdain the appellation of *servant*. One would think, however, that they might be reconciled to it by the conduct of some of their superiors in life, who, without the smallest apparent reluctance, call themselves "*Public Servants*," in imitation, I suppose, of English Ministers, and his Holiness, the Pope, who, in the excess of his humility, calls himself, "*the Servant of the Servants of the Lord*." But, perhaps, the American Domestics have observed, that "*Public Servant*" really means *master*. Be the cause what it may, however, they continue most obstinately to scout the name of servant; and, though they still keep a civil tongue in their head, there is not one of them that will not resent the affront with more bitterness than any other that you can offer. The man, therefore, who would deliberately offer such an affront must be a fool. But, there is an inconvenience far greater than this. People in general are so comfortably situated, that very few, and then only of those who are pushed hard, will become domestics to any body. So that, gene-

rally speaking, Domestics of both sexes are far from good. They are *honest*; but they are not *obedient*. They are careless. Wanting frequently in the greater part of those qualities, which make their services conducive to the neatness of houses and comfort of families. What a difference would it make in this country, if it could be supplied with nice, clean, dutiful English maid servants! As to the *men*, it does not much signify; but, for the want of the maids, nothing but the absence of grinding taxation can compensate. As to *bringing them with you*, it is as wild a project as it would be to try to carry the sunbeams to England. They will begin to change before the ship gets on soundings; and, before they have been here a month, you must turn them out of doors, or they will you. If, by any chance, you *find them here*, it may do; but bring them out and keep them you cannot. The best way is to put on your philosophy; never to look at this evil without, at the same time, looking at the many good things that you find here. Make the best selection you can. Give *good wages*, not too much work, and resolve, at all events, to treat them with *civility*.

340. However, what is this plague, compared with that of the *tax gatherer*? What is this plague compared with the constant sight of

beggars and paupers, and the constant dread of becoming a pauper or beggar yourself? If your commands are not obeyed with such alacrity as in England, you have, at any rate, nobody to *command you*. You are not ordered to “*stand and deliver*” twenty or thirty times in the year by the insolent agent of Boroughmongers. No one comes to forbid you to open or shut up a window. No insolent set of Commissioners send their order for you to dance attendance on them, to *shew cause* why they should not *double-tax you*; and, when you have shown cause, even on your oath, make you pay the tax, laugh in your face, and leave you *an appeal* from themselves to another set, deriving their authority from the same source, and having a similar interest in oppressing you, and thus laying your property prostrate beneath the hoof of an insolent and remorseless tyranny. Free, wholly free, from this tantalizing, this grinding, this odious curse, what need you care about the petty plagues of Domestic Servants?

341. However, as there are some men and some women, who can never be at heart's ease, unless they have the power of domineering over somebody or other, and who will rather be slaves themselves than not have it in their power to treat others as slaves, it becomes a man of

fortune, proposing to emigrate to America, to consider soberly, whether he, or his wife, be of this taste; and, if the result of his consideration be in the affirmative, his best way will be to continue to live under the Boroughmongers, or, which I would rather recommend, hang himself at once.

## CHAP. XI.

MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND CHARACTER OF THE  
PEOPLE.

342. ALL these are, generally speaking, the same as those of the people of England. The French call this people *Les Anglo - Americans*; and, indeed, what are they else? Of the manners and customs somewhat peculiar to America I have said so much, here and there, in former Chapters, that I can hardly say any thing new here upon these matters. But, as *society* is naturally a great thing with a gentleman, who thinks of coming hither with his wife and children, I will endeavour to describe the society that he will find here. To give *general* descriptions is not so satisfactory as it is to deal a little in particular instances; to tell of what one has seen and experienced. This is what I shall do; and, in this Chapter I wish to be regarded as addressing myself to a most worthy and public-spirited gentleman of moderate fortune, *in Lancashire*, who, with a large family, now balances whether he shall come, or stay.

343. Now, then, my dear Sir, this people contains very few persons very much raised in men's estimation, above the general mass; for, though there are some men of immense *fortunes*, their wealth does very little indeed in the way of purchasing even the outward signs of respect; and, as to *adulation*, it is not to be purchased with love or money. Men, be they what they may, are generally called by their *two names*, without any thing prefixed or added. I am one of the greatest men in this country at present; for people in general call me "*Cobbett*," though the Quakers provokingly persevere in putting the *William* before it, and my old friends in Pennsylvania, use even the word *Billy*, which, in the very sound of the letters, is an antidote to every thing like thirst for distinction.

344. Fielding, in one of his romances, observes, that there are but few cases, in which a husband can be justified in availing himself of the right which the law gives him to bestow manual chastisement upon his wife, and that one of these, he thinks, is, when any pretensions to *superiority of blood* make their appearance in her language and conduct. They have a better cure for this malady here; namely; silent, but, *ineffable contempt*.

345. It is supposed, in England, that this equality of estimation must beget a general

coarseness and rudeness of behaviour. Never was there a greater mistake. No man likes to be treated with disrespect; and, when he finds that he can obtain respect only by treating others with respect, he will use that only means. When he finds that neither haughtiness nor wealth will bring him a civil word, he becomes civil himself; and, I repeat it again and again, this is a country of *universal civility*.

346. The causes of *hypocrisy* are the fear of loss and the hope of gain. Men crawl to those, whom, in their hearts, they despise, because they fear the effects of their ill-will and hope to gain by their good-will. The circumstances of all ranks are so easy here, that there is no cause for hypocrisy; and the thing is not of so fascinating a nature, that men should love it for its own sake.

347. The boasting of wealth, and the endeavouring to disguise poverty, these two acts, so painful to contemplate, are almost total strangers in this country; for, no man can gain adulation or respect by his wealth, and no man dreads the effects of poverty, because no man sees any dreadful effects arising from poverty.

348. That *anxious eagerness to get on*, which is seldom unaccompanied with some degree of *envy* of more successful neighbours, and which has its foundation first in *a dread of future want*,



and next in a *desire to obtain distinction by means of wealth*; this anxious eagerness, so unamiable in itself, and so unpleasant an inmate of the breast, so great a sourer of the temper, is a stranger to America, where accidents and losses, which would drive an Englishman half mad, produce but very little agitation.

349. From the absence of so many causes of uneasiness, of envy, of jealousy, of rivalry, and of mutual dislike, *society*, that is to say, the intercourse between man and man, and family and family, becomes easy and pleasant; while the universal plenty is the cause of universal hospitality. I know, and have ever known, but little of the people in the cities and towns in America; but, the difference between them and the people in the country can only be such as is found in all other countries. As to the manner of living in the country, I was, the other day, at a gentleman's house, and I asked the lady for *her bill of fare for the year*. I saw *fourteen* fat hogs, weighing about *twenty score a piece*, which were to come *into the house* the next Monday; for here they slaughter them *all in one day*. This led me to ask, "Why, in God's name, what do you eat in a year?" The Bill of fare was this, for this present year: about *this same quantity of hog-meat*; *four beeves*; and *forty-six fat sheep*! Besides the

*sucking pigs* (of which we had then one on the table), besides *lambs*, and besides the produce of *seventy hen fowls*, not to mention good parcels of *geese, ducks and turkeys*, but, not to forget a garden of three quarters of an acre and *the butter of ten cows*, not one ounce of which is ever sold! What do you think of that? Why, you will say, this must be some *great overgrown farmer*, that has swallowed up half the country; or some nabob sort of merchant. Not at all. He has only *one hundred and fifty four acres of land*, (all he consumes is of the produce of this land), and he lives in the same house that his English-born grandfather lived in.

350. When the hogs are killed, the house is full of work. The sides are salted down as pork. The hams are smoked. The lean meats are made into sausages, of which, in this family, they make about *two hundred weight*. These latter, with broiled fish, eggs, dried beef, dried mutton, slices of ham, tongue, bread, butter, cheese, short cakes, buckwheat cakes, sweet meats of various sorts, and many other things, make up the *breakfast* fare of the year, and, a dish of *beef steakes* is frequently added.

351. When one sees this sort of living, with the houses *full of good beds*, ready for the guests as well as the family to sleep in, we can-

not help perceiving, that this is that “ *English Hospitality*,” of which we have *read* so much ; but, which Boroughmongers’ taxes and pawns have long since driven out of England. This American way of life puts one in mind of FORTESCUE’S fine description of the happy state of the English, produced by their *good laws*, which kept every man’s property sacred, even from the grasp of the king. “ Every inhabitant is at his Liberty fully to use and enjoy whatever his Farm produceth, the Fruits of the Earth, the Increase of his Flock, and the like : All the Improvements he makes, whether by his own proper Industry, or of those he retains in his Service, are his own to use and enjoy without the Lett, Interruption, or Denial of any : If he be in any wise injured, or oppressed, he shall have his *Amends* and Satisfaction against the party offending : Hence it is, that the Inhabitants are Rich in Gold, Silver, and in all the Necessaries and Conveniences of Life. They drink no Water, unless at certain Times, upon a Religious Score, and by Way of doing Penance. They are fed, in great Abundance, with all sorts of Flesh and Fish, of which they have Plenty every where ; they are cloathed throughout in good Woollens ; their Bedding and other Furniture in their Houses are of Wool, and

“ that in great Store: They are also well provided with all other Sorts of Household Goods, and necessary Implements for Husbandry : Every one, according to his Rank, hath all Things *which conduce to make Life easy and happy*. They are not sued at Law but before the Ordinary Judges, where they are treated with Mercy and Justice, according to the Laws of the Land ; neither are they impleaded in Point of Property, or arraigned for any Capital Crime, how heinous soever, but before the King’s Judges, and according to the Laws of the Land. These are the Advantages consequent from that *Political Mixt Government* which obtains in *England* ——— ”

352. This passage, which was first pointed out to me by SIR FRANCIS BURDETT, describes the state of England four hundred years ago ; and this, with the *polish* of modern times added, is now the state of the Americans. Their forefathers brought the “ English Hospitality ” with them ; for, when they left the country, the infernal *Boroughmonger Funding* system had not begun. The STUARTS were *religious* and *prerogative* tyrants ; but they were not, like their successors, the Boroughmongers, taxing, plundering tyrants. Their quarrels with their subjects were about mere *words* : with the

Boroughmongers it is a question of purses and strong-boxes, of goods and chattels, lands and tenements. "*Confiscation*" is their word; and you must submit, be hanged, or flee. They take away men's property at their pleasure, *without any appeal to any tribunal*. They appoint *Commissioners* to seize what they choose. There is, in fact, *no law* of property left. The Bishop-begotten and hell-born system of Fund-ing has stripped England of every vestige of what was her ancient character. Her hospi-tality along with her freedom have crossed the Atlantic; and here they are to shame our ruf-fian tyrants, if they were sensible of shame, and to give shelter to those who may be disposed to deal them distant blows.

353. It is not with a little bit of dry toast, so neatly put in a rack; a bit of butter so round and small; a little milk pot so pretty and so empty; an egg *for you*, the host and hostess *not liking eggs*. It is not with looks that seem to say, "don't eat too much, for the taxgatherer "is coming." It is not thus that you are re-ceived in America. You are not much *asked*, not much *pressed*, to eat and drink; but, such an abundance is spread before you, and so hearty and so cordial is your reception, that you instantly lose all restraint, and are tempted

to feast whether you be hungry or not. And, though the *manner* and *style* are widely different in different houses, the *abundance* every where prevails. This is the strength of the government: a happy people: and no government ought to have any other strength.

354. But, you may say, perhaps, that plenty, however great, is not *all* that is wanted. Very true: for the *mind* is of more account than the carcass. But, here is mind too. These repasts, amongst people of any figure, come forth under the superintendence of industrious and accomplished house-wives, or their daughters, who all *read a great deal*, and in whom that gentle treatment from parents and husbands, which arises from an absence of racking anxiety, has created an habitual, and even an hereditary *good humour*. These ladies can converse with you upon almost any subject, and the ease and gracefulness of their behaviour are surpassed by those of none of even our best-tempered English women. They fade at an earlier age than in England; but, till then, they are as beautiful as the women in *Cornwall*, which contains, to my thinking, the prettiest women in our country. However, young or old, blooming or fading, well or ill, rich or poor, they still preserve their *good humour*.

" But, since, alas! frail beauty must decay,  
 " Curl'd, or uncurl'd, since locks will turn to grey;  
 " Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,  
 " And she who scorns a man must die a maid;  
 " What, then, remains, but well our pow'r to use,  
 " And keep *good humour* still, whate'er we lose?  
 " And, trust me, Dear, good-humour can prevail,  
 " When flights and fits, and screams and scolding fail."

355. This beautiful passage, from the most beautiful of poets, which ought to be fastened in large print upon every lady's dressing table, the American women, of all ranks, seem to have by heart. Even amongst the very lowest of the people, you seldom hear of that torment, which the old proverb makes the twin of a smoky house.

356. There are very few really *ignorant* men in America of native growth. Every farmer is more or less of a *reader*. There is no *brogue*, no *provincial dialect*. No class like that which the French call *peasantry*, and which degrading appellation the miscreant spawn of the Funds have, of late years, applied to the whole mass of the most useful of the people in England, those who do the work and fight the battles. And, as to the men, who would naturally form *your* acquaintances, they, I know from experience, are as kind, frank, and sensible men as are, on the general run, to be found in England, even with the power of selection. They are all well-

informed ; modest without shyness ; always free to communicate what they know, and never ashamed to acknowledge that they have yet to learn. You never hear them *boast* of their possessions, and you never hear them *complaining* of their wants. They have all been *readers* from their youth up ; and there are few subjects upon which they cannot converse with you, whether of a political or scientific nature. At any rate, they always *hear* with patience. I do not know that I ever heard a native American interrupt another man while he was speaking. Their *sedateness* and *coolness*, the *deliberate* manner in which they say and do every thing, and the *slowness* and *reserve* with which they express their assent ; these are very wrongly estimated, when they are taken for marks of a *want of feeling*. It must be a tale of woe indeed, that will bring a tear from an American's eye ; but any trumped up story will send his hand to his pocket, as the ambassadors from the beggars of France, Italy and Germany can fully testify.

357. However, you will not, for a long while, know what to do for want of the *quick responses* of the English tongue, and the *decided* tone of the English expression. The *loud voice* ; the *hard squeeze* by the hand ; the *instant assent or dissent* ; the *clamorous joy* ; the *bitter wailing* ;



the *ardent friendship*; the *deadly enmity*; the *love that makes people kill themselves*; the *hatred that makes them kill others*. All these belong to the characters of Englishmen, in whose minds and hearts every feeling exists in the *extreme*. To decide the question, which character is, upon the whole, *best*, the American or the English, we must appeal to some *third party*. But, it is no matter: we cannot change our natures. For my part, who can, in nothing, think or act by halves, I must belie my very nature, if I said that I did not like the character of my own countrymen best. We all like our own parents and children better than other people's parents and children; not because they *are* better, but because they are *ours*; because they belong to us and we to them, and because we must *resemble* each other. There are some Americans that I like full as well as I do any man in England; but, if, nation against nation, I put the question home to my heart, it instantly decides in favour of my countrymen.

358. You must not be offended if you find people here take but little interest in the concerns of England. Why should they? BOLTON F——R cannot hire spies to entræp them. As matter of curiosity, they may contemplate such works as those of FLETCHER; but, they cannot *feel* much upon the subject; and

they are not insincere enough to express much.

359. There is one thing in the Americans, which, though its proper place was further back, I have reserved, or rather *kept back*, to the last moment. It has presented itself several times; but I have turned from the thought, as men do from thinking of any mortal disease that is at work in their frame. It is not covetousness; it is not niggardliness; it is not insincerity; it is not enviousness; it is not cowardice, above all things: it is **DRINKING**. Aye, and that too, amongst but too many men, who, one would think, would loath it. You can go into hardly any man's house, without being asked to drink wine, or spirits, even *in the morning*. They are quick at meals, are little eaters, seem to care little about what they eat, and never talk about it. This, which arises out of the universal abundance of good and even fine eatables, is very amiable. You are here disgusted with none of those *eaters* by *reputation* that are found, especially amongst *the Parsons*, in England: fellows that *unbutton* at it. Nor do the Americans *sit and tope much after dinner*, and talk on till they get into nonsense and *smut*, which last is a sure mark of a silly and, pretty generally, even of a base mind. But, they *tipple*; and the infernal spirits they

tipple too! The scenes that I witnessed at Harrisburgh I shall never forget. I almost wished (God forgive me!) that there were Boroughmongers here to *tax* these drinkers: they would soon reduce them to a moderate dose. Any nation that feels itself uneasy with its fulness of good things, has only to resort to an application of Boroughmongers. These are by no means nice feeders or of contracted throat: they will suck down any thing from the poor man's pot of beer to the rich man's lands and tenements.

360. The Americans preserve their gravity and quietness and good-humour even in their drink; and so much the worse. It were far better for them to be as noisy and quarrelsome as the English drunkards; for then the odiousness of the vice would be more visible, and the vice itself might become less frequent. Few vices want an *apology*, and drinking has not only its apologies but its *praises*; for, besides the appellation of "*generous wine*," and the numerous songs, some in very elegant and witty language, from the pens of debauched men of talents, drinking is said to be necessary, in certain cases at least, *to raise the spirits*, and *to keep out cold*. Never was any thing more false. Whatever intoxicates must *enfeeble* in the end,

and whatever enfeebles must *chill*. It is very well known, in the Northern countries, that, if the cold be such as to produce danger of *frost-biting*, you must take care *not to drink strong liquors*.

361. To see this beastly vice in *young men* is shocking. At one of the taverns at Harrisburgh there were several as fine young men as I ever saw. Well-dressed, well educated, polite, and every thing but *sober*. What a squalid, drooping, sickly set they looked *in the morning*!

362. Even little boys at, or under, *twelve* years of age, go into *stores*, and tip off their *drams*! I never struck a child, in anger, in my life, that I recollect; but, if I were so unfortunate as to have a son to do this, he having had an example to the contrary in me, I would, if all other means of reclaiming him failed, whip him like a dog, or, which would be better, make him an out-cast from my family.

363. However, I must not be understood as meaning, that this tippling is *universal* amongst gentlemen; and, God be thanked, the *women* of any figure in life do by no means give into the practice; but, abhor it as much as well-bred women in England, who, in general, no more think of drinking strong liquors, than they do of drinking poison.

364. I shall be told, that men in the *harvest field* must have *something* to drink. To be sure, where perspiration almost instantly carries off the drink, the latter does not remain so long to burn the liver, or whatever else it does burn. But, I much question the utility even here; and I think, that, in the long run, a water-drinker would beat a spirit drinker at any thing, provided both had plenty of good food. And, besides, *beer*, which does not *burn*, at any rate, is within every one's reach in America, if he will but take the trouble to brew it.

365. A man, at Botley, whom I was very severely reproaching for getting drunk and lying in the road, whose name was JAMES ISAACS, and who was, by the by, one of the hardest workers I ever knew, said, in answer, "Why, now, Sir, NOAH and LOT were two very good men, you know, and yet they loved a *drop of drink*." "Yes, you drunken fool," replied I, "but you do not read that *Isaac* ever got drunk and rolled about the road." I could not help thinking, however, that the BIBLE SOCIETIES, with the wise Emperor Alexander and the Holy Alliance at their head, might as well (to say nothing about the *cant* of the thing) leave the Bible to work its own way. I had seen ISAACS dead drunk, lying stretched out,

by my front gate, against the public highway; and, if he had followed the example of NOAH, he would not have endeavoured to excuse himself in the modest manner that he did, but would have affixed an *everlasting curse on me and my children to all generations*.

366. The soldiers, in the regiment that I belonged to, many of whom served in the American war, had a saying, that the *Quakers* used the word *tired* in place of the word *drunk*. Whether any of them do ever get *tired* themselves, I know not; but, at any rate they most resolutely set their faces against the common use of spirits. They forbid their members to retail them; and, in case of disobedience, they *disown* them.

367. However, there is no remedy but the introduction of *beer*, and, I am very happy to know, that beer is, every day, becoming more and more fashionable. At Bristol in Pennsylvania, I was pleased to see excellent beer in clean and nice pewter pots. Beer does not kill. It does not eat out the vitals and take the colour from the cheek. It will make men "*tired*," indeed, by midnight; but it does not make them half dead in the morning. We call wine the *juice of the grape*, and such it is with a proportion of *ardent spirits*, equal, in Portugal

wine, to a *fifth* of the wine; and, therefore, when a man has taken down a bottle of Port or of Madeira, he has nearly *half a pint* of ardent spirits in him. And yet how many foolish mothers give their children Port wine to *strengthen* them! I never like your *wine-physicians*, though they are great favourites with but too many patients. BONIFACE, in the *Beaux Stratagem*, says that he has eaten his ale, drunk his ale, worked upon his ale, and slept upon his ale, for forty years, and that he has grown fatter and fatter; but, that his wife (God rest her soul!) would not take it *pure*: she would adulterate it with brandy; till, at last, finding that the poor woman was never well, he put a tub of her favourite by her bedside, which, in a short time, brought her “a *happy release*” from this “state of probation,” and carried her off into the “*the world of spirits*.” Whether Boniface meant this as a *pun*, I do not know; for, really, if I am to judge from the *practice* of many of the vagrant fanatics, I must believe, that, when they rave about the *spirit's entering them*, they mean that which goes out of a glass down their throat. Priests may make what they will of their devil; they may make him a reptile with a forked tongue, or a beast with a cloven hoof; they may, like Milton, dress

him out with seraphic wings; or like Saint Francis, they may give him horns and tail: but, I say that the devil, who is the strongest tempter, and who produces the most mischief in the world, approaches us in the shape of *liquid*, not melted brimstone, but wine, gin, brandy, rum, and whiskey. One comfort is, however, that *this* devil, of whose existence we can have no doubt, who is visible and even tangible, we can, if we will, without the aid of priests, or, rather, in spite of them, easily and safely set at defiance. There are many wrong things which men do against the general and natural bent of their minds. Fraud, theft, and even murder, are frequently, and most frequently, the offspring of *want*. In these cases, it is a choice of evils; *crime* or *hunger*. But, drinking to excess is a man's own act; an evil deliberately sought after; an act of violence committed against reason and against nature; and that, too, without the smallest temptation, except from that vicious appetite, which he himself has voluntarily created.

368. You, my dear Sir, stand in need of no such lectures as this, and the same is, I hope, the case with the far greater part of my readers; but, if it tend, in the smallest degree, to check the fearful growth of this tree of



unmixed evil; if it should make the bottle less cherished even in one small circle; nay, if it keep but one young man in the world in the paths of sobriety, how could my time have been better bestowed?

## CHAP. XII.

## RURAL SPORTS.

369. **T**HERE are persons, who question *the right* of man to pursue and destroy the wild animals, which are called *game*. Such persons, however, claim the right of killing *foxes* and *hawks*; yet, these have as much right to live and to follow their food as *pheasants* and *partridges* have. This, therefore, in such persons, is *nonsense*.

370. Others, in their mitigated hostility to the sports of the field, say, that it is *wanton* cruelty to shoot or hunt; and that we *kill* animals from the farm-yard only because their flesh *is necessary to our own existence*. **PROVE THAT.** No: you cannot. If you could, it is but the "*tyrant's* plea;" but you cannot: for we know that men can, and do, live without animal food, and, if their labour be not of an exhausting kind, live well too, and longer than those who eat it. It comes to this, then, that we kill hogs and oxen because we *choose* to kill them; and, we kill game for precisely the same reason.

371. A third class of objectors, seeing the

weak position of the two former, and still resolved to eat flesh, take their stand upon this ground: that sportsmen send some game off *wounded* and leave them in a *state of suffering*. These gentlemen forget the operations performed upon calves, pigs, lambs and sometimes on poultry. Sir ISAAC COFFIN prides himself upon teaching the English ladies how to make *turkey-capons*! Only think of the separation of calves, pigs, and lambs, at an early age, from their mothers! Go, you sentimental eaters of veal, sucking pig and lamb, and hear the mournful lowings, whinings, and bleatings; observe the anxious listen, the wistful look, and the dropping tear, of the disconsolate dams; and, then, while you have the carcasses of their young ones under your teeth, cry out, as soon as you can empty your mouths a little, against the *cruelty* of hunting and shooting. Get up from dinner (but take care to stuff well first), and go and drown the puppies of the bitch, and the kittens of the cat, lest they should share a little in what their mothers have guarded with so much fidelity; and, as good stuffing may tend to make you restless in the night, order the geese to be picked alive, that, however your consciences may feel, your bed, at least, may be easy and soft. Witness all this with your own eyes; and then go weeping to bed, at the

possibility of a hare having been terribly frightened without being killed, or of a bird having been left in a thicket with a shot in its body or a fracture in its wing. But, before you go up stairs, give your servant orders to be early at market for fish, fresh out of the water; that they may be *scaled*, or *skinned alive*! A truce with you, then, sentimental eaters of flesh: and here I propose the terms of a lasting compromise with you. We must, on each side, yield something: we sportsmen will content ourselves with merely *seeing the hares skip and the birds fly*; and you shall be content with the flesh and fish that come from cases of *natural death*, of which, I am sure, your compassionate disposition will not refuse us a trifling allowance.

372. Nor have even the *Pythagoreans* a much better battery against us. Sir RICHARD PHILLIPS, who once rang a peal in my ears against shooting and hunting, does, indeed, eat neither *flesh*, *fish*, nor *fowl*. His abstinence surpasses that of a Carmelite, while his bulk would not disgrace a Benedictine Monk, or a Protestant Dean. But, he forgets, that his *shoes* and *breeches* and *gloves* are made of the skins of animals: he forgets that he *writes* (and very eloquently too) with what has been cruelly taken from a fowl; and that, in order to cover

the *books* which he has had made and sold, hundreds of flocks and scores of droves must have perished : nay, that, to get him his *beaver-hat*, a beaver must have been *hunted* and killed, and; in the doing of which, many beavers may have been *wounded* and left to pine away the rest of their lives ; and, perhaps many little orphan beavers, left to lament the murder of their parents. BEN LEY was the only real and sincere Pythagorean of modern times, that I ever heard of. He protested, not only against eating the flesh of animals, but also against robbing their backs ; and, therefore, his dress consisted wholly of *flax*. But, even he, like Sir Richard Phillips, eat milk, butter, cheese, and eggs ; though this was cruelly robbing the hens, cows, and calves ; and, indeed causing the murder of the calves. In addition, poor little BEN forgot the materials of *book-binding* ; and, it was well he did ; for else, his Bible would have gone into the fire !

373. Taking it for granted, then, that sportsmen are as good as other folks on the score of *humanity*, the sports of the field, like every thing else done in the fields, tend to produce, or preserve *health*. I prefer them to all other pastime, because they produce *early rising* ; because they have no tendency to lead young men into vicious habits. It is where men *con-*

*gregate* that the vices haunt. A hunter or a shooter may also be a gambler and a drinker; but, he is *less likely* to be fond of the two latter, if he be fond of the former. Boys will take to *something* in the way of pastime; and, it is better that they take to that which is innocent, healthy, and manly, than that which is vicious, unhealthy, and effeminate. Besides, the scenes of rural sport are necessarily at *a distance from cities and towns*. This is another great consideration; for though great talents are wanted to be *employed* in the *hives of men*, they are very rarely *acquired* in these hives: the surrounding objects are too numerous, too near the eye, too frequently under it, and too artificial.

374. For these reasons I have always encouraged my sons to pursue these sports. They have, until the age of 14 or 15, spent their time, by day, chiefly amongst horses and dogs, and in the fields and farm-yard; and their candle-light has been spent chiefly in reading books about hunting and shooting and about dogs and horses. I have supplied them plentifully with *books* and *prints* relating to these matters. They have *drawn* horses, dogs, and game themselves. These things, in which they took so deep an interest, not only engaged their attention and wholly kept them from all taste for,

and even all knowledge of, *cards* and other senseless amusements; but, they led them *to read and write of their own accord*; and, *never in my life have I set them a copy in writing nor attempted to teach them a word of reading*. They have learnt to read by looking into books about dogs and game; and they have learnt to write by imitating my writing, and by writing endless letters to me, when I have been from home, about their dogs and other rural concerns. While the Borough-tyrants had me in Newgate for two years, with a thousand pounds fine, for having expressed my indignation at their flogging of Englishmen, in the heart of England, under a guard of Hanoverian sabres, I received *volumes of letters* from my children; and, I have them now, from the *scrawl of three years*, to the neat and beautiful hand of thirteen. I never told them of any *errors* in their letters. All was well. The best evidence of the utility of their writing, and the strongest encouragement to write again, was *a very clear answer from me*, in a very precise hand, and upon very nice paper, which they never failed promptly to receive. They have all written to me *before they could form a single letter*. A little bit of paper, with some ink-marks on it, folded up by themselves, and a wafer stuck in it, used to be sent to me, and it was *sure* to bring the

writer a very, very kind answer. Thus have they gone on. So far from being a *trouble* to me, they have been all *pleasure* and *advantage*. For many years they have been so many *secretaries*. I have *dictated* scores of registers to them, which have *gone to the press without my ever looking at them*. I dictated registers to them at the age of *thirteen*, and even of *twelve*. They have, as to *trust-worthiness*, been grown persons, at eleven or twelve. I could leave my house and affairs, the paying of men, or the going from home on business, to them at an age when boys in England, in general, want servants to watch them to see that they do not kill chickens, torment kittens, or set the buildings on fire.

375. Here is a good deal of *boasting*; but, it will not be denied, that I have *done a great deal* in a short public life, and I see no harm in telling my readers of any of the means, that I have employed; especially as I know of few greater misfortunes than that of breeding up things to be *school-boys all their lives*. It is not, that I have so many wonders of the world: it is that I have pursued a rational plan of education, and one that any man may pursue, if he will, with similar effects. I remembered, too, that I myself had had a sportsman-education. I ran after the hare-hounds at the age of *nine* or



*ten.* I have many and many a day left the rooks to dig up the wheat and peas, while I followed the hounds; and have returned home at dark-night, with my legs full of thorns and my belly empty to go supperless to bed, and to congratulate myself if I escaped a flogging. I was *sure* of these consequences; but that had not the smallest effect in restraining me. All the lectures, all the threats, vanished from my mind in a moment upon hearing the first cry of the hounds, at which my heart used to be ready to bound out of my body. I *remembered* all this. I traced to this taste my contempt for card-playing and for all childish and effeminate amusements. And, therefore, I resolved to leave the same course freely open to my sons. This is *my plan* of education: others may follow what plan they please.

376. This Chapter will be a head without a body; for, it will not require much time to give an account of the rural sports in America. The general taste of the country is to *kill* the things in order to have them to *eat*, which latter forms no part of the *sportsman's* objects.

377. There cannot be said to be any thing here, which we, in England, call *hunting*. The deer are hunted by *dogs*, indeed, but the hunters do not *follow*. They are *posted* at their several stations to *shoot* the deer as he passes. This

is only one remove from the *Indian* hunting. I never saw, that I know of, any man that had seen a *pack of hounds* in America, except those kept by old JOHN BROWN, in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, who was the only *hunting Quaker* that I ever heard of, and who was grandfather of the famous General Brown. In short, there is none of what we call hunting; or, so little, that no man can expect to meet with it.

378. No *coursing*. I never saw a greyhound here. Indeed, there are no *hares* that have the same manners that ours have, or any thing like their fleetness. The woods, too, or some sort of cover, except in the singular instance of the *plains* in this Island, are too near at hand.

379. But, of *shooting* the variety is endless. Pheasants, partridges, wood-cocks, snipes, grouse, wild-ducks of many sorts, teal, plover, rabbits.

380. There is a disagreement between the North and the South as to the *naming* of the two former. North of New Jersey the pheasants are called partridges, and the partridges are called quails. To the South of New Jersey, they are called by what I think are their proper names, taking the English names of those birds to be proper. For, pheasants do not remain in *coveys*; but, mix, like common fowls. The intercourse between the males and females is

promiscuous, and not by *pairs*, as in the case of partridges. And these are the manners of the American pheasants, which are found by ones, twos, and so on, and never in *families*, except when *young*, when, like chickens, they keep with the old hen. The American *partridges* are not *quails*; because quails are *gregarious*. They keep in *flocks*, like *rooks* (called *crows* in America), or like *larks*, or *starlings*; of which the reader will remember a remarkable instance in the history of the migration of those grumbling vagabonds, the Jews, soon after their march from HOREB, when the quails came and settled upon each other's backs to a height of two cubits, and covered a superficial space of two days' journey in diameter. It is a well known fact, that quails *flock*: it is also well known, that partridges do not, but that they keep in *distinct families*, which we call *coveys* from the French *couvée*, which means the eggs or brood which a hen *covers* at one time. The American partridges live in coveys. The cock and her *pair* in the spring. They have their brood by *sitting alternately* on the eggs, just as the English partridges do; the young ones, if none are killed, or die, remain with the old ones till spring; the covey always live within a small distance of the same spot; if frightened into a state of separation, they *call*

to each other and re-assemble; they roost all together in a round ring, as close as they can sit, the tails inward and the heads outward; and are, in short, in all their *manners*, precisely the same as the English partridge, with this exception, that they will sometimes alight on a rail or a bough, and that, when the hen sits, the cock, perched at a little distance, makes a sort of periodical whistle, in a monotonous, but very soft and sweet tone.

381. The size of the pheasant is about the *half* of that of the English. The plumage is by no means so beautiful; but, the flesh is far more delicate. The size of the partridge bears about the same proportion. But its plumage is more beautiful than that of the English, and its flesh is more delicate. Both are delightful, though rather difficult, shooting. The pheasant does not *tower*, but darts through the trees; and the partridge does not rise boldly, but darts away at no great height from the ground. Some years they are more abundant than other years. This is an abundant year. There are, perhaps, fifty coveys within half a mile of my house.

382. The *wood-cocks* are, in all respects, like those in England, except that they are only about three-fifths of the size. They *breed* here; and are in such numbers, that some men kill

twenty brace, or more in a day. Their haunts are in marshy places, or woods. The shooting of them lasts from the fourth of July till the *hardish frosts* come. The last we killed this year was killed on the 21st of *November*. So that here are *five months* of this sport; and pheasants and partridges are shot from September to April.

383. The *snipes* are called *English snipes*, which they resemble in all respects; and are found in great abundance in the usual haunts of snipes.

384. The *grouse* is precisely like the Scotch grouse. There is only here and there a place where they are found. But, they are, in those places, killed in great quantities in the fall of the year.

385. As to *wild ducks* and other water-fowl, which are come at by lying in wait, and killed most frequently swimming, or sitting, they are slaughtered in whole flocks. An American counts the cost of powder and shot. If he is *deliberate* in every thing else, this habit will hardly forsake him in the act of *shooting*. When the sentimental flesh-eaters hear the report of his gun, they may begin to pull out their white handkerchiefs; for death follows his pull of the trigger, with, perhaps, even more certainty than it used to follow the lancet of DOCTOR RUSH.

386. The PLOVER is a fine bird, and is found in great numbers upon the plains, and in the cultivated fields, of this Island, and at a mile from my house. Plovers are very *shy* and *wary*; but they have ingenious enemies to deal with. A waggon, or carriage of some sort, is made use of to approach them; and then they are easily killed.

387. *Rabbits* are very abundant in some places. They are killed by shooting; for all here is done with the *gun*. No reliance is placed upon a dog.

388. As to *game-laws* there are none, except those which appoint the *times* for killing. People go where they like, and, as to wild animals, shoot what they like. There is the Common Law, which forbids *trespass*, and the Statute Law, I believe, of "*malicious trespass*," or *trespass after warning*. And these are more than enough; for nobody, that I ever hear of, *warns people off*. So that, as far as *shooting* goes, and that is the sport which is the most general favourite, there never was a more delightful country than this Island. The sky is so fair, the soil so dry, the cover so convenient, the game so abundant, and the people, go where you will, so civil, hospitable, and kind.

## CHAP. XIII.

## PAUPERS.

389. IT is a subject of great exultation in the hireling newspapers of the Borough-villains, that “*poverty* and *poor-rates* have *found their way* to America.” As to the former it is literally true; for the *poverty* that is here has, almost the whole of it, *come from Europe*; but, the means of *keeping the poor* arise here upon the spot.

390. Great sums of money are raised in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and other great sea-ports, for the maintenance of “*the poor*,” and, the Boroughmongers eagerly catch at the published *accounts* of this concern, and produce them as *proofs*, that misery is as great in America as it is under their iron rod. I will strip them of this pretext in a few minutes.

391. Let us take New York, for instance. It is notorious that, whatever may be the number of persons relieved by poor rates, the greater part of them are *Europeans*, who have come hither, at different periods and under circumstances of distress, different, of course, in de-

gree. There is, besides, a class of persons here of a description very peculiar; namely; the *free negroes*. Whatever may have been the motives, which led to their emancipation, it is very certain, that it has saddled the white people with a charge. These negroes are a disorderly, improvident set of beings; and, the paupers, *in the country*, consist *almost wholly* of them. Take out the *foreigners* and the *negroes*, and you will find, that the paupers of New York do not amount to a *hundredth part* of those of Liverpool, Bristol, Birmingham, or London, population for population. New York is a sea-port, and the only great sea-port of a large district of country. All the disorderly crowd to it. It teems with emigrants; but, even there, a pauper, who is a white, *native American*, is a great rarity.

392. But, do the Borough-villains think, that the word *pauper* has the same meaning here that it has under their scorpion rod? A pauper under them means a man that is *able and willing to work*, and who *does work like a horse*; and who is *so taxed*, has so much of his earnings taken from him *by them* to pay the interest of *their* Debt and the pensions of themselves and their wives, children, and dependents, that he is actually starving and fainting *at his work*. This is what is meant by a



*pauper in England.* But, at New York, a pauper is, *generally*, a man who is unable, or, which is more frequently the case, unwilling to work; who is become debilitated from a vicious life; or, who, like boroughmongers and Priests, finds it more pleasant to live upon the labour of others than upon his own labour. A pauper in England is fed upon bones, garbage, refuse meat, and “*substitutes for bread.*” A pauper here expects, and has, as much flesh, fish and bread and cake as he can devour. How gladly would many a little tradesman, or even little farmer, in England, exchange his diet for that of a New York pauper!

393. Where there are *such paupers* as those in England, there are *beggars*; because, when they find, that they are *nearly starved* in the former character, they will try the latter in spite of all the *vagrant acts* that any hell-born Funding system can engender. And, who *ever* saw a beggar in America? “I have!” exclaims some spy of the Boroughmongers, who hopes to become a Boroughmonger himself. And so have I too. I have seen a *couple* since I have been on this Island; and of them I will speak presently. But there are *different sorts* of beggars too as well as of paupers. In England a beggar is a poor creature, with hardly rags (mere rags) sufficient to cover its nakedness, so

far even as common decency requires. A wretched mortal, the bare sight of whom would freeze the soul of an American within him. A dejected, broken down thing, that approaches you bare-headed, on one knee, with a trembling voice, with "pray bestow your charity, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake have compassion on a poor soul;" and, if you toss a *half-penny* into his ragged hat, he exclaims in an extacy, "God Almighty bless your *honour!*" though you, perhaps, be but a shoe-black yourself. An American beggar, dressed very much like other people, walks up to you as boldly as if his pockets were crammed with money, and, with a half smile, that seems to say, he doubts of the propriety of his conduct, very civilly asks you, *if you can HELP him to a quarter of a dollar.* He mostly states the precise sum; and never sinks below *silver*. In short, there is *no begging*, properly so called. There is nothing that resembles English begging even in the most distant degree.

394. I have now been here *twenty months*, and I have been visited by only *two beggars*. The first was an *Englishman*, and what was more to me, a *Surrey* man too; a native of Croydon. He asked me if I could *help* him to a quarter of a dollar; for, it is surprising how apt scholars they are. "Yes," said I, "if you will

"*help* my men to do some work first." He said he could not do that, for he was *in a hurry*. I told him, that, if a man, with a dollar a day, and pork for the tenth part of a dollar a pound, could not earn his living, he ought to be hanged; "however," said I, "as you are the first Surrey man I ever saw in America besides myself, if you be not hanged before this day week, and come here again, I will *help* you to a quarter of a dollar." He came, and I kept my word. The second beggar was an *Italian*. This was a personage of "*high consideration*." He was introduced to the side of my writing table. He behaved with a sort of dignified politeness, mixed with somewhat of reserve, as if he thought the person to whom he was addressing himself a very good sort of man, but of rank inferior to himself. We could not understand each other at first; but, we got into *French*, and then we could talk. He having laid down his hat, and being seated, pulled out a large parcel of papers, amongst which was a certificate from the *Secretary of State of His Majesty the King of Sardinia*, duly signed and countersigned, and sealed with a seal having the armorial bearings of that sovereign. Along with this respectable paper was an English translation of it, done at New York, and authenticated by the Mayor and a Notary Public, with all due formality. All

the time these papers were opening, I was wondering what this gentleman could be. I read, and stared, and read again. I was struck not less by the novelty than the audacity of the thing. "So then," said I, breaking silence, "your sovereign, after taxing you to your ruin, has been graciously pleased to give you credentials to show, that he *authorizes you to beg in America*; and, not only for yourself but for *others*; so that you are an accredited ambassador from the beggars in Sardinia!" He found he was got into *wrong hands*: and endeavoured to put *an end* to the negotiation at once, by observing, that I was not *forced* to give, and that my *simple negative* was *enough*. "I beg your pardon, Sir," said I, "you have submitted your *case* to me; you have made an *appeal* to me; your statement contains reasons for my giving; and that gives me a right to shew, if I can, why I ought not to give." He then, in order to prevent all *reasoning*, opened his Subscription, or Begging-book, and said: "you see, Sir, others give!" "Now," said I, "you reason, but your reasoning is *defective*; for, if you were to shew me, that you had robbed all my neighbours without their resenting it, would it follow that I must let you rob me too?" "*Ah! par bleu,*" said he, snatching up his credentials, "*je vois que vous êtes un avare.*"

—*Ah! by Old Nick, I see you are a Miser.*—  
And off he went; not, however, before I had had time to tell him to be sure to give my best respects to the king of Sardinia, and to tell His Majesty to keep his beggars at home.

395. I afterwards found, that cases like this are by no means rare; and that, in Pennsylvania, in particular, they have accredited beggars from all parts of the continent of Europe. This may be no unuseful hint for the English Boroughmongers, who have an undoubted claim to precedence before the German and Italian beggars. The Boroughmongers may easily add a legation of mendicity to their Envoyships and Consulships, without any great disgrace to the latter; and, since they can get nothing out of America by bullying and attacking, try what can be gained by canting and begging. The chances are, however, that many of them will, before they die, be beggars in their own proper persons and for their own use and behoof; and thus give a complete rounding to their career; plunderers in prosperity, and beggars in adversity.

396. As to the *poor-rates*, the real poor-rates, you must look to *the country*. In England the poor-rates *equal in amount the rent of the land!* Here, I pay, in poor-rates, only *seven* dollars upon a rent of *six hundred!* And I pay my

full share. In short, how is it *possible*, that there should be paupers to any amount, where the common average wages of a labourer are six dollars a week ; that is to say, *twenty-seven shillings sterling*, and where the necessities of life are, upon an average, of *half* the price that they are in England ? How can a man be a pauper, where he can earn ten pounds of prime hog-meat a day, six days in every week ? I was at a *horse-race*, where I saw at least five thousand men, and not one man in shabby clothes.

397. But, some *go back* after they come from England ; and the Consul at New York has thousands of applications from men who *want to go to Canada* ; and little bands of them go off to that *fine country* very often. These are said to be *disappointed* people. Yes, they expected the people at New York to come out in boats, I suppose, carry them on shore, and give up their dinners and beds to them ! If they will *work*, they will soon find beds and dinners : if they will not, they ought to have none. What, did they expect to find here the same faces and the same posts and trees that they left behind them ? Such foolish people are not worth notice. The *lazy*, whether male or female, all hate a government, under which every one enjoys his earnings, *and no more*, Low,

poor and miserable as they may be, their *principle* is precisely the same as that of Boroughmongers and Priests: namely, *to live without labour on the earnings of others*. The *desire* to live thus is almost universal; but with sluggards, thieves, Boroughmongers, and Priests, it is *a principle of action*. Ask a Priest *why* he is a Priest. He will say (for he has vowed it on the Altar!) that he believes himself called by the Holy Ghost to take on him the care of souls. But, put the thing close to him; push him hard; and you will find it was the *benefice*, the *money* and the *tithes*, that called him. Ask him what he wanted them for. That he might *live*, and live, too, *without work*. Oh! this work! It is an old saying, that, if the Devil find a fellow idle, he is sure to set him to work; a saying the truth of which the Priests seem to have done their utmost to establish.

398. Of the *goers back* was a Mr. ONSLOW WAKEFORD, who was a coach-maker, some years, in Philadelphia, and who, having, from nothing hardly to begin with, made a comfortable fortune, *went back* about the time that I returned home. I met him, by accident, at Goodwood, in Sussex, in 1814. We talked about America. Said he, "I have often thought *of the foolish way*, in which my good friend, "NORTH, and I used to talk about the happy

“state of England. *The money that I have paid in taxes here, would have kept me like a gentleman there.* Why,” added he, “if a labouring man here were seen *having in his possession*, the fowls and other things that labourers in Philadelphia carry home from market, he would be stopped in the street, and *taken up on suspicion of being a thief*; upon the supposition of its being *impossible* that he could have come *honestly* by them.” I told this story after I got home; and we read in the news-papers, not long afterwards, that a *Scotch Porter*, in London, who had had a *little tub of butter* sent him up from his relations, and who was, in the evening, carrying it from the vessel to his home, had actually been seized by the Police, lodged in prison all night, brought before the magistrate the next day, and not released until he had produced witnesses *to prove* that he had *not stolen a thing, which was thought far too valuable for such a man to come at by honest means!* What a state of things must that be? What! A man in England taken up as a thief and crammed into prison, merely because he was in possession of 20 pounds of butter!

399. MR. WAKEFORD is, I dare say, alive. He is a very worthy man. He lives at CHICHESTER. I appeal to him for the truth of the anecdote relating to him. As to the *butter*



*story*, I cannot name the *precise date*; but, I seriously declare the fact to have been as I have related it. I told Mr. WAKEFORD, who is a very *quiet* man, that, in order to make his lot in England as good as it was in America, he must help us to destroy the Boroughmongers. He left America, he told me, principally in consequence of the loss of his daughter (an only child) at Philadelphia, where she, amongst hundreds and hundreds of others, fell before the desolating *lancets* of 1797, 1798 and 1799.

## CHAP. XIV.

## GOVERNMENT, LAWS, AND RELIGION.

400. MR. PROFESSOR CHRISTIAN, who has written great piles of *Notes* on Blackstone's Commentaries, and whose Notes differ from those of the Note-writers on the Bible, in this, that the latter only tend to add darkness to that which was sufficiently dark before, while the Professor's Notes, in every instance, without a single exception, labour most arduously, and not always without success, to render that obscure, which was before clear as the sun now is in Long Island, on this most beautiful fifth of December, 1818: this Professor, who, I believe, is now a *Judge*, has, in his Note 126 on Book I, drawn what he calls "a *distinction*" between *Political* and *Civil* Liberty, which distinction contains as to ideas, manner, and expressions, a complete specimen of what, in such a case, a writer ought to avoid.

401. Leaving definitions of this sort to such conceited bunglers as the Professor, I will just give a *sketch* (for it can be nothing more) of the *Government* and *Laws* of this country.

402. The country is divided into *States*. Each of these States has its own separate government, consisting of a *Governor*, *Legislative Body*, and *Judiciary Department*. But, then there is a *General Government*, which is, in fact, the government of the whole *nation*; for, it alone can do any thing with regard to *other nations*. This General Government consists of a *President*, a *Senate*, a *House of Representatives*, all which together are called the *Congress*. The President is elected for *four years*, the Senate for *four years*, and the House of Representatives for *two years*.

403. In most of the State-Governments, the election is *annual* for the *House of Representatives*. In some the Governor and the Senate are elected for a longer period, not exceeding *four years* in any case. But, in some, the whole, Governor, Senate, and Representatives, are elected **ANNUALLY**; and this last appears now to be the *prevailing* taste.

404. The *suffrage*, or *qualification of electors*, is very various. In some States every free man; that is, every man who is not *bondman* or *slave*, has a vote. In others, the payment of a *tax* is required. In others, a man must be *worth a hundred pounds*. In Virginia a man must be a *freeholder*.

405. This may serve to show how little Mr.

JERRY BENTHAM, the new Mentor of the Westminster Telemachus, knows about the political part of the American governments. Jerry, whose great, and, indeed, *only* argument, in support of *annual parliaments* and *universal suffrage*, is, that *America* is so *happy* under *such a system*, has, if we were to *own him*, furnished our enemies with a complete answer; for, they have, in order to silence him, only to refer to the *facts* of his argument of happy experience. By *silencing* him, however, I do not mean, the stopping of his tongue, or pen; for nothing but mortality will ever do that. This everlasting babbler has aimed a sort of stiletto stroke at me; *for what* God knows, except it be to act a consistent part, by endeavouring to murder the man whom he has so frequently robbed, and whose facts and thoughts, though disguised and disgraced by the robber's quaint phraseology, constitute the better part of his book. Jerry, who was made a Reformer by PITT's *refusal to give him a contract to build a penitentiary, and to make him prime administrator of penance*, that is to say, Beggar-Whipper General, is a very proper person to be toasted by those, who have plotted and conspired against Major Cartwright. Mr. Brougham *praises* Jerry: that is enough!

406. In the *four New England States*, the

qualification was *a hundred pounds*. But, one of those States, CONNECTICUT, has, to her great honour, recently set an example worthy of the imitation of the other three. A new constitution has, during this year, been formed in that State, according to which all the elections are to be *annual*; and, as to the *suffrage*, I will give it in the words of the instrument itself: “ Every male white citizen of the United States, “ who shall have gained a settlement in this “ state, attained the age of twenty-one years, “ and-resided in the town [that is *parish* in the “ English meaning] in which he may offer himself to be admitted to the privilege of being “ an elector, at least six months preceding, “ *and have a freehold estate of the yearly value “ of seven dollars in this State;—OR, having “ been enrolled in the militia, shall have performed military duty therein for the term of “ one year, next preceding the time he shall “ offer himself for admission, or, being liable “ thereto, shall have been, by authority of law, “ altogether excused therefrom;—OR, shall “ have paid a State Tax within the year next “ preceding the time he shall present himself for “ admission, and shall sustain a good moral “ character, shall, on his taking the oath prescribed, be an elector.”*

407. And then, the proof of bad moral cha-

racter, is, “ a conviction of *bribery, forgery, perjury, duelling, fraudulent bankruptcy, theft*, or other offences, for which an infamous punishment is inflicted.” By *forgery* is not, of course, contemplated *puff-out* forgery; for that, as an act of *resistance of oppression*, is fully justifiable : it is not only not an immoral, but it is a *meritorious* act. The *forgery* here meant is forgery committed against honest men, who, when they “ *promise to pay*,” mean to pay, and do pay when called upon. “ *Bribery*” is very properly set at the head of the disqualifications; but, what a nest of villains it would exclude in England! *White* men are mentioned, but, another clause, admits all the Blacks now free, though it shuts out future *comers* of that colour, or of the yellow hue; which is perfectly just; for, Connecticut is not to be the receptacle of those, whom other States may choose to release from slavery, seeing that she has now *no slaves of her own*.

408. Thus, then, this *new* Constitution; a constitution formed by the *stadiest* community in the whole world; a constitution dictated by the most *ample experience*, gives to the people, as to the *three branches* of the government (the *Governor, Senate, and Representatives*) precisely what we reformers in England ask as to only *one* branch out of the three. Whoever

*has a freehold* worth a guinea and a half a year, though he pay no tax, and though he be not enrolled in the militia, has a vote. Whoever *pays a tax*, though he be not enrolled in the militia, and have no freehold, has a vote. Whoever is enrolled in the militia, though he have no freehold and pay no tax, has a vote. So that nothing but beggars, paupers, and criminals, can easily be excluded; and, you will observe, if you please, Messieurs Borough-mongers, that the State taxes are *all direct*, and so contemptible in amount, as not to be, all taken together, enough to satisfy the maw of a *single sinecure place-man* in England; and that the Electors choose, and annually too, *King, Lords, and Commons*. Now, mind, this change has been deliberately made by the most deliberate people that ever lived on the earth. New England is called, and truly, “the Land of *Steady Habits*,” but, a Connecticut man is said to be a “*full-blooded Yankey*,” and Yankey means *New Englander*. So that, here are the *steadiest* of the *steady* adopting, after all their usual deliberation and precaution, in a time of profound tranquillity, and without any party spirit or delusion, the plan of us “*wild* and “*mad*” Reformers of Old England. Please God, I will, before I go home, perform a pilgrimage into this State!

409. In *Virginia*, and the States where negro slavery exists, the slaves are *reckoned amongst the population in apportioning the seats in the General Congress*. So that, the slaves do not vote; but, their *owners have votes for them*. This is what Davis Giddy, Wilberforce, and the Spawn of the Green Room, call *virtual representation*. And this, to be sure, is what Sir FRANCIS BURDETT, in his speech at the Reading Dinner, meant by *universal INTERESTS*! From *universal suffrage*, he came down to *general suffrage*: this was only *nonsense*; but, *universal INTERESTS* is downright borough-mongering. Well may he *despair* of doing any *good* in the House of Commons! “*Universal interests*” is the *Virginian plan*; and, *in that state of things*, by no means unwise or unjust; for, it is easier to *talk* about freeing black slaves, then it is to *do it*. The *planters* in the Southern States are not to blame for having slaves, until some man will show how they are to get rid of them. No one has yet discovered the means. *Virtual representation*, or, in other words, *Universal interests*, is as good a thing as any one can devise for those States; and, if SIR FRANCIS will but boldly declare, that the people of England *must necessarily remain slaves*, his joining of Davis Giddy and Canning, will be very consistent. Let him black the skins of the people of Eng-



land, and honestly call a part of them his property, and then he will not add the meanest to the most dastardly apostacy.

410. The right of suffrage in America is, however, upon the whole, sufficient to guard the people against any general and long-existing abuse of power; for, let it be borne in mind, that *here* the people elect *all* the persons, who are to exercise power; while, even if our Reform were obtained, there would still be *two branches out of the three*, over whom the people would have no direct controul. Besides, in England, Ireland, and Scotland, there is an *established Church*; a richly endowed and powerful hierarchy; and this, which is really a *fourth* branch of the government, has nothing to resemble it in America. So that, in this country, the whole of the Government may be truly said to be in the hands of the people. The people are, in reality as well as in name, *represented*.

411. The consequences of this are, 1st. that, if those who are chosen do not behave well, they are *not chosen a second time*; 2nd, that there are no *sinecure placemen* and *place women, grantees, pensioners without services*, and big placemen who swallow the earnings of two or three thousand men each; 3rd, that there is no military staff to devour more than the whole of a government ought to cost; 4th, that there are

no proud and insolent grasping Borough-mongers, who make the people toil and sweat to keep them and their families in luxury; 5th, that seats in the Congress are not like stalls in Smithfield, bought and sold, or hired out; 6th, that the Members of Congress do not sell their votes at so much a vote; 7th, that there is no waste of the public money, and no expenses occasioned by the bribing of electors, or by the hiring of Spies and informers; 8th, that there are no shootings of the people, and no legal murders committed, in order to defend the government against the just vengeance of an oppressed and insulted nation. But, all is harmony, peace and prosperity. Every man is zealous in defence of the laws, because every man knows that he is governed by laws, to which he has really and truly given his assent.

412. As to the nature of the Laws, the *Common Law* of England is the *Common Law* of America. These States were formerly *Colonies of England*. Our Boroughmongers wished to tax them *without their own consent*. But, the Colonies, standing upon the ancient Laws of England, which say that *no man shall be taxed without his own consent*, resisted the Boroughmongers of that day; overcame them in war; cast off all dependence, and became free and independent States. But, the great man, who con-

ducted that Revolution, as well as the people in general, were too wise to cast off the excellent laws of their forefathers. They, therefore, declared, that the *Common Law* of England should remain, being subject to such modifications as might be necessary in the new circumstances in which the people were placed. The *Common Law* means, the *ancient and ordinary usages and customs of the land* with regard to the means of *protecting property and persons* and of *punishing crimes*. This law is no *written* or *printed* thing. It is more ancient than books. It had its origin in the hearts of our forefathers, and it has lived in the hearts of their sons, from generation to generation. Hence it is emphatically called *the Law of the Land*. Juries, Judges, Courts of Justice, Sheriffs, Constables, Head-boroughs, Heywards, Justices of the Peace, and all their numerous and useful powers and authorities, make part of this *Law of the Land*. The Boroughmougers would fain persuade us, that it is *they* who have *given* us this Law, *out of pure generosity*. But, we should bear in mind, that this Law is more ancient, and far more ancient, than the titles of even the most ancient of their families. And, accordingly, when the present Royal Family were placed upon the throne, there was a solemn *declaration* by the Parliament in these words :

“ The Laws of England are the *Birthright* of “ the People of England.” The Boroughmongers, by giving new powers to Justices of the Peace and Judges, setting aside the trial by Jury in many cases, both of property and person, even before the present horrible acts; and by a thousand other means, have, by *Acts of Parliament*, greatly despoiled us of the *Law of the Land*; but, never have they given us any one good in addition to it.

413. The Americans have taken special care to prevent the like encroachments on their rights: so that, while they have Courts of Justice, Juries, Judges, Sheriffs, and the rest, as we have; while they have all the *good* part of the Laws now in force in England, they have none of the *bad*. They have none of that *Statute Law* of England, or *Act of Parliament Law*, which has robbed us of a great part, and the *best* part of our “ Birthright.”

414. It is, as I said before, not my intention to go much into particulars here; but, I cannot refrain from noticing, that the People of America, when they come to settle their new governments, took special care to draw up specific *Constitutions*, in which they forbade any of their future law-makers to allow of any *Titles of Nobility*, any *Privileged Class*, any *Established Church*, or, to *pass any law* to give to

any body *the power of imprisoning men otherwise than in due course of Common Law*, except in cases of actual *invasion* or *open rebellion*. And, though actual invasion took place several times during the late war; though the Capital city was in possession of our troops, no such law was passed. Such is the effect of that confidence, which a good and just government has in the people whom it governs!

¶ 415. There is one more particular, as to the Laws of America, on which, as it is of very great importance, I think it right to remark. The uses, which have been made of the *Law of Libel* in England are well known. In the first place, the *Common Law* knows of no such offence as that of *criminal libel*, for which so many men have been so cruelly punished in England. The crime is an invention of late date. The Common Law punished men for *breaches of the peace*, but no *words*, whether written or spoken, can be a breach of the peace. But, then some Boroughmonger judges said, that words might *tend to produce* a breach of the peace; and that, therefore, it was *criminal* to use such words. This, though a palpable stretch of law, did, however, by usage, become law so far as to be acted upon in America as well as in England; and, when I lived in the

State of PENNSYLVANIA, eighteen years ago, the Chief Justice of that State, finding even this law not sufficiently large, gave it another stretch to make it fit me. Whether the Legislature of that State will repair this act of injustice and tyranny remains yet to be seen.

116. The State of NEW YORK, in which I now live, awakened, probably by the act of tyranny, to which I allude, has taken care, by an Act of the State, passed in 1805, to put an end to those attacks on the press by charges of *constructive libel*, or, at least, to make the law such, that no man shall suffer from the preferring of any such charges unjustly.

417. The principal effect of this twisting of the law was, that, whether the words published were *true* or *false* the *crime* of publishing was *the same*; because, whether true or false, they *tended to a breach of the peace!* Nay, there was a Boroughmonger Judge in England, who had laid it down as *law*, that the *truer* the words were, the *more criminal* was the libel; because, said he, a breach of the peace was more likely to be produced by telling *truth* of a *villain*, than by telling *falsehood* of a *virtuous man*. In point of fact, this was true enough, to be sure; but what an infamous doctrine! What a base, what an unjust mind must this man have had!

418. The State of New York, ashamed that there should any longer be room for such miserable quibbling; ashamed to leave the Liberty of the Press exposed to the changes and chances of a doctrine so hostile to common sense as well as to every principle of freedom, passed an *Act*, which makes the *truth* of any publication a *justification* of it, provided the publisher can shew, that the publication was made with *good motives* and *justifiable ends*; and who can *possibly* publish *truth* without being able to shew *good motives* and *justifiable ends*? To expose and censure tyranny, profligacy, fraud, hypocrisy, debauchery, drunkenness: indeed, all sorts of wickedness and folly; and to do this in the words of *truth*, must tend, *cannot fail to tend*, to check wickedness and folly, and to strengthen and promote virtue and wisdom; and these, and *these only*, are the uses of the press. I know it has been said, for I have heard it said, that this is going *too far*; that it would tend to lay open the *private affairs of families*. And what then? Wickedness and folly should meet their *due* measure of censure, or ridicule, be they found where they may. If the faults of private persons were too trifling to deserve public notice, the mention of them would give the parties no pain, and the publisher would be despised for his tittle-tattle;

that is all. And, if they were of a nature so grave as for the exposure of them to give the parties *pain*, the exposure would be *useful*, as a warning to others.

419. Amongst the persons whom I have heard express a wish, to see the press what they called *free*, and at the same time to extend the restraints on it, with regard to persons in their private life, *beyond the obligation of adherence to truth*, I have never, that I know of, met with one, who had not some *powerful motive of his own* for the wish, and who did not feel that he had some vulnerable part about himself. The common observation of these persons, is, that *public men are fair game*. Why *public* men only? Is it because *their* wickedness and folly affect the public? And, how long has it been, I should be glad to know, since bad example in private life has been thought of no consequence to the public? The press is called "the *guardian* of the *public morals*;" but, if it is to meddle with none of the vices or follies of individuals in private life, how is it to act as the guardian of the morals of the whole community? A press perfectly free, reaches these vices, which the *law* cannot reach without putting too much power into the hands of the magistrate. Extinguish the press, and you must let the magistrate into every private



house. The experience of the world suggests this remark; for, look where you will, you will see virtue in all the walks of life hand in hand with freedom of discussion, and vice hand in hand with censorships and other laws to cramp the press. England, once so free, so virtuous and so happy, has seen misery and crimes increase and the criminal laws multiply in the exact proportion of the increase of the restraints on the press and of the increase of the severity in punishing what are called libels. And, if this had not taken place it would have been very wonderful. Men who have the handling of the public money, and who know that the parliament is such as to be *silenced*, will be very apt to squander that money; this squandering causes heavy taxes; these produce misery amongst the greater number of the people; this misery produces crimes; to check these new penal laws are passed. Thus it is in England, where new hanging places, new and enlarged jails, prisons on the water, new modes of transporting, a new species of peace officers, a new species of Justices of the Peace, troops employed regularly in aid of the magistrate, and at last, spies and blood-money bands, all proclaim a real revolution in the nature of the government. If the *press* had continued *free*, these sad effects of a waste of the public money

never could have taken place; for, the wasters of that money would have been so exposed as to be unable to live under the odium which the exposure would have occasioned; and, if the parliament had not checked the waste and punished the wasters, the public indignation would have destroyed the parliament. But, with a muzzled press, the wasters proceeded with the consciousness of impunity. Say to any individual man when he is 20 years of age: "You shall do just what you please with all the money of other people that you can, by any means, all your life long, get into your hands, and no one shall ever be permitted to make you accountable, or even to write or speak a word against you for any act of fraud, oppression, or waste." Should you expect such an individual to act honestly and wisely? Yet, this, in fact, is what a Boroughmonger Parliament and the new Law of Libel say to every set of Ministers.

420. Before I quit this subject of *Libel*, let me observe, however, that *no juryman*, even as the law now stands in *England*, is *in conscience* bound to find any man guilty on a charge of *criminal libel*, unless the *evidence prove* that the pretended libeller has been actuated by an *evil motive*, and unless it be also *proved by evidence*, that his words, spoken or written, were *scandalous* and *malicious*. Unless these things be

*clearly proved by evidence*, the juryman, who finds a man *guilty*, is a base, *perjured villain*; and ought to be punished as such.

421. The State of Connecticut, in her new Constitution, before mentioned, has put this matter of libel on the true footing; namely; “In *all* prosecutions and indictments for *libel* “the TRUTH *may be given in evidence*, and the “*Jury* shall have the right to determine *the law* “and the facts.” Thus, then, common sense has, at last, got the better; and TRUTH can, in this State, at least, in no case, be a *legal crime*. But, indeed, the press has NOW *no restraint* in America, other than that imposed by TRUTH. Men publish what they please, so long as they do not publish *falsehoods*; and, even in such cases, they are generally punished by the public contempt. The press is, therefore, *taken altogether*, what the magistrate always ought to be: “*a terror to evil doers*, and a reward to those who do well.” But, it is not the name of REPUBLIC that secures these, or any other of the blessings of freedom. As gross acts of tyranny may be committed, and as base corruption practised, under *that name* as under the name of *absolute monarchy*. And, it becomes the people of America to guard their minds against ever being, in any case, *amused with names*. It is *the fair representation*

*of the people* that is the cause of all the good ; and, if this be obtained, I, for my part, will never quarrel with any body about *names*.

422. *Taxes* and *Priests*; for these always lay on heavily together. On the subject of taxes, I have, perhaps, spoken sufficiently clear before; but, it is a great subject. I will, on these subjects, address myself more immediately to *my old neighbours of Botley*, and endeavour to make them understand, what America is as to taxes and priests.

423. Worried, my old neighbours, as you are by tax-gatherers of all descriptions from the County-Collector, who rides in his coach and four down to the petty Window-Peeper, the little miserable spy, who is constantly on the look out for you, as if he were a thief-catcher and you were thieves; devoured as you are by these vermin, big and little, you will with difficulty form an idea of the state of America in this respect. It is a state of such blessedness, when compared with the state of things in England, that I despair of being able to make you fully comprehend what it is. Here a man may make new windows, or shut up old windows, as often as he pleases, without being compelled under a penalty to give notice to some insolent tax-gathering spy. Here he may keep as many horses as he likes, he may ride

them or drive them at his pleasure, he may sell them or keep them, he may lend them or breed from them; he may, as far as their nature allows, do the same with regard to his dogs; he may employ his servants in his house, in his stables, in his garden, or in his fields, just as he pleases; he may, if he be foolish enough, have armorial bearings on his carriage, his watch-seals, on his plate, and, if he likes, on his very buckets and porridge pots; he may write his receipts, his bills, his leases, his bonds, and deeds upon unstamped paper; his wife and daughters may wear French gloves and Lace and French and India silks; he may purchase or sell lands and may sue at law for his rights: and all these, and a hundred other things, without any dread of the interloping and insolent interference of a tax-gatherer or spy of any description. Lastly, when he dies, he can bequeath his money and goods and houses and lands to whomsoever he pleases; and he can close his eyes without curses in his heart against a rapacious band of placemen, pensioners, grantees, sinecure holders, staff-officers, borough-jobbers, and blood-money spies, who stand ready to take from his friends, his relations, his widow, and his children, a large part of what he leaves, under the name of a tax upon legacies.

424. But, you will ask, “are there *no taxes* “in America?” Yes; and taxes, or public contributions of some sort, there must be in every civilized state; otherwise *government* could not exist, and without government there could be no security for *property* or *persons*. The taxes in America consist principally of *custom duties imposed on goods imported into the country*. During the late war, there were taxes on several things in the country; but, they were taken off at the peace. In the cities and large towns, where *paving* and *lamps* and *drains* and *scavengers* are necessary, there are, of course, direct contributions to defray the expence of these. There are also, of course, *county rates* and *road rates*. But, as the money thus raised is employed for the immediate benefit of those who pay, and is expended amongst themselves and under their own immediate inspection, it does not partake of the nature of a *tax*. The taxes or duties, on goods imported, yield a great sum of money; and, owing to the persons employed in the collection being appointed for their integrity and ability, and not on account of their connection with any set of bribing and corrupt boroughmongers, the whole of the money thus collected is fairly applied to the public use, and is amply sufficient for all the purposes of government. The *army*, if it can be so called,

costs but a mere trifle. It consists of a few men, who are absolutely necessary to keep forts from crumbling down, and guns from rotting with rust. The navy is an object of care, and its support and increase a cause of considerable expence. But the government, relying on the good sense and valour of a people, who must hate or disregard themselves before they can hate or disregard that which so manifestly promotes their own happiness, has no need to expend much on any species of warlike preparations. The government could not stand a week, if it were hated by the people; nor, indeed, *ought* it to stand an hour. It has the hearts of the people with it, and, therefore, it need expend nothing in *blood-money*, or in *secret services* of any kind. Hence the *cheapness* of this government; hence the small amount of the *taxes*; hence the ease and happiness of the People.

425. Great as the distance between you and me is, my old neighbours, I very often think of you; and especially when I buy *salt*, which our neighbour Warner used to sell us for 19*s.* a bushel, and which I buy here for 2*s.* 6*d.* This salt is made, you know, down somewhere by Hambel. This very salt; when brought here from England, has all the charges of freight, insurance, wharfage, storage, to pay.

It pays besides, one third of its value in duty to the American Government before it be landed here. Then, you will observe, there is the *profit* of the American Salt Merchant, and then that of the shop-keeper who sells me the salt. And, after all this, I buy that very Hampshire salt for 2s. 6d. a bushel, English measure. What a government, then, must that of the Boroughmongers be! The salt is a gift of God. It is thrown on the shore. And yet, these tyrants will not suffer us to use it, until we have paid *them* 15s. a bushel for liberty to use it. They will not suffer us to use the salt, which God has sent us, until we have given them 15s. a bushel for them to bestow on themselves, on their families and dependants, in the payment of the interest of the Debt, which they have contracted, and in paying those, whom they hire to shoot at us. Yes; England is a fine country; it is a glorious country; it contains an ingenious, industrious, a brave and warm-hearted people; but, it is now disgraced and enslaved: it is trodden down by these tyrants; and we must free it. We cannot, and we will not die their slaves.

426. Salt is not the only one of the English articles that we buy cheaper here than in England. *Glass*, for instance, we buy for half the price that you buy it. The reason is, that you



are compelled to pay a *heavy tax*, which is not paid by us for that same glass. It is the same as to almost every thing that comes from England. You are compelled to pay the Borough-mongers a heavy tax on your *candles* and *soap*. You dare not *make* candles and soap, though you have the fat and the ashes in abundance. If you attempt to do this, you are taken up and imprisoned; and, if you resist, soldiers are brought to shoot you. This is *freedom*, is it? Now, we, *here*, make our own candles and soap. Farmers sometimes *sell* soap and candles; but they never *buy* any. A labouring man, or a mechanic, buys a sheep now and then. Three or four days' works will buy a labourer a sheep to weigh sixty pounds, with seven or eight pounds of loose fat. The meat keeps very well, in winter, for a long time. The wool makes stockings. And the loose fat is made into candles and soap. The year before I left Hampshire, a poor woman at Holly Hill had *dipped* some *rushes* in grease to use instead of candles. An Exciseman found it out; went and ransacked her house; and told her, that, if the rushes had had *another dip*, they would have been *candles*, and she must have gone to jail! Why, my friends, if such a thing were told here, nobody would believe it. The Americans could not bring their minds to

believe, that Englishmen would submit to such atrocious, such degrading tyranny.

427. I have had living with me an *Englishman*, who smokes tobacco; and he tells me, that he can buy as much tobacco here for *three cents*; that is, about *three English half-pence*, as he could buy in England for *three shillings*. The *leather* has *no tax* on it here; so that, though the shoe-maker is paid a high price for his labour, the labouring man gets his shoes very cheap. In short, there is no *excise* here; no *property tax*; no *assessed taxes*. We have no such men here as Chiddel and Billy Toverly to come and take our money from us. No window peepers. No spies to keep a look-out as to our carriages and horses and dogs. Our dogs that came from Botley now run about free from the spying of tax-gatherers. We may wear hair-powder if we like without paying for it, and a boy in our houses may whet our knives without our paying two pounds a year for it.

428. But, then, we have not the honour of being covered over with the dust, kicked up by the horses and raised by the carriage-wheels of such men as Old GEORGE ROSE and Old GARNIER, each of whom has pocketted more than *three hundred thousand pounds* of the public, that is to say, the people's, money. There are no such men here. Those who receive

public money here, do something for it. They *earn* it. They are no richer than other people. The *Judges* here are plain-dressed men. They go about with no sort of parade. They are dressed, on the Bench, like other men. The lawyers the same. Here are no black gowns and scarlet gowns and big foolish-looking wigs. Yet, in the whole world, there is not so well-behaved, so orderly, so steady a people; a people so *obedient to the law*. But, it is *the law only* that they will *bow* to. They will bow to nothing else. And, they bow with reverence to the law, because they know it to be just, and because it is made by men, whom they have all had a hand in choosing.

429. And, then, think of the *tithes*! I have talked to several farmers here about the tithes in England; and, they *laugh*. They sometimes almost make me angry; for they seem, at last, not to believe what I say, when I tell them, that the English farmer gives, and is compelled to give, the Parson a tenth part of his whole crop and of his fruit and milk and eggs and calves and lambs and pigs and wool and honey. They cannot believe this. They treat it as a sort of *romance*. I sometimes almost wish them to be farmers in England. I said to a neighbour the other day, in half anger: "I wish your farm were at Botley. There

“ is a fellow there, who would soon let you  
“ know, that your fine apple-trees do not belong  
“ to you. He would have his nose in your  
“ sheep-fold, your calf-pens, your milk-pail,  
“ your sow’s-bed, if not in the sow herself.  
“ Your daughters would have no occasion to  
“ hunt out the hen’s nests: he would do that  
“ for them.” And then I gave him a proof of  
an English Parson’s vigilance by telling him  
the story of Baker’s peeping out *the name*,  
marked on the sack, which the old woman was  
wearing as a petticoat. To another of my  
neighbours, who is very proud of the circum-  
stance of his grandfather being an *Englishman*,  
as, indeed, most of the Americans are, who  
are descended from Englishmen: to this neigh-  
bour I was telling the story about the poor  
woman at Holly Hill, who had nearly dipped  
her rushes once too often. He is a very grave  
and religious man. He looked very seriously  
at me, and said, that *falsehood* was *falsehood*,  
whether in jest or earnest. But, when I in-  
vited him to come to my house, and told him,  
that I would show him the acts which the Bo-  
rough-men had made to put us in jail if we  
made our own soap and candles, he was quite  
astonished. “ What! said he, and is *Old Eng-*  
“ *land really come to this!* Is the land of our  
“ forefathers brought to this state of abject

“slavery! Well, Mr. Cobbett, I confess, that  
“I was always for king George, during our  
“Revolutionary war; but, I believe, all was  
“for the best; for, if I had had my wishes, he  
“might have treated us as he now treats the  
“people of England.” “*He!*” said I. “It is  
“not *he*; he, poor man, does nothing to the  
“people, and never has done any thing to the  
“people. *He* has no power more than you  
“have. None of his family have any. All  
“put together, they have not a thousandth part  
“so much as I have; for I am able, though  
“here, to annoy our tyrants, to make them  
“less easy than they would be; but, these  
“tyrants care no more for the Royal Family  
“than they do for so many posts or logs of  
“wood.” And then I explained to him who  
and what the Boroughmongers were, and how  
they oppressed us and the king too. I told  
him how they disposed of the Church livings,  
and, in short, explained to him all their arts  
and all their cruelties. He was exceedingly  
shocked; but was glad, at any rate to know  
the *truth*.

430. When I was, last winter, in the neighbourhood of Harrisburgh in Pennsylvania, I saw some *hop-planters*. They grow prodigious quantities of hops. They are obliged to put their hills so wide a part, that they can have

only four hundred hills upon an acre; and yet they grow three thousand pounds of hops upon an acre, with no *manure* and with once ploughing in the year. When I told them about the price of hops in England and about the difficulty of raising them, they were greatly surprised; but, what was their astonishment, when I told them about the hop-poles of CHALCRAFT at Curbridge! The hop is naturally a *weed* in England as well as in America. Two or three vines had come up out of Chalcraft's garden hedge, a few years ago. Chalcraft put *poles* to them; and, there might be a pound or two of hops on these poles. Just before the time of gathering, one of the spies called *Excisemen* called on Chalcraft and asked him why he did not *enter* his hops. Chalcraft did not understand; but, answered, he meant to *take them in* shortly, though he did not think they were yet quite ripe. "Aye," said the Exciseman, "but I mean, when do you mean to enter them at 'the *excise office*?' Chalcraft did not know (not living in a hop-country,) that he had already incurred a *penalty* for not reporting to the tyrants that he had hops growing in his garden hedge! He did not know, that he could not gather them and put them by without giving notice, under a *penalty of fifty pounds*. He did not know, that he could not receive this little gift,

of God without paying money to the Borough-mongers in the shape of tax; and, to the Parson in the shape of tithe, or, to give a tenth of the hops to the Parson, and not dare pick a single hop till he had sent *notice to the Parson*! What he did, upon this occasion, I have forgotten; ~~but~~, it is likely that he let the hops stand and rot, or cut them down and flung them away as weeds. Now, poor men in England are told to be *content* with rags and hungry bellies, for that is *their lot*; that “it has pleased Divine *Providence* to place them in that state.” But, here is a striking instance of the falsehood and blasphemy of this Doctrine; for, providence had sent Chalcraft the hops, and he had put poles to them. Providence had brought the hops to perfection; but then came the Boroughmongers and the Parson to take from this poor man this boon of a benevolent Maker. What, did God order a tax with all its vexatious regulations, to be imposed upon what he had freely given to this poor man? Did God ordain that, in addition to this tax, a *tenth* should be yielded to a Parson, who had solemnly vowed at his ordination, that he believed himself called, not by the love of tithes, but by “*the Holy Ghost*, to take on him the *cure of souls*,” and to “*bring stray sheep into the fold of the Lord*?” Did God ordain these

things? Had it *pleased God* to do this? What impunity, what blasphemy, then, to ascribe to Providence the manifold sufferings occasioned by the Boroughmongers' taxes and Parson's tithes!

431. But, my Botley neighbours, you will exclaim, "No *tithes*! Why, then, there can "be no *Churches* and no *Parsons*! The people "must know nothing of God or Devil; and "must all go to hell!" By no means, my friends. Here are plenty of Churches. No less than three Episcopal (or English) Churches; three Presbyterian Churches; three Lutheran Churches; one or two Quaker Meeting-houses; and two Methodist Places; all within *six miles* of the spot where I am sitting. And, these, mind, not poor shabby Churches; but each of them larger and better built and far handsomer than Botley Church, with the Church-yards all kept in the neatest order, with a head-stone to almost every grave. As to the Quaker Meeting-house, it would take Botley Church into its belly, if you were first to knock off the steeple.

432. Oh, no! Tithes are not necessary to promote *religion*. When our Parsons, such as Baker, talk about *religion*, or *the church*, being in danger; they mean, that the *tithes* are in danger. They mean, that they are in dan-



ger of being compelled to work for their bread. This is what they mean. You remember, that, at our last meeting at Winchester, they proposed for us to tell the Prince Regent, that we would *support the Church*. I moved, to leave out the word *church*, and insert the word *tithes*; for, as there were many presbyterians and other dissenters present, they could not, with clear consciences, pledge themselves to support *the church*. This made them *furiosus*. It was lifting up the *mask*; and the parsons were enraged beyond measure.

433. Oh, no! *Tithes* do not mean *religion*. Religion means *a reverence for God*. And, what has this to do with tithes? Why cannot you reverence God, without Baker and his wife and children eating up a tenth part of the corn and milk and eggs and lambs and pigs and calves that are produced in Botley parish? The Parsons, in this country, are supported by those who choose to employ them. A man belongs to what congregation he pleases. He pays what is required by the rules of the congregation. And, if he think that it is not necessary for him to belong to any congregation, he pays nothing at all. And, the consequence is, that all is harmony and good neighbourhood. Here are not disputes about religion; or, if there be, they make no noise. Here is

no ill-will on this account. A man is never asked what religion he is of, or whether he be of any religion at all. It is a matter that nobody interferes in. What need, therefore, is there of an *established* Church. What need is there of tithes? And, why should not that species of property be taken for *public use*? That is to say, as far as it has any thing to do with religion? I know very well, that tithes do not operate as many people pretend; I know that those who complain most about them have the least right to complain; but, for my present purpose, it is sufficient to shew, that they have nothing to do with *religion*.

434. If, indeed, the Americans were wicked, disorderly, criminal people, and, of course, a miserable and foolish people: then we might doubt upon the subject: then we might possibly suppose, that their wickedness and misery arose, in some degree, at least, from the *want of tithes*. But, the contrary is the fact. They are the most orderly, sensible, and least criminal people in the whole world. A common labouring man has the feelings of a man of honour; he never thinks of violating the laws; he crawls to nobody; he will call every man *Sir*, but he will call no man *master*. When he utters words of respect towards any one, they do not proceed from fear or hope, but

from civility and sincerity. A native American labourer is never *rude* towards his employer, but he is never *cringing*.

435. However, the best proof of the inutility of an established Church is the absence of *crimes* in this country, compared to the state of England in that respect. There have not been three *felonies* tried in this country since I arrived in it. The Court-house is at two miles from me. An Irishman was tried for forgery in the summer of 1817, and the whole country was alive to go and witness the novelty. I have not heard of a man being hanged in the whole of the United States since my arrival. The Boroughmongers, in answer to statements like these, say that this is a *thinly inhabited* country. This very country is *more thickly settled than Hampshire*. The adjoining country, towards the city of New York is much more thickly settled than Hampshire. New York itself and its immediate environs contain nearly two hundred thousand inhabitants, and after London, is, perhaps, the first commercial and maritime city in the world. Thousands of sailors, ship-carpenters, dock-yard people, dray-men, boat-men, crowd its wharfs and quays. Yet, never do we hear of hanging; scarcely ever of a robbery; men go to bed with scarcely locking their doors; and

never is there seen in the streets what is called in England, *a girl of the town*; and, what is still more, never is there seen in those streets a *beggar*. I wish you, my old neighbours, could see this city of New York. Portsmouth and Gosport, taken together, are miserable holes compared to it. Man's imagination can fancy nothing so beautiful as its bay and port, from which two immense rivers sweep up on the sides of the point of land, on which the city is. These rivers are continually covered with vessels of various sizes bringing the produce of the land, while the bay is scarcely less covered with ships going in and out from all parts of the world. The city itself is a scene of opulence and industry: riches without insolence, and labour without grudging.

436. What Englishman can contemplate this brilliant sight without feeling some little pride that this city bears an English name? But, thoughts of more importance ought to fill his mind. He ought to contrast the ease, the happiness, the absence of crime which prevail here with the incessant anxieties, the miseries and murderous works in England. In his search after causes he will find them no where but in the *government*: and, as to an established church, if he find no sound argument to prove it to be an evil; at the very least he must conclude, that

it is *not a good*; and, of course that property to the amount of five millions a year is very unjustly as well as unwisely bestowed on its clergy.

437. Nor, let it be said, that the people here are of a better natural disposition than the people of England are. How can it be? They are, the far greater part of them, the immediate descendants of Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotsmen. Nay, in the *city* of New York it is supposed, that a full half of the labour is performed by natives of Ireland, while men of that Island make a great figure in trade, at the bar, and in all the various pursuits of life. They have their Romish Chapels there in great brilliancy; and they enjoy "Catholic Emancipation" without any petitioning or any wrangling. In short, blindfold an Englishman and convey him to New York, unbind his eyes, and he will think himself in an English city. The same sort of streets; shops precisely the same; the same beautiful and modest women crowding in and out of them; the same play-houses; the same men, same dress, same language; he will miss by day only the nobility and the beggars, and by night only the street-walkers and pickpockets. These are to be found only where there is an *established* clergy, upheld by

what is called the *state*, and which word means, in England, *the Boroughmongers*.

438. Away, then, my friends, with all cant about *the church*, and the church being *in danger*. If the church, that is to say, the *tithes*, were completely *abolished*; if they, and all the immense property of the church, were taken and applied to public use, there would not be a sermon or a prayer the less. Not only the Bible but the very Prayer-book is in use here as much as in England, and, I believe, a great deal *more*. Why give the five millions a year then, to Parsons and their wives and children? Since the English, Irish, and Scotch, are so good, so religious, and so moral *here* without glebes and tithes; why not use these glebes and tithes for other purposes seeing they are possessions which can legally be disposed of in another manner?

439. But, the fact is, that it is the circumstance of the church being *established by law* that makes it *of little use* as to real religion, and as to morals, as far as they be connected with religion. Because, as we shall presently see, this establishment forces upon the people, parsons whom they cannot respect, and whom indeed, they must *despise*; and, it is easy to conceive, that the moral precepts of those, whom

we despise on account of their immorality, we shall never much attend to, even supposing the precepts themselves to be good. If a precept be self-evidently good; if it be an obvious duty which the parson inculcates, the inculcation is useless to us, because, whenever it is wanted to guide us, it will occur without the suggestion of any one; and, if the precept be not self-evidently good, we shall never receive it as such from the lips of a man, whose character and life tell us we ought to suspect the truth of every thing he utters. When the matters as to which we are receiving instructions are, in their nature, wholly dissimilar to those as to which we have witnessed the conduct of the teacher, we may reasonably, in listening to the precept, disregard that conduct. Because, for instance, a man, though a very indifferent Christian, may be a most able soldier, seaman, physician, lawyer, or almost any thing else; and what is more, may be honest and zealous in the discharge of his duty in any of these several capacities. But, when the conduct, which we have observed in the teacher belongs to the same department of life as the precept which he is delivering, if the one differ from the other we cannot believe the teacher to be sincere, unless he, while he enforces his precept upon us, acknowledge his own misconduct. Suppose me, for

instance, to be a great liar, as great a liar, if possible, as STEWART of the COURIER, who has said that I have been "fined 700 dollars" "for writing against the American government," though I never was prosecuted in America in all my life. Suppose me to be as great a liar as STEWART, and I were to be told by a parson, whom I knew to be as great a liar as myself, that I should certainly go to hell if I did not leave off lying. Would his words have any effect upon me? No: because I should conclude, that if he thought what he said, he would not be such a liar himself. I should rely upon the parson generally, or I should not. If I did, I should think myself safe until I out-lied him; and, if I did not rely on him generally, of what use would he be to me?

440. Thus, then, if men be *sincere* about religion; if it be not all a mere matter of form, it must always be of the greatest consequence, that the example of the teacher correspond with his teaching. And the most likely way to insure this, is to manage things so that he may in the first place, be selected by the people, and, in the second place, have no rewards in view other than those which are to be given in consequence of his perseverance in a line of good conduct.

441. And thus it is with the clergy in Ame-



rica, who are duly and amply rewarded for their diligence, and very justly respected for the piety, talent, and zeal which they discover ; but, who have no tenure of their places other than that of the will of the congregation. Hence it rarely indeed happens, that there is seen amongst them an impious, an immoral, or a despicable man. Whether the teaching of even these Reverend persons have any very great *effect* in producing virtue and happiness amongst men is a question upon which men may, without deserving to be burnt alive, take the liberty to differ ; especially since the world has constantly before its eyes a society, who excel in all the Christian virtues, who practise that simplicity which others teach, who, in the great work of charity, really and truly hide from the left hand that which the right hand doeth ; and who know nothing of Bishop, Priest, Deacon, or Teacher of any description. Yes, since we have the Quakers constantly before our eyes, we may, without deserving to be burnt alive, question the utility of paying any parsons or religious teachers at all. But, the worst of it is, we are apt to confound things ; as we have, by a figure of speech, got to call a *building a church*, when a church really means a body of people ; so we are apt to look upon the *priest as being religious*, and especially when we call

him *the reverend*; and, it often sadly occurs that no two things can be wider from each other in this quality. Some writer has said, that he would willingly leave to the clergy every thing above the tops of the chimneys; which, perhaps, was making their possessions rather too ethereal; but, since our law calls them "*spiritual persons*;" since they profess, that "their kingdom is not of this world," and, since those of our church have solemnly declared, that they believed themselves to be called to the ministry "by the Holy Ghost:" it is, I think, a little out of character for them to come poking and grunting and grumbling about after our eggs, potatoes, and sucking pigs.

442. However, upon the general question of the utility or non-utility of paid religious teachers, let men decide for themselves; but if teachers be to be paid, it seems a clear point; in my mind, that they should be paid upon the American plan: and this, I think, must be obvious to every one, who is able to take a view of the English Clergy. They are appointed by the absolute will of the Boroughmongers. They care nothing for the good will of their congregation or parish. It is as good to them to be hated by their parishioners as to be loved by them. They very frequently never even *see* their parish more than once in four or five years.

They solemnly declare at the altar, that they believe themselves called by the Holy Ghost to take on them the *cure of souls*; they get possession of a living; and leave the cure of souls to some *curate*, to whom they give a tenth part, perhaps, of the income. Many of them have *two livings*, at thirty miles distance from each other. They live at neither very frequently; and, when they do they only add to the annoyance which their curate gives.

443. As to their general character and conduct; in what public transaction of pre-eminent scandal have they not taken a part? Who were found most intimate with Mrs. CLARKE, and most busy in her commission dealing affairs? Clergymen of the Church of England. This is notorious. Miss TOCKER tells of the *two livings* given to PARSON GURNEY for his electioneering works in Cornwall. And, indeed all over the country, they have been and are the prime agents of the Boroughmongers. Recently they have been the tools of Sidmouth for gagging the press in the country parts of the kingdom. *Powis* and *Guillim* were the prosecutors of Messrs. Pilling and Melor; and for which if they be not made to answer, the kingdom ought to be destroyed. They are the leading men at Pitt Clubs all over the country; they were the foremost to defend the peculation of Melville. In short, there

has been no public man guilty of an infamous act, of whom they have not taken the part; and no act of tyranny of which they have not been the eulogists and the principal instrument.

444. But, why do I attempt to describe Parsons to *Hampshire men*? You saw them all assembled in grand cohort the last time that I saw any of you. You saw them at *Winchester*, when they brought forward their lying address to the Regent. You saw them on that day, and so did I; and in them I saw a band of more complete blackguards than I ever before saw in all my life. I then saw Parson Baines of Exton, standing up in a chair and actually spitting in Lord Cochrane's poll, while the latter was bending his neck out to speak. Lord Cochrane looked round and said, "B. G— Sir, if you do that again I'll knock you down." "You be d—d," said Baines, "I'll spit where I like." Lord Cochrane struck at him; Baines jumped down, put his two hands to his mouth in a huntsman-like way, and cried "whoop! whoop!" till he was actually black in the face. One of them trampled upon my heel as I was speaking. I looked round, and begged him to leave off. "You be d—d," said he, "you be d—d, Jacobin." He then tried to press on me, to stifle my voice, till I clapped my elbow into his ribs and made "the spiritual

“person” hiccup. There were about twenty of them mounted upon a large table in the room; and there they jumped, stamped, hallooed, roared, thumped with canes and umbrellas, squalled, whistled, and made all sorts of noises. As Lord Cochrane and I were going back to London, he said that, so many years as he had been in the navy, he never had seen a band of such complete blackguards. And I said the same for the army. And, I declare, that, in the whole course of my life, I have never seen any men, drunk or sober, behave in so infamous a manner. MR. PHILLIPS, of Eling, (now Doctor Phillips) whom I saw standing in the room, I tapped on the shoulder, and asked, whether he was not ashamed. MR. LEE, of the College; MR. OGLE, of Bishop’s Waltham; and DOCTOR HILL, of Southampton: these were exceptions. Perhaps there might be some others; but the *mass* was the most audacious, foul, and atrocious body of men I ever saw. We had done nothing to offend them. We had proposed nothing to offend them in the smallest degree. But, they were afraid of our *speeches*: they knew they could not answer us; and they were resolved, that, if possible, we should not be heard. There was one parson, who had his mouth within a foot of Lord Cochrane’s ear, all the time his Lordship was speak-

ing, and who kept on saying: “ *You lie! you lie! you lie! you lie!*” as loud as he could utter the words.

445. BAKER, the Botley Parson, was extremely busy. He acted the part of buffoon to LOCKHART. He kept capering about behind him, and really seemed like a merry andrew rather than a “ *spiritual person*.”

446. Such is the character of the great body of Hampshire Parsons. I know of no body of men so despicable, and yet, what sums of public money do they swallow! It now remains for me to speak more particularly of BAKER, he who, for your sins I suppose, is fastened upon you as your Parson. But what I have to say of this man must be the subject of another Letter. That it should be the subject of any letter at all may well surprize all who know the man; for not one creature knows him without despising him. But, it is not BAKER, it is the scandalous priest, that I strike at. It is the impudent, profligate, hardened priest that I will hold up to public scorn.

447. When I see the good and kind people here going to church to listen to some decent man of good moral character and of sober quiet life, I always think of you. You are just the same sort of people as they are here; but, what a difference in the Clergyman! What a differ-

ence between the sober, sedate, friendly man who preaches to one of these congregations, and the greedy, chattering, lying, backbiting, mischief-making, everlasting plague, that you go to hear, and are *compelled* to hear, or stay away from the church. Baker always puts me in mind of the Magpie.

The Magpie, bird of chatt'ring fame,  
Whose tongue and hue bespeak his name ;  
The first a *squalling clam'rous clack*,  
The last made up of white and black ;  
Feeder alike on *flesh* and *corn*,  
Greedy alike at eve and morn ;  
Of all the birds the *prying pest*,  
Must needs be *Parson* o'er the rest.

448. Thus I began a fable, when I lived at Botley. I have forgotten the rest of it. It will please you to hear that there are *no Magpies* in America ; but, it will please you still more to hear, that no men that resemble them are parsons here. I have sometimes been half tempted to believe, that the Magpie first suggested to tyrants the idea of having a tithe-eating Clergy. The Magpie devours the corn and grain ; so does the Parson. The Magpie takes the wool from the sheep's backs ; so does the Parson. The Magpie devours alike the young animals and the eggs ; so does the Parson. The Magpie's clack is everlastingly going ; so is the

Parson's. The Magpie repeats by rote words that are taught it; so does the Parson. The Magpie is always skipping and hopping and peeping into other's nests: so is the Parson. The Magpie's colour is partly black and partly white; so is the Parson's. The Magpie's greediness, impudence, and cruelty are proverbial; so are those of the Parson. I was saying to a farmer the other day, that if the Boroughmongers had a mind to ruin America, they would another time, send over five or six good large flocks of Magpies, instead of five or six of their armies; but, upon second thought, they would do the thing far more effectually by sending over five or six flocks of their Parsons, and getting the people to receive them and cherish them as the *Bulwark of religion*.

END OF PART II.



